









**BLACKWOOD'S**  
**EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.**



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## EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCLIV.

AUGUST, 1853.

Vol. LXXIV.

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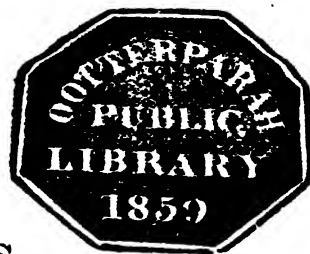
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## THE NARCOTICS WE INDULGE IN.

WHEN a distinguished man sinks into his grave, from the midst of many rivals in a common race, the strife of opinions in reference to him is instantaneously allayed; personal feelings, if not quenched, are repressed and hushed; and, like the heroism of the triumphant warrior, when he is caught by the anxious eye emerging unscathed from the battle and the smoke, his merits appear now unclouded and confessed. Such, we believe, is the general feeling among the members of his own profession in regard to the author of the valuable work now before us. Snatched suddenly from the midst of his labours, before the third edition of his *Materia Medica* was completed, there are few in any way familiar with the subject who will not regret the sudden extinction of so much learning, and, apart from all private considerations, that the world should have so prematurely lost the benefits of his ripening judgment and experience, and the results of his extended reading and research. Yet how many precious cabinets of collected knowledge do we see thus hurriedly sealed up for ever! How often, when a man appears to have reached that condition of mental culture and accumulated information, in which he is fitted to do the most for

the advancement of learning, or for promoting the material comfort of his fellows, how often does the cold hand suddenly and mysteriously paralyse and stop him! He has been permitted to add only a small burden of earth to the rising mound of intellectual elevation, scarcely enough to signify to aftercomers that *his* hand has laboured at the work. Nevertheless, he may have shown a new way of advancing, in some sense, so that to others the toil is easier and the progress faster, because he has gone before. The more, however, the true-hearted worker in the cause of progressive science becomes familiar with its actual condition and its great future, the more he becomes satisfied also of the vanity of attempting to associate with an individual name the merit of this or that advance—the more earnestly he trains himself to find the best reward for individual attempts in the growing conquests and dimensions of the field he cultivates, and in the consciousness that he has not been unhelpful in widening its domain. Such a consciousness Dr Pereira might well entertain, and we trust he found in it something to alleviate the regrets the best of us naturally feel, when compelled to leave a favourite task unfinished.

1. *The Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.* By JONATHAN PEREIRA, M.D., F.R.S. Third Edition. London, 1849-50. Pp. 1538.
2. *The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.* Fifth Edition. London.

We should be forsaking widely the field we usually occupy, were we to attempt to lay before our readers any analysis of a work so elaborate and so purely professional as this of Dr Pereira. We propose, however, to take it as our text-book, in considering a subject of great general interest—one scarcely of more importance to the professional physician than it is to the physiologist, the psychologist, and the economical statist. The book is replete with scattered information on the subject of the *Narcotics we Indulge in*, and some of this we propose to bring together in the present article. And among other sources from which we mean to draw the materials necessary to our purpose, are the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, long, long ago noticed in our pages, but, to us who have been reading it to-day, as fresh and new as ever—as full of interest, as suggestive of profound reflection. We who are ourselves somewhat scientific, can scarce restrain a selfish sigh when we think how fresh and new, how sure of human sympathy this actual burning experience of a living man will continue to be when the heavy and cold-toned tomes of Pereira shall have become mere records of the progress of science, and be turned up only to illustrate the ignorance of the most learned or trusted in their professions about the middle of the nineteenth century.

In ministering fully to his natural wants, man passes through three successive stages. First, the necessities of his material existence are provided for; next, his cares are assuaged and for the time banished; and lastly, his enjoyments, intellectual and animal, are multiplied and for the time exalted. Beef and bread represent the means by which, in every country, the first end is attained; fermented liquors help us to the second; and the third we reach by the aid of narcotics.

When we examine, in a chemical sense, the animal and vegetable productions which in a thousand varied forms, among various nations, take the place of the beef and pudding of the Englishman in supplying the first necessities of our nature, we are struck with the remarkable general similarity which prevails among them naturally, or which they are made to assume by

the artifices of cookery, before they are conveyed into the stomach. And we exclaim, in irrepressible wonder, "by what universal instinct is it that, under so many varied conditions of climate and of natural vegetation, the experience of man has led him everywhere so nicely to adjust the chemical constitution of the staple forms of his diet to the chemical wants of his living body?"

Nor is the lightening of care less widely and extensively attained. Savage and civilised tribes, near and remote—the houseless barbarian wanderer, the settled peasant, and the skilled citizen—all have found, without intercommunion, through some common and instinctive process, the art of preparing fermented drinks, and of procuring for themselves the enjoyments and miseries of intoxication. The juice of the cocoa-nut tree yields its  *toddy*  wherever this valuable palm can be made to grow. Another palm affords a fermented wine on the Andean slopes of Chili—the sugar palm intoxicates in the Indian Archipelago, and among the Moluccas and Philippines—while the best palm wine of all is prepared from the sap of the oil-palm of the African coast. In Mexico the American aloe (*Agave americana*) gave its much-loved *pulque*, and probably also its ardent brandy, long before Cortez invaded the ancient monarchy of the Aztecs. Fruits supply the cider, the perry and the wine, of many civilised regions—barley and the cereal grains the beer and brandy of others; while the milk of their breeding mares supplies at need to the wandering Tartar, either a mild exhilarating drink, or an ardently intoxicating spirit. And to our wonder at the wide prevalence of this taste, and our surprise at the success with which, in so many different ways, mankind has been able to gratify it, the chemist adds a new wonder and surprise when he tells us, that as in the case of his food, so in preparing his intoxicating drinks, man has everywhere come to the same result. His fermented liquors, wherever and from whatever substances prepared, all contain the same exciting alcohol, producing everywhere, upon every human being, the same exhilarating effects!

It is somewhat different as regards the next stage of human wants—the exalted stage which we arrive at by the aid of narcotics. Of these narcotics, it is remarkable that almost every country or tribe has its own—either aboriginal or imported—so that the universal instinct has led somehow or other to the universal supply of this want also.

The aborigines of Central America rolled up the tobacco leaf, and dreamed away their lives in smoky reveries, ages before Columbus was born, or the colonists of Sir Walter Raleigh brought it within the chaste precincts of the Elizabethan court. The coca leaf, now the comfort and strength of the Peruvian mulatto, was chewed as he does it, in far remote times, and among the same mountains, by the Indian natives whose blood he inherits. The use of opium and hemp, and the betel nut, among eastern Asiatics, mounts up to the times of most fabulous antiquity, as probably does that of the pepper tree in the South Sea Islands and the Indian archipelago; while in northern Europe the hop, and in Tartary the narcotic fungus, have been in use from time immemorial. In all these countries the wished-for end has been attained, as in the case of intoxicating drinks, by different means; but the precise effect upon the system, by the use of each substance, has not, in this case, been the same. On the contrary, tobacco, and coca, and opium, and hemp, and the hop, and *Cocculus indicus*, and the toadstool, each exercise an influence upon the human frame, which is peculiar to itself, and which in many respects is full of interest, and deserving of profound study. These differences we so far know to arise from the active substances they severally contain being chemically different.

**1. Tobacco.**—Of all the narcotics we have mentioned, tobacco is in use over the largest area, and by the greatest number of people. Opium comes next to it; and the hemp plant occupies the third place.

The tobacco plant is indigenous to tropical America, whence it was introduced into Spain and France in the beginning of the sixteenth century by

the Spaniards, and into England half a century later (1586) by Sir Francis Drake. Since that time, both the use and the cultivation of the plant have spread over a large portion of the globe. Besides the different parts of America, including Canada, New Brunswick, the United States, Mexico, the Western coast, the Spanish main, Brazil, Cuba, St Domingo, Trinidad, &c., it has spread in the East to Turkey, Persia, India, China, Australia, the Philippine Islands, and Japan. It has been raised with success also in nearly every country of Europe; while in Africa it is cultivated in Egypt, Algeria, in the Canaries, on the Western coast, and at the Cape of Good Hope. It is, indeed, among narcotics, what the potato is among food-plants—the most extensively cultivated, the most hardy, and the most tolerant of changes in temperature, altitude, and general climate.

We need scarcely remark, that the use of the plant has become not less universal than its cultivation. In America it is met with everywhere, and the consumption is enormous. In Europe, from the plains of sunny Castile to the frozen Archangel, the pipe and the cigar are a common solace among all ranks and conditions. In vain was the use of it prohibited in Russia, and the knout threatened for the first offence, and death for the second. In vain Pope Urban VIII. thundered out his bull against it. In vain our own James I. wrote his "Counterblaste to Tobacco." Opposition only excited more general attention to the plant, awakened curiosity regarding it, and promoted its consumption.

So in the East—the priests and sultans of Turkey and Persia declared smoking a sin against their holy religion, yet nevertheless the Turks and Persians became the greatest smokers in the world. In Turkey the pipe is perpetually in the mouth; in India all classes and both sexes smoke; in China the practice is so universal that "every female, from the age of eight or nine years, wears as an appendage to her dress a small silken pocket, to hold tobacco and a pipe." It is even argued by Pallas that the extensive prevalence of the practice in Asia, and especially in China,



proves the use of tobacco for smoking to be more ancient than the discovery of the New World. "Amongst the Chinese," he says, "and amongst the Mongol tribes who had the most intercourse with them, the custom of smoking is so general, so frequent, and has become so indispensable a luxury; the tobacco pipe affixed to their belt so necessary an article of dress; the form of the pipes, from which the Dutch seem to have taken the model of theirs, so original; and, lastly, the preparation of the yellow leaves, which are merely rubbed to pieces and then put into the pipe, so peculiar—that they could not possibly derive all this from America by way of Europe, especially as India, where the practice of smoking is not so general, intervenes between Persia and China." \*

Leaving this question of its origin, the reader will not be surprised, when he considers how widely the practice of smoking prevails, that the total produce of tobacco grown on the face of the globe has been calculated by Mr Crawford to amount to the enormous quantity of two millions of tons. The comparative magnitude of this quantity will strike the reader more forcibly, when we state that the whole of the wheat consumed by the inhabitants of Great Britain—estimating it at a quarter a-head, or in round numbers at twenty millions of quarters—weighs only four and one-third millions of tons; so that the tobacco yearly raised for the gratification of this one form of the narcotic appetite weighs as much as the wheat consumed by ten millions of Englishmen. And reckoning it at only double the market value of wheat, or twopence and a fraction per pound, it is worth in money as much as all the wheat eaten in Great Britain.

The largest producers, and probably the largest consumers, of tobacco, are the United States of America. The annual production, at the last two decennial periods of their census returns, was estimated at

1840, . . . 219,163,319 lb.

1850, . . . 199,752,616 „

being about one-twentieth part of the whole supposed produce of the globe.

One of the remarkable circumstances connected with the history of tobacco is, the rapidity with which its growth and consumption have increased, in almost every country, since the discovery of America. In 1662, the quantity raised in Virginia—the chief producer of tobacco on the American shores of the Atlantic—was only 60,000 lb.; and the quantity exported from that colony in 1689, only 120,000 lb. In two hundred and thirty years, the produce has risen to nearly twice as many millions. And the extension of its use in our own country may be inferred from the facts that, in the above year of 1689, the total importation was 120,000 lb. of Virginian tobacco, part of which was probably re-exported; while, in 1852, the quantity entered for home consumption amounted to

28,558,753 lb.

being something over a pound per head of the whole population; and to this must be added the large quantity of contraband tobacco, which the heavy duty of 3s. per lb. tempts the smuggler to introduce. The whole duty levied on the above quantity in 1852, was £4,560,711, which is equal to a poll-tax of 3s. a head.

Tobacco, as every child among us now knows, is used for smoking, for chewing, and for snuffing. The second of these practices is, in many respects, the most disgusting, and is now rarely seen in this country, except among seafaring men. On ship-board, smoking is always dangerous, and often forbidden; while snuffing is expensive and inconvenient; so that, if the weed must be used, the practice of chewing it can alone be resorted to.

For the smoker and chewer it is prepared in various forms, and sold under different names. The dried leaves, coarsely broken, are sold as canaster or knaster. When moistened, compressed, and cut into fine threads, they form cut or shag tobacco. Moistened with molasses or with syrup, and pressed into cakes, they are called cavendish and negro-head, and are used indifferently either for chewing or smoking. Moistened

in the same way, and beaten until they are soft, and then twisted into a thick string, they form the pigtail or twist of the chewer. Cigars are formed of the dried leaves, deprived of their midribs, and rolled up into a short spindle. When cut straight, or truncated at each end, as is the custom at Manilla, they are distinguished as *cheroots*.

For the snuff taker, the dried leaves are sprinkled with water, laid in heaps, and allowed to ferment. They are then dried again, reduced to powder, and baked or roasted. The dry snuffs, like the Scotch and Irish, are usually prepared from the midribs—the rappees, or moist snuffs, from the soft part of the leaves. The latter are also variously scented, to suit the taste of the customer.

Extensively as it is used, it is surprising how very few can state distinctly the effects which tobacco produces—can explain the kind of pleasure the use of it gives them—why they began, and for what reason they continue the indulgence. In truth, few have thought of these points—have cared to analyse their sensations when under the narcotic influence of tobacco—or, if they have analysed them, would care to tell truly what kind of relief it is which they seek in the use of it. “In habitual smokers,” says Dr Pereira, “the practice, when employed moderately, provokes thirst, increases the secretion of saliva, and produces a remarkably soothing and tranquillising effect on the mind, which has made it so much admired and adopted by all classes of society, and by all nations, civilised and barbarous.” Taken in excess in any form, and especially by persons unaccustomed to it, it produces nausea, vomiting, in some cases purging, universal trembling, staggering, convulsive movements, paralysis, torpor, and death. Cases are on record of persons killing themselves by smoking seventeen or eighteen pipes at a sitting. With some constitutions it never agrees; but both our author and Dr Christison of Edinburgh agree that “no well-ascertained ill effects have been shown to result from the habitual practice of smoking.” The

effects of chewing are of a similar kind. Those of snuffing are only less in degree; and the influence which tobacco exercises in the mouth, in promoting the flow of saliva, &c., manifests itself when used as snuff in producing sneezing, and in increasing the discharge of mucus from the nose. The excessive use of snuff, however, blunts the sense of smell, alters the tone of voice, and occasionally produces dyspepsia and loss of appetite. In rarer cases it ultimately induces apoplexy and delirium.

But it is the soothing and tranquillising effect it has on the mind for which tobacco is chiefly indulged in. And amid the teasing paltry cares, as well as the more poignant griefs of life, what a blessing that a mere material soother and tranquilliser can be found, accessible alike to all—to the desolate and the outcast, equally with him who is rich in a happy home and the felicity of sympathising friends! Is there any one so sunk in happiness himself, as to wonder that millions of the world-chafed should flee to it for solace? Yet the question still remains which is to bring out the peculiar characteristic of tobacco. We may take for granted that it acts in some way upon the nervous system; but what is the special effect of tobacco on the brain and nerves, to which the pleasing reverie it produces is to be ascribed? “The pleasure of the reverie consequent on the indulgence of the pipe consists,” according to Dr Madden, “in a temporary annihilation of thought. People really cease to think when they have been long smoking. I have asked Turks repeatedly what they have been thinking of during their long smoking reveries, and they replied, ‘Of nothing.’ I could not remind them of a single idea having occupied their minds; and in the consideration of the Turkish character there is no more curious circumstance connected with their moral condition. The opinion of Locke, that the soul of a waking man is never without thought, because it is the condition of being awake, is, in my mind, contradicted by the waking somnambulism, if I may so express myself, of a Moslem.”\*

We concede that Dr Madden might find in England, in Germany, and in Holland, many good smokers, who would make excellent Moslems in his sense, and who at the close of long tobacco revelries are utterly unconscious and innocent of a single thought. Yet we restrict our faith in his opinion to the simple belief, that tobacco, with a haze such as its smoke creates, tends to soften down and assuage the intensity of all inner thoughts or external impressions which affect the feelings, and thus to create a still and peaceful repose—such a quiet rest as one fancies might be found in the hazy distance of Turner's landscapes. We deny that, in Europeans in general, smoking puts an end to intellectual exertion. In moderation, our own experience is, that it sharpens and strengthens it; and we doubt very much if those learned Teutonic Professors, who smoke all day, whose studies are perpetually obscured by the fumes of the weed, and who are even said to smoke during sleep, would willingly, or with good temper, concede that the heavy fumes which in yearly thousands appear at the Leipzig book fair, have all been written after their authors had "really ceased to think." Still it is probably true, and may be received as the characteristic of tobacco among narcotics, that its major and first effect is to assuage, and allay, and soothe the system in general; its minor, and second, or after effect, to excite and invigorate, and, at the same time, give steadiness and fixity to the powers of thought.

The active substances, or chemical ingredients of tobacco or tobacco smoke, by which these effects upon the system are produced, are three in

number. The *first* is a volatile oil, of which about two grains can be obtained from a pound of leaves, by distilling them with water. This oil or fat "is solid, has the odour of tobacco, and a bitter taste. It excites in the tongue and throat a sensation similar to that of tobacco smoke; and, when swallowed, gives rise to giddiness, nausea, and an inclination to vomit." Small as the quantity is, therefore, which is present in the leaf, this substance must be regarded as one of the ingredients upon which the effects of tobacco depend.

The *second* is a volatile alkali, as it is called by chemists, which is also obtained by a form of distillation. The substance is liquid, has the odour of tobacco, an acid burning taste, and is possessed of narcotic and highly poisonous qualities. In this latter quality it is scarcely inferior to Prussic acid. The proportion of this substance contained in the leaf varies from 3 to 8 per cent, so that he who smokes a hundred grains of tobacco *may* draw into his mouth from three to eight grains of one of the most subtle of all known poisons. It will not be doubted, therefore, that some of the effects of tobacco are to be ascribed to this peculiar substance.

The third is an oil—an empyreumatic oil, it is called—which does not exist ready formed in the natural leaf, but is produced along with other substances during the burning. This is supposed to be "the juice of cursed hebenon," described by Shakespeare as a *distilment*.\* It is acrid, disagreeable to the taste, narcotic, and so poisonous that a single drop on the tongue of a cat causes immediate convulsions, and in two minutes death.

\* The effects, real or imaginary, of this "juice" are thus described:—

"Sleeping within mine orchard,  
My custom always of the afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
The leperous distilment: whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,  
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body;  
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset  
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;  
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,  
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
All my smooth body."—*Hamlet*, Act i. scene v.

Of these three active ingredients contained in tobacco smoke, the Turkish and Indian pipes, in which the smoke is made to pass slowly through water, arrest a large proportion, and therefore convey the air to the mouth in a milder form. The reservoir of the German meerschauums retains the grosser portions of the oils, &c., produced by burning; and the long stem of the Russian pipe has a similar effect. The Dutch and English pipes retain less; while the cigar, especially when smoked to the end, discharges everything into the mouth of the smoker, and, when he retains the saliva, gives him the benefit of the united action of all the three narcotic substances together. It is not surprising, therefore, that those who have been accustomed to smoke cigars, especially such as are made of strong tobacco, should find any other pipe both tame and tasteless, except the short black *catty*, which has lately come into favour again among inveterate smokers.

The chewer of tobacco, it will be understood from the above description of its active ingredients, is not exposed to the effects of the oil which is produced during the burning. The natural oil and the volatile alkali are the substances which act upon him. The taker of snuff is in the same condition. But *his* drug is still milder than that of the chewer, inasmuch as the artificial drying or roasting to which the tobacco is subjected in the preparation of snuff, drives off a portion of the natural volatile oil, and a large part of the volatile alkali, and thus renders it considerably less active than the natural leaf.

In all the properties by which tobacco is characterised, the produce of different countries and districts is found to exhibit very sensible differences. At least eight or ten species, and numerous varieties, of the plant are cultivated; and the leaf of each of these, even where they are all grown in the same locality, is found to exhibit sensible peculiarities. To these climate and soil add each its special effects; while the period of growth at which the leaves are gathered, and the way in which they are dried or cured, exercise a well-known influence on the quality of the crop. To these causes of diversity is owing, for the most

part, the unlike estimation in which Virginian, Cuban, Brazilian, Peruvian, East Indian, Persian, and Turkish tobaccos are held in the market.

The chemist explains all the known and well-marked diversities of quality and flavour in the unadulterated leaf, by showing that each recognised variety of tobacco contains the active ingredients of the leaf in a peculiar form or proportion; and it is interesting to find science in his hands first rendering satisfactory reasons for the decisions of taste. Thus, he has shown that the natural volatile oil does not exist in the green leaf, but is formed during the drying, and hence the reason why the mode of curing affects the strength and quality of the dried leaf. He has also shown that the proportion of the poisonous alkali (nicotin) is smallest (2 per cent) in the best Havannah, and largest (7 per cent) in the Virginian tobacco, and hence a natural and sound reason for the preference given to the former by the smokers of cigars.

As to the lesser niceties of flavour, this probably depends upon other odoriferous ingredients not so active in their nature, or so essential to the leaf as those already mentioned. The leaves of plants, in this respect, are easily affected by a variety of circumstances, and especially by the nature of the soil they grow in, and of the manure applied to them. Even to the grosser senses of us Europeans, it is known, for example, that pigs' dung carries its *gout* into the tobacco raised by its means. But the more refined organs of the Druses and Maronites of Mount Lebanon readily recognise, by the flavour of their tobacco, the kind of manure employed in its cultivation, and esteem, above all others, that which has been aided in its growth by the droppings of the goat.

But in countries where high duties upon tobacco hold out a temptation to fraud, artificial flavours are given by various forms of adulteration. "Saccharine matter (molasses, sugar, honey, &c.), which is the principal adulterating ingredient, is said to be used both for the purpose of adding to the weight of the tobacco, and of rendering it more agreeable. Vegetable leaves (as those of rhubarb and the beech), mosses, bran, the sprout-

ings of malt, beet-root dregs, liquorice, terra japonica, rosin, yellow ochre, fullers' earth, sand, saltpetre, common salt, sal-ammoniac"—such is a list of the substances which have been detected in adulterated tobacco. How many more may be in daily use for the purpose, who can tell? Is it surprising, therefore, that we should meet with manufactured tobacco possessing a thousand different flavours for which the chemistry of the natural leaf can in no way account?

There are two other circumstances in connection with the history of tobacco, which, because of their economical and social bearings, are possessed of much interest.

*First*, Every smoker must have observed the quantity of ash he has occasion to empty out of his pipe, or the large nozzle he knocks off from time to time from the burning end of his cigar. This incombustible part is equal to one-fourth or one-fifth of the whole weight of the dried leaf, and consists of earthy or mineral matter which the tobacco plant has drawn from the soil on which it has grown. Every ton, when dried, of the tobacco leaf which is gathered, carries off, therefore, from four to five hundred-weight of this mineral matter from the soil. And as the substances of which the mineral matter consists are among those which are at once most necessary to vegetation, and least abundant even in fertile soils, it will readily be understood that the frequent growth and removal of tobacco from the same field must gradually affect its fertility, and sooner or later exhaust it.

It has been, and still is, to a great extent, the misfortune of many tobacco-growing regions, that this simple deduction was unknown and unheeded. The culture has been continued year after year upon virgin soils, till the best and richest were at last wearied and worn out, and patches of deserted wilderness are at length seen where tobacco plantations formerly extended and flourished. Upon the Atlantic borders of the United States of America, the best known modern instances of such exhausting culture are to be found.

It is one of the triumphs of the chemistry of this century, that it has ascertained what the land loses by such imprudent treatment—what is the cause, therefore, of the barrenness that befalls it, and by what new management its ancient fertility may be again restored.

*Second*, It is melancholy to think that the gratification of this narcotic instinct of man should in some countries—and especially in North America, Cuba, and Brazil—have become a source of human misery in its most aggravated forms. It was long ago remarked of the tobacco culture by President Jefferson, in his *Notes on Virginia*, that "it is a culture productive of infinite wretchedness. Those employed in it are in a continued state of exertion beyond the powers of nature to support. Little food of any kind is raised by them, so that the men and animals on these farms are badly fed, and the earth is rapidly impoverished."† But these words do not convey to the English reader a complete idea of the misery they allude to. The men employed in the culture, who suffer the "infinite wretchedness," are the slaves on the plantations. And it is melancholy, as we have said, to think that the gratification of the passion for tobacco should not only have been an early stimulus to the extension of slavery in the United States, but should continue still to be one of the props by which it is sustained. The exports of tobacco from the United States in the year ending June 1850, were valued at ten millions of dollars. This sum European smokers pay for the maintenance of slavery in these states, besides what they contribute for the same purpose to Cuba and Brazil. The practice of smoking is in itself, we believe, neither a moral nor a social evil; it is merely the gratification of a natural and universal, as it is an innocent instinct. Pity that such evils should be permitted to flow from what is in itself so harmless!

II. The *Hor*, which may now be called the *English narcotic*, was brought from the Low Countries, and

\* Pereira, p. 1427.

† English edition, p. 278, quoted in M'Culloch's *Commercial Dictionary*, p. 1314.

is not known to have been used in malt liquor in this country till after the year 1524, in the reign of Henry VIII. In 1850 the quantity of hops grown in England was 21,668 tons, paying a duty of £270,000. This is supposed to be a larger quantity than is grown in all the world besides. Only 98 tons were exported in that year; while, on the other hand, 320 tons were imported, so that the home consumption amounted to 21,886 tons, or 49 millions of pounds; being two-thirds more than the weight of the tobacco which we yearly consume. It is the narcotic substance, therefore, of which England not only grows more and consumes more than all the world besides, but of which Englishmen consume more than they do of any other substance of the same class.

And who that has visited the hop grounds of Kent and Surrey in the flowering season, will ever forget the beauty and grace of this charming plant? Climbing the tall poles, and circling them with its clasping tendrils, it hides the formality and stiffness of the tree that supports it among the exuberant profusion of its clustering flowers. Waving and drooping in easy motion with every tiny breath that stirs them, and hanging in curved wreaths from pole to pole, the hop-bines dance and glitter beneath the bright English sun—the picture of a true English vineyard, which neither the Rhine nor the Rhone can equal, and only Italy, where her vines climb the freest, can surpass.

The hop “joyeth in a fat and fruitful ground,” as old Gerard hath it (1596). “It prospereth the better by manuring.” And few spots surpass, either in natural fertility or in artificial richness, the hop lands of Surrey, which lie along the out-crop of the green sand measures in the neighbourhood of Farnham. Naturally rich to an extraordinary degree in the mineral food of plants, the soils in this locality have been famed for centuries for the growth of hops; and with a view to this culture alone, at the present day, the best portions sell as high as £500 an acre. And the *highest* Scotch farmer—the most liberal of

manure—will find himself outdone by the hop-growers of Kent and Surrey. An average of ten pounds an acre for manure over a hundred acres of hops, makes this branch of farming the most liberal, the most remarkable, and the most expensive of any in England.

This mode of managing the hop, and the peculiar value and rarity of hop land, were known very early. They form parts of its history which were probably imported with the plant itself. Tusser, who lived in Henry VIII.'s time, and in the reigns of his three children, in his *Points of Husbandry* thus speaks of the hop:—

“Choose soil for the hop of the rottenest mould,

Well-doinged and wrought as a garden-plot should;

Not far from the water (but not overfloune),  
This lesson well noted, is meet to be knowne.

The sun in the south, or else southlie and west,

Is joy to the hop as welcommed ghest;  
But wind in the north, or else northerly east,  
To hop is as ill as fray in a least.

Meet plot for a hop-yard, once found as is told,  
Make thereof account, as of jewel of gold;  
Now dig it and leave it, the sun for to burne,  
And afterwards fense it, to serve for that turne.

The hop for his profit, I thus do exalt:  
It strengtheneth drink, and favoureth malt;  
And being well brewed, long kepe it will last,  
And drawing abide, if ye draw not too fast.”

The hops of commerce consist of the female flowers and seeds of the *humulus lupulus*, or common hop plant. Their principal consumption is in the manufacture of beer, to which they give a pleasant, bitter, aromatic flavour, and tonic properties. Part of the soporific quality of beer also is ascribed to the hops, and they are supposed by their chemical properties to check the tendency to become sour. The active principles in the hop consist of a volatile oil, and a peculiar bitter principle to which the name of *lupulin* is given.

When the hop flowers are distilled with water, they yield as much as eight per cent of their weight of a volatile oil, which has a brownish yellow colour, a strong smell of hops, and a slightly bitter taste. In this “oil of hops” it has hitherto been supposed that a portion of the narcotic influence of the flowers resided, but

recent experiments render this opinion doubtful. It is probable that in the case both of tobacco and of the hop, a volatile substance distils over in small quantity along with the oil, which has not hitherto been examined separately, and in which the narcotic virtue resides. This is rendered probable by the fact that the rectified hop oil is not possessed of narcotic properties.

The hop has long been celebrated for its sleep-giving qualities. To the weary and wakeful, the hop-pillow has often given refreshing rest, when every other sleep-producer had failed. It is to the escape, in minute quantity, of the volatile narcotic substance we have spoken of, that this soporific effect of the flowers is most probably to be ascribed.

Besides the oil and other volatile matter which distil from them, the hop flowers, and especially the fine powdery grains or dust which, by rubbing, can be separated from them, yield to alcohol a bitter principle (lupulin) and a resinous substance, both in considerable proportion. In a common tincture of hop, these substances are contained. They are aromatic and tonic, and impart their own qualities to our beer. They are also soothing, tranquillising, and in a slight degree sedative and soporific, in which properties, well-hopped beer also resembles them. It is certain that hops possess a narcotic virtue which beer derives from them; but in what part of the female flower, or in what peculiar chemical compound this narcotic property chiefly resides, is still a matter of doubt.

To the general reader it may appear remarkable, that the chemistry of a vegetable production, in such extensive use as the hop, should still be so imperfect—our knowledge of its nature and composition so unsatisfactory. But the well-read chemist, who knows how wide the field of chemical research is, and how rapidly our know-

ledge of it, as a whole, is progressing, will feel no surprise. He may wish to see all such obscurities and difficulties cleared away, but he will feel inclined rather to thank and praise the many ardent and devoted men, now labouring in this department, for what they are doing, than to blame them for being obliged to leave a part of the extensive field for the present uncultivated.

Among largely used narcotics, therefore, especially in England, the hop is to be placed. It differs, however, from all the others we have mentioned, in being rarely employed alone except medicinally. It is added to infusions like that of malt, to impart flavour, taste, and narcotic virtues. Used in this way, it is unquestionably one of the sources of that pleasing excitement, gentle intoxication, and healthy tonic action, which well-hopped beer is known to produce upon those who drink it. Other common vegetable productions will give the bitter flavour to malt liquor. Horehound and wormwood, and gentian and quassia and strychnia, and the grains of paradise, and chicory, and various other plants, have been used to replace or supplant the hop. But none are known to approach it in imparting those peculiar qualities which have given the bitter beer of the present day so well-merited a reputation.

Among our working classes, it is true, in the porters and labourers they consume and prefer, the *Cocculus indicus* finds a degree of favour which has caused it, to a considerable degree, to take the place of the hop.\* This singular berry possesses an intoxicating property, and not only replaces the hop by its bitterness, but to a certain extent also supplies the deficiency of malt. To weak extracts of malt it gives a richness and *fullness in the mouth*, which usually imply the presence of much malt, with a bitterness which enables the brewer to

\* *Ale* was the name given to unhopped malt-liquor before the use of hops was introduced. When hops were added, it was called *beer*, by way of distinction, I suppose, because we imported the custom from the Low Countries, where the word beer was, and is still, in common use. Ground ivy (*Elechomx hederacea*), called also *alehoof* and *tunhoof*, was generally employed for preserving ale before the use of hops was known. "The manifold virtues in hops," says Gerard in 1596, "do manifestly argue the wholesome-ness of *beere* above *ale*, for the hops rather make it physickall drink to keep the body in health, than an ordinary drink for the quenching of our thirst."

withhold one-third of his hops, and a colour which aids him in the darkening of his porter. The middle classes in England prefer the thin wine-like bitter beer. The skilled labourers in the manufacturing districts prefer what is rich, full, and substantial in the mouth. With a view to their taste, it is too often drugged with the *Cocculus indicus* by disreputable brewers; and much of the very beastly intoxication which the consumption of malt liquor in England produces, is probably due to this pernicious admixture. So powerful is the effect of this berry on the apparent richness of beer, that a single pound produces an equal effect with a bag of malt. The temptation to use it, therefore, is very strong. The quantity imported in 1850 was 2550 cwt., equal to a hundred and twelve times as many bags of malt: and although we cannot strictly class it among the narcotics we voluntarily indulge in, it may certainly be described as one in which thousands of the humbler classes are compelled to indulge.

It is interesting to observe how men carry with them their early tastes to whatever new climate or region they go. The love of beer and hops has been planted by Englishmen in America. It has accompanied them to their new empires in Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape. In the hot East their home taste remains unquenched, and the pale ale of England follows them to remotest India. Who can tell to what extent the use of the hop may become naturalised, through their means, in these far-off regions? Who can predict that, inoculated into its milder influence, the devotees of opium and the intoxicating hemp may now hereafter be induced to abandon their hereditary drugs, and to substitute the foreign hop in their place? From such a change in one article of consumption, how great a change in the character of the people might we not anticipate?

This leads us to remark, that we cannot as yet very well explain in

what way and to what extent the use of prevailing narcotics is connected, as cause or effect, with peculiarities in national character. But there can no longer be any doubt that the soothers and exciteers we indulge in, in some measure as the luxuries of life, though sought for at first merely to gratify a natural craving, do afterwards gradually but sensibly modify the individual character. And where the use is general and extended, the influence of course affects in time the whole people. It is a problem of interest to the legislator, not less than to the physiologist and psychologist, to ascertain how far and in what direction such a reaction can go—how much of the actual tastes, habits, and character of existing nations has been created by the prolonged consumption of the fashionable and prevailing forms of narcotics in use among them respectively, and how far tastes and habits have been modified by the changes in these forms which have been introduced and adopted within historic times. The reader will readily perceive that this inquiry has in it a valid importance quite distinct from that which attaches itself to the supposed influence of the different varieties of intoxicating fermented drink in use in different countries. The latter, as we have said, all contain the same intoxicating principle, and so far, therefore, exercise a common influence upon all who consume them. But the narcotics now in use owe their effects to substances which in each, so far as is known, are chemically different from those which are contained in every one of the others. They must exercise, therefore, each a different physiological effect upon the system, and, if their influence, as we suppose, extend so far, must each in a special way modify also the constitution, the habits, and the character.

Our space does not permit us, in the present Number, to speak of the use of opium and hemp; we shall return to these extensively consumed drugs on a future occasion.



## SOUTH AMERICAN TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

WE here associate two books which have little in common beyond their relation to the same region and races of men; the one is chiefly scientific and statistical, the other deals largely in the characteristic and romantic. Dr Weddell, physician and naturalist, and member of various scientific societies and commissions, who had previously travelled in and written of certain districts in South America, was induced, two years ago, once more to cross the Line, bound for Bolivia. His former journey had had a purely botanical object: he had gone to make acquaintance with the trees which produce the Peruvian bark. His researches were crowned with success; but he was attacked with fever and dysentery, and quitted the unwholesome shores, vowing never to revisit them. A handful of sand which he carried away with him caused him to break through his resolution. Deposited in the Museum of Natural History at Paris, it attracted attention by the beauty of the golden spangles it contained. Dr Weddell again sailed for America, this time with a double mission. The administrators of the Garden of Plants confided to him certain scientific researches; and a number of persons, whose objects were more material, commissioned him to examine and obtain concessions of tracts of land upon the Tipuani—a stream which, rising amongst the snows of the Cordilleras, flows over golden sands to its junction with one of the chief tributaries of the mighty Amazon.

Mr Theodore Pavie has been a great traveller. In the volume before us we find him alternately in India, Africa, America, on the banks of the Nile, on the Coromandel coast, in the forests that fringe the Sabine. His book includes even a Chinese legend; but that he confesses to have derived from a missionary, the companion of one of his voyages. His most inter-

esting chapters are a series of South American sketches—in the Pampas, Chili, and Peru. He makes half an apology for having mingled fiction with facts he himself witnessed. The system he has pursued is perfectly allowable, and has been adopted by many travellers of wider fame. We may instance Sealsfield, Ruxton, and a host of other precedents. Like them, he has brought home from his distant wanderings a portfolio of rough sketches, which he has filled up, coloured, and completed by his own fireside. The landscape, the character, the figures, even some of the incidents, are true to nature; but he has thrown in a little artificial action, rendering the picture more attractive.

From the Peruvian port of Arica, which he reached, *via* Southampton and Panama, in the spring of 1851, Dr Weddell started at once for the Bolivian town of La Paz. After passing Tacna, where they were detained for some days by purchase of mules and travelling stores, the doctor and his two companions, Mr Boniche and Mr Herrypon (the latter a civil engineer), soon found themselves in the mountains, and suffering from the painful sensations produced by the great rarefaction of the air. This effect of the sensible diminution of the atmospheric pressure upon the circulation and respiration is there called the *soroche*, and is ignorantly attributed by the natives to metallic emanations from the soil. At the height of about 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, the travellers came to the first *apacheta*. In former days the Peruvian Indians, upon attaining, with a burden, the summit of a mountain, were accustomed to offer to their god Pachacamac the first object that met their view. The custom was not costly, for the object was usually a stone. They accompanied the offering by several repetitions of the word

*Voyage dans le Nord de la Bolivie, et dans les parties voisines du Pérou.* Par H. A. WEDDELL, M.D., &c. &c. Paris, Bertrand; London, Baillière. 1853.

*Scènes et Récits des Pays d'Outre-Mer.* Par THÉODORE PAVIE. Paris, Lévy. 1853.

*apachecta*, which was a sort of prayer. In time, this word, slightly altered, was applied to the heaps of stones which the superstition accumulated, and then to the mountain-peaks which these heaps surmounted. Apachetas are found upon all elevated points of Peruvian roads. Around one of them, at the summit of the Pass of Gualillos—estimated by Dr Weddell, and by the English traveller Pentland, to be nearly 15,000 feet above the sea—were numerous skeletons of asses, mules, and llamas, which had perished of fatigue on attaining that prodigious elevation. The three Frenchmen felt almost as much inclined to lay their own bones beside those of the defunct brutes as to push on further; but they managed to continue their route over one of those vast mountain platforms known as *puñas*, of which the German doctor Tschudi has given so striking an account. They passed the night in the village of Tacora, and had regained their wonted courage and activity when aroused next morning by their muleteer with intelligence that four vicuñas were grazing close at hand. Stealing up to them under cover of a wall, Dr Weddell and Mr Herrypon got within fair shot, fired, and missed. Three of the animals took to flight; the fourth stood its ground, and gazed boldly at its enemies. The doctor, supposing that a wound was the cause of its immobility, quitted his cover and approached the vicuña. When he got within a certain distance, the animal ran. It was too late. The doctor fired his second barrel, and the ball broke its spine. It was not, as Dr Weddell had supposed, a wound that had delayed its flight. "When a herd of vicuñas is pursued," he says, "the most vigorous of the males, who act as chiefs, invariably remain the last upon the place of danger, as if to cover the retreat of the others. This is a fact of which we were more than once witnesses during our journey, and hence it is much easier to obtain male than female vicuñas. I have been twenty times within shot of males, but not once of females. The vicuña (*Camelus vicugna* Gmel.) is the most numerous species (it and the *guanaco*) of the camel tribe in the New World. It is met with in all

the elevated regions of the Andes, from the equator to Magellan's Straits. The places it best loves to haunt are those where man and the condor alone can follow it. The condor, that mighty bird of prey, which is to the Andes what the eagle is to the Alps, prefers carrion to a living prey, and seldom makes war upon it; and man, until our own days, has rather encouraged its multiplication than aided in its destruction. This explains the abundance of the vicuña at the period of the conquest of Peru." The old Spanish chroniclers relate that the vicuñas, although wild, were regarded as the exclusive property of the Incas, and any who hunted them incurred severe penalties. At fixed seasons—about once a year—a general hunt took place, under the personal superintendence of the Inca and his chief officers; but only once in every four years was this monster *hunting* allowed in the same district. The chase was on a prodigious scale. Fifty or sixty thousand hunters—even more, if some writers are to be believed—armed themselves with poles and lances, traced an immense circle, and drove to a common centre all the animals it enclosed. A selection then took place. Roebuck, guanacos, and other inferior animals, were killed, especially the males; their skins were used for various purposes, and their flesh was divided amongst the hunters. This meat, cut in thin slices and dried, was called *charqui*, and composed the sole animal food of the lower classes of Peruvians. The vicuñas, of which thirty or forty thousand were often thus collected, were more gently treated. They were carefully shorn, and then set at liberty. The wool was stored in the royal warehouses, and issued as required—the inferior qualities to the people, the better ones to the nobles, who alone had a right to wear fine cloth. The tissues then manufactured from the best vicuña wool are said to have been as brilliant as the finest silks, and to have excited, by the delicacy of their tints, the envy of European manufacturers. At the present day, no salutary law protects the graceful and useful vicuñas; they lose their life with their fleece, and have greatly diminished in numbers.

The Indians drive them into enclosures, knock them on the head with cudgels, or break their necks across their knees, strip off the skin, and sell it for half a dollar. The wool sells as high as a dollar a pound upon the coast of Peru. It is chiefly consumed in the country, to make hats and gloves. Only two or three thousand dollars' worth is annually exported from Peru.

Dr Weddell makes numerous interesting zoological observations during his journey up the country. Whilst traversing the frozen puma, he was greatly surprised to find a ruin—in which his party slept, with snow for a counterpane—infested with mice, whose sole nourishment, in that barren and inhospitable district, must have been grass. The next halt was at the farm of Chulumguani, the highest point upon the road from Tacna to La Paz. Here the party slept under a roof, and found a *pulpería* or little shop, where they were able to obtain sardines in oil, sheep's milk cheese, and bad Bordeaux wine. A day was passed here in duck-shooting, and in hunting the *visacha*, a small animal of the chinchilla tribe, having a dark grey fur, very soft, but less esteemed by furriers than that of the chinchilla. It is about the size of a rabbit, burrows amongst rocks, and is found only at a very great elevation, equal to that habitually preferred by the vicuña. Dr Weddell and his host shot two specimens. When the doctor went indoors to skin them, he found that the animals had lost the tips of their tails. The farm-steward, who had carried them in, explained that he had thus docked them to preserve them from decomposition, the extremity of the tail having the singular property of producing the corruption of the whole animal, if not cut off almost immediately after death. Dr Weddell was not very well satisfied with this explanation, but, to his astonishment, he afterwards found it everywhere the custom to sever the end of the *visacha's* tail.

Whilst at the farm (it was a sheep-farm—oxen live but do not thrive at that altitude) Dr Weddell did his

utmost to get an alpaca, knowing that there were some in the neighbourhood. He was unsuccessful; and as to buying one, it is a most difficult matter in that country, where the Indians have an extraordinary dislike to parting with their domesticated animals, except sheep. During his stay in Bolivia, he repeatedly offered five or six times its value for an alpaca, and was refused. The alpaca wool, which constitutes one of the most important branches of Peruvian commerce, and is consumed chiefly in England, varies greatly in price, the pure white selling for thirty or thirty-five dollars a hundredweight; other colours at an average of twenty-two dollars. The weight of the fleeces ranges from three to seven pounds. "I have seen some of these animals," says Dr Weddell, "whose virgin fleece almost swept the earth; when they attain that state, their faces are hidden in the wool that surrounds them." From a priest, who afforded hospitality to the travellers at their second halt after they quitted the farm, they obtained some instructive details concerning the country, and a most marvellous story of a natural phenomenon observed by him during his rambles in the province of Yungas. "This was nothing less than a bird-plant—that is to say, a bird which, having alighted upon the ground, had there taken root. More than a hundred persons, the *cara* said, had seen this wonder, and verified its reality. The person who had discovered the bird, unfortunately forgot one day to take it food, and it died. We were not informed how it had lived before it found a master." It is odd to be able to trace a coincidence between the wild tale of the Peruvian puma and a tradition of Asiatic-Russian steppes. Edward Jermann, in his *Pictures from St Petersburg*, tells of the *baranken* or sheep-plant, supposed to produce the fine silky fleece that was in reality obtained by ripping unborn lambs from the mother's belly.

At La Paz, which the little caravan reached after much fatigue, some severe hardship, and a few misadventures, but without serious disaster, one of the first things the travellers

did was to avail of a letter of introduction from the Bolivian minister at Paris, to obtain an audience of the president of the republic, General Belzu, who had just recovered from wounds inflicted by assassins. One ball had struck him full in the face, and his visitors looked curiously for the trace. A scarcely perceptible scar, at the angle of the nose, was all they could discern. The bullet remained in the head, but occasioned no inconvenience; and the general said that his health was even better than before the occurrence. Some time afterwards he consulted Dr Weddell about his wounds, and the doctor learned, from the best source, the particulars of the attempt upon his life, which he briefly recapitulates.

Raised to the presidency after the battle of Yamparac, in which he discomfited the adherents of Velasco, General Belzu had not only to struggle against the remains of that party, but to defend himself against the secret and much more formidable attacks of General Ballivian, Velasco's predecessor. It is said to have been at the instigation of Ballivian that the plot I have spoken of was formed; and, in support of this assertion, the remarkable fact is adduced that, upon the very day on which the crime was committed at Chiquisaca, Ballivian and one of his intimates quitted Copiapo (in Chili), where they were staying, and rode in great haste towards the frontiers of Bolivia.

The day selected for the crime was the 6th September 1850. In the afternoon the president left his palace, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, and by Colonel Laguna, one of the principal members of the senate, and betook himself to the public walk. Scarcely had he reached it, when four men assailed him. He stood upon his defence, but at that moment a bullet struck him in the face, and he fell to the ground. The shot had been fired so near that his beard was burnt, and his cheeks were speckled with grains of powder. A second shot was fired, but without effect. When the assassins saw him stretched upon the earth, they fired three other shots at him, but, strange to relate, each time the weapons flashed in the pan. The chief of the brigands—a

mulatto named Morales, who was mounted—then tried to trample him under his horse's feet, but without success. After several efforts, he at last urged his horse close up to his victim, and, leaning over him, put a pistol to his head and fired a last shot. 'The tyrant is dead!' he cried, and, spurring his horse, he galloped through the streets to the barracks, to excite the garrison to revolt. Meanwhile Laguna, the senator, stood by with folded arms, and when the crime seemed fully consummated, he walked away with his perpetrators, thus affording good grounds for suspicion of his complicity. He was shot a few days afterwards.

As to the president, whose existence, with two bullets in his head, seemed almost impossible, he had not even, he himself assured me, lost consciousness for a moment; and when Morales and his band left him, he got up unaided, and reached, bathed in his blood, a neighbouring hut, inhabited by a poor Indian. The news quickly spread that the chief of the state still lived, and the projected revolution was stifled in its birth."

The preservation of the president's life was little short of a miracle. One of the bullets had glanced off the skull without doing material damage beyond occasioning complete loss of hearing with the left ear; but the other had gone so deep into the head that it could not be extracted. Dr Weddell probed the wound, and satisfied himself of the course and position of the ball. A few hairs'-breadths farther, or a copper bullet instead of a leaden one, and all was over with General Belzu.

The travellers made some stay at La Paz, where they soon became acquainted with the principal people in the place. They passed their time in paying visits, in seeking useful information relative to the objects of their expedition, and in getting dreadfully out of breath by the ascent of steep streets in an atmosphere so rarefied that a newly-arrived European can hardly take ten steps without a pause. English housewives will read with interest Dr Weddell's account of Bolivian edibles, with disgust his sketch of the filthy horrors of a Bolivian kitchen, with wonderment and incre-

dulity the recipes he gives for the manufacture of certain Bolivian dishes and delicacies. The mode of using potatoes is very original. As it freezes nearly every night of the year in the upper regions of the Andes, and the people have no means of preserving potatoes from frost, they anticipate its action, in order to regulate it. "They spread the potatoes on a thin layer of straw in the open air; they water them slightly, and expose them to the frost for three successive nights. When the vegetables subsequently thaw in the sun, they acquire a spongy consistency; in that state they are trodden under naked feet, in order to get rid of the skin and squeeze out the juice; then they are left in the air until perfectly dry." This delectable preparation is known as the black *chuño*; and when wanted for food, requires soaking in water for six or eight days. White *chuño* is prepared in another way, but one description of the sort will probably satisfy everybody of the untempting nature of the diet. Besides the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the mineral reign contributes to the gratification of South-American epicures. An important section of the market at La Paz is occupied by sellers of a species of light-grey clay, very greasy to the touch, and called *pahsa*. The Indians alone consume it, mixing it with water to the consistency of thin gruel, and eating it with salt. At Chuquisaca, Dr Weddell was informed, a sort of earth called *chaco*, similar to the *pahsa* of La Paz, was sold and eaten in little cups, like custard or chocolate; and he heard of a *señorita* who thus ate dirt till she killed herself. The moderate use of this queer article of food is not injurious, but neither does it afford the slightest nourishment.

The beefsteak was long in making its appearance one day at Don Adolfo's *gargotte*, where Dr Weddell and his companions usually took their meals, and an impatient Frenchman started from his seat to visit the kitchen and inquire into the delay. "Do not so!" cried a more experienced customer; "if you see how it is done, you will not eat for a week." Dr Weddell had opportunity of inspecting more than one *Pazeña* kitchen. Besides the

cooks—which we take to be something indescribably abominable, since he describes them merely as a degree or two more disgusting than the scene of their operations—those kitchens contain three things,—shapeless earthen pots, black and greasy; heaps of dried lama-dung, used as fuel; guinea-pigs *ad libitum*. Guinea-pigs are the rabbits of Bolivia, where European rabbits are curiosities, called Castilian conies, and kept in cages like some outlandish monkey. The guinea-pig has the run of the kitchen, where he thrives and fattens, and is ultimately slaughtered and cooked.

Dr Weddell went to a ball, given in celebration of the birthday of a young and amiable Peruvian lady, recently allied with one of the best families of La Paz. His account of it gives a curious notion of the degree of civilisation of the best Bolivian society. No illuminated portals, liveried lackeys, or crowd of carriages indicated to the doctor (who had not yet been at the house) the scene of the festival, when he issued forth, at eight in the evening, white-waistcoated, and draped in his cloak. The street was dark and deserted. By inquiring at shops, he at last found the door he sought; it stood open. A little Indian girl, whom he encountered in the court, pointed to the staircase, up which he groped his way. At the end of a passage, upon the first floor, he discovered a faint light. Following this beacon, and passing through two doors that stood ajar, he reached a small room, where several of the guests were smoking cigars round a table, on which stood half-emptied cups and glasses. In a corner two *señoras* were squatted, making ice; and a little farther off an old negress was putting sugar into a caldron of punch. The ice-makers were the mother and sister of the heroine of the day; the master of the house was amongst the smokers. Dr Weddell paid his respects, got rid of his cloak, and passed on into antechamber No. 2. This was in darkness, save for the glimmering rays of light that shot in from the adjacent rooms; and the doctor, seeing nothing, and advancing quickly, ran up against a soft substance, which he presently made out to be another *señora*, enveloped, even

to the crown of her head, in a vast shawl. The room was half full of shawled ladies, seated on either side of the passage left open for the guests, some on chairs, others on trunks, and two or three upon a bed. These *señoras*, the doctor learned, were mothers, friends, or relatives of the guests. Not being sufficiently smart to show themselves in the foreground of the festival, they yet would have a view of it. They came as *mosqueteras*. Antechamber No. 2 contained what is called, in that country, the *mosquetería*.\* Another step took the doctor into the ball-room. Thence shawls and cigars were banished, and replaced by silks and lace, white gloves and black patent leather. Dr Weddell looked down with some shame at his boots, which he had himself blacked before leaving home. Silence reigned in the saloon. The ladies were on one side, the men upon the other, waiting for the military band, which was behind time. The first tap of the drum electrified the mute assemblage. Smiles and animation beamed upon every face. At the same time were distributed the fragrant contents of the caldron which the black Hecate had brewed in anteroom No. 1. Cups of punch circulated, and were not disdained by the ladies. Dancing began. The doctor, who, whilst climbing mountains, three days previously, in quest of flowers and simples, had suffered terribly from the *soroche*, and had counted a hundred and sixty throbs of his pulse in a minute, was feverish and ill at ease, and did not intend to dance. But he was borne away by the torrent. After the quadrille came another distribution of punch, and a proportionate rise in the ladies' spirits; then came the ices<sup>o</sup> which mamma and sister had so industriously manufactured, and which were, of course, pronounced excellent; then (Bolivia seems a very thirsty country) bottles of champagne and sherry made their appearance, every gentleman seized as many glasses as he could carry, and challenged the *señoritas*, who were not allowed to refuse. The fun now grew fast and furious. A new phase of the ball commenced. For formal quadrilles

were substituted national dances. These, Dr Weddell acutely remarks, have little merit unless danced as soup is eaten—hot. The military orchestra played the airs of the *baileños* with infinite spirit, one of the musicians accompanying them with words, in which there was some license and much wit. The *zapateado* was danced amidst vehement applause. The good-humour of the evening was at its height. Farther they could not go, thought Dr Weddell. He was mistaken. In an interval of the dancing, it was decided that a colonel there present, who, in the doctor's opinion, was abundantly gay, was not sufficiently so, and he was condemned to be shot. The sentence was forthwith carried into execution. The victim was placed upon a chair in the middle of the room, the band played a funeral march, and the unhappy (or happy) colonel was compelled to swallow, one after the other, as many glasses of champagne or sherry as there were young ladies present. This done, the dead-march ceased, and the culprit was released. The German students have a custom somewhat similar to this, *Der Fürst der Thoren*, when one sits astride upon a barrel, and imbibes all the beer, *schnaps*, and Rhenish presented to him by his boon-companions. But with the exception of Lola Montes, who smoked her cigar and drank her *chopine* in a Heidelberg *studenten-kneipe*, the fair sex in Europe do not generally mingle in orgies of this kind. After a substantial supper, Dr Weddell was condemned to be shot, and shot accordingly. Other executions followed, and the jollity reached its climax by the men voting the execution *en masse* of the whole of the ladies—a sentence which was resisted, but at last carried out. The Bolivian *señoritas* must have strong heads, for we read that dancing recommenced and continued vigorously until five in the morning, when the band and the majority of the guests beat a retreat. A guitar was then procured, and the lady of the house and two or three of her friends, with half-a-dozen of the most active of the *caballeros*, danced on, and kept up the ball until one in the after-

\* The occupants of the pit at a theatre are called in Spain the *mosquetería*.

noon! After which, all we have to say is, Brava, Bolivia!

Dr Weddell, who had been unwell before the ball, was very ill after it, and lay in bed for six weeks. When his strength returned, he made an excursion to La Lancha, a point about four leagues from La Paz. The steps he and his companions had taken to obtain concessions of land on the Tipuani had not led to the results they anticipated; so they temporarily directed their attention to the river Chuquiaguillo, upon which La Lancha is situated. In the opinion of the natives, this place is *un pozo de oro*—a well of gold. Early one morning in May the three Frenchmen set out for it, upon mule-back, passing along a road enlivened, during its early portion, with various kinds of shrubs, bearing flowers of brilliant colours. At this part of the doctor's book we come to a good deal of scientific detail, accompanied by woodcuts, all very interesting to miners and intending gold-seekers, but on which we shall not dwell. The gold of the Chuquiaguillo is found in the form of *pepites*, or nuggets, very various in shape and size. One of them, sent to Spain by the Conde de Monclon, is said to have weighed more than twenty kilogrammes—forty-four English pounds. At various periods, and much more recently, nuggets of several pounds' weight have been found.

"During the presidency of General Ballivian, an Indian came from time to time to La Paz, to sell pieces of gold, which had the appearance of being cut with a chisel from a considerable mass of the metal, and many persons judged, from the colour, that the mass in question must proceed from the river Chuquiaguillo. No bribe or promise could induce the Indian to reveal his secret. The affair got to the ears of the president, who expected to obtain without difficulty the information refused to others; but the Indian held out, and would say nothing. Finding gentle means ineffectual, the general tried threats, imprisonment, &c., but all in vain. Finally, the poor man was condemned to life-long service in the army, as guilty of disobedience and disrespect to the chief of the state! From that day forward nothing more was heard

either of him or of his treasure. Some persons in La Paz told me that he perished under the lash."

La Lancha (the word signifies a boat) is neither town nor village, but a marsh. On approaching it, up a ravine, the travellers came to an immense dike or barrier of rock, through one extremity of which the river had wrought itself a narrow passage. This dike had evidently long been an immense obstacle to the waters that flowed down the ravine of Chuquiaguillo, and it was a rational enough conclusion that, since those waters washed down gold, a good deal of the metal must still remain behind that natural barrier. But it seemed more probable that the river gathered its gold *after* than *before* passing the rocky wall. It struck Dr Weddell as pretty certain that Count Monclon's nugget would have remained behind the dike instead of being washed over it. The conclusion was reasonable enough. Behind the dike La Lancha begins, terminating a quarter of a league above it, at the foot of another rock, which rises vertically to a height of thirty feet. Over this rock the river dashes, covering its surface with great stalactites of ice, and then winds along the right side of the marsh, where it has made itself a channel.

"At one point of its surface the Lancha contracts, and thus presents the form of the figure 8. Perhaps one should seek the figure of a boat, to which the site has been compared, in the combination of the marsh and of the mountains of bluish schist that rise abruptly around it. According to this manner of viewing it, the surface of the marsh would represent the deck of the vessel, and the gold would be in the hold—that is to say, on the rock which is supposed to form the bottom of the basin. Several attempts have been made to ascertain the existence of the precious metal, and we were told a multitude of attractive tales—much too attractive to be credible. The upshot, however, which could not be concealed, was, that all attempts had ultimately failed, owing to the infiltration of water into the wells sunk in the attempt to reach the *veneros* (strata of argillaceous sand) in which the gold is found."

Nevertheless, the doctor thought

the place worthy deliberate examination, and to that end established himself, with Mr Herrypon the engineer, and with Franck, their carpenter, under a tent, within which, during the night, the thermometer rarely stood at less than three degrees below zero. When the sun shone, the climate was genial and agreeable: but at three o'clock it dipped behind the mountains, which was the signal for the wanderers to creep under canvass, wrap themselves in blankets, and feast upon the hot stew their Indian cook had passed the morning in preparing. They had neighbours: several Indians had built huts on the ledges of the mountains, and daily drove their sheep and alpacas to graze upon the herbage of the marsh. From one of them Dr Weddell subsequently obtained an alpaca for his collection. Vicuñas occasionally strayed near the camp, and Franck managed to shoot one, which, with viscachas and a few wild ducks, improved the campaigning fare.

"Of the feathered inhabitants of the district, the most curious, unquestionably, is a species of variegated woodpecker (*Picus supicola*), which, notwithstanding its name of *carpintero* (carpenter), has all the habits of a mason. Instead of working at trees, as do its congeners, it finds nothing in that graminaceous region but rock and earth upon which to exercise its beak. These birds are invariably met with in isolated pairs; they skim the ground in flying, and settle, after a few moments' flight, upon a sod or rock, uttering a long, shrill, cooing sound. If one is killed, it is rare that its mate does not come and place itself beside the dead body, as if imploring a similar fate—a request which the sportsman is not slow to comply with, for the *carpintero* of the Cordilleras is a dainty morsel."

Whilst Dr Weddell herborised, adding nearly a hundred species of plants to his collection, the engineer studied the Lancha with other views, and at last resolved to sound it. Mr Borniche, who had remained at La Paz, obtained authorisation from the Government—*el derecho de cateo*, or right of search, in the whole of the Lancha, during a fixed time, at the end of which he might, if he thought

proper, purchase the ground at its rough value, fixed without reference to any mineral wealth it might contain. All this in accordance with the Mining Code. But poor Herrypon knew not what he undertook. He had no idea of mining difficulties in Bolivia. In this single operation he took the measure of the country's capabilities. A month and a half passed in hammering out, in a forge at La Paz, a common and very clumsy Artesian screw, such as would have been got ready in three days in a European city, and at a cost considerably less than that of the coal consumed in the Bolivian smithy. The mere hire of the forge and bellows-blower was four dollars (sixteen shillings) a-day. When at last the instrument was ready and applied, layers of solid rock and a thick bed of dull, unglazed clay long frustrated all the miners' attempts. Finally, a deep well was sunk, but no gold was found, nor signs of any, and the miners quitted the place, where nothing less than the certainty of ultimately reaching a rich vein would have justified them in continuing their costly and laborious researches.

A second illness, by which he was attacked before he had fully recovered from the debilitating effects of the first, determined Dr Weddell to seek change of air. Whilst his engineering ally was still sinking wells and unprofitably probing the Lancha, he set out with Mr Borniche for Tipuani. Passing the magnificent Mount Illampu, which is upwards of seven thousand English yards high, and the great lake of Titicaca, they reached the town of Sorata, after an easy journey of thirty leagues. A tailsome one of forty remained to be accomplished before they should reach Tipuani. The roads were difficult, their muleteers fell ill, their mules were stubborn and restive, and *mal-pasos* (dangerous places to pass) were numerous; but after a few small accidents and much fatigue they reached the village, which derives its name from *tipa*, the name of a tree that produces a gum known in that country as *sangre de dragón*—dragon's blood. This tree, it is said, was formerly very abundant in the valley of Tipuani. In the *aymara*, or Indian tongue, the particle *ni*, added to a



word, implies possession. The village consists of fifty or sixty houses, built chiefly of palm trunks, placed side by side, thatched with leaves of the same tree, and partitioned, when partitions there are, with bamboos. "I found the place somewhat increased in size since my visit in 1847, but no way improved with respect to healthiness and cleanliness. At its entrance, stagnant water, covered with a green scum, filled old excavations, or *diggings*, and told that there, as in California, gold and fever are inseparable. It sufficed, moreover, to behold the pallid countenances of the inhabitants, to judge of the atmosphere we breathed." This was hardly the place for an invalid to recruit his health and strength in, and, after visiting the mines, Dr Weddell set out for the Mission of Guanay, boating it down the rapid and rocky Tipuani—a rather dangerous mode of travelling. The priest of the Mission was an *aymara* Indian, a native of La Paz; his parishioners were *Lecos* Indians, considerable savages—although they had abjured paint, or only secretly used it—and very skilful with gun and bow, as well as in the capture of several large species of fish found in the river Mapiri, hard by which they dwelt. Some of these fish attain the weight of nearly a hundred pounds. They are taken with strong hooks, shot with arrows, or *hocussed* and taken by hand. This last practice prevails amongst some other South American tribes.

"The substance employed for this purpose by the Guanay Indians is the milky juice of one of the largest trees of their forests, known by them under the name of Soliman. It is the *Ilura crepitans* of the botanist. To obtain this venomous milk, they cut numerous notches in the bark of the tree, and the sap which exudes runs down and soaks the earth at its foot. This earth, enclosed in a large sack, is thrown into the river, and as soon as the water becomes impregnated with it, the fish, within the circle of its influence float inanimate upon the surface, and are collected without trouble. A creek or small branch of the river is usually selected for this operation. In other parts of Bolivia, and especially in the province of Yungas, they

use, to poison the water, the green stalk of a small liana called *Pepko* or *Sacha*, of which they crush, upon a stone, a fathom's length or two, in that part of the river they wish to infect. Its effect is said to be as speedy as that of the Soliman sap, and I was assured that the fish thus taken could be eaten with impunity. It is not to be thence inferred that the sap, like the poison used for their arrows by the Indians of Guiana and on the Amazon, may be taken by man without injury; it is to the extreme smallness of the dose swallowed with the fish that its apparent harmlessness is to be attributed. The sap of the Soliman has, in fact, such caustic qualities, that its mere emanations cause violent irritation of the organs which receive them. We saw at the Mission a person who had lost his sight in consequence of a few drops of this juice having accidentally spirted into his eyes; and Messrs Boussingault and Rivero related that, having subjected the sap of the Soliman to evaporation, with a view to analyse it, the person who superintended the operation had his face swollen and his eyes and ears ulcerated, and was cured only after several days' medical treatment."

Bolivia is evidently a fine field for the botanist. Dr Weddell mentions a number of vegetables unknown, or little known, in Europe, but interesting and valuable by reason of their medical properties or economical uses. When in the province of Yungas, he briefly refers to two or three of the principal of these: "The *Matipo*, a shrub of the pepper tribe, whose leaves, which resemble those of sage, have remarkable vulnerary properties; the *Vejuco*, a curious species of *Aristolochia*, whose crushed leaves are said to be an infallible cure for the bites of serpents; and a sort of *Myrica*, or wax-tree, whose berries, soaked in boiling water, yield in abundance a green wax, used to make candles." Concerning the *Quinquina*, or Peruvian-bark tree, and the *Coca* shrub, whose leaves the Indians chew, the doctor gives many interesting particulars. When descending the river Coroico in a *balsa* or Indian canoe, he frequently encountered his old acquaintances the *cascarilleros*, or bark-gatherers, who pursue their wild and

solitary calling in the interior of the forests, dwelling under sheds of palm-leaves, and exposed to many dangers and hardships. Whilst seeking, one evening, a good place to bivouac, the doctor, and the *padre* from the Guanay Mission, who was then his fellow-traveller, came upon a *cascarillero's* hut, in front of which they beheld a horrible spectacle. A man lay upon the ground in the agonies of death. He was almost naked; and, whilst yet alive, he was preyed upon by thousands of insects, whose stings and bites doubtless accelerated his end. "His face, especially, was so much swollen that its features could not be distinguished; and his limbs, the only portion of this corpse which still moved, were in an equally hideous state. Under the roof of leaves was the remainder of the poor wretch's clothes, consisting of a straw hat and a ragged blanket; beside them lay a flint and steel, and an old knife. A small earthen pot contained the remains of his last meal—a little maize, and two or three frozen potatoes. For a few seconds the missionary contemplated this piteous object, then made a step towards the unfortunate man, and was about, I thought, to offer him some assistance, at least of a spiritual nature, but his courage failed him; and, suddenly turning away, he walked hastily to his *balsa*, and had himself rowed to a place some hundred yards farther, upon the opposite bank of the river." In fact, the tortured bark-gatherer was beyond human aid, and on the brink of death. Dr Weddell covered him with his blanket, and returned to the boats.

We have dipped but into a few chapters of this compendious volume of nearly six hundred pages. A large portion of its contents are more interesting to naturalists and miners than to the general reader. Dr Weddell's investigations are of a comprehensive nature, including the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, extending to an analysis of the various Indian languages of the country, and even to Bolivian music, of which he furnishes specimens. A map, some useful illustrations, an excellent table of contents, and headings to the chapters, give the work a completeness not so common in French as in English pub-

lications of this nature. Having adopted it for examination as a book of travel, and not of scientific and mining research, we recommend the numerous chapters we have not touched upon to those classes of readers to which they especially address themselves, and turn to Mr Pavie's sketches of countries adjacent to those in which Dr Weddell has more recently wandered. It does not appear, from the former gentleman's book, that his rambles had any more serious motive than love of locomotion, and a curiosity to view strange lands. The form he has adopted, and the modest pretensions announced in his preface, relieving him of most of the responsibility to which writers of travel usually hold themselves subject, he gives no account of himself, is very desultory, and does not take the trouble to supply dates. We collect, however, from his volume and preface, that some years have elapsed since his travels were performed, and that he was then a young man, eager for adventure, and enthusiastic for local peculiarities and national characteristics. It is with a view to variety, he tells us, that he has jumbled the sections of his book, and irregularly distributed those of them which have a natural order and sequence of their own. It was about twenty years ago—as we gather from the internal evidence of the chapters—that Mr Pavie left Buenos Ayres for Valparaiso, by the route across the Pampas. The moment was not particularly well chosen for such a journey. Anarchy was at its height in South America, and especially in the country of the Argentine republic. There was strife between federalists and unitarians. The Indians, resuming the offensive, had committed many depredations, and defeated the volunteers of the province of Cordova. The roads were far from safe; impediments and stoppages were numerous, and two months were consumed by the journey from La Plata to the Cordillera, a distance of three hundred leagues. When at only four days' march from the Andes, snow fell, and a halt was called in the poor little town of Mendoza. The mountains were white from foot to summit; there was no possibility of crossing them; patience must be cultivated,

and spring waited for. In these dull winter-quarters Mr Pavie had abundant leisure to note down the incidents of his two months' journey, to gather characteristic traits of the people, and striking anecdotes of the war. We shall take him up, however, at an earlier period of his expedition, when he was but a week out from Buenos Ayres. He had traversed the province of the same name and that of Santa Fe, and hoped to reach the town of Cordova upon the following night. A forest succeeded to bare and monotonous plains. The horses trotted briskly over a light sandy soil, refreshed by numerous streams; the country was smiling, the vegetation rich. It still wanted two hours of sunset, and another league would bring the travellers to the post-house of the *esquina*—the Corner—situated at the junction of the two high-roads which connect the Pacific and the Atlantic—one leading northwards, to Bolivia and Peru, the other south-west, to Chili, passing through St Luis and Mendoza. Mr Pavie would have availed himself of the remaining daylight to push on a stage farther, but a young Cordovan, who accompanied him, and who was a lively and pleasant fellow, urged him to pass the night at the *esquina*. It was kept by a widow, he said, a certain Doña Ventura, whose eggs with tomato sauce were quite beyond praise, and whose daughter Pepa sang like a nightingale. It was a long road from that to Santiago de Chili—three hundred leagues, besides the Andes to cross, and the season was advanced, but Mr Pavie was unwilling to disoblige his friend.

"An old *gaucho*, the widow's managing man, came out to receive us. Whilst the horses were unharnessed, a lad of twelve or thirteen, beautiful as one of Murillo's shepherds—who was hurling stones at the wild pigeons perched upon the fig-trees—threw his sling across his shoulder, and ran into the house, crying out—'Mother! mother! here is Don Mateo with some foreign señores.' Don Mateo, our Cordovan friend, went to see after dinner, and to inform the post-mistress that we should not need horses before the next morning. The travellers' room was tolerably clean, and very large. Its sole furni-

ture consisted of a small lamp burning before an image of the Virgin, and of a guitar suspended from a nail. When dinner was ready, Doña Ventura brought in immense arm-chairs, covered with leather and gilt nails, and evidently made at Granada in the time of the Catholic kings. Some very brisk peasant girls (*cholas*), who said nothing, but looked a great deal, laid the table, and placed upon it the promised eggs and tomatas, and large salad-bowls containing lumps of roast meat swimming in gravy. Pimento had not been spared. The soup was brought to us, according to the custom of the country, at the end of the repast. The post-mistress, seated upon the estrade or platform that extended completely round the room, triumphed in our famous appetites, and proudly drew herself up whenever one of us paid her a more or less exaggerated compliment on the excellence of her dinner. Pepa, a handsome girl, with a remarkably white skin and fresh complexion, stood near her, smoking a cigarrito, and gazing about with her great blue eyes, which were shaded by long dark lashes. Juancito, the boy with the sling, rambled round the table, and unceremoniously tasted the Bordeaux wine in our glasses. Dinner cleared away, Mateo took down the guitar and presented it to Pepa: 'Señorita,' he said, 'these gentlemen would be enchanted to hear you sing; favour them with a ballad, and they will consider you the most amiable girl—*la mas preciosa niña*—in the entire province.' We were about to add our entreaties to those of Mateo, but the young girl had already tuned the instrument; and, without coughing, complaining of a cold, or waiting to be asked again, she sang half-a-dozen very long songs. At the end of every verse Mateo applauded. Pepa certainly had a charming voice, which she did not badly manage. Gradually her countenance grew animated. From time to time she stopped and exclaimed—'Ay, Jesus! I am dead!' and then went on again. Doña Ventura at last began to accompany her daughter's song. At every chorus we slapped the table with the palms of our hands; and Mateo, imitating castanets with his

fingers, danced like a madman in the middle of the hall."

This thoroughly Spanish-American scene was interrupted by the arrival of fifteen waggons, each drawn by six oxen, and laden with dried fruits, cotton, and bales of horse-hair. They drew up in line upon the open space in whose centre stood the post-house. The oxen, unharnessed, joined the reserve drove which followed the convoy, in charge of a dozen horsemen; and from the innermost recesses of the vehicles there emerged bullock-drivers, women, children, passengers of all ages and of motley aspect, who had joined the caravan in order to get over three hundred leagues at small expense. Some ran to cut wood, others to fetch water. Fires were lighted, and enormous slices of meat set to roast before them upon spits stuck in the ground. Every convoy of this kind is under the orders of a *capataz* or chief. This one was commanded by a certain Gil Perez, whose arrival seemed of strong interest to Doña Ventura and her daughter. Pepa hastened to adorn herself with a silk shawl, the gaudy product of a Lyons loom, and with a fashionable Buenos Ayres comb, a foot high. His camp established, Gil Perez entered the house with a beaming countenance. He had brought presents for everybody;—a scarf and satin shoes for Pepa, a Peruvian gold chain for her mother, a duck for Juancito. In Spanish countries acquaintance is soon made. His gifts distributed, Perez sat down and chatted with Don Mateo and the other travellers; whilst the bullock-drivers, the *chulos*, and the postilions of the *esquina*, were dancing outside. By and by, Perez, who had been out to look after his people, announced the approach of more travellers, indicated by a cloud of dust in the south-east. Juancito went out to reconnoitre, and reported that the muleteers from San Juan were close at hand. Pepa and her mother exchanged a rapid glance. The muleteers halted at some distance from the posting-house, and unloaded their beasts, each of which carried two barrels of brandy. Their chief dismounted and walked towards the house, his saddle-bags over his shoulder. Walking rapidly and on

tiptoe, on account of the long steel spurs which he dragged at his heels, he knocked at Doña Ventura's door. Juancito answered.

"Gil Perez looked at the muleteer pretty much as an admiral might look at the humble master of a merchantman. The muleteer, disconcerted at finding the room full of strange faces, to say nothing of that of the *capataz*, which seemed greatly to incommode him, paused near the door for some seconds."

"'Come in, Fernando,' said Doña Ventura; 'you are surprised to see my Pepita in full dress, eh, my lad? We have had an arrival of gentlemen. Will you sup? I have some *puchero* at hand.'

"'Thanks, señora,' replied Fernando. 'I want nothing. You know that I never pass this way without calling to see Pepita. I have brought you a little barrel of the best brandy that has been tasted at San Juan for many a year.'

"'Is the brandy for Pepa?' said Gil Perez."

"'Don Gil,' replied the muleteer, 'every one gives what he has, and according to his means.' Then, turning to the young girl—'Pepita,' he said, 'when you were a child you liked the tarts made in our mountains; I have brought you some, and of the best peaches.'

"Whilst speaking, he drew from his saddle-bags the little barrel of brandy, and a dozen square cakes filled with a thick marmalade, which seemed particularly grateful to the gums of Juancito. Then he sat himself down near Pepa, and looked proudly at the captain of the waggons."

"'How many beasts have you?' said the latter."

"'Fifteen, besides saddle-horses.'

"'Just as many as I have carts. Not so bad, really. You carry thirty casks—half a load for one of my waggons. Tshaw! what can you earn? A poor trade is yours, my lad, and you will follow it long before you grow rich.'

"'When I am tired of it,' replied Fernando, 'I will try another.' The muleteer spoke these words in a singular tone."

"'Fernando is stout-hearted,' said Doña Ventura, 'and he will do well

yet; and he will find, somewhere in his own province, a pretty girl with a good dowry. Eh, Fernando?"

"Fernando made no reply, but pulled down his little pointed hat over his forehead;—his eyes glittered like those of a cat. Seizing the guitar, which lay upon the bench beside Pepa, he strummed it with an absent air, like one absorbed by his thoughts. Juancito, who stood before him, waiting doubtless for the end of the prelude, and for the commencement of some lively mountain ditty, pushed his arm, and said—"Fernando, have you seen the fine presents Gil Perez has brought us?" Without raising his eyes, the muleteer sang, in a low voice, this verse of an old ballad:—

"No estás tan contenta, Juana,  
En ver me penar por ti;  
Que lo que hoy fuere de mí,  
Podrá ser de ti mañana."

Then suddenly throwing down the guitar, he jumped upon the estrade, extinguished the lamp that burned before the Madonna, and clapped his hand to his knife. Pepa took refuge close to her mother. At the cry she uttered, Gil Perez stood upon his guard; but Fernando passed close by him without looking at him, and reached the door. "Ah, Pepita!" muttered he as he went out, "you will drive me to harm!" And he disappeared."

This stormy episode broke up the party. Agitated and alarmed, Doña Ventura and her daughter betook themselves to their bedchambers. The travellers wrapped themselves in their blankets—Mr Pavie establishing himself, according to his custom, in their *coche-galera*, or travelling-carriage, where he slept but little, owing to the songs and dancing of the waggon-drivers, and the screaming of innumerable parrots. The night passed without incident, and at daybreak he was roused by Mateo. The horses were ready; the San Juan muleteers were already on their road; Gil Perez, foot in stirrup, was directing the departure of his convoy. That evening the travellers reached Cordova.

Several months had elapsed since the scene at the *esquina*, and Mr Pavie, after rambling through Chili and Peru, returned to Santiago, the capital of the former country. Looking on, one night, at a dance in a public garden, he fell in with his old acquaintance, Don Mateo, somewhat threadbare, but still a passionate lover of song and dance. One of the political changes so common in South America had driven him across the Andes. He was an exile, proscribed in his own country. His party had fallen, his patrimony had been swallowed up by fines, and he deemed himself fortunate to have saved his neck.

"Do you remember," said Mateo, as he leaned beside his French friend upon the parapet bordering the Tajamar, and gazed at the summits of the Cordillera, which still reflected a last gleam of sun—"do you recollect one evening at the *esquina*? Well, of all the persons then assembled under Doña Ventura's hospitable roof, and including her and her daughter, how many, do you suppose, still live? Two, you and I!" The first scene of the drama passed before your eyes. I will narrate those that ensued. You have not forgotten our merry supper at the posting-house, Gil Perez and his waggons, and Fernando, the little muleteer with the long spurs?"

Mr Pavie perfectly remembered all that had passed at the *esquina*. Mateo took up the tale from the moment of their departure. Although Fernando and Gil Perez started nearly at the same moment, they met no more until they reached Buenos Ayres. The *aria* (string of mules) trotted briskly over the plain, whilst the heavy waggons lingered in the ruts. Four days had elapsed since Fernando's arrival, when Perez reached his usual halting-ground near the hill of the Retiro, and, after turning out his cattle to graze, rode into the city. As soon as he was gone, the bullock-drivers, a vagabond and insubordinate race, gathered round the camp-fires to discuss the news that had reached them of insurrections in the inland provinces.

\* "Be not so well pleased, Juana, to see how I suffer for thee; that which is my fate to-day, to-morrow may chance to be thine."

Most of these wild *gauchos* felt sorely tempted to exchange goad for lance, and join the armed bands then scouring the country. To gallop in boundless plains, to pillage isolated farms, and attack hamlets—such was the fascinating perspective that offered itself to their imagination. Whilst they were debating the probable course of events in the *tierra adentro*, Fernando came by. He was on foot; his long spurs were still at his heels.

“‘Hia!’ cried the bullock-drivers, ‘here is the little muleteer, the brandy-merchant from San Juan! Give us a barrel, Fernando, and we will drink your health.’”

“‘Give me something to eat,’ replied the muleteer, ‘I am fasting since yesterday.’”

“And cutting a slice off a great piece of beef that roasted at the fire, he took one end of it in his fingers, put the other into his mouth, and swallowed it at a single gulp, as a lazzarone swallows an ell of macaroni. Then he wiped his knife on his cowskin boot and lay down under a cart to sleep. When Gil Perez returned and walked round his camp, he saw the muleteer, who was snoring on the grass.

“‘Hollo, Fernando!’ he cried, ‘what do you there, my man?’”

“‘Resting myself,’ replied Fernando, rubbing his eyes, ‘I have passed four days and nights playing at cards.’”

“‘Have you won?’”

“‘Lost everything—my load of brandy, my mules, all I had in the world.’ Lend me twenty dollars, Gil Perez?’”

“‘To gamble them?’”

“‘Perhaps. See, I was a steady man; I never played, and you are cause that I am perhaps about to become a robber. I have known Pepa from her childhood; her mother received me well, saw that I loved her daughter, and encouraged me to work and increase my little trade. Every trip I made I never missed calling at the *esquina*, and every trip I found Pepa prettier than before. She received me joyfully, and I was happy. But since two years that you have gone that road, all is changed. With your gold chains and silk shawls you have turned their heads. Lend me twenty

dollars, that I may make them presents and regain their favour. You are rich, Gil Perez—you will find a wife in the towns, at Salta, Cordova, where you please; I am poor, but I love Pepita, the only girl who would not refuse me, ruined though I be.’”

Surprised at the muleteer’s frank explanation and request, Gil Perez offered him the twenty dollars, but laughed at the idea of abandoning his pretensions to Pepita. Fernando refused the money, and departed with a muttered threat. That night he took to the plain, mounted on a fine horse and bearing gold in his girdle—the spoils of a traveller he had waylaid and murdered. The die was cast; the honest muleteer had become a *gaucha malo*.

A few days after this, Fernando rode up to the *esquina*. Little Juan-cito ran to kiss him. Torribio, the steward, surprised to see him come alone, riding a valuable horse and without his usual retinue of mules and muleteers, hurried out to meet him. “‘Amigo!’” he cried, “‘whence come you, thus finely equipped? It seems the San Juan brandy fetches a good price in the market!’” Without replying, Fernando abruptly opened the door and addressed the two women, astonished at his sudden appearance.

“‘The *gauchada* is about to take the field,’ he said, ‘and I greatly fear that one of its earliest visits will be for you. I have friends in its ranks; give me your daughter, Doña Ventura, and I answer for her safety and yours.’”

“‘Since when are you allied with the brigands, Fernando?’ indignantly demanded Doña Ventura.

“‘Pepita,’ said the muleteer, evading reply, ‘will you have me?—You tremble—you turn away your head!—Are you afraid of me, Pepita? Do you take me for a bandit?’”

“‘There was something terrible in the sound of Fernando’s voice, which even the passionate love he still felt for Pepa was insufficient to soften. The young girl in vain endeavoured to speak.

“‘Fernando,’ cried Doña Ventura, ‘when last you were here, you left my house like a madman, your hand on the hilt of your knife; you enter it to day like a bandit, with threats upon your lips. Begone, and return no more; I need not your protection.’”

"Hæ! you mean to say that Gil Perez will protect you. Reckon upon that! There are times when fine shawls and gold chains are not worth sabre and carbine. After all, I too have gold! See here. Once more, Pepita, will you follow me? I am no longer a muleteer; it was too base a trade, was it not? Shall I carry you off on my horse's crupper into the sierra of Cordova and to Chili?"

Pepa, frightened at the *gaucho's* fierce voice and vehement manner, burst into tears and fainted in her mother's arms. Fernando hastily left the house, his love—the last good sentiment his heart retained—exchanged for bitter hate.

It was not long after this incident, early upon a winter's morning, that Gil Perez, riding ahead of his waggons, which had camped on the banks of the Rio Salado, discerned at the horizon a dozen black specks that rapidly approached him. Soon he made them out to be horsemen, armed some with lances, others with rifles. Deeming them suspicious, he rode back and formed his caravan in order of battle. The waggons were arranged in a circle, the bullocks inwards; arms were distributed to the men, and from between the waggons the muzzles of pistols and blunderbusses menaced those who should assail the fortress. These arrangements were scarcely made when the party of horsemen slackened speed, and one of them rode forward alone. At twenty paces from the waggons he drew rein and removed the handkerchief, which partly concealed his face.

"Don Gil," cried the horseman, "confess that the little muleteer Fernando has given you a famous fright."

"It is you," replied Perez, "what do you here? what do you want of us?"

"I have changed my trade, *amigo*: did I not once tell you that when I should be tired of mule-driving, I had another trade in view? I am now an ostrich hunter. A fine flock escaped from us this morning. Have you not met it?"

"Another poor trade that you have taken to," replied Perez. "If that be all you have to say to me, there was no

need to charge down upon us with your comrades like a band of robbers. When you first came in sight there were some ostriches about a mile in front of me; if those are what you seek, continue your hunt and leave us to continue our journey."

"During this parley, the bullock-drivers, believing danger past, ceased to stand upon the defensive; Fernando's comrades slowly approached and carelessly mingled with them, rolling their cigarritos and entering into conversation. Although suspecting no treachery, Perez hesitated to resume his march so long as Fernando and his band were there. Thus the halt was prolonged, and the ostriches, no longer frightened by the creaking of wheels, reappeared upon a rising ground behind which they had taken refuge.

"Don Gil," exclaimed Fernando, "I will wager that my horse, which has already done ten leagues to-day, will overtake one of those birds sooner than yours, fresh though he be."

"I have no time to try," replied Perez, annoyed at the delay: "the place is not safe, and I am in haste to see the horses of Cordova."

"Pshaw! a five minutes' ride," said the muleteer: "come, one gallop, and I will rid you of my company, and of that of my friends, with which you do not seem over and above pleased."

"So be it then," answered Perez, "and then I must be off;" and he set spurs to his horse. Fernando rode so close to him that their knees touched. The *gauchos* and drivers shouted to excite the two horses, which seemed to fly over the plain: and the ostriches, finding themselves pursued, fled their fastest, stretching out their necks, beating the air with their short wings, and furrowing the ocean of tall herbage by rapid zigzags right and left. The two horsemen gained upon them. The furious race had lasted at least ten minutes, when Fernando fell into the rear. Gil Perez, looking back to calculate the distance that separated them, saw him brandishing a set of balls as big as his fist.\* "Amigo,"

\* This arm, which the *gauchos* throw to a distance of twenty paces, consists of three balls fastened to the same number of cords. The one held in the hand is longer than the two others.

cried he, without stopping, 'those balls are big enough to catch a wild horse.' Whilst he sought, in his girdle, the small leaden balls he proposed throwing round the ostrich's neck, his horse fell, his fore-legs entangled in the ropes that had just quitted the muleteer's hands. The violence of the fall was in proportion to the rapidity of the ride. On beholding his rival roll in the dust, Fernando uttered a triumphant shout. Perez, who had fallen upon his left side, sought to extricate his sabre in order to cut the terrible cord which shackled his horse's legs. The poor brute, panting and covered with foam, struggled violently for release. Before Gil Perez could draw his weapon, the muleteer was on foot and held him by the throat.

"You are a traitor and a coward!" cried the unfortunate Perez, giddy from his fall, and trying to shake his enemy off. "You have led me into a snare to murder me!"

"That is not all," he replied the muleteer. "Look yonder: you see that smoke, it proceeds from your waggons. The plain is on fire. 'Tis you whom I was hunting, *corduro* (waggoner); but I am now I should still be a muleteer. I have become a brigand. I have seen you reject me. The traitor I say, you, who have ruined all my hopes."

"Perez was active and vigorous: on equal terms his enemy would not have dared contend with him; but surprise and terror paralysed his strength. After deliberately stabbing him, Fernando passed a rope round his neck, and, as he still breathed, dragged him to a neighbouring stream and threw him into the water."

Gil Perez dead, most of his men, who had arms and were more than a match for the banditti, joined the latter, plundered the waggons, killed the oxen, and departed with their new comrades, those who had no horses riding double. Fernando promised to take them to a place where they could mount themselves well. He kept his word. One night, old Torribio, who, ever since Fernando's visit and the commencement of the civil war, had kept vigilant watch, and frequently patrolled the neighbourhood of the *esquina*, thought he

heard voices in the forest. He bridled up the horses, which he always had ready-saddled in the stable, and entreated his mistress and her daughter to escape by the Cordova road. The two women got upon the same horse; Torribio, armed with sabre and carbine, mounted another, to escort them; Juancito, not understanding the danger, leaped, light and laughing, into his saddle, whip in hand, and his sling over his shoulder. The little party set out. They would have escaped an enemy to whom the locality was not familiar. But Fernando had placed spies round the posting-house, and lay in ambush upon the road to Cordova. A bullet from Torribio's carbine grazed the brigand's cheek; the next moment the faithful old servant lay in the road, his skull cleft by a sabre-cut. Juancito escaped into the forest. His mother and sister did the same, but were captured and taken back to the posting-house, which was pillaged and afterwards burnt. The outlaws then departed. Doña Ventura had supplied them plentifully with brandy, hoping to escape during their intoxication, but Fernando drank nothing. When the moment came for departure, he lifted Pepa upon his horse, repulsed with his foot her despairing mother—who in vain struggled and clung to her child—and rode off. Pepita, more dead than alive, uttered lamentable cries. The muleteer heeded them not, but sang the lines he had sung upon the memorable night when he found Gil Perez at the posting-house, and left it with a sombre prediction that Pepa would drive him to evil.

"No estes tan contenta, Ju. na,  
 Er ver me por un peiti;  
 Que lo que hoy tuere de mi,  
 Podrá ser de ti mañana."

Doña Ventura's fate is not upon record; she is believed to have perished of hunger, misery, and cold. Juancito lost his way in the pampas. Although bred in the desert, the poor boy had not sufficient experience to guide himself by sun and stars. It was never known how long he held out. Not many days after his flight, there was found, upon the frontier of the Indian country, a child's corpse, which was supposed to be his. A whip hung from the wrist, and a sling



was over the shoulder. The birds of prey had made a skeleton of the body.

The fate of poor Pepita was far worse even than that of her mother and brother. Forced to follow the fortunes of the *gaucho malo* and his band, she was compelled to enliven their bivouacs by song and dance. At first, even the rude desperados amongst whom she had fallen, were inclined to pity her sufferings, but soon they imitated the contempt with which Fernando treated her. Elegantly dressed, she accompanied them everywhere; she was their ballet-dancer and opera-singer. Her duty was to amuse those who rarely addressed but to insult her. She was known in the country as the wife of the *gaucho malo*. Sometimes, in the night, when the robbers, overcome by fatigue, slept to the last man, she might have escaped; but whither could she fly? Their halts were generally in places remote from all habitations; and even had she reached a farm or village, what sort of welcome would there have been for the supposed wife of the *gaucho malo* and accomplice of his misdeeds?

"After several months," Mateo continued, "passed in rambling about the plains, Fernando, emboldened by impunity and success, approached the villages. Other bands, better organised and more numerous than his own, spread terror through the province of Cordova. He profited by the general confusion to take share in the fight, like a privateer who spreads his sails in the wake of friendly frigates. The militia, called out to oppose the insurgents who threatened the town of Cordova, were beaten. The town remained in the power of the horsemen of the plain, and the militia could not return to their homes, of which the enemy had taken possession. They were forced to fly, exchanging a few parting shots with roving corps that sought to impede their escape. I was of the number of the fugitives. The company to which I belonged daily diminished. Every man secretly betook himself to the place where he hoped an asylum. Only twenty of us remained together, resolved to make for the western provinces, and to cross the Andes into Chili: we had two hundred leagues

to get over before putting the frontier between us and the enemy.

"One evening, as we were riding through the sierra of Cordova, we noticed a bivouac amongst the rocks. 'Shall we reconnoitre that camp?' I asked of the officer who commanded us. 'They are *gauchos*,' he replied; 'it is almost dark, we can pass them unperceived: the robbers are not fond of fighting when there is no chance of booty;' and we silently continued our march. By the light of the bivouac fires, we made out a dozen horsemen seated on the ground upon their saddles. Their lances were piled in a sheaf in the middle of the camp; before them a woman was dancing, her figure and movements clearly defined against the bright fire-light. They did not hear us; we marched at a walk, pistol in bridle, hand and carbine on thigh. We had already passed the bivouac unperceived, and were closing up our files preparatory to starting off at a gallop—it was no use fighting, the game was already lost—when a young man in the rearguard imprudently fired at the group. In an instant, the *gauchos* were armed and on horseback. Then they paused for a moment to see whence the danger came. We set up a loud shout, which the echoes repeated. The *gauchos* were terrified. Whilst they hesitated to assume the offensive, we turned their camp. They fired half-a-dozen carbines at us, but hit nobody. Those who had no firearms went about and ran, and their example was quickly followed by the rest of the band. Their flight was accelerated by the shots we sent after them. A few fell, but we did not stop to count the dead. This useless victory might betray our flight; our best plan was now to hasten on through the ravines, and avoid for the future all similar encounters.

"During the skirmish, the woman who had been dancing before the fire had disappeared. We thought no more of her. Suddenly, as we formed up, a shadow passed before the head of the column. 'Who goes there?' cried the officer, and we quickly reloaded. 'Who goes there?' he repeated, probing with his sabre the bushes that bordered the path. We listened, and presently we heard a plaintive moan, followed by sobs. 'It is a wounded man,'

said the officer: 'so much the worse for him, the devil a doctor have we here!'

" 'Señores caballeros,' cried the mysterious being that was thus hid in the darkness, 'have pity upon me—save me! He is dead! I am free! Ah! mother, mother!' . . .

"The officer had dismounted; a young girl threw her arms round his neck, repeating the words: 'Save me—he is dead!' We had all halted. 'It is the dancing-girl,' said the men; 'she detains us here to give time to her friends to return. It is the wife of the *gaucho malo*.'

" 'I am Pepa Flores,' she vehemently replied, 'the daughter of Doña Ventura of the *esquina*! Ah, señores, you are honest people, you are! Never, never have I been Fernando's wife. Is there none here who knows Doña Ventura?'

"I at once recognised Pepa's voice. 'She speaks the truth,' I cried; 'I will answer for her. Come, Pepita, you have nothing to fear with us.'

"Fernando had perished in the skirmish. It was perhaps my hand that had terminated the career of the formidable bandit, and liberated Pepita. When she learned that her mother was dead—I myself was obliged to impart to her the mournful fact, which everybody else knew—she shed a flood of tears, and begged me to take her with me. A proscribed fugitive, I had enough to do to take care of myself; but how could I resist the entreaties of an orphan, who had neither friend nor relative in the world?"

All the fugitives pitied the poor girl, and were kind to her. Her character had been changed, as well it might be, by her abode with the *gaucho malo* and his band. She was no longer the timid, indolent creature whom Mateo had known at the posting-house; she was quick, alert, courageous, and gave little trouble to anybody. At halts she made herself useful, and was particularly grateful and attentive to Mateo, whom she called her saviour and liberator. At the town of San Luis, he would have left her in charge of a respectable family, but she wept bitterly, and begged to follow his fortunes, disastrous though they were. He was then for the first time convinced that she had never

loved either Fernando or Gil Perez. The poor girl had attached herself to the man who had delivered her from dreadful captivity, and shown her disinterested kindness. At Mendoza he again attempted to prevail on her to accept of an asylum under a friendly roof, but with no better success than at San Luis. The season was far advanced, snow rendered the passage of the Andes dangerous and very painful. Mateo's companions urged her to wait till spring, when she might rejoin them at Santiago. She would not hear of delay. Her vision was fixed upon Chili and its Paradise Valley, Valparaiso. Providing themselves with sheepskins for protection against the cold, and abandoning their arms, now a useless encumbrance, the party commenced the toilsome ascent. They got on pretty well until they reached the region of snow. There they were obliged to quit their horses, and to climb on foot the steep and frozen acclivities, bearing on their shoulders heavy loads of provisions and fuel, their legs wrapped in fur, and handkerchiefs tied over their ears. Pepita, her head and neck enveloped in a large shawl, marched stoutly along, and often led the way, bounding like a mountain goat. Three days passed thus. There were frequent falls upon the frozen snow, many narrow escapes from death in a torrent, or over a precipice. The enormous condor hovered over the heads of the weary pilgrims, as if hoping a repast at their expense. At last they reached the foot of the Cumbre, the last steep they had to climb before commencing their descent into a milder climate, and a land of refuge. An icy wind blew, a driving snow fell: it was doubtful whether the Cumbre could be ascended upon the morrow. The wanderers halted early, in a hut known by the ominous name of *Casucha de Calavera* (the Cabin of the Skull). They had still a little wine in their ox-horns, which they heated and drank, and then wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down to sleep. At midnight the wind was still high, but the snow had ceased, and they determined to proceed. The reflection of the sun from the snow had so fatigued their eyes, that they travelled in the night as often as they

could safely do so. Their next stage was almost perpendicular, but it was unbroken by precipices, and they thought they might risk progress. They would have done more prudently to await daylight, but they were eager to cross the frontier—to reach the summit of the Cumbre, the boundary-line between Chili and the Argentine provinces. They began to ascend. Poor Pepa's feet were swollen, and she suffered in walking, but she was as courageous as ever, and made light of hardship. Soon the travellers entered a dense fog: they no longer saw the stars; all around them was white as a shroud. The fog became sleet; they plodded wearily on, supporting themselves with their sticks, sometimes on hands and knees.

"I was so weary," said Mateo, "that I thought I was in a dream. I had no sensation in my body, but my head was very painful. A few paces off, I heard the frozen snow crack gently under Pepa's feet, and I discerned her form accompanying me like my shadow. Snow succeeded the sleet; it fell in heavy flakes, and accumulated so rapidly as to threaten burial to laggards. The path—or rather the track—was invisible; in spite of all my efforts to follow it, I felt that I was deviating. I called to Pepa, but neither her voice nor the voice of my comrades replied; we were scattered. I walked on at random, I know not for how long. When daylight came, I found myself in a deep ravine, amidst snow-drifts and glaciers. Right and left, as far as I could see, was a vista of similar valleys. Not a vestige of Pepa or of my comrades. My strength failed me. With great difficulty I crept into a sort of cave amongst the rocks. There I fell asleep."

He would have perished but for Pepa, who, on discovering his absence, spurred his comrades, by her reproaches, to a search for the friend whom their own terrible sufferings and fatigues would have induced them to abandon. There was, indeed, little chance of finding and saving him, and the men would have been fully justified in consulting their own safety, and pushing forwards. But a woman's courage shamed them. Pepa, *esperaba desesperada*—despair-

ing, she still hoped. She nobly paid her debt of gratitude to her deliverer. His life was saved, but hers was lost. Her hands and face cut and bleeding from the cold, her legs scarcely able to support her, she traced him out. It was still in time; friction restored him to consciousness. But the sunlight had scarcely greeted his eyes, when a cry of distress reached his ears. A treacherous crust of snow, covering a crevice of incalculable depth, gave way beneath Pepa's feet, and she disappeared for ever.

The whole of this sketch—of which we have given but a bare outline, omitting many incidents—is full of life, interest, and character, although it is to be remarked and regretted that Mr Pavie's style is deficient in that terseness and vigour which enhance the fascination of narratives of adventure. He is too diffuse and explicit, dwells too lovingly upon details, distrusts his readers' intelligence, and is rather sentimental than energetic. "Pepita" is decidedly the best of his South American sketches. That entitled "The Pinchegras" has interest. For several years after the battle of Ayacucho had finally overthrown Spanish dominion in Chili, an armed band, known as the Pinchegras, from the name of their chief, still upheld the banner of Castile. Pablo Pinchegra began his singular career with his brothers and a few vagabonds for sole followers. They formed a mere gang of robbers. Presently he was joined by several Indian caciques and their warriors, and then by a Spaniard named Zumozain and five-and-twenty men, who carried arms in the names of Ferdinand and Spain. Thenceforward Pinchegra adopted the same rallying cry; at the end of 1825 the "royalist army" numbered eight hundred men, including Indians, and gained an important advantage over the Chilean troops at Longabi, where a squadron of cavalry was annihilated by the long lances of the Indians. The Spanish faction in Chili, encouraged by this unexpected success, recognised Pinchegra as their champion, and supplied him with arms and munitions of war. Deserters from the army of the Republic, adventurers

of all kinds, flocked to his standard, beneath which a thousand men were soon ranged. With these and his Indian allies to support him, he found himself master of a large track of country, attacked and pillaged towns, carried off cattle and women to his camp in the Andes, and made his name everywhere dreaded. It was found necessary to send large bodies of troops against him. These accomplished little; and it was not until 1832 that his band was completely defeated and broken up—or rather, cut to pieces—he himself having previously been betrayed to his enemies, and shot. No quarter was given to the fugitives, and the victor's bulletin (but Spanish bulletins are proverbially mendacious) stated that only four men of the army—for it then really was a small army—escaped the slaughter. The Indian auxiliaries had run at the beginning of the action. With one of the four sur-

vivors, a *caudillo*, or chief of some mark, named Don Vicente, Mr Pavie fell in at Mendoza, during the winter he passed there. The Pincheira was silent and mysterious enough; but a young French physician, settled in the place, told his countryman the history of the last body of men that maintained with arms the right of Spain to her South American colonies. It is an interesting narrative, comprising much personal adventure, and numerous romantic episodes. The story of *Batallon*, an Indian foundation, adopted by a cavalry regiment, in whose ranks he serves and is slain, and that of Roita, a lovely *Limaña* who loved and was abandoned by an English naval officer, and whom Mr Pavie saw in the madhouse at Lima, where she inquired of every foreign visitor whether the frigate had returned, complete the South American portion of a very interesting book.

#### NAPOLÉON AND SIR HUDSON LOWE

ONE of the most distinguishing features of public life in England is the judgment exercised upon the character of its public men. In other countries the public man is generally seen through a haze of opinion. The minister of a foreign monarchy stands in the clouded light of the throne. If eminent, his fame is the result of secret councils, unknown circumstances, and personal influences almost purposely hidden from the national mind. If unsuccessful, his failures are sheltered under his partnership with the higher powers. He is hidden in the curtains of the Cabinet. At all events, he divides this responsibility with the monarch whose choice has placed him in office, and whose influence retains him in power. There are no publications of private correspondence, no despatches, except garbled ones; no secret instructions, hereafter to be developed. All the materials for forming a true estimate of the minister are withheld, by sup-

pressing all the materials for forming a true estimate of the man. Even if a biography of the individual is written, either by a friend or an enemy, it is generally greatly destitute of that evidence from which alone posterity can come to a rational conclusion. But in England—and it is to the honour of England—the career of the public man is almost incapable of misconception. He has seldom been chosen by the caprice of power. He must have given pledges as to character. Parliament has been the point from which he has launched into the navigation of public life; his principles must have undergone a probation before his possession of office, and the whole course of his after life is registered by correspondences, despatches, and authentic memorials, which may be made public at the requisition of any member of the Legislature. The twofold advantage of this publicity is, that public justice is sure to be done to character, and that every man acts

under a sense of that enlarged responsibility which is the safest guardian of public honour. If even to this feeling there may be exceptions, this view is the true theory of Ministerial life; and, among the imperfect motives of all human virtue, it is not the least that the documents are in existence, hourly accumulating, and sure to be brought forward, which shall testify to the nation and the world against every act of individual shame.

The record to which we now advert is a collection of letters, despatches, and orders, on a subject which formed some years ago the chief topic of Europe—the detention of Napoleon at St Helena. The treatment by the British officer to whom he was given in charge, the commands of Government, and the character of his captivity, are now, for the first time, laid before the world on the testimony of unanswerable documents; and an authentic form is now given to the narrative of that melancholy period which closed on the most eventful, disturbing, changeful, and dazzling era of Europe for a thousand years; the fifth act of the most magnificent drama of the modern world; the thunderstorm which, combining all the influences of a world long reeking with iniquity, the feculence of earth with the fires of heaven, at last burst down, perhaps to purify the moral atmosphere, or perhaps to warn nations of the still deeper vengeance to come, and startle them into regeneration.

We now give a brief sketch of the governor of St Helena. Sir Hudson Lowe was born in Ireland, in Galway, in July 1769. His father was an Englishman, who had served as a medical officer with the British troops in the Seven Years' War, and whose last service was as head of the medical department in the garrison of Gibraltar, where he died in 1801.

Shortly after the birth of Sir Hudson Lowe, his father's regiment, the 50th, being ordered to the West Indies, he was taken out with it, and thus underwent the first hazard of a life of soldiership. On his return to England he was made an ensign in the East Devon Militia—probably the youngest in the service, for he was but twelve years old. In 1787 he was appointed to an ensignship in the

50th regiment, then at Gibraltar—arriving while the place was still in ruinous confusion from the memorable siege. "The whole rock was covered with fragments of broken shells and shot; and there was not a house in the town, nor a building within the batteries, which did not bear the marks of its devastation." O'Hara succeeded to Elliot as the governor, and seemed resolved to signalise himself by his discipline. "I was once," says Sir Hudson, "proceeding with the escort, in order to reach the barrier-gate by daybreak, with my head down, to stem, as well as I was able, the tremendous gusts of rain and wind, when I heard myself very sharply spoken to by a mounted officer, who desired me to 'hold up my head and look what I was about, for it was not as a mere matter of form I was ordered on that duty.'" This officer was General O'Hara. "This," says the narrator, "is the only *real rebuke* I ever experienced from a superior officer during the whole course of my military life." He approves of the rebuke. On another occasion, on parade, when the late Duke of Kent happened to have done something which displeased the General—on a rebuke, in the presence of the officers, the Prince said, "I hope, sir, I shall always do my duty." The General's reply was, "And if you don't, I shall make you do it." It, however, happened that this man of fierce tongue showed himself at least *unlucky* in the field; for, having been sent to take the command of Toulon, then in possession of the Allies, he was taken prisoner in an unsuccessful sortie, and carried off by the besiegers.

On leave of absence, after four years' duty in the garrison, Lowe, then a lieutenant, travelled into France and Italy, and made himself master of the languages of both; an accomplishment of prime value to a soldier, and which was the pivot of his fortunes. On his return to Gibraltar, the war having broken out, the 50th was ordered to Corsica, and garrisoned Ajaccio—the residence of that family who were afterwards to enjoy such splendid fortune.

In a memorandum he says, "We were all delighted with our change of

quarters to Ajaccio. The town was well laid out, spacious, well built, and the citadel had excellent accommodations, but not sufficient for all the officers. One of the best houses was occupied by the mother and sisters of Bonaparte. An officer of the 50th, of the name of Ford, was, for a short time, quartered in the house, and spoke with much satisfaction of the kind manner in which the family acted towards him. The young girls—for such they were at that time—ran slipshod about the house, but hardly any notice was taken of them. There were several balls and parties given after our arrival there, but Madame Bonaparte was not invited to them, on account of the situation of her two sons (in France). She shortly after removed to Cargèse, originally a Greek colony, to a house which had been built or occupied by Count Marboeuf while in the administration of that part of the island. It is not from my own recollection I mention those circumstances, because, strange as it may appear, I was not aware of the residence of any of the Bonaparte family at Ajaccio during nearly two years when we were in garrison in that town. I used frequently to hear Napoleon spoken of, but not as connected with the exploits generally mentioned as giving the first celebrity to his name—his share in the expulsion of the British from Toulon."

The 50th subsequently served in Elba, Li-bon, and Minorca. To this last place flocked a large body of Corsican emigrants, who were formed into a corps, called the Corsican Rangers, the charge of which was intrusted to Lowe, then a captain. In 1800 they were attached to the Egyptian Expedition under Abercromby, Lowe having the temporary rank of major. In the famous landing at Aboukir, on the 8th of March 1801—one of the most brilliant exploits ever performed by an army—the Corsican Rangers fought on the right of the Guards, and were warmly engaged; they were present also at the battle of Alexandria (March 21, 1801), when the dashing attack of the French on the English lines was most gallantly defeated;—an action which, in fact, involved the conquest of Egypt, for the French fought no more, the rest of the campaign being a suc-

cession of marches and capitulations. In this campaign the Major had the good fortune to save Sir Sydney Smith's life; for a picket, mistaking Sir Sydney for a French officer, from his wearing a cocked hat (the English wearing round hats), levelled their muskets at him, when Lowe struck up their pieces and saved him. His activity in command of the outposts received the flattering expression from General Moore—"Lowe, when you are at the outposts, I always feel sure of a good night's rest." Moore, in writing to Lowe's father, said—"In Sir Ralph Abercromby he lost, in common with many others, a good friend; but his conduct has been so conspicuously good, that I hope he will meet with the reward he merits." In Sir Robert Wilson's history of the campaign, Lowe is mentioned as "having always gained the highest approbation," and his Corsican Rangers as exciting, from their conduct and appearance, "the general admiration."

On the Peace of Amiens they were disbanded, but Lowe was confirmed in his rank of Major-Commandant; and after being placed on half-pay, was appointed to the 7th or Royal Fusiliers, on Moore's recommendation; adding, "It is nothing more than you deserve; and if I have been at all instrumental in bringing it about, I shall think the better of myself for it." This generous testimony continued to influence Lowe's fortunes; for on his arrival in England, in 1802, he was appointed one of the permanent Assistants Quartermaster-General. "I have known you," said Moore, "a long time; and I am confident your conduct, in whatever situation you may be placed, will be such as to do honour to those who have recommended you." He soon obtained a mark of still higher confidence. Before he had been many weeks in England, he was sent on a secret mission to Portugal, for the purpose of ascertaining the state of Oporto and the neighbouring cities. On this occasion he expressed his opinion of the practicability of defending the country by united British and Portuguese. Thus he gave an opinion contradictory to that of Europe, but subsequently realised with

the most admirable success by Wellington.

He then proceeded to the Mediterranean, with an order to raise another regiment of Corsican Rangers. In the course of service with this corps, he commanded at Capri, in the Bay of Naples; and as the loss of this place formed one of the chief themes of foreign obloquy on this officer, we enter into a slight statement of the facts, less for the clearance of his character, than for the more important purpose of showing how truth may be mutilated, partly by negligence in the general narrative, and partly by exaggeration in the personal enemy.

The island of Capri, in May 1806, had surrendered to a British squadron. Its possession was of value as blocking up the Bay of Naples. Colonel Lowe, with five companies of his regiment, and a small detachment of artillery, were sent in May to garrison the island. The whole regiment was subsequently sent. In August, Murat took possession of the kingdom of Naples, and his first expedition was to Capri, whose possession by a British force, seen from the windows of his palace, continually molested him. Accordingly, on the 11th of October, an embarkation under General Lamarque attempted a landing near the town of Capri. Lowe with his Rangers hastened to the spot, and drove the enemy back to their ships. The island is three miles long, and about two miles across, and had 1000 inhabitants. Lowe had demanded a force of 2100 men for its defence. The whole number under his command were 1100, of whom 800 were a regiment of Maltese, of a miscellaneous description, and but imperfectly disciplined, though commanded by a gallant officer, Major Hammill. Lowe placed this regiment in Ana-Capri, an elevated district on a platform of rock, to be ascended only by 500 steps of stone. The French landed 2000 men there. The Maltese regiment dispersed themselves, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of Major Hammill, who, disdaining to follow their flight, was killed; finally, the whole of the Maltese regiment were taken prisoners. Thus the 1400 men were reduced to 600, in the presence of a French force of 3000! Lowe's object

was now necessarily confined to defending the town of Capri, which he did vigorously, for ten days of frequent attacks, in the hope of being succoured by the English squadron, which would have turned the tables on the besiegers, and caught the French General in a trap. But, from some cause not easily accountable, the fleet did not appear, and the Corsican Rangers were left to the rotten and unprepared ramparts of the town. On the 15th the French cannon had made a practicable breach. Lowe still held out, and attempted to erect new defences under the fire of the French guns; but the walls were crumbling, and the cannon of the town were rendered nearly unserviceable by the enemy's fire. The French flotilla also approached. In the evening Lamarque sent in a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the garrison as prisoners of war, with the exception of Lowe and five or six of his officers. Lowe would permit no distinction between his officers and soldiers, nor suffer the words "prisoner of war," positively refusing to accept of any other terms than "to evacuate his post with his arms and baggage." On these terms alone the town was surrendered, and on the 20th the garrison embarked at the Marina, "with all the honours of war." In addition, it deserves to be remembered that, on Lamarque's demanding that several of the foreigners, who had enlisted in the British service while prisoners, should be given up to him, Lowe's spirited answer was, "You may shoot *me*, but I will never give up a single man."

On this occasion he received many flattering letters on his defence of the island under such difficulties; and among the rest, one from Major-General Lord Forbes, expressing the sense which must be entertained by his superior, Sir John Stuart, "of the unremitting zeal, ability, and judgment which his conduct had displayed, under the trying circumstances of Capri."

After various services on the Italian coast, Colonel Lowe with his regiment was ordered on an expedition against the Ionian Islands, then garrisoned by the French. On their conquest, he was appointed governor of Cephalonia and Ithaca, with a re-

commendatory circular from General Oswald, commanding the expedition, and congratulating the people on the government of an officer "who had shown himself the common father of all ranks and classes of their communities." In 1812 he obtained the rank of full Colonel, and returned on leave to England. "I was then," he says, "in my twenty-fourth year of service, and had never been absent a single day from my public duty since the commencement of the war in 1793. I had been in England only once during that time." His services were still required by Government in matters of importance; in inspecting foreign regiments to be taken into English pay; in attendance on the negotiations for the accession of Sweden to the Grand Alliance, &c. &c. At the Swedish Court he met the "Queen of the Blues," the celebrated Madame de Stael, talking politics as usual. She had begun her performances in Sweden with filing a letter thirty pages to Bernadotte, *instructing him* how to govern the Swedes; but she was not always guilty of this extravagance of presumption. Silly in her political ambition, she was "tall" in her home. A little the "was" named in her house—for the French, even in exile, cannot live without the follies of the theatre—where she and her laughter exhibited scenes from the *Iphigenia* of Racine. How her physiognomy might have agreed with the requisitions of the stage, it is difficult to conjecture, for Nature never clothed a female with a more startling exterior. She afterwards performed in a face of her own, in which her daughter exhibited as a dancer! And those were the entertainments for ambassadors and princes!—for Bernadotte, then Prince-Royal, came in, but soon disappeared. We should by no means wish to see the manners of foreign life adopted by the pliancy of English-women.

The prince is thus described: "I have never seen so remarkable a countenance as that of Bernadotte; an aquiline nose of most extraordinary dimensions—eyes full of fire—a penetrating look—with a countenance darker than that of any Spaniard—and hair so black that the portrait-painters can find no tint dark enough to

give its right hue: it forms a vast bushy protuberance round his head, and he takes great pains, I understand, to have it arranged in proper form." When we had the honour of seeing the prince, which we did in Pomerania, when he was about to march his army to the camp of the Allies, every lock of his hair was curled like a Brutus bust displayed in the window of a Parisian *perruquier*. From Sweden Colonel Lowe was summoned by Lord Cathcart, then ambassador to Russia, to join him at the Imperial headquarters in Poland. After an interview with the Czar, he joined the Allied troops, and was present at the hard-fought battle of Bautzen on the 20th and 21st of May. Here he first saw that extraordinary man, whom he afterwards was to see under such extraordinary circumstances of change. In his correspondence with Lord Bathurst, the Colonel says—"Between the town of Bautzen and the position of the Allies is a long elevated ridge.

In the morning a body of the enemy's troops was observed to be formed on its crest. In their front a small group was collected, which by our spy-glasses we discovered to be persons of consequence in their army. Among them was most clearly distinguishable Napoleon himself. He advanced about forty or fifty paces, accompanied only by one of his marshals (conjectured to have been Beauharnais), with whom he remained in conversation, walking backwards and forwards (having dismounted) for nearly an hour.

"I was on an advanced battery in front of our position, and had a most distinct view of him. He was dressed in a plain uniform coat, and a star, with a plain hat, different from that of his marshals and generals (which were feathered): his air and manner so perfectly resembling the portraits that there was no possibility of mistake. He appeared to me conversing on some indifferent subject; very rarely looking towards our position, of which, however, the situation in which he stood commanded a most comprehensive and distinct view."

In October, through Sir C. Stewart (now Marquis of Londonderry), he



was attached to the army under that great and bold soldier, Marshal Blücher, and was with him in every battle from Leipsic to Paris. His description of the horrors of the French retreat, after the battle of Leipsic, unfolds a dreadful picture of the sufferings of war. "For an extent of fifty miles, on the French route, there were carcasses of dead and dying horses without number; bodies of men, who had been either killed, or died of hunger, sickness, and fatigue, lying in the roads and ditches; parties of prisoners and stragglers brought in by the Cossacks; blown-up ammunition waggons, in such numbers as absolutely to obstruct the road. . . . Pillaged and burning towns and villages marked, at the same time, the ferocity with which the enemy had conducted himself."

In the close of this memorable year, Colonel Lowe was ordered to Holland on a commission for organising the Dutch troops who were to join Sir Thomas Graham's army; but (as it appears), at his own request, his destination was changed for the Prussian army, under Blücher, then crossing the Rhine. He was present at all the battles fought by that army on their march through France, forming, with its four German actions, no less than *thirteen*—of which *eleven* were fought against Napoleon in person.

In all those campaigns he gallantly took the soldier's share, being constantly at the Marshal's side; being present, on one occasion, when he was wounded; on another, when the Cossack orderly was shot beside him; and on two others, when he narrowly escaped being made prisoner, being obliged to make a run of it, with the whole of his retinue, through a party of the enemy; Bonaparte also having been nearly taken by him in the same way, on the same day. He was present at the conferences of Chatillon, where he strongly joined those opinions which were in favour of the "March to Paris;" and he had the honour of bearing the despatch to England announcing the abdication of Napoleon; which was instantly published from the Foreign Office, in a "*Gazette Extraordinary*." Colonel Lowe was received with great dis-

tinction. The Prince-Regent immediately knighted him; and the Prussian order of Military Merit was conferred on him, with the order of St George from the Emperor of Russia.

In 1814 Sir Hudson Lowe was promoted to the rank of major-general, and appointed quartermaster-general to the British troops in the Netherlands, commanded by the Prince of Orange. In that capacity he visited the fortresses on the frontier, and drew up reports on their restoration. It is remarkable that among his plans was the recommendation of building a Work at Mont *St Jean*, as the commanding point at the junction of the two principal roads from the French frontier, on the side of Namur and Châleroi, to Brussels, and the direction in which an army must move for the invasion of Belgium. How much earlier the battle of Waterloo would have terminated, and how many gallant lives might have been saved by the possession of a fortress in the very key of the position, we may conjecture from the defence of Hongomont, where the walls of a mere farmyard, defended by brave men, were sufficient to resist the entire left wing of the enemy during that whole hard-fought, decisive, and illustrious day.

The news of Napoleon's escape from Elba roused all Europe. It was at once the most dexterous performance, and the most unwise act, of the great charlatan of empire. He ought to have delayed it, at least for a year. The negotiators at Vienna were already on the verge of discontents which might have broken up the general alliance; the troops were on the point of marching to their homes: thus Europe was about to be left without defence, or even to a renewal of hostilities. But the escape of Napoleon sobered all. The universal peril produced the universal reconciliation. And the Manifesto was issued in the shape of a universal declaration, proclaiming Napoleon Bonaparte the enemy of mankind.

The position of Sir Hudson Lowe at Brussels made his advice of importance. The question was, where the Allied armies should expect the attack? The Prussian generals were of opinion that they should be pre-

pared on the side of Switzerland and Mayence. Sir Hudson Lowe, more sagaciously, affirmed that Brussels would be the object. Count Gneisenau, the Prussian quartermaster-general, finally decided to wait for the opinion of the Duke of Wellington on his arrival in the Netherlands. At this period, while matters remained in a state of uncertainty as to the movements of France, Sir Hudson Lowe was offered the command of the British troops at Genoa, intended to act with the Austro-Sardinian army, and the squadron under Lord Exmouth, against the south of France. Unwilling to quit the great Duke, he waited on him for his opinion. As all recollections of Wellington are dear to his country, we give his few words, in which, after saying that Sir W. Delaney (as his successor) might not at once be *au fait* at the business of the Office, and as Sir G. Murray, "who had been with him for six years, was only on his return from Canada, still he did a *good deal of his own business, and could do business with any one.*" In short, "it was a case that must be left to himself."

Accordingly, he remained with the Duke until the beginning of June, and then went to take his command. On his way through Germany, he met at the Imperial headquarters Blücher, Schwartzberg, and the Czar. With the last he had the honour of a conversation. The Czar received him in his cabinet, quite alone; took him by the hand; said that he was glad to see him, but that it was an unfortunate circumstance which compelled him (the Czar) to come forward; that oceans of blood might be again spilt; but that, while that man (Napoleon) lived, there would be no hope of repose for Europe; that armies must be kept up by every nation on a war footing; and that, in short, there appeared no other alternative than carrying on the war with vigour, and thus bringing it to the speedier close. The Czar spoke in English. He asked many other questions; but seemed most gratified by knowing that the force under the Duke of Wellington, instead of being 60,000 men, was, with the Allied forces of the Netherlands, not less than 100,000.

On reaching Genoa, the expedition

sailed to the south of France; but all the cities having suddenly hoisted the white flag, the war was at an end.

Now began the only portion of his prosperous and active career, which could be called trying and vexatious. On the 1st of August 1815 he received an order to return immediately to London, for the purpose of taking charge of Napoleon Bonaparte.

On his arrival in Paris he had communications with all the Cabinet. Lord Castlereagh asked him his opinion of the possibility of Napoleon's escape. He answered that he could see none, except in case of a mutiny, of which there had been two instances at St Helena. But on being informed of the nature of the intended garrison, he answered that its chance would be proportionably diminished. This was the only conversation which he ever had with Lord Castlereagh. On reaching London, he received the Ministerial orders for the charge of his memorable prisoner. By Lord Liverpool's authority, he was told that if he remained in charge for three years, the royal confidence, and, we presume, the royal reward, "should not stop there." Lord Ellenborough, Chief-Justice, assured him, "that in the execution of the duty the law would give him every support." On the 23d of August, the Directors of the East India Company appointed him governor of St Helena; the command of the troops, with the local rank of lieutenant-general, was given to him; and his salary was fixed at £12,000 a-year.

The regulations for the safe keeping of Napoleon, adopted by the Secretary of War and Colonies, Lord Bathurst, and delivered to Sir George Cockburn, were (in outline) as follows:—

1. When General Bonaparte shall be removed from the Bellerophon to the Northumberland, there shall be an examination of the effects which the General shall have brought with him.

2. All articles of furniture, books, and wine, which the General shall have brought, shall be transhipped to the Northumberland.

3. Under the head of furniture is the plate, provided it be not to such an amount as to bespeak it rather an

article of convertible property than for domestic use.

4. His money, diamonds, and negotiable bills of exchange, are to be given up. The admiral will explain to him that it is by no means the intention of Government to confiscate his property, but simply to prevent its being converted into an instrument of escape.

The remainder consists of details. In the event of his death, the disposition of his property was to be determined by his will, which would be strictly attended to.

Bonaparte was to be always attended by a military officer; and if he was permitted to pass the boundaries allotted to him, the officer was to be attended by an Orderly. No individual of his suite was to be carried to St Helena but with his own consent, it being explained to him that he must be subject to the restraints necessary for the security of Bonaparte's person. All letters addressed to him were to be delivered to the admiral, or governor, and read by them. Bonaparte must be informed, that any representation addressed to Government would be received and transmitted, but must be transmitted open to the governor and admiral's inspection, that they might be enabled to transmit answers to any objections. If Bonaparte were to be attacked with serious illness, the governor and admiral were each to direct a medical person, in addition to his own physician, to attend him, and desire them to report daily on the state of his health. Finally, in the event of his death, the admiral was to give orders for the conveyance of his body to England.

It would be difficult to conceive arrangements less severe, consistently with the urgent necessity of preventing another war.

On the embarkation on board the *Northumberland*, the arms were to be taken from the French officers on board; but to be packed carefully, and put into the charge of the captain. Napoleon's sword was not taken from him, and the swords of the officers were restored on their arrival at St Helena. Of this order, Count Montholon made a handsome melodramatic story, in the following style: "His lordship (Lord Keith)

said to him, in a voice suppressed (*assourdie*) by vivid emotion, 'England demands your sword.' The Emperor, with a convulsive movement, dropped his hand on that sword, which an Englishman *dared* to demand. The expression of his look was his sole answer. It had never been more powerful, more *superhuman* (*sur-humaine*). The old admiral felt thunderstruck (*foudroyé*). His tall figure shrank; his head, whitened by age, fell upon his bosom, like that of a criminal humbled before his condemnation." This theatric affair Mr Forsyth declares to be *pure fiction*. The story is contradicted even by Las Cases, who says, in his journal—"I asked, whether it was possible that they would go so far as to deprive the Emperor of his sword? The admiral replied that it would be respected; but that Napoleon was the only person excepted, as all the rest would be disarmed." The perpetual habit of frequenting the theatre spoils all the taste of France. The simplest action of life must be told in rhodomontade, and even the gravest facts must be dressed up in the frippery of fiction.

On the 7th of August 1815, Bonaparte was removed on board of the *Northumberland*, with a suite of twenty-five persons, including Count and Countess Bertrand, with their three children; Count and Countess Montholon, with one child, and Count de Las Cases, with his son, a boy of fourteen. As Mengeand, the surgeon who had accompanied him from Rochefort was unwilling to go to St Helena; O'Meara, the surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, was chosen by Bonaparte, and allowed by Lord Keith to attend him.

They hove to at Madeira for refreshments, and landed at St Helena on the 15th of October.

A letter of O'Meara to a Mr Finlayson at the Admiralty, gives a characteristic detail of the voyage. "During the passage the ladies were either ill the whole time, or fancied themselves to be so; in either of which cases, it was necessary to give them medicine, in the choice of which it was extremely difficult to meet their tastes or humours, or their ever-ceasing caprice. What was most extraordinary, they never complained

of loss of appetite. They generally ate of every dish at a profusely supplied table, of different meats, twice every day, besides occasional tiffins, bowls of soup, &c. They mostly hate each other, and I am the depository of their complaints—especially Madame Bertrand's, who is like a tigress deprived of her young, when she perceives me doing any service for Madame Montholon. The latter, to tell the truth, is not so whimsical, nor subject to so many fits of rage as the other.

"Bonaparte was nearly the entire of the time in perfect health. During the passage, Napoleon almost invariably did not appear out in the after-cabin, before twelve; breakfasted either in bed or in his own cabin about eleven; dined with the admiral about five; stayed about half an hour at dinner, then left the table and proceeded to the quarter-deck, where he generally spent a couple of hours, either in walking, or else leaning against the breech of one of the guns, talking to De las Cases. He generally spoke a few words to every officer who could understand him; and, according to his custom, was very inquisitive relative to various objects. His suite, until the day before we landed (three days after our arrival), invariably kept their hats off while speaking to him, and then, by his directions, remained covered. He professes his intention, I am informed, to drop the name of Bonaparte, and to assume that of a colonel he was very partial to, and who was killed in Italy.

"He is to proceed in a few days to Longwood, the present seat of the Lieutenant-governor, where there is a plain of above a mile and a half in length, with trees (a great rarity here) on it. He is to have a captain constantly in the house with him, and he is also to be accompanied by one whenever he goes out. None of his staff are to go out, unless accompanied by an English officer or soldier.

"I had a long conversation with him the day before yesterday. Among other remarks he observed, 'Why, your Government have not taken the most economical method of providing for me. They send me to a place where every necessary of life is four

times as dear as in any other part of the globe; and not content with that, they send a regiment here, to a place where there are already four times as many inhabitants as it can furnish subsistence to, and where there are a superabundance of troops. This is the way,' continued he, 'that you have contracted your national debt—not by the actual necessary expenses of war, but by the unnecessary expenses of colonies.'"

Napoleon was in the habit of predicting the ruin of England, and pointing out, we may presume, with no intention of warning, the *blunders* of that policy which, however, had rescued Europe from the French yoke, and sent himself to moralise in a dungeon. "This island," said he, "costs, or will cost, two millions a-year, which is so much money thrown in the sea. Your East India Company, if their affairs were narrowly scrutinised, would be found to lose instead of gaining, and in a few years must become bankrupt. Your manufactures, in consequence of the dearness of necessaries in England, will be *undersold* by those of France and Germany, and your manufacturers will be *ruined*." All this train of ill omen is profitable, if it were only to show how little we are to depend upon the foresight of politicians. Here was unquestionably one of the most sagacious of human beings delivering his ideas on the future, and that not a remote future, not a future of centuries, but a future within the life of a generation; and yet what one of these predictions has not been completely baffled? The East Indian territories of England have been constantly aggrandising for nearly forty years of that period which was to have seen their bankruptcy. The manufactures of England, instead of total failure, have been growing to a magnitude unequalled in the annals of national industry, and are rapidly spreading over the globe. England, instead of struggling with exclusion from foreign commerce, and domestic disaffection, has possessed a peace, the longest in its duration, and the most productive in its increase of opulence, invention, and power, that Europe has ever seen. But if the malignant spirit of her prisoner may be presumed to have per-

verted his sagacity, his opinions were the opinions of the Continent; and every statesman, from Calais to Constantinople, occupied himself by counting on his fingers the number of years that lay between England and destruction. Yet England still stands, the envy of all nations; and will stand, while she retains her loyalty, her principle, and her honour; or, rather, while she retains her religion, which includes them all.

The exterior of St Helena is unpromising. "Masses of volcanic rock, sharp and jagged, tower up round the coast, and form an iron girdle. The few points where a landing can be effected are bristling with cannon." The whole has the evidence of the agency of fire; and from the gigantic size of the strata, so disproportioned to its circuit, it has been supposed the wreck of a vast submerged continent. But the narrow valleys, radiating from the basaltic ridge forming the backbone of the island, have scenes of beauty. A writer on the "Geognosy" of the island, even describes those valleys as exhibiting an alternation of hill and dale, and luxuriant and constant verdure. Even Napoleon, in all his discontent, admitted that it had "good air." Or, as in some more detailed remarks transmitted by Las Cases—"After all, as a place of exile, perhaps St Helena was the best. In high latitudes we should have suffered greatly from cold; and in any other island of the tropics we should have expired miserably, under the scorching rays of the sun. The rock is wild and barren, no doubt; the climate is monstrous and unwholesome; but the temperature, it must be confessed, is mild (*douce*)."

It is of some importance to the national character to touch on those matters, as they show that Napoleon was not sent for any other purpose than security of detention. A West Indian island might have unduly hastened the catastrophe. A letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson gives even a more favourable testimony than has been generally conceived. He had been a resident for several years.

"Lying within the influence of the south-east trade-wind, which is usually a strong breeze between the Cape

and St Helena, the tropical heat is moderated thereby to a delightful temperature, and perhaps there is no finer climate to be found than in certain parts of St Helena. In the town, I rarely saw the thermometer above 80°, while the general height may have been about 75°. But I write from memory, having lost my register of the temperature. Between Longwood and Jamestown there is a difference of eight or ten degrees. A fire is rarely necessary, unless perhaps as a corrective of the dampness produced by fog, to which the elevated portions of the island are occasionally liable. I believe the average duration of life to be much as in England."

Mr Henry, who was stationed in the island as assistant-surgeon during Napoleon's residence, gives even a more decided testimony. "For a tropical climate, only 15 from the line, St Helena is certainly a healthy island, if not the *most* healthy of the description in the world. During one period of twelve months, we did not lose *one* man by disease out of five hundred of the 66th quartered at Deadwood. In 1817, 1818, and 1819, Fahrenheit's thermometer, kept at the hospital, ranged from fifty-five to seventy degrees; with the exception of calm days, when it rose to eighty. In Jamestown, from the peculiar radiation of heat to which it was exposed, the temperature was sometimes upwards of ninety. . . . There is no endemic in the island."

The upper parts of St Helena, including the residence of Bonaparte, are decidedly the *most* healthy, and we often moved our regimental convalescents from Jamestown to Deadwood for cooler and better air. The clouds moved so steadily and regularly with the trade-wind that there appeared to be no time for atmospheric accumulations of electricity, and we never had any thunder or lightning. No instance of hydrophobia, in man or any inferior animal, had ever been known in St Helena."

We shall limit ourselves to an outline of the transactions referring to Napoleon. He landed at Jamestown on the evening of the 17th of October, where he remained for the night, and on the next day removed to the "Briars,"

the country house of Mr Balcombe, who afterwards became purveyor to the residence at Longwood. Two proclamations were immediately issued by the governor, Colonel Wilkes, one cautioning the inhabitants of the island against any attempt to aid the escape of "General Napoleon Bonaparte;" and the other, prohibiting all persons from passing through any part of the island (except in the immediate vicinity of the town) from nine at night until daylight, without having the *parole* of the night; and a third, placing all the coasts, and vessels or boats, under the control of the Admiral. A despatch from the Admiral, to the Secretary of the Admiralty, explained the choice of Longwood for the residence of the prisoner. "I have not hesitated on fixing on it. Longwood is detached from the general inhabited parts of the island, therefore none of the inhabitants have occasion, or are at all likely, to be met with in its neighbourhood; it is the most distant from the parts of the coast *always* accessible to boats." He then mentions it as having an extent of level ground, perfectly adapted for horse-exercise, carriage-driving, and pleasant walking. The house was small, but it was better than any other in the island (out of the town) except the governor's; and by the help of the ships' carpenters and others, was capable of convenient additions. Repairs were accordingly made, and everything was done that could fit it for a comfortable residence.

The system of discontent, remonstrance, and, we must add, misrepresentation, was begun. A letter from the "Grand Marshal, Count Bertrand," led the way. It protested against everything, and frequently applied the term "Emperor" to Napoleon. The Admiral's reply was fair and manly. It expressed regret for the necessary inconveniences, and a desire to consult the wishes of General Bonaparte; but said that he was authorised to apply *no* title which had not been given by his Government. This refusal was perfectly justifiable, though it made one of the clamours of the time. The custom of European diplomacy is *never* to acknowledge a new title but by treaty, and in return, if possible, for some concession on the

part of the claimant. The embarrassments connected with the opposite practice are obvious. Where is the line to be drawn? If every ruler, however trifling his territory, or however recent his usurpation, were to fix his own title, all the relations of public life might be outraged. The creature of every revolution might be authenticated the legitimate possessor of sovereignty—an upstart received into the family of kings, become a living encouragement to political convulsion. All the declamation which was lavished on the denial of the Imperial title to Bonaparte, amounted to the maxim, that success justifies usurpation. If, in general life, no man can bear a title without the sanction of the laws—to avoid the disturbance of the Civil order, why should not the same sanction be demanded where the result of concession without cause might influence the highest interests of public life? There can be no question that the Imperial title, continued to Napoleon by the credulity of Alexander, laid the foundation of the renewed disturbances of France and Europe. It had placed him within sight of power again; it had fixed the eye of French conspiracy on him; it had conveyed to all his partisanship the idea that he still was an object of fear to Europe, and it thus revived the hope of his restoration. This dangerous concession made him, while at Elba, the virtual Emperor of France—prompted him to contemplate the resumption of the sceptre—pointed him out as a rallying point for disaffection—connected his mock crown with his former sovereignty—and left the peace of the world to the hazard of the die which was thrown at Waterloo.

If it be said that the concession which was dangerous at Elba was trifling at St Helena, we have no hesitation in accounting for the sudden forgetfulness of Napoleon exhibited by France to the refusal of the title. "General" Bonaparte lived only in the recollection of a broken army; the "Emperor" lived in the pride and passions of the people. It was essential to dissolve this combination; to show that the *prestige* of his name existed no longer; that he was an object of fear no more; and especially, that his connection with

title-loving France was to be cut asunder for the remainder of his existence. All this was done, and could alone be done, by refusing to continue that title to the prisoner, which England had loftily refused to him in the height of his power.

Even Napoleon himself was so fully convinced of the contradiction between his present state and his former, that he subsequently wrote a Memorial addressed to the Governor, containing this declaration: "Seven or eight months ago Count Montholon proposed, as a means of removing the little inconveniences which were ever recurring, the adoption of an ordinary name. . . . I am quite ready to take any ordinary name; and I repeat that, when it may be deemed proper to remove me from this cruel abode, I am resolved to remain a stranger to politics, whatever may be passing in the world. Such is my resolve; and anything which may have been said different from this would not be the fact."

Unfortunately, it was wholly impossible to rely on any declaration of this kind, and it would have been absolute folly to have hazarded the peace of Europe on the contingency of Napoleon's keeping his word. He had gone to Elba with the same protest against politics, he had publicly declared that his political life was ended; and the weakness of giving credit to that declaration cost the lives of perhaps fifty thousand men, and might have cost a universal war.

If the strictness of the regulations at St Helena have been matter of charge against this country, it is to be remembered that the highest interests might have been endangered by his escape; that no royal captive was ever so indulged before; and that England was but a trustee for the tranquillity of the world. The instructions were the most lenient possible, consistently with his safe keeping. A captain was to ascertain his presence twice in the twenty-four hours. Whenever Napoleon rode or walked *beyond* the boundaries where the sentinels were placed, he was to be attended by an officer. Napoleon and his attendants were to be within his house at nine o'clock every night.

If these restrictions might be con-

sidered severe, it is to be remembered that they were only severities against the necessity of a second Waterloo. It is to be observed, also, that these regulations all took place before the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe. The English mind revolts against confinement of any kind; but the limits of Napoleon's grounds, within which he might take exercise *unattended* by any officer, embraced a circuit of *twelve* miles! The ground was nearly flat, and well covered with turf. On the plain of Deadwood, adjoining, was an excellent race-course, a mile and a half long, of which one mile was in a straight line. The house at Longwood had been used by the former governor as a villa; but it was small, consisting only of five rooms. To these, however, additions were made; the whole being merely a temporary residence until the completion of a house on a larger scale, which was preparing in England.

It became the peevish custom of the French, on the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe, to contrast his conduct with that of Sir George Cockburn, and speak of their satisfaction with the latter; but they quarrelled equally with both. A letter from O'Meara to his correspondent Finlayson (not printed in his volumes), says: "Napoleon inveighs most bitterly against the English Ministry for sending him here. He has been for some time back at Longwood, where he is tolerably well lodged, considering the island."

As to his displeasure at being sent to the island, he should have regarded himself as peculiarly well treated; for what must have been his condition in the custody of any other government? He must have been sent to a fortress with no other liberty of exercise than within the space of the ramparts; he must have had sentinels everywhere on his steps, and have been subjected to all the rigid regulations of a garrison, and perhaps altogether separated from his attendants and general society. The greater probability of escape in Europe would have required the greater strictness; and the necessity of the case must have made his confinement little better than that of the dungeon. What liberty was allotted to Louis Napoleon in Ham for six years? What liberty

was allotted to Toussaint Louverture by Napoleon himself?—a damp dungeon until he died. What liberty was allotted to the State prisoners under the Empire?—or what liberty was allotted to the English officers confined in the casemates of Biche? Instead of such restrictions, he had a large space of a healthy island in which he might move, without watch or ward, with a crowd of attendants of his own choice round him, with such society as he chose to receive, with a sumptuous table kept for him, and every deference paid to his fame and rank, compatible with that essential point, the prevention of his escape, which he appears to have been constantly meditating.

An order prohibiting the general access of the population to Longwood was now issued. Napoleon at this was in great indignation. He said to O'Meara, "It was absurd to prohibit people from visiting him, while he was at liberty to go out and call upon them."

"I will never receive any person coming with a pass from the Admiral, as I will immediately set down the person receiving it as being *like the donor*, and a spy upon me." . . . Then becoming more warm, he said, "Who is the Admiral? I have never heard his name as the conqueror in a battle, either singly or in general action. . . . It is true, he has rendered his name *infamous* in America; and so he will now render it here, on this desolate rock."

Stopping then with much agitation, and looking at me earnestly—"Next to your Government exiling me here, the worst thing they could have done, and the most insufferable to my feelings, is sending me with such a *nom as me*. I shall make my treatment known to all Europe. It will be a reflection and a stain on his posterity for centuries. What! does he want to introduce Turkish laws into the Rock? Other prisoners under sentence of death are allowed to communicate, by the laws of England and all other civilised nations."

The fact was, that Napoleon wished to accomplish an object incompatible with the purpose of his being sent to the island; he demanded all the conveniences of perfect freedom—of course for the purpose of escape. However,

to avoid all shadow of cruelty, the passports were finally left to the distribution of Bertrand.

O'Meara further says, "He has since discovered that the Admiral's conduct has been most grossly and shamefully misrepresented and blackened to him. The people he is surrounded by at present give me some faint idea of what the court of St Cloud must have been during his omnipotent sway. Everything here is disguised and mutilated."

Napoleon's theatrical rants were sometimes amusing. Foreigners can rail fluently enough at misfortune, but they always forget the share which they had in bringing it on themselves. "Behold the English Government!" said he one day, gazing round on the stupendous rocks which encompassed him: "this is their liberality to the unfortunate, who, *confiding* in what is called their national character, in an evil hour gave himself up to them! But your Ministers laugh at your laws. I thought once that the English were a free nation; but I now see that you are the *greatest slaves* in the world. You all tremble at the sight of *that man*."

"Another time, talking to me (O'Meara) about the island, he said, 'In fact, I expect nothing less from your Government than that they will send out an executioner to *despatch* me. They send me here to a horrible rock, where even the water is not good. They send out a *sailor* with me, who does not know how to treat a man like me, and who puts a camp under my nose, so that I cannot put my head out without seeing my jailors. Here we are treated like felons: a proclamation is issued for nobody to come near and touch us, as if we were lepers.'"

O'Meara's description of the officers in attendance on Napoleon is sufficiently contemptuous. Of Montholon he speaks most offensively. He admits Bertrand to be a "good man;" but he thus characterises Gourgaud, whose quarrel with Sir Walter Scott once made some noise: "Gourgaud is now recovering from dysentery. During his illness, I never saw a man betray so much fear of dying as he did on various occasions. One night a large black beetle got into the bed, and crawled up alongside of him. His imagination immediately magnified the



insect into a devil, or some other formidable apparition, armed with talons, long teeth, and ready to tear away his lingering soul from its mortal abode. He shrieked, became terribly agitated and convulsed; a cold sweat bedewed his pallid face; and when I entered he presented all the appearance of a man about to expire, with the most terrific ideas of what would be his future lot; and it was not till after a considerable time that he could be restored to some degree of composure." Gourgaud had in some degree provoked this description by his previous *fanfaronades*. When he arrived in the island he had produced a sword to the daughters of Mr Balcombe, on which he had himself represented in the act of killing a Cossack who was about to take Bonaparte prisoner, with a pompous inscription narrating the feat. At the end of the blade he made them observe a spot, as if stained with the blood of two Englishmen, slain by him at Waterloo. He gave the last finish to this "passage of arms," by saying, that in the same battle he *might* have made the Duke prisoner! "but that he saw the business was decided, and he was unwilling to produce any further effusion of human blood!" ("Credit—believe it who will," says O'Meara.) During Gourgaud's illness, however, he seemed to have forgotten all his chivalry—as, one day, "whining and lamenting over his state, he said, with many tears, 'He did not know for what he was exiled, for he had never done harm to mortal man.'"

O'Meara's own history was a varied one. He had begun his course as an assistant-surgeon in the 18th, in 1801; but a duel happening in the regiment, in which he acted as second, a court-martial was the consequence, and he retired from the army. He then served as a naval surgeon, for many years, in the Mediterranean and the West Indies, with Maitland (captain of the *Bellerophon*), who gave him an advantageous character. He was then selected as the surgeon in attendance on Napoleon. The quick observation of that sagacious personage saw instantly that O'Meara might be useful in more capacities than those of his profession; he flattered him with his confidence, and converted him into partisanship.

Nothing but the extraordinary selfishness of Napoleon's character could have stooped to those perpetual complaints. A man who had sat upon the first throne of the Continent ought to have felt that nothing, after such a catastrophe, could be worth a care. A man of true grandeur of mind, after having seen all the diadems of the Continent under his feet, ought to have scorned any inferior degree of power—been utterly indifferent to title, wealth, or the homage of dependents. A philosopher would have despised the mockery of ex-emperors; rejected the affectation of a power which he was to possess no more; and, having been once forced to submit to a change of fortune which displaced him from the summit of society for ever, would have been contemptuous of living on the fragments of his feast of supremacy. But Napoleon had no sense of this generous and lofty disdain—he clung to the wrecks of his royalty. He was as anxious to sustain the paltry ceremonial of kissing a hand, as when he saw kings crowding to his palace; and showed as much fretfulness at the loss of the most pitiful mark of respect, as he could at an insult to a throne which threw its shadow across the civilised world. This anomaly is easily explained. The spirit of selfishness belongs to all foreign life. Its habits, its amusements, its perpetual passion for frivolous excitement, its pursuit of personal indulgence in every shape, high or low, utterly extinguish all the nobler attributes of mind—substitute fierceness for fortitude, rashness for decision—and feeble repinings against fate, for the dignity which makes defeat but another occasion of showing the superiority of man to fortune. Napoleon was selfishness embodied, and was as important to *himself* at St Helena as in the Tuileries.

On the 10th of January 1816, Sir Hudson Lowe received a despatch from Earl Bathurst, stating that, on his arrival at St Helena, he should notify to all the attendants of Napoleon that they were at perfect liberty to leave the island for Europe or America; but that those who remained should declare, in writing, that they were prepared to submit to the necessary restrictions. To Sir

Hudson the orders were—"You are to continue to treat Napoleon Bonaparte as a prisoner of war, until further orders."

The governor reached St Helena on the 14th of April, and on the 16th he visited Bonaparte, having given him previous notice of his intention. The visit was unlucky, for even the hour was constituted into an offence. Las Cases thus mentions the visit: "The new governor arrived at Longwood about ten o'clock, notwithstanding the rain, which still continued. He was accompanied by the admiral, who was to introduce him, and who had, *no doubt*, told him that this was the most suitable hour for his visit. The emperor did not receive him—he was indispensed; and even had he been well, he would not have seen him. The governor, by this abrupt visit, neglected the usual forms of decorum. It was easy to perceive that this was a *trick of the admiral*. The governor, who probably had no intention to render himself at all disagreeable, appeared very much disconcerted. *We laughed in our sleeves*. As to the admiral, he was quite *triumphant*. The governor, after long hesitation, and very evident marks of ill-humour, took his leave rather abruptly. We doubted not that this visit had been planned by the admiral, with the view of prepossessing us against each other at the very outset."

The English reader of this incident will find in it the key to the whole conduct of Napoleon and his attendants; *he* was determined to turn everything into an offence, and they were equally determined to turn everything into an intrigue. The narrative foolishly and malignantly represents the conduct of a naval officer of high character in the light of a paltry *ruse*, and for no imaginable purpose but ill-will. "*They laughed in their sleeves*" at the success of this *ruse*. The admiral was *triumphant*, because the governor was vexed; and Napoleon was, of course, conqueror on the occasion. This is the most pitiful of all *tricks*, and is unworthy of even the *reply*. Let this be contrasted with the manly account by the governor himself of the first interview which took place next day at four. "I was accompanied by Sir G. Cockburn.

General Bertrand received us in the dining-room serving as an antechamber, and instantly ushered me into an inner room, where I found him (Napoleon) standing, having his hat in his hand. Not addressing me when I came in, but apparently waiting for me to speak to him, I broke silence by saying, 'I am come, sir, to present my respects to you.' 'You speak French, sir, I perceive; but you also speak Italian. You once commanded a regiment of Corsicans.' I replied, 'the language was alike to me.' 'We will speak, then, in Italian; and immediately commenced a conversation which lasted about half an hour—the purport of which was principally as follows. He first asked me, 'where I had served?—how I liked the Corsicans? They carry the stiletto; are they not a bad people?' (looking at me very significantly for an answer.) My reply was—'They do not carry the stiletto, having abandoned that custom in our service. They have always conducted themselves with propriety; I was very well satisfied with them.'

"He asked me if I had not been in Egypt with them; and on my replying in the affirmative, he entered into a long discussion respecting that country. 'Menou was an imbecile. If Kleber had been there, *you would have been all made prisoners*.'" To this ungracious remark the governor seems to have abstained from any reply. How easily might he have reminded Napoleon of Acre! and the difficulty which he found then of taking prisoners even the crews of two English ships, who drove him from the walls at the head of his army, and virtually, after hunting him from Syria, drove him into the desertion of Egypt. In the French narratives of war, the general who has been beaten is always an *imbecile*. It is an extraordinary *trait* of character in Napoleon to have ventured on the subject at all. Yet he expatiated on it, as if he had never known defeat on its shores. "He blamed Abercromby for not having landed sooner, or for not proceeding to another point. Moore, with his six thousand men, ought to have been all destroyed." He admitted, however, the bravery of the generals. "He asked me if I knew Hutchinson, and

whether he was the same who had been arrested at Paris" (for the escape of Lavalette). "His question on this point betrayed great interest." The subject of Egypt was resumed. "It was the most important geographical point in the world, and had always been considered so. He had reconnoitred the line of the Canal across the Isthmus of Suez; he had calculated the expense at ten or twelve millions of livres (half a million sterling, he said, to make me understand more clearly the probable cost of it); that a powerful colony being established there, it would have been *impossible* for us to have preserved our empire in India."

This remark is an example of the dashing way in which foreigners settle all the affairs of the world. If Napoleon had been asked to show how a French colony in Egypt could have overthrown an Indian empire, he must have been profoundly puzzled. A French colony would, doubtless, have prevented the overland passage. Yet, *without* that passage, India had been ours, or in the direct progress to be ours, for a hundred years! What could a colony in Egypt have done while the Red Sea was blocked up by English ships? How could it transport an army over the Desert—through Arabia, Persia, and the passes of the Himalaya?—and without an army, what could they do in India? The much greater chance was, that a French colony would have been starved or slaughtered, as the French army in Egypt would have been, but for its capitulation. The same absurdity is common to other services. The Russians, from the peasant to the throne, think that India is at their mercy, from the instant of a battalion's appearing on the verge of Tartary, while they are forced to acknowledge that the Desert is impassable by any army in summer; and General Perowsky, in an expedition which decimated his army, half way to Thibet, has proved it to be equally impassable in winter. Or, may we not ask, if this mighty conquest is so much a matter of calculation, why have not the poor and feeble tribes of the Caucasus been conquered in a war of twenty years, within a stone's throw of the Russian frontier?—while in

India, after a march across swamps, sands, and mountains, they would have to meet an army of two hundred thousand men (easily increased to half a million), led by British officers?

The people of the United States are equally absurd in their speculations on the conquest of Canada. They pronounce it ready to drop into their hands, like fruit from the tree. Yet, every attempt at the invasion of Canada has resulted only in ridiculous defeat!

Napoleon again railed at Menon, and concluded with the remark, which he pronounced in a very serious manner: "In war, the gain is always with him who commits the fewest faults." It struck me as if he was reproaching himself with some great error."

In this curious interview, Sir G. Cockburn's having been shut out by a mere accident was made the most of, as a charge of incivility against the governor. We give Sir Hudson Lowe's own version. He had been accompanied by the admiral to Longwood. "In order that there might be no mistake respecting the appointment being for Sir George Cockburn as well as myself, I distinctly specified to Bertrand that we should go together. We went, and were received in the outer room by Bertrand, who almost immediately ushered me into Bonaparte's presence. I had been conversing with him for nearly half an hour, when, on his asking me if I had brought with me the Regent's speech, I turned round to ask Sir George Cockburn if I had not given it to him? and observed, to my surprise, that he had not followed me into the room. On going out, I found him in the antechamber much irritated. He told me that Bertrand had almost shut the door in his face as he was following me into the room, and that a servant had put his arm across him. He said he would have forced his way, but that he was expecting I would have turned round to see that he was following me, when he supposed I would have insisted on our entering the room together. I told him I knew nothing of his not being in the same room till Bonaparte asked me for the Regent's speech. . . Bonaparte was ready to receive him

after I had left the room; but he would not go in. Bertrand and Montholon have been with him since, making apologies. But the admiral, I believe, is still not quite satisfied about it."

Napoleon's conversation was essentially rough, a circumstance to be accounted for, partly by his birth, and partly by his camp education. O'Meara mentions that Montholon, having brought a translation of the paper which the domestics who desired to remain with him were to sign, Napoleon, looking at it, said—"This is not French—it is not sense." "Sire," said the other, "it is a literal translation of the English." "However," said Napoleon, "it is neither French nor German (tearing it in two)—*you are a fool*." Then, looking it over, he said—"He makes a translation into stuff, which is not French, and is nonsense to any Frenchman."

As we are not the defenders of the governor, and the subject of mere defence is now past by, we shall chiefly give abstracts of the conversation of his memorable prisoner. He asked O'Meara if he had been at Alexandria. "Yes, in a line-of-battle ship." "But I suppose you could not enter the harbour?" O'Meara told him, "that we soon found a passage through which any vessel might go. This he would not believe for some time, until I told him that I saw the Tigre and the Canopus, of eighty guns each, enter with ease." "Why?" said he, with astonishment, "that Commodore Barré, whom you took in the Rivoli, was ordered by me to sound for a passage when I was there, and he reported to me that there was not a possibility of a line-of-battle ship's entering the harbour." He observed, then, "that the fleet might have been saved if he had done his duty." I told him, then, that we had blocked up the passage by sinking two vessels laden with stone in it; to which he replied, "that it was easy to remove such obstacles."

The expenses of Napoleon's household were heavy. On the voyage out, between the 8th of August and the 17th of November, they had consumed a hundred dozens of wine, besides some casks of an inferior kind for the servants. In one of the go-

vernors' despatches to Lord Bathurst, two fortnights' accounts are given from Mr Balcombe, surveyor to Longwood. The amount of one fortnight is an expenditure of £683, 5s. 1d.; and of the other, £567, 10s. 4d.; the annual expense, at the former rate, thus amounting to above £16,000, and at the latter to £13,000—nine persons, with four children, being the family; the rest, with the exception of the two officers in attendance, being servants—the whole number amounting to 59.

One day, on hearing that Napoleon had not been seen by the attendant officer, the governor visited Longwood. "I passed," said he, "through his dining-room, drawing-room, and another room, in which were displayed a great number of maps and plans laid out on a table, and several quires of writing, and was then introduced into an inner room, with a small bed in it, and a couch, on which Bonaparte was reclining, having only his dressing-gown on, and without his shoes." On the governor's expressing regret for his indisposition, and offering him medical advice, "I want no doctor," said he. On his asking "whether Lady Bingham had arrived, and being answered that her non-arrival was owing to the delay of the Adamant transport, which was also bringing wines, furniture, &c., for Longwood, he said—"It was all owing to the want of a chronometer; that it was a miserable saving of the Admiralty not to give every vessel of above two hundred tons one; and that he had done it in France." After a pause, he asked—"What was the situation of affairs in France when I left Europe?" I said, "Everything, I believe, was settled there." Beauchamp's Campaign of 1814 was lying on the floor near him. He asked me if I had written the letters referred to in the appendix to this work. I answered, "Yes." "I recollect Marshal Blücher at Lubeck," said he; "is he not very old?" "Seventy-five years," I replied, "but still vigorous—supporting himself on horseback for sixteen hours a-day, when circumstances render it necessary."

Napoleon then, after a pause, returned to the usual observations on his captivity. "I should have sur-

rendered myself," said he, to the Emperor of Russia, who was my friend, or to the Emperor of Austria, who was related to me. There is courage in putting a man to death, but it is an act of cowardice to let him languish, and to poison him in so horrid an island, and so detestable a climate." To the governor's remark that St Helena was not unhealthy, and that the object of the British Government was, to make his residence on the island as satisfactory to himself as possible, he said—"Let them send me a coffin—a couple of balls in the head is all that is necessary. What does it signify to me whether I lie on a velvet couch or on fustian? I am a soldier, and accustomed to everything."

As to his repeated expression, that he might have put himself into the hands of others, and that he voluntarily gave himself up to England, there can be no doubt of his *conscious* falsehood on both points. The French provisional government would not have suffered him to pass the frontier; nor would he have given himself up to Captain Maitland if he could have escaped to America. He also dreaded the sentence of the Bourbons, who would probably have imprisoned, or even put him to death, as they did Ney and Labédoyère, and as Murat was shot by order of the Neapolitan government. If he had fallen into Blücher's hands, that officer proposed to have him shot in the ditch of Vincennes, on the very spot where the Duc d'Enghien was murdered; a proposal which was ineffectual only through the generous objections of the Duke of Wellington. The proclamation of the Allied sovereigns had already put him in a state of *outravry* with Europe. Napoleon knew all this: he had been a prisoner at Malmaison; and though spared for the moment, he might be convinced that, on the withdrawal of the Allied troops, his life would have been demanded by the tribunals. Thus his declarations of confidence in England amounted simply to the belief that he would not be put to death in its hands. He was too sagacious to suppose that he could have been let loose again, to be the fire-brand of the Continent, or to play once more the farce of royalty in Elba.

The inveteracy of Napoleon in his hatred of the governor almost amounted to frenzy. After one of these interviews, he said, "I never saw such a horrid countenance. He (Sir H. Lowe) sat in a chair opposite to my sofa, and on the little table between us was a cup of coffee. His physiognomy made such an unfavourable impression on me that I thought *his looks had poisoned it*. I ordered Marchand to throw it out of the window. I could not have swallowed it for the world." Part of this "*horror*" was probably "*acting*;" but as everything reached Sir Hudson, it belonged to the system of insult.

Napoleon's ideas of religion were sometimes regarded as *decent*, compared with the general tone of the Continent. On his deathbed he said, "*Je ne suis ni physicien ni philosophe.*" (I am neither a *materialist* nor an *infidel*.) But an anecdote given in Sir Hudson's correspondence shows the unfortunate conception of his creed: "Dr O'Meara related to me yesterday a very characteristic observation of this remarkable personage. He asked him, on seeing that he had taken his oath to the authenticity of the paper he had brought to me, in what manner he had sworn to it. Dr O'Meara replied, 'On the New Testament.' 'Then, you are such a fool!' was his reply." His attendants were obviously much of the same order of thinking: "Cipriani came out one day from Bonaparte's room, to Dr O'Meara, saying, in a manner indicative of great surprise, 'My master is certainly beginning to lose his head. *He believes in God.*' You may think; he said to the servant who was shutting the windows, 'Why do you take from us the light which God gives us?' Oh, certainly he loses his head. He began at Waterloo, but now it is *certain*." His following remark was curious, as an evidence of the *actual* feeling of these people with respect to the man whom they professed to *adore*. Cipriani added—"I do not believe in God; because, if there were one, he would not have allowed a man, who has done so much harm, to live so long. And *he* does not believe; because, if he believed, he would not have caused so many millions of men

to be killed in this world, for fear of meeting them in the other." This is absurd, but it is perhaps the average of Italian belief. Cipriani was *maître d'hôtel*, and a man of intelligence. He died on the island in 1818.

One of the conversations transmitted by O'Meara related to Waterloo. "The worst thing," said Napoleon, "that England ever did, was that of endeavouring to make herself a great military nation. In doing that, she must *always be the slave* of Russia, Prussia, or Austria, or at least in some degree subservient to them, because she has not enough of men to combat on the Continent either France or any of the others, and consequently must hire men from some of them; whereas, at sea, you are so superior, your sailors so much better, that you will always be superior to us. Your soldiers, too, have not the qualities for a military nation; they are not equal in agility, address, or intelligence to the French; and when they meet with a reverse, their discipline is very bad. . . . I saw myself the retreat of Moore, and I never in my life witnessed anything so bad as the conduct of the soldiers; it was impossible to collect them or make them do anything; nearly all were drunk."

This is a calumny. The army under General Moore offered battle to the army under Napoleon, who *declined it*; and when he saw the steadiness of the British, on their retreat through an exhausted country, and especially saw that his troops could make no impression on the fifteen thousand men commanded by Moore, and *saw* (as we understood) the utter defeat of the cavalry of his guard by the British Hussars, under the command of the present Marquis of Londonderry, he wisely drew rein, and returned to Paris, leaving it to Soult "to drive the leopards into the sea," who, instead of performing this exploit, was himself beaten on the shore, and forced to see the British embark at their ease. It is true that the rapidity and exhaustion of the British march left many stragglers on the road; but the rapidity resulted from the error of having supposed that there were parallel roads to the high road, by which a French force might have intercepted their march. But,

in *every* attack on that march, the French were repulsed; and such was the nature of their defeat in the battle of Corunna, that they were wholly driven off their ground, and another hour of daylight must have seen their retreat converted into a *route*.

The sneer at England, as not being a military nation, is at once answered by the fact, that its whole regular force is an army of *volunteers*, while all the other armies of Europe are raised by a *conscription*; that in the French war England had an army of 200,000 men, raised by the military spirit of the country, besides 500,000 militia and yeomanry! The answer to the "want of soldierly qualification" in the British troops, is given in the fact, that in the whole war the British army *never* lost a pitched battle.

Napoleon's account of Waterloo, as given in these pages, is, simply, that Wellington did everything *wrong*, but with the good fortune of everything turning out right; that he *ought*, in all propriety, to have been beaten, though he beat; that the battle was a series of blunders, which by the power of destiny, or *something* else, turned into victory; and that he himself ought, by all the rules of war, to have been marching in triumph into Brussels, while he was running away to Paris, leaving 10,000 Frenchmen slain, prisoners, or fugitives, instead of the 40,000 Englishmen, who *ought* to have fallen. In the same spirit, Napoleon ought to have been sitting on the throne of France, while he was talking fustian at St Helena. "What," said Napoleon, "must have been the consequence of *my* victory?" The indignation against the Ministry for "having caused the loss of 40,000 of the flower of the English army, of the sons of the first families, and others, who would have perished there, would have excited such a popular commotion, that—"they would have been *turned out*." (A rather lame and impotent conclusion.) "The English would then have made peace, and withdrawn from the Coalition."

This is one of the perpetual absurdities of foreigners. England has *never* been compelled to an ignominious peace, by losses in war. She has *never* seen an enemy in her capital.

Loving peace, she willingly makes peace; but she has *never* surrendered her sword to make it.

He persevered in this verbiage. "I had succeeded; before twelve o'clock everything was mine, I might almost say. But *destiny* and *accident* decided it otherwise." The curious combination of the most fixed, and the most casual, of all things, was alone adequate to account for the defeat of Napoleon! and with this folly the prisoner nursed his self-delusion to the end.

One of the chief charges against the English Government was its stinting the French tables. But one of O'Meara's *private* letters gives a fair account of the matter. "With respect to the allowance within which all the expenses were directed I comprised—viz., £8000 sterling a year, to which Sir Hudson Lowe has, on his own responsibility, since added £1000 yearly (!) in my opinion a due regard has not been paid to circumstances, and I do not think even this latter sum will be sufficient. . . . . You perhaps are not aware of the French mode of living and their cookery. They have, in fact, *two* dinners every day—one at eleven or twelve o'clock, to which joints, roast and boiled, with all their various hashes, ragouts, fricassees, &c., &c., are served up, with wine and liqueurs; and another at eight o'clock, which differs from the former only in being supplied with more dishes. Besides these two meals, they all have (except Bonaparte himself, who eats only twice a-day, certainly very heartily) something like an English breakfast, in *bed*, between eight and nine in the morning; and a luncheon, with wine, at four or five in the afternoon.

"The common notion of the English eating more animal food than the French is most incorrect. I am convinced that between their two dinners and luncheon they consume three or four times as much as any English family of a similar number. Those two dinners, then, the first of which they have separately in their respective rooms, cause a great consumption of meat and wine, which, together with their mode of cookery, require a great quantity of either oil or butter, both of which are excessively dear in

this place (and you may as well attempt to deprive an Irishman of potatoes as a Frenchman of his oil, or some substitute for it). Their *soupes consommées* (for they are, with one or two exceptions, the greatest gluttons and epicures I ever saw), producing great waste of meat in a place where the necessaries of life are so dear, altogether render necessary a great expenditure of money."

Among the cunning attempts to throw the conduct of the governor into abhorrence, was the charge of refusing Napoleon the *bust* of his son, and even intending to destroy it. O'Meara says, that it had been "landed fourteen days, and some of those in the governor's hands." This is another instance of the language perpetually used; the fact being, "that the bust was landed on the 10th or 11th of Jan. and sent to Longwood the *next day*."

The true narrat was this: In the summer of 1816, the empress Maria Louisa having visited the baths of Leghorn, two marble busts of her son were executed. One of those was purchased by Messrs Beugini in London, in hope of an opportunity of sending it to St Helena. A fore ship, the *Baring*, being about to sail there in January 1817, a foreign gunner on board, named Radavich, was intrusted with the bust, with instructions to give it to Count Bertrand, for Napoleon, leaving it to his generosity "to refund their expenses." It, however, he wished to know the price, it was to be a hundred louis. The captain of the ship (a half-pay lieutenant) knew nothing of its being on board till shortly before, or immediately after, his arrival at St Helena; at that time Radavich was ill of apoplexy, followed by delirium, so that for several days it was impossible to speak to him on the subject. When Sir Thomas Reade was informed that it was on board, he immediately acquainted the governor with the circumstance. Sir Hudson Lowe, considering the clandestine manner in which it was brought, was at first inclined to retain it until he had communicated with Lord Bathurst. But, Sir T. Reade suggesting that as the bust was not *plaster*, it could not contain letters, advised its being forwarded at

once, and the governor assented. Before, however, ordering it on shore, he himself went to Longwood, to ascertain Napoleon's wish through Bertrand. Major Gorrequer accompanied him, and in his notes gives an account of the interview. The governor mentioned the arrival of the bust to Bertrand, and said that he would take upon himself the responsibility of landing it, if such was the wish of Napoleon. Bertrand's answer was, "No doubt it will give him pleasure." The next day the bust was landed, taken to Longwood, and received by Napoleon with evident delight. By some means or other he had known of its arrival, and said to O'Meara on the 10th, "I have known it several days." He then rushed into one of those explosions of wrath and oratory which were familiar to him. He said, "I intended, if it had not been given, to have made such a complaint as would have caused every Englishman's hair to stand on end! I should have told a tale which would have made the mothers of England execrate him as a monster in human shape."

And all this with the bust before his eyes. To heighten the effect, he would persist in pretending to believe that Sir Hudson Lowe had given orders for breaking up the bust, and on this fancy he declaimed anew against him, calling him "barbarous and treacherous." "That countenance," said he, turning to the bust, "would melt the heart of the most ferocious *wild beast*! The man who gave orders to break that image would *plunge a knife* into the heart of the original, if it were in his power." And all this fury for a fiction!—the palpable contradiction to the charge of cruelty standing on his table.

It is not even clear, after all, that there was *not* an intrigue connected with this bust: Napoleon exhibited extreme anxiety to see Radavich. This the governor permitted, but on the condition of the officer in attendance being present, and it was declined. Lord Bathurst, in his despatch to St Helena, said, "The suspicious circumstances under which the bust arrived, were sufficient to make you pause before you determined to transmit it to the general. Had the package contained anything less interesting to

him in his character as a father, the clandestine manner in which it was introduced on board of the vessel would have been a sufficient reason for withholding the delivery of it, at least for a much longer period. . . . I am not disposed to participate in his (the French ambassador's) apprehensions that letters *were conveyed* in it. No doubt, however, can be entertained that attempts are making at clandestine communications."

To this we may add that, by some secret means, the French were acquainted with every transaction of Europe, and frequently before the public authorities.

Napoleon ordered £300 to be given to Radavich (who was merely the agent for the London house). O'Meara says, in his *Voice from St Helena*, that, "by some unworthy tricks, this poor man did not recover the money for nearly two years." This is a proof of the slipshod statements which are to be found in the volume: the fact being, that, in March 1818, the former proprietors of the bust wrote to Bertrand, to complain of the conduct of Radavich, as having come to no settlement with them "for the payment he had received for the bust, and for the other articles intrusted to him; and that he had gone from England without rendering any account to them." They solicited Bertrand to give them some remuneration.

Our limits warn us that we must conclude, leaving a crowd of interesting incidents behind. The work seems perfectly to clear Sir Hudson Lowe's character, not merely from the charge of severity, but even from the imputation of peevishness. No man could be placed in a situation of greater difficulty. He had to deal with a *colony* of the most unscrupulous kind; he had also especially to deal with a man irritated by the most signal downfall in European record, subtle beyond all example, unhesitating in evasion, formed of falsehood, and furious at necessary coercion. He had to meet also the clamours of French partisanship throughout Europe, and to bear the calumnies of faction even in England. He had to endure personal insult, and to counteract reckless intrigue. If he had been raised into violence of temper, no man could be



more easily pardoned for its excess; but there is not a single *proof* of this charge, and the whole tenor of his conduct seems to have been patient and equable, though strict and firm. He had one paramount duty to perform—the prevention of Napoleon's escape, and he did that duty. All minor deficiencies, if they existed, might be merged in the perfect performance of a duty which involved the peace of the world.

The dismissal of O'Meara from his office in the island, followed by his dismissal from the navy, let loose a personal enemy of some ability, much plausibility, and the bitterest anger. His volume, *A Voice from St Helena*, embodied all the charges against Sir Hudson Lowe, and was prosecuted as a libel. But the prosecution having, in the opinion of the judges, been delayed for some months beyond the legal time, it failed, on that ground only. The governor of St Helena drew up a refutation of the volume, which still remains in the archives of Govern-

ment. Why he did not appeal to the opinion of the country—a duty which no public man can decline without loss to his own character—cannot now be ascertained. He was probably weary of a life of contradiction, and had no desire to continue it in controversy.

But the task, though long delayed, has finally been performed, as it appears to us, with perfect manliness, clearness, and conviction, by its present author. Mr Forsyth's style is admirably fitted for his subject—fair, forcible, and argumentative. By his work he has done credit to himself, and cleared the character of a brave, an honest, and a high-minded English soldier and gentleman. We know no ampler panegyric on the uses or the successes of authorship.

Sir Hudson Lowe was appointed to the colonelcy of the first vacant regiment (the 93d) on his return—was subsequently in command of the troops in Ceylon—and at length, yielding to the effects of toil and time, died in 1811, in his 75th year.

## NEW READINGS IN SHAKESPEARE.

A copy of almost any ancient author, with its margins studded with antique manuscript jottings, is a treasure to the scholar who possesses it, and a sore temptation to all his antiquarian friends. What, then, must be the priceless value of an early folio, thus annotated, of Shakespeare, the Emperor of all the Literatures? Would not a lover of the poet be almost inclined to sell his whole library in order to purchase that single book? And when secured, with what zest would he not set himself to decipher the crabbed hieroglyphics on the margins of the intoxicating windfall! The various readings, recommended by the charm of novelty, and yet apparently as old, and *perhaps* as genuine as the printed text, would gradually become its rivals. Alterations, occasionally felicitous, would throw an air of respectability over their less insinuating associates. Sole possession would enhance the importance of the discovery. Solitary enjoyment would deepen the relish of the entertainment. The situation is one not at all favourable to the exercise of a sound critical judgment. Imagination goes to work, and colours the facts according to its own wishes; and faith and hope, "hovering o'er," at length drive away all misgivings as to the authenticity of the emendations. That fine old handwriting, which is as conscientious as it is curious, is itself a guarantee that the corrections are not spurious—are not merely

conjectural. The manuscript-corrector must have had good grounds for what he did. He may have been Shakespeare's bosom friend, his boon companion, his chosen confidant, and perhaps the assistant in his labours; or, if not that, at any rate the friend of some one who had known the great dramatist well—was acquainted with his innermost thoughts—and as intimate with his works, and with all that he intended to express, as if he himself had written them. At all events, the corrector must have had access to sources of information respecting the text of the plays, the results of which have perished to all the world—*except me*, the happy holder of this unique and inestimable volume.

Such, we conceive, would be the state of mind and the train of reasoning into which a man would naturally be thrown by the acquisition of such an agitating prize as we have supposed. Under the excitement of his feelings, the authority of the corrector of the work would, in all likelihood, supersede the authority of its composer; the penman would carry the day against the printer; and the possessor of the book would do his best to press the "new readings" into the ears and down the throats of a somewhat uncritical but not altogether passive or unsuspicious public.

The case which we have described is to be understood as a general and ideal one; but something of this kind

*Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays, from Early MS. Corrections in a Copy of the Folio, 1632, in the possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.R.S., forming a Supplemental Volume to the Works of Shakespeare, by the same Editor.*

*The Text of Shakespeare indicated from the Interpolations and Corruptions introduced by J. P. Collier, Esq., in his Notes and Emendations.* By SAMUEL WILLER SINGER. 1853.

*Old Lamps or New? A Plea for the Original Editions of the Text of Shakespeare, forming an Introductory Notice to the Stratford Shakespeare.* Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT. 1853.

*A Few Notes on Shakespeare, with Occasional Remarks on the Emendations of the MS. Corrector in Mr Collier's Copy of the Folio, 1632.* By the Rev. ALEXANDER DYCE. 1853.

*A Few Remarks on the Emendation "Who smothers her with Poisoning," in the Play of Cymbeline, discovered by Mr Collier in a Corrected Copy of the Second Edition of Shakespeare.* 1852.

*New Illustrations of the Life, Studies, and Writings of Shakespeare, supplementary to all Editions.* By JOSEPH HUNTER. In 2 vols. 1845.

seems to have befallen Mr Collier, whom accident lately placed in possession of a copy of the folio of Shakespeare, 1632, plentifully garnished with manuscript notes and emendations. In these trying circumstances he has acted very much in the way which might have been anticipated. It is true that he announces his good fortune in a strain of moderated enthusiasm. "In the spring of 1849," says he, "I happened to be in the shop of the late Mr Rodd, of Great Newport Street, at a time when a package of books arrived from the country." Among them was a very indifferent copy of the folio of Shakespeare, 1632, which Mr Collier, concluding hastily that it would complete an imperfect copy of the same edition which he had purchased from the same bookseller some time before, bought for thirty shillings. The purchase did not answer its purpose. The two leaves that were wanted to complete the other folio "were unfit for my purpose, not merely by being too short" (how very particular these book-louvers are), "but otherwise damaged and defaced. Thus disappointed, I threw it by, and did not see it again until I made a selection of books I would take with me on quitting London. On consulting it afterwards," continues Mr Collier, "it struck me that Thomas Perkins, whose name, with the addition of 'his Booke,' was upon the cover, might be the old actor who had performed in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* on its revival shortly before 1633." That would have been an important fact, as helping to connect the MS. corrections closely with the Shakespearean era. But here Mr Collier was doomed to disappointment. On further inquiry he found that the actor's name was Richard Perkins: "still," says he, with a faith too buoyant to be submerged by such a trifle, "Thomas Perkins might have been a descendant of Richard," from whom, of course, he probably inherited a large portion of the emendations. "This circumstance," says Mr Collier, "and others, induced me to examine the volume more particularly: I then discovered, to my surprise, that there was hardly a page which did not present, in a handwriting of the time, some emen-

dations in the pointing or in the text, while on most of them they were frequent, and on many numerous. Of course I now submitted the folio to a most careful scrutiny; and as it occupied a considerable time to complete the inspection, how much more must it have consumed to make the alterations? The ink was of various shades, differing sometimes on the same page, and I was once disposed to think that two distinct hands had been employed upon them. This notion I have since abandoned, and I am now decidedly of opinion that the same writing prevails from beginning to end, but that the amendments must have been introduced from time to time during perhaps the course of several years."

But although Mr Collier speaks thus calmly of his prize, we are nevertheless convinced, by the rapidity of his conversion from the old readings to the new, that he, like the rest of us, is liable to be carried a little off his feet by any sudden stroke of prosperity, and is keenly alive (as most people are) to the superior merits of anything that happens to be his own. It is our nature to admire what we alone have been privileged to possess or to discover. Hence Mr Collier has stepped at one plunge from possession into cordial approbation and unhesitating adoption of most of the corrections set forth on the margins of his folio. Formerly the staunchest defender of the old Shakespearean text, he is now the advocate of changes in it, to an extent which calls for very grave consideration on the part of those who regard the language of the poet as a sacred inheritance, not to be disturbed by innovations, without the strongest evidence, the most conclusive reasons, and the most clamant necessity being adduced in their support.

We are far from blaming Mr Collier for having published his volume of "Notes and Emendations." Although it might be advantageously reduced in bulk by the omission of many details occupied with the settlement of matters which have been long ago settled, still it is in some respects a valuable contribution to the literature of Shakespeare. We have no faith whatever in the authenticity of the new readings; a

few of them, however—a very few—seem to us to be irresistibly established by their own self-evidence; while the whole of them are invested with a certain degree of interest as the interpretations of an indefatigable, though thick-headed, of a blundering, yet early and perhaps almost contemporary, scholiast. As a matter of curiosity, and as indicative of the state of English criticism in the 17th century, the new readings are acceptable; and the thanks of the literary portion of the community are due to Mr Collier for having favoured them with this publication. But here the obligation stops. To insert the new readings into the text, and to publish them as the genuine words of Shakespeare (which we understand Mr Collier has either done or threatens to do), is a proceeding which cannot be too solemnly denounced. This is to poison our language in its very “wells of English undefiled.” It is to obliterate the distinctions which characterise the various eras of our vernacular tongue; for however near to the time of Shakespeare our newly discovered scholiast may have lived, there was doubtless some interval between them—an interval during which our language was undergoing considerable changes. It is to lose hold of old modes of thought, as well as of old forms of expression; it is to confound the different styles of our literature;—it is to vitiate with anachronisms the chronology of our speech;—it is to profane the memory of Shakespeare.

When we look for evidence in favour of the authenticity of these (so-called) “Emendations,” we look for it in vain. The state of the case may perhaps be understood, by attending to the following particulars. Of Shakespeare’s handwriting, so far as is known, there is not now extant so much as “the scrape of a pen,” with the exception of the autograph of his name. Of his plays, thirteen were published in an authentic form during his life, and four in spurious or “pirated” editions. These are called the quartos. After his death, one of his plays was published, by itself, for the first time—“*Othello*.” In 1623, seven years after his death, the first folio appeared. It contains the eighteen plays just re-

ferred to, with the addition of eighteen, now published for the first time. This folio 1623 was printed (if we are to believe its editors, and there is no reason to doubt their word) from Shakespeare’s own manuscripts, and from the quarto editions, revised and corrected to some extent, either by his own hand or under his authority. So that the folio 1623 is the highest authority that can be appealed to in the settlement of his text. It ranks even before the quartos, except in cases of obvious misprint, or other self-evident oversights. To it, in so far as external evidence is concerned, all other proof must yield. Internal evidence may occasionally solicit the alteration of its text; but such emendations must, in every case, be merely conjectural. It is the basis of every genuine edition, and must continue so, until Shakespeare’s own manuscripts be brought to light.

Out of these circumstances an important consideration arises. It is this, that we are not entitled, on any account, to alter the text of the folio 1623, even in cases where manifest improvements might be made, so long as the old reading makes sense. If any reasonable meaning can be extracted from the received lection, we are bound to retain it, because we have every reason to believe that it is what Shakespeare wrote; and it is our object to possess his words and his meaning, not as we may suppose they *ought* to have been, but as they actually *were*. Where no sense at all can be obtained from a passage, a slight, perhaps a considerable, alteration is allowable; because any man’s intelligibility is to be preferred to even Shakespeare’s unintelligibility. But we are never to flatter ourselves, with any strong degree of assurance, that the correction has restored to us the exact language of the poet.

This consideration had, in former years, its due weight with Mr Collier. No one was a keener advocate than he for preserving the original text inviolate. He now views the matter in a different light. He is tolerant of new readings, even in cases where sense can be elicited from the received text. Further, he frequently gives the preference to new readings, as we hope to show, even in cases where the

old reading is far the more forcible and intelligible of the two. And on what ground does he countenance them? Setting aside at present the question of their internal evidence, we reply, that he countenances them on the ground that the folio 1623 is of doubtful authenticity. He denies that it was prepared from Shakespeare's own papers. This is the foundation of his case. He maintains that the copy which the printer used had been (probably) dictated by some underling of the theatre, to some scribe whose ear (probably) often deceived him in taking up the right word, and who consequently put down a wrong one, which was subsequently set up in type by the printer. He is further of opinion that a text of Shakespeare, purer than any that ever got into print, was preserved orally in the theatre, and that the corrector of his folio, who was decidedly of a theatric turn, and perhaps himself a manager, picked up his new readings from the mouths of the players themselves. But he has entirely failed to prove these improbable assertions. His theory in regard to the printing of the folio 1623 is contradicted by the distinct announcement of its editors, who say of their great master that "his mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." This declaration, that the materials from which they worked were derived directly from Shakespeare himself, seems to establish conclusively the authenticity of the folio 1623; and that point being made good, all external evidence in favour of the new readings must of necessity fail.

But perhaps these new readings are supported by their internal evidence—perhaps they bring along with them such an amount of force and propriety as carries conviction on the very face of it, and entitles them to a decided preference in comparison with the old? Mr Collier would fain think so. On their evident superiority, both in sense and in style, he rests the main strength of his case. Speaking of his volume, he says, "I ought not to hesitate in avowing my conviction, that we are bound to admit by far the greater body

of the substitutions it contains, as the *restored language* of Shakespeare. As he was especially the poet of common life, so he was emphatically the poet of common sense; and to the *verdict of common sense* I am willing to submit all the more material alterations recommended on the authority before me. If they will not bear that test, I for one am willing to *relinquish* them."

Our principal object in the following pages is to show that "by far the greater body of the substitutions" will not stand this test; and that many of them present such a perverse deprivation of the true text, that if the design of the corrector had been to damage the literary character of Shakespeare, he could not have accomplished his purpose more effectually than by representing these new readings as his. At the same time, we shall endeavour to bring forward everything in Mr Collier's volume which tells in the manuscript-corrector's favour. This will probably cause the corrector's notes and emendations to be more highly thought of than they deserve; because, while it will be no difficult matter to lay before the reader *all*, or nearly all, his judicious amendments, our space will not permit us to present to him one-twentieth part of his astounding aberrations. Selecting, then, as many of the more important alterations as our limits will allow, and weighing what their internal evidence is worth, we shall go over the plays *seriatim*, commencing with "The Tempest."

THE TEMPEST.—The new readings in this play are generally unimportant, and, in our judgment, not one of them ought to be admitted into the text. In no case would anything be gained, and in some cases a good deal would be lost, by adopting the proposed changes. In the following passage the original text is certainly unsatisfactory, but the new reading is at least equally so. Antonio, the usurping Duke of Milan, has become so habituated to the possession of his unlawful power, and has been so little checked in the exercise of it, that he at length believes himself to be the real duke. This idea is thus expressed. Prospero, the rightful duke, says of him—

"He being thus *lorded*,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact,—like

Who having, *unto truth*, by telling of it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory  
To credit his own lie, — he did believe  
He was indeed the duke."

For "*lorded*," Mr Collier's emendator would read "*loaded*"—a correction which Mr Collier himself admits to be "questionable," and which we throw overboard at once. For "*unto truth*" he proposes "*to untruth*"—

Who having, *to untruth*, by telling of it," &c.

But here, if one flaw is mended, another and a worse one is made. By reading "*to untruth*" we obtain, indeed, a proper antecedent to "*it*," which otherwise must be looked for, awkwardly enough, in the subsequent word "*lie*." But as a set-off against this improvement, we would ask, how can a man be said to make his memory a sinner *to untruth*? This would mean, if it meant anything, that the man's memory was true; and this is precisely what Prospero says Antonio's memory was *not*. We must leave, therefore, the text as it stands, regarding it as one of those passages in which Shakespeare has expressed himself with less than his usual care and felicity.

The substitution of "*all*" for "*are*" in the lines,

"They all have met again,  
And *are* upon the Mediterranean float"—

Or, as the MS. corrector reads it,  
"They *all* upon the Mediterranean float"

strikes us as peculiarly un-Shakespearean. But this instance of the corrector's injudicious meddling is a small matter. The following passage deserves more careful consideration, for we are convinced that the text of the first and second folios, which has been universally rejected since the days of Theobald, is, after all, the right reading. *Act III. Scene 1* opens with the soliloquy of Ferdinand, who declares that the irksome tasks to which he has been set by Prospero are sweetly alleviated by the consciousness that he has secured the interest and sympathy of Miranda. He says—

\* There be some sports are painful; but their labour

Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me as odious; but  
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's

And makes my labours pleasures. Oh, 'tis  
Ten times more gentle than her father  
And he's composed of harshness. I must

Some thousands of these I — and pile them  
Up —  
Up in a sacred function. My sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such

Had never an executor. I forget.  
But the sweet thoughts do even refresh my  
labour  
And busy — *when I do it*.

The last line, as it here stands, is Theobald's reading; and it has been adopted almost unanimously by subsequent editors—by the compilers of the *variorum* Shakespeare—by Mr Knight—and most recently by Mr Halliwell, in his magnificent folio. Mr Singer, in his edition of 1826, and Mr Collier's emendator, are, so far as we can learn, the only dissentients. The former proposes, "most busiest when I do it;" and the latter, "most busy,—blest when I do it;" which reading we agree with Mr Singer in thinking "the very worst and most improbable of all that have been suggested;"—will he excuse us for adding—except perhaps, his own? Theobald's text is certainly greatly to be preferred to either of these alterations. Had the MS. corrector's emendation been a compound epithet, "*busy-blest*" (that is, blest with my business, because it is associated with thoughts of Miranda), something, though perhaps not much, might possibly have been said in its behalf. But Mr Collier regards the correction as consisting of two distinct words; and, therefore, he must excuse us for saying that it is one in which sense and grammar are equally set at defiance. We now take up the original reading, which has been universally discarded, but which, as we hope clearly to show, calls for no alteration; and an attention to which, at an earlier stage in the revision of Shakespeare's text, might have prevented a large expenditure of very unnecessary criticism. The original text of the line under consideration is this—

"Most busy, least when I do it."

This is the reading of the second folio. The first folio has "lest;" but, of course, *least* and *lest* are the same word in the arbitrary spelling of that early period. We maintain that this lection makes as excellent and undeniable sense as could be desired.

"Most busy, least when I do it:"

—that is, "when I do it (or work) *least*, then am I *most* busy, *most* oppressed by toil." More fully stated, the obvious meaning is "this labour of mine is so preciously sweetened, so agreeably refreshed by thoughts of Miranda's kindness, that I really feel *most* busy, most burthened, most fatigued, when I am *least* occupied with my task; because, then I am not so sensible of being the object of her sympathy and approval." Shakespeare intends that Ferdinand should express the ardour of his attachment to Miranda in a strong hyperbole: accordingly, he makes him say, "I am most busy, when I am least busy;" because the spirit of Miranda does not cheer and inspire my idleness, in the way in which it cheers and inspires my labour. Theobald's line expresses, although in an imperfect manner, this same hyperbole conversely. "I am least busy, when I am most busy; because, when I am working hardest, the spirit of Miranda is present to refresh and alleviate my toils." But Shakespeare's mode of expressing the exaggeration is both stronger and finer than Theobald's, which in point of language is exceedingly lame and defective. Our only doubt, in restoring the old reading, is in regard to the word "it." Perhaps it would be as well away, and we might read more perspicuously

"Most busy,—*least* when I do."

The measure being already redundant, the word could be spared. But its absence or presence makes little or no difference, and, with it, or without it, we hope to see this restoration of the original text, which, of course, requires no authority except its own to establish it, embodied in all future editions of our great national dramatist.

The only new reading in this play which we have some hesitation in condemning, is the following. The

witch Sycorax is spoken of (*Act V. Scene 1.*) as one

"That could control the moon, make flows  
and ebbs,  
And deal in her command *without* her power."

This is the ordinary text. The MS. corrector proposes "*with all power*;" and, at first sight, this correction looks like an improvement; for how could the witch deal in the moon's command, if she had not got the moon's power? On second thoughts, however, we believe that Mr Knight, who defends the common reading, is right. By "power," we are here to understand *legitimate* authority; and of this Sycorax has none. By means of her spells and countenatural incantations she could make ebbs and flows, and thus wielded to some extent the lunar influences; but she had none of that rightful and natural dominion over the tides of the ocean which belongs only to the moon. Our verdict, therefore, is in favour of the old reading. We pass from "The Tempest" with the remark that the other new readings proposed by Mr Collier's emendator have here and elsewhere been conclusively set aside, in our estimation, by the observations of Mr Knight and Mr Singer; and we again protest against any adulteration of the text of this play by the introduction even of a single word which the MS. corrector has suggested.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  
—Nothing connected with Shakespeare is small, and therefore we make no apology for calling the reader's attention to what some people might consider a very small matter—the difference between *for* and *but* in the following lines. *Act I. Scene 1.*—Valentine and Proteus, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," are saying good-bye to each other, the former being on the eve of setting out on his travels. Valentine, the traveller, says to his friend—

"On some love-book pray for my success.  
*Proteus.* Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.  
*Valentine.* That's on some shallow story of deep love,  
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.  
*Proteus.* That's a deep story of a deeper love,  
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Valentine. 'Tis true ; for you are over boots  
in love,  
And yet you never swam the Hellespont."

In place of "for" in the last line but one, the corrector proposes "but," and Mr Collier approves, remarking that *but* "seems more consistent with the course of the dialogue." If, however, we attend to the sequence of thought in this passage, it will be apparent that the change not only fails to render the dialogue more consistent, but that it altogether destroys its consistency, converting very good sense into downright non-sense; smartness into drivell. When Proteus says that Leander who crossed the Hellespont was more than over shoes in love, Valentine catches him up, "'Tis true: no doubt of it: he must have been more than over shoes in love; for you, who never swam the Hellespont at all, are actually over boots in love." The reasoning here seems very plain. If Proteus, without swimming the Hellespont, was over *boots* in love, surely the very least that could be said of Leander, who did swim it, must be that he was more than over *boots* in love. "Your remark, friend Proteus, though very true, is not very recondite. It is decidedly common-place, and such as I should scarcely have expected to hear from a person of your wit and penetration. Pray favour us with something a little more original and profound." All this banter, and we venture to think it rather happy, is implied in Valentine's words:—

" 'Tis true ; for you are over boots in love,  
And yet you never swam the Hellespont."

But change this "for" into "but," and the whole point of the dialogue is gone. Let this new reading be adopted, and future commentators will be justified in declaring that Shakespeare's words were sometimes without meaning. This single and apparently insignificant instance in which the corrector has palpably misconceived his author, compels us to distrust his capacity, and ought to go far to shake the general credit of his emendations.

To alter "blasting in the bud," into "blasted in the bud," is merely an instance of excessive bad taste on the part of the MS. corrector. We see nothing worthy of approval or animadversion until we come to two lines

which are quoted from *Act III. Scene 2* :—

"But say, this *weed* her love from Valentine,  
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio"—

where it may be a question whether "wean" (the corrector's suggestion), might not be judiciously substituted for "weed." If rapid extirpation was intended to be expressed, "weed" is the word: otherwise we are disposed to prefer "wean," as better fitted to denote the contemplated alienation of Julia's affections from Proteus.

In *Act IV. Scene 2*, a whole new line is introduced, and as there is no evidence to prove that the corrector did not write this line himself, we must protest against its insertion in the genuine writings of Shakespeare. The interpolation is in italics. Eglamour says to the distressed Silvia, who is requesting him to be her escort—

"Madam, I pity much your grievances,  
*And I must try to attract those that you loathe,*  
Which since I know they viciously are  
placed,  
I give consent to go along with you."

Johnson explains *grievances* as sorrows, *sorrorful affections*—an explanation which renders the interpolated line quite unnecessary. Shakespeare understood the art of *ne quid nimis*, and frequently leaves something to be supplied by the imagination of his reader or learner. Besides, it would have been indelicate in Eglamour to have alluded more particularly to the "loves" of Silvia and Valentine.

If the MS. corrector had ever seen *Scene IV.* effectively acted, he must have perceived how completely one good point would have been destroyed by his unwise insertion of the word "cur." Lannce, servant to Proteus, has been sent by his master with a little dog as a present to Silvia. Lannce has lost the lap dog, and has endeavoured to make compensation by offering to Silvia his own hulking mongrel in its place. These particulars are thus recounted:—

"Lannce. MARY, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Proteus. — And what says she to my little jewel?"

Lannce. — Mary, she says your dog was a cur; and tells you curish thanks is good enough for such a present.

P. above. — But she received my present?"



*Lantern.*—No, indeed, she did not. Here I have brought him back again.

*Protes.*—What! didst thou offer her *this* from me?

*Lantern.*—Ay, sir, the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place; and then I offered her mine own, which is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.\*

The question is, whether the word "this" is better by itself, or whether it should be coupled with the word "cur," as the MS. emendator proposes. Our notion is, that the single pronoun is greatly the more expressive. "Did you offer her *this*" (of course pointing to the brute with an expression of indignation and abhorrence, which disdained to call him anything but *this*) "THIS!! from me? The lady must think me mad." In regard to the other corrections, we perceive no such force or propriety in any of them as might incline us to disturb, for their sake, the received text of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.  
—In *Act II. Scene 1*, the commentators have all been gravelled by the word "an-heires," as it stands in all the early editions in the following passage—

"Host. —My hand, bully, thou shalt have eggs and reggess; said I well, and thy ram shall be Brook. It is a merry flight—will you go, *anheires*?"

In place of this unintelligible word, various substitutes have been proposed. The MS. corrector would read—"Will you go *on here*?" This is very poor, and sounds to our ears very unlike the host's ordinary slang; and we have no hesitation in agreeing with Mr Dyce,\* who gives the preference over all the other readings to that of Sir John Hanmer, the editor of the Oxford edition: "Will you go on, *my-mheers*?"—will you go on, my masters? The word is proved to have been used in England in the time of Shakspeare.

\* *A Few Notes on Shakspeare*, &c., p. 22.

† This expression, "to cry aim," occurs in a serious application, in the following lines from "King John," *Act II. Scene 1*:—

"K. Philip.—Peace, lady; pause or be more temperate:  
It ill becomes this presence, to cry aim  
To these ill-tuned repetitions"—

that is, to give encouragement to these ill-tuned wranglings.

In *Act II. Scene 3*, this same host, who deals somewhat largely in the unknown tongue, again says—

"I will bring thee where Mistress Page is, at a farm-house feasting, and thou shalt woo her. *Cried game*, said I well?"

This obsolete slang has puzzled the commentators sorely. Mr Dyce suggests "cried I aim," which means, it appears, "Did I give you encouragement?"—(*vide* Singer, p. 7.) We confess ourselves incompetent to form an opinion, except to this extent, that Mr Collier's corrector, who proposes "cuds and cream," seems to us to have made the worst shot of any that have been fired.†

In *Act III. Scene 1*, we rather think that the MS. corrector is right in changing "let" into "get," in the following passage: "How now," says Mrs Page to Sir Hugh Evans the schoolmaster; "How now, Sir Hugh?—no school to-day?" "No," answers Sir Hugh; "Master Slender is *let* (read *get*) the boys leave to play." In Sir Hugh's somewhat Celtic dialect, he is *get* the boys a holiday.

In the following passage, *Act III. Scene 5*, the received text is this—

"*Simple.*—I would I could have spoken with the woman herself. I had other things to have spoke with her, too, from him."

*Falstaff.*—What are they?—let us know.

*Host.*—Ay, come; quick.

*Simple.*—I may not *conceal* them, sir.

*Falstaff.*—*Conceal* them, or thou diest."

Good Dr Farmer thought that, in both instances, we should read "reveal"—not perceiving that the humour of the dialogue (such as it is) consists in *reading* "conceal," and in *understanding* "reveal." But the MS. emendator, with an innocence beyond even Dr Farmer's, would alter the passage thus—

"*Falstaff.*—What are they?—let us know.

*Host.*—Ay, come quick.

*Falstaff.*—You may not *conceal* them, sir.

*Host.*—*Conceal* them, and thou diest."

And Mr Collier approves of this variation, as "making the dialogue run quite consistently."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—In the Duke's speech, at the opening of the play, a formidable difficulty presents itself. Addressing Escalus, of whose statesmanlike qualities he has the highest opinion, the Duke says, as all the editions give it—

"On government the properties to unfold,  
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse,  
Since I am put to know that your own science  
Exceeds in that the lists of all advice  
My strength can give you. Then no more remains

But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth  
is able,  
And let them work."

The two last lines of this passage have been a grievous stumbling-block to the commentators. The *variorum* men, with Johnson at their head, have made nothing of it. Mr Singer reads

"Then no more remains  
But *that* to your sufficiency as your worth is  
able,  
And let them work ;"

which seems quite as dark and perplexing as the original text. Mr Collier's man, cutting the knot with desperate hook, which slashes away a good many words, gives us—

"Then no more remains,  
But *add* to your sufficiency your worth,  
And let them work."

These words are sufficiently intelligible; but this is not to rectify Shakespeare's text—it is to re-write it; and this no man can be permitted to do. As a private speculation of our own, we venture to propose the following, altering merely one word of the authentic version—

"Then no more remains,  
But that (to your sufficiency as your worth  
is able)  
You let them work."

The Duke has remarked that he is not competent to give Escalus any advice on matters of public policy, as he is much better versed in such affairs than himself. He then goes on to say, "No more remains, but that (seeing your worth is able—that is, is equal—to your sufficiency or acquired knowledge) you should let the two, your worth and your suffi-

ciency, work together for the good of your country." Or it might be allowable to introduce "equal" into the text, thereby making the sense still plainer—

But that (to your sufficiency as your worth  
is equal)  
You let them work."

But if any auxiliary authority could be found for the use of the word "able" as here employed (a point about which we are doubtful, though not desperate), we should prefer to retain it in the text. By making the words *to* and *as* change places, we obtain a still more perspicuous reading—

"Then no more remains,  
But that (as your sufficiency *to* your worth  
is equal)  
You let them work."

Mr Collier remarks (p. 42), "Near the end of Mrs Overdone's speech, 'is' is required before the words 'to be chopped off.' It is deficient in *all* printed copies, and is inserted in manuscript in the corrected folio 1632." We can inform Mr Collier that the word "is" stands, in this place, in the *variorum* edition of 1785.

Act I. Scene 4.—The Duke, who has abdicated for a time in favour of Angelo, says, in allusion to the abuses which Angelo is expected to correct—

"I have on Angelo imposed my office,  
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike  
I come,  
And yet, my nature never in the sight,  
To do it slander."

The corrector of Mr Collier's folio suggests to *draw on* slander; and as a gloss or explanation of an antiquated or awkward expression, this variation may be accepted; but it certainly has no title to be admitted into the text as the authentic language of Shakespeare. The change of "story" into "scorn" (Scene 5), is perhaps admissible. Alluding to a false species of repentance, the friar, in Act II. Scene 3, says that such insufficient

"Sorrow is always towards ourselves, not  
heaven,  
Showing we would not *spare* heaven, as we  
love it,  
But as we stand in fear."

On the margin of Mr Collier's folio, "serve" is written, and "spare" is scored out. We greatly prefer the

old reading, in spite of Mr Collier's assertion that it is corrupt, and "seems little better than nonsense." To *spare* heaven is not nonsense; it means to refrain from sin. To *serve* heaven means something more; it means to practise holiness. The difference is but slight, but it is quite sufficient to establish the language of Shakespeare as greatly superior to that of his anonymous corrector, because the point here in question is much rather abstinence from vice than the positive practice of virtue.

In *Act II. Scene 4*, the following somewhat obscure expression occurs: "in the loss of question"—what does it mean? "It means," says Mr Singer (p. 11), "in the looseness of conversation." That is a most satisfactory explanation. Yet if Mr Collier and his emendator had their own way, we should be deprived of this genuine Shakespearian phrase, and be put off with the unmeaning words "in the force of question."

In *Act III. Scene 1*, the alteration of "blessed" into "boasted," in the speech in which the Duke so finely moralises on the vanity of human life, cannot be too decidedly condemned—

"Thou" (oh Life) "hast not youth nor age,  
But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both, for if thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg like this  
Of faded old."

Some people may not be able to understand how the period of youth can, in one and the same breath, be called *blessed*, and yet miserable as old age. They look on that as a contradiction. Such people ought never to read poetry. At any rate, they ought first to learn that the poet is privileged, nay, is often bound to declare as actual that which is only potential or ideal. Thus, he may say that *blessed youth* is a *miserable* season of existence, meaning thereby that misery overspreads even that time of life which *ought to be*, and which *ideally* is, the happiest in the pilgrimage of man. The manuscript corrector has but an obtuse perception of these niceties, and hence he substitutes *boasted* for *blessed*—converting Shakespeare's language into mere verbiage.

COMEDY OF ERRORS—*Act I. Scene 1*.—The alteration of the word "nature" into "fortune" in the following lines, is an undoubted departure from the genuine language of Shakespeare, and a perversion of his sense. Egeon, whose life has been forfeited by his accidental arrival at Ephesus, says—

"Yet that the world may witness that my end  
Was wrought by *nature*, not by vile offence,  
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave."

Mr Collier, slightly doubtful of the propriety of the newreading (*fortune*), says, "Possibly by 'nature' we might understand the natural course of events." We say, *certainly* this is what we *must* understand by the word. I die by nature, says Egeon, not by vile offence; or, as Warburton interprets it, "My death is according to the ordinary course of Providence, and not the effects of Divine vengeance overtaking my crimes." But the word "fortune," had Egeon used it, would rather have implied that he regarded himself as an object of Divine displeasure; and therefore this word must not only not be adopted, but it must be specially avoided, if we would preserve the meaning of Shakespeare. In this case, the internal evidence is certainly in favour of the ordinary reading.

In a subsequent part of the same scene, the Duke, who is mercifully inclined towards Egeon, advises him

"To seek thy help by beneficial help."

That is, he recommends him to borrow such a sum of money as may be sufficient to ransom his life. The MS. corrector reads not very intelligibly—

"To seek thy help by"

And Mr Collier, explaining the *obscurum per obscurius*, remarks that "Egeon was to seek what he hoped to obtain (viz. money to purchase his life) by the 'beneficial help' of some persons in Ephesus." The "beneficial help" was itself the money by which he was to "seek his help," or save his life. "Beneficial help" means "pecuniary assistance," and therefore we are at a loss to understand Mr Collier when he says that Egeon was to seek money by the "beneficial help" or pecuniary assistance of cer-

tain persons in Ephesus. All that he required to do was to obtain this pecuniary assistance; obtaining that, he of course would obtain the money by which his life was to be redeemed. The received text of the line ought on no account to be disturbed. The repetition of the word "help" is peculiarly Shakesperian.

*Act II. Scene 1.*—A very little consideration may convince any one that the following correction is untenable. The ordinary text is this: Dromio the slave having been well drubbed by his master, says—

"He told his mind upon mine ear; Beshew his hand, I scarce could understand it."  
*Luciana.*—Spake he so *doubtfully*, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

*Dromio.*—Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so *doubtfully* that I could scarce understand them.

The manuscript corrector proposes "doubly" for "doubtfully," in both instances: losing sight, as we think, of the plain meaning of words. To speak doubly is to speak deceitfully; to speak doubtfully is to speak obscurely or unintelligibly. But certainly Luciana had no intention of asking Dromio if his master had spoken to him deceitfully. Such a question would have been irrelevant and senseless. She asks, spake he so *scarcely* that you could not understand his words?—and the slave answers, "By my troth, so obscurely that I could scarce understand (that is, stand under) them." This is the only quibble.

In *Act II. Scene 2*, the expression "she *motes* me for her theme," that is, "she makes me the subject of her discourse," occurs. This is changed by the MS. corrector into "she *mooves* me for her theme;" that is, "she *means* to make me the subject of her discourse." But the "she" who is here referred to is actually, at that very moment, talking most vehemently about the person who utters these words; and therefore this emendation is certainly no restoration, but a corruption of the genuine language of Shakespeare.

*Act IV. Scene 2.*—The bum-bailiff is thus maltreated. The words in italics are the MS. corrector's wanton and damaging interpolations.

"*Abraham.*—Where is thy master, Dromio, is he well?"

*Dromio.*—No: he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell;

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him, *fill*.

One whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel,

Who has no touch of mercy, cannot feel:

A head, a furr, pitiless, and rough;

A well, nay worse, a fellow all in buff."

Here the only doubt is, whether the word "fury" (the MS., and also Treubald's reading) is a judicious substitute for the word "fairy," which the old copies present. We think that it is not, being satisfied with Johnson's note, who observes— "There were fairies like hobgoblins, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous."—Nowadays a fairy is an elegant creature dressed in green. So she was in Shakespeare's time. But in Shakespeare's time there was also another kind of fairy—a fellow clothed in a buff jerkin, made of such durable materials as to be well-nigh "everlasting;" and whose vocation it was, as it still is, to pay his addresses to those who may have imprudently allowed their debts to get into confusion. Let us not allow the old usages of language to drop into oblivion.

*Act IV. Scene 3.*—"The vigor of his rage," is obviously a much more vigorous expression than "the rigor of his rage," which the MS. corrector proposes in its place.

*Act V. Scene 1.*—"The following lines," says Mr Collier, "as they are printed in the folio 1623, have been the source of considerable *error*," meaning, we presume, *dispute*. The words are uttered by the Abbess, who has been parted from her sons for a great many years, and has but recently discovered them.

"Thirty three years have I but gone in travel."

Of *you*, my sons, and till this present hour My heavy laden are delivered."

"That the above is corrupt," continues Mr Collier, "there can be no question; and in the folio 1632, the printer attempted thus to amend the passage:—

"Thirty-three years have I *been* gone in travel  
 Of *you* my sons, and till this present hour  
 My heavy burthens are delivered."

"Malone gives it thus:—

'Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail  
Of you my sons; until this present hour  
My heavy burthen *not* delivered.'

"The MS. corrector," continues Mr Collier, "of the folio 1632 makes the slightest possible change in the second line, and at once removes the difficulty: he puts it—

'Thirty-three years have I been gone in travail  
Of you my sons, and *at* this present hour  
My heavy burthens *are* delivered.'

In his edition 1826, Mr Singer reads—

"Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail  
Of you, my sons, and *all* this present hour  
My heavy burthen *are* delivered."

We are of opinion that a better reading than any here given, and than any ever given, might be proposed. Thus—

"Thirty three years have I but gone in travail  
Of you, my sons, and till this present hour  
My heavy burthen *has* delivered."

That is, I have done nothing but go in travail of you, my children, for thirty-three years; and, moreover (I have gone in travail of you), till this present hour has delivered me of my heavy burden. This reading brings her pains up to the present moment, when she declares herself joyfully relieved from them by the unexpected restoration of her children. This amendment seems to yield a more emphatic meaning than any of the others; and it departs as little as any of them from the original text of 1623.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—*Act I. Scene 3.*—The brothers Don Pedro and Don John have quarrelled, and have been reconciled. Conrade remarks to the latter, "You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace." The MS. correction is, "till of late," which, as any one looking at the context even with half an eye, may perceive both spoils the idiom and impairs the meaning of the passage.

*Act II. Scene 1.*—We admit that Shakespeare might—nay, ought—to have written as follows, but we doubt

whether he did. "Wooing, wedding, and repenting," says Beatrice, "is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure fall of state and antiquity; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink *apace* into his grave." "Apace" is MS. corrector's contribution.

In the following much-disputed passage, we are of opinion that Shakespeare uses somewhat licentiously the word "impossible" in the sense of *inconceivable*, and that Johnson's and the MS. corrector's substitution of "importable" (*i. e.* insupportable) is unnecessary. "She told me," says Benedick, speaking of Beatrice, "that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw, huddling jest upon jest, with such *impossible concequence*, upon me, that I stood like a man at mark with a whole army shooting at me." "Impossible conveyance" means inconceivable rapidity.

*Act III. Scene 1.*—There surely can be no question as to the superior excellence of the received reading in the following lines. The repentant Beatrice, who has overheard her character severely censured, says—

"What fire in mine ears? Can this be true?  
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?  
Contempt farewell, and maiden pride adieu!  
No glory lives behind the back of such."

Beatrice means to say that contempt and maiden pride are never the screen to any true nobleness of character. This is well expressed in the line,

"No glory lives *behind the back* of such."

A vigorous expression, which the MS. corrector recommends us to exchange for the frivolous feebleness of

"No glory lives *but in the lack* of such."

This substitution, we ought to say, is worse than feeble and frivolous. It is a perversion of Beatrice's sentiments. She never meant to say that a maiden should *lack* maiden pride, but only that it should not occupy a prominent position in the *front* of her character. Let her have as much of it as she

pleases, and the more the better, only let it be drawn up as a reserve in the background, and kept for defensive rather than for offensive operations. This is all that Beatrice can *seriously* mean when she says, "maiden pride adieu."

*Act IV. Scene 1.*—In the following passage we back Shakespeare's word against the MS. corrector's, not only in point of authenticity, but in point of taste. Leonato, greatly exasperated with his daughter, says to her—

"For did I think thou would'st not quickly die,  
I thought thy spirits were stronger than thy shame,  
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,  
Strike at thy life."

This is the reading of the folio 1632. The folio 1623 reads "reward," but that is obviously a misprint for "rearward." The MS. corrector proposes *hazard*. As if the infuriated father would have cared one straw what the world might think or say of him for slaying his daughter. In his passion he was far beyond minding such a trifle as public opinion, and would never have paused to give utterance to the sentiment which the corrector puts into his mouth. What he says is this—that after heaping reproaches on his daughter to the uttermost, he would follow them up by slaying her with his own hand. This is admirably expressed by the words, "rearward of reproaches." In this same scene the fine old word "frame," in the sense of fabrication, is twice most wantonly displaced, to make way, in the one instance, for "frown," and in the other for "fraud."

*Act V. Scene 1.*—Let any reader who has an ear read the opening speech of Leonato, and he will perceive at once how grievously its effect is damaged by the insertion of the words "to me" in this line.

"And bid him speak (to me) of patience."

In the same speech the following lines are a problem. Leonato, rebuffing his comforters, says, "Bring to me a person as miserable as myself, and

"If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,

And, sorrow wag! cry, Hem, when I should groan,  
Patch grief with proverb, make misfortune drunk  
With candlewasters, bring him yet to me,  
And I of him will gather patience."

"And sorrow wag! cry," is the main difficulty. Johnson explains it thus: "If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard, and cry, Sorrow, *begone!*" This, in our opinion, is quite satisfactory; but what is the philology of the word "wag?" We believe it to be the German word "weg"—away—off with you. The MS. corrector cuts the knot which he cannot untie, by reading "call sorrow joy." This is a gloss, not a reparation of the text.

*Act V. Scene 4.*—We may be assured that a far finer sense is contained under Hero's expression, when she says, according to the common reading,

"One Hero died *defiled*, but I do live,"  
than under the pseudo-emendation,  
"One Hero died *beheld*, but I do live."

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.—*Act I. Scene 1.*—We agree with Mr Dyce\* in thinking that a quibble is intended in Biron's speech, when he says that he and his friends will "*climb* in the merriness," according as the absurd *style* of Armado's letter shall give them cause. At any rate, nothing can be poorer than the MS. correction of this place, "chime in the merriness." We think, however, that the corrector is right in giving the words, "Sirrah, come on," to Dull the constable, and not to Biron, to whom they are usually assigned. We also consider the change of *manager* into *armiger* rather a happy alteration; at any rate, we can say this of it, that had *armiger* been the received reading, we should not have been disposed to accept *manager* in its place. This is a compliment which we can pay to very few of the MS. corrections. Had *they* formed the original text, and had the original text formed the *marginalia*, we should have had little hesitation as to which we would, in most cases, adopt. On the ground of their internal evidence—that is, of their superior excellence—the *marginalia* would certainly have obtained

\* *A Few Notes, &c.*, p. 50.

the preference. The passage to which we refer is this—"Adieu, valour!" says the fantastical Armado, "rust rapier! be still drum, for your *armiger* is in love." This reading, we think, is worthy of being perpetuated in a note, though scarcely entitled to be elevated into the text.

*Act III. Scene 1.*—The corrector very soon relapses into his blunders. Passing over several, here is one, not so conspicuous perhaps, but as decided as any into which he has fallen. Armado, speaking to Moth his page, says, "Fetch hither the swain (*i. e.*, Costard the clown), he must carry me a letter." Moth replies, "A *message* well-sympathised—a horse to be ambassador for an ass." The MS. corrector reads, "A *messenger* well-sympathised," not perceiving that this destroys the point, and meaning, and pertinency of Moth's remark. "A *message* well-sympathised" means a mission well concocted, an embassy consistent with itself, which, says Moth, this one is, inasmuch as it is a case of horse (Costard) representing an ass—(to-wit, yourself, master mine.) Yet Mr Collier says that "we ought unquestionably to substitute messenger for message."

Moth, the page, having gone to fetch Costard, Armado says—

"A *most* acute juvenal, voluble, and free of grace.  
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face,  
*Most rude* Melancholy, valour gives thee place."

The MS. corrector alters the last line into "moist-eyed melancholy;" and Mr Collier remarks, "'Most rude melancholy' has no particular appropriateness, whereas 'moist-eyed melancholy' is peculiarly accordant with the sighs Armado breathes, in due apology, to the face of the welkin." *No particular appropriateness!* when the euphuist is in the very act of apologising to the welkin for the breach of good manners of which his "most rude melancholy" has compelled him to be guilty. What else could he, in the circumstances, have called his melancholy with any degree of propriety? Oh, silly margins! you have much to answer for. You are not only stupid yourselves, but you are the cause of stupidity in other people.

*Act IV. Scene 1.*—Having considered the following passage very carefully, we are compelled to side with Mr Singer and Mr Dyce in favour of the old reading "fair" against "faith," which is advocated by the MS. corrector, Mr Collier, and Mr Hunter. The princess, giving money to the forester, whom she playfully charges with having called her anything but good-looking, says—

"Fair payment for foul words is more than due."

*Forester.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

*Princess.* See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.

Oh, heresy in *fair*, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise."

The new reading proposed is, "Oh, heresy in *faith*." But this change is not necessary; indeed it spoils the passage. The princess, when the forester compliments her, says—"See, see, my beauty will be saved" (not on its own account, for, in this man's opinion, I have little or none) but "by merit," that is, because I have given him money. He calls me an angel of light because I have given him half-a-crown. Oh, heresy in regard to beauty! None but the really beautiful ought to be so complimented. Those who like me are plain (as this man thinks, me in his heart), and have "foul hands," ought not to obtain *fair* praise—ought not to be praised as fair, however "giving" or liberal these hands may be. The heresy here playfully alluded to is the error of supposing that people can be *sanctified* by their gifts as well as by their appearance; just as a religious heresy consists in the idea that a person can be justified by his *works* as well as by his faith.

*Act IV. Scene 3.*—The following passage has given some trouble to the commentators—

"Black is the badge of hell,  
The hue of dungeons, and the school of night."

Various substitutes have been proposed for the word "school." The *variorum* reads "scowl," which was introduced by Warburton. Theobald conjectured "stole." The *marginalia* present "shade," which is as poor as poor can be. We believe the original

word "school" to be right, and that the allusion is to the different badges and colours by which different schools or sects or fraternities were formerly distinguished. "Black," says the passage before us, "is the hue worn by all who belong to the school or brotherhood of night."

The context of the following passage seems fairly to justify the MS. correction, by which "beauty" is changed into "learning." *Beauty* may have been a misprint. *Logiquar Biron*—

"For where is any author in the world  
Teaches such *learning* as a woman's eye?  
Learning is but an helpmeet to oneself,  
And where we are, our learning likewise is,  
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,  
Do we not likewise see our learning there?"

This, we think, is one of the very few emendations which ought to be admitted into the text.

It is curious to remark, what we learn incidentally from this play, that, in Shakespeare's time, the words "dout" and "debt" were pronounced as they are spelt, the "b" being sounded no less than the "t," and that it was the height of affectation to say "dout" and "det," as we do nowadays. So changes the *word not loquendi*.

Act I. Scene 2.—The following, in the old copies, is obviously a misprint—

"So *portent-like* would I o'ersway his state,  
That he should be my fool, and I his fate."

The *variorum* edition reads "portent-like." In 1816, Mr Singer published "potent, *like*." The MS. corrector suggests, "stoutly;" and this we rather prefer.

When the princess is informed of the intended wit-assault on her and her ladies by the king and his lords, she exclaims—

"What are they  
That *charge their breath* against us?"

"To 'charge their breath,'" says Mr Collier, "is nonsense, and the corrector alters it most naturally to

"What are they  
That *charge the breach* against us?"

"Should any one," says Mr Singer,\* "wish to be convinced of the utter im-

possibility of the corrector having had access to better authority than we possess—nay, of his utter incapacity to comprehend the poet, I would recommend this example of his skill to their consideration. The *encounters* with which the ladies are threatened, are *encounters of words, wit combats*;" and therefore it was quite natural that they should talk of their opponents as "charging their breath against them." We agree with Mr Singer; but we willingly change "love-feat," in this same scene, into "love-suit," at the bidding of the MS. corrector.

"Oh, poverty in wit!" exclaims the princess, when she and her ladies have demolished the king and his companions in the wit-encounter. "Kingly-poor flout!" The MS. corrector reads, "killed by pure flout;" and Mr Singer "has no doubt" that "stung by poor flout" is the true reading. We see no reason for disturbing the original text. A double meaning is no doubt intended in the expression "kingly-poor flout." It means "mighty poor badinage;" and then, a king being one of the performers, it also means "repartee as poor as might have been expected from royal lips;" these being usually understood to be better fitted for taking in than for giving out "good things."

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—  
Act I. Scene 1.—"Near the end of Helena's speech," says Mr Collier, "occurs this complet where she is stating her determination to inform Demetrius of the intended flight of Lysander and Hermia—

"And for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense."  
• which," continues Mr Collier, "is only just intelligible; but the old corrector *singularly improves* the passage by the word he substitutes—

"And for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is dear *recompense*."

The old corrector is an old woman who, in this case, has not merely mistaken, but has directly reversed Shakespeare's meaning. So far from saying that Demetrius's thanks will be any "recompense" for what she proposes doing, Helena says the very reverse,

\* *The Text of Shakespeare Vindicated, &c.*, p. 24.



that they will be a severe aggravation of her pain. "A dear expense" here means a painful purchase, a bitter bargain. "If I have thanks, the sacrifice which I make in giving Demetrius this information will be doubly distressing to me." Of course she would much rather that Demetrius, her old lover, did not thank her for setting him on the traces of his new mistress. Thanks would be a mockery in the circumstances, and this is what Helena means to say. Such is manifestly the meaning of the passage, as may be gathered both from the words themselves, and from their connection with the context, which is this—

"I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight :  
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night  
Pursue her ; and for this intelligence,  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense ;  
But *herein* mean I to enrich my pain,  
To have his sight thither, and back again."

The sight of Demetrius, and not his thanks, was to be Helena's recompense.

Act II. Scene 1.—The corrector is unquestionably wrong in his version of these lines. Of Titania it is said by one of the fairies, that

"The cowslips *tell* her pensioners be,  
In their gold *coats* spots you see,  
Those be rubies, fairy favours," &c.

The MS. corrector reads "all" for "tall," and "cups" for "coats," to the manifest deterioration of the text. Mr Singer thus explains the matter, to the satisfaction, we should think, of all readers. "This passage has reference to the band of gentlemen-pensioners in which Queen Elizabeth took so much pride. They were some of the handsomest and *tallest* young men of the best families and fortune, and their dress was of remarkable splendour—their *coats* might well be said to be of gold. Mr Collier's objection that 'cowslips are never tall,' is a strange one. Drayton in his *Nymphidia* thought otherwise, and surely a long-stalked cowslip would be well designated by a fairy as tall."

Act II. Scene 3.—The alteration of "conference" into "confidence" in the following lines is an *improvement*, most decidedly, *for the worse*. Lysander and Hermia are going to sleep in the wood. She says to him—

"Nay, good Lysander, for my sake, my dear,  
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

Lysander. Oh, take this use, sweet, of  
my innocence ;  
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference."

That is, love puts a good construction on all that is said or done in the "conference," or intercourse of love. "Confidence," the MS. correction, makes nonsense.

Act III. Scene 2.—The margins seem to be right in changing "What news, my love?" into "What means my love?" in the speech in which Hermia is appealing passionately to her old lover Lysander.

Act I. Scene 1.—But we cannot accept the substitution of "hot ice and wondrous *scething* snow" for the much more Shakespearian "hot ice and wonderous *strange* snow." The late Mr Barron Field's excellent emendation of the following lines is borne out by the MS. correction—

"Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am  
A lion's *fell*, nor cleve no lion's dam."

"Fell" means skin. The old reading was—

"Then know that I, as Snug the joiner, am  
A *lion fell*, nor cleve no lion's dam."

This ought to go into the text, if it has not done so already.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—Act I. Scene 1.—In the following passage the margins make rather a good hit in restoring "when" of the old editions, which had been converted into "who," and in changing "would" into "twould."

"Oh, my Antonio, I do *hear* <sup>PROT</sup> *twould* e  
That therefore only me *hear* <sup>PROT</sup> *twould* e  
For saying nothing, *who* <sup>PROT</sup> *twould* e  
If they should speak, *twould* almost damn  
those ears,  
Which hearing them would call their  
brothers fools."

Act II. Scene 1.—The Prince of Morocco says—

"Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadowed livery of the *burnished* sun."

Altered by the MS. corrector into "burning sun," which, says Mr Collier, "seems much more proper when the African prince is speaking of his black complexion as the effects of the sun's rays." Mr Collier will excuse us: the African Prince is doing nothing of the kind. He is merely throwing

brightness and darkness into picturesque contrast—as the sun is bright, or “burnished,” so am I his retainer dark, or “shadowed.” “To speak of the sun,” continues Mr Collier, “as *artificially* ‘burnished,’ is very unworthy.” True: but Shakespeare speaks of it as *naturally* burnished; and so far is this from being unworthy, it is, in the circumstances, highly poetical.

*Act II. Scene 9.*—To change the words “pries not to the interior,” into “prize not the interior,” in the following lines, is wantonly to deface the undoubted language of Shakespeare.

“What many men desire!—that many may  
be meant  
Of the fool multitude, that chuse by show.  
Not learning more than the fond eye doth  
teach,  
Which *pries* not to the interior; but, like  
the muffled,  
Builds in the weather, on the outward wall.”

*Act III. Scene 2.*—The MS. corrector proposes a very plausible reading in the lines where Bassanio is moralising on the deceitfulness of external appearance.

“This ornament is but the gilded suit  
To a most dangerous fea, the beauteous-  
seaf  
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times  
put on,  
To entrap the wisest.”

The corrector proposes to put a full stop after Indian, and to read on—“beauty.” Mr Singer says, “this *is* in the pointing is no novelty.” It occurs in an edition of Shakespeare published by Scott and Webster in 1833, and has been satisfactorily shown to be erroneous and untenable by a correspondent in *Notes and Queries*, vol. v. p. 483. We regret that it is not in our power, at this time, to consult the volume of *Notes and Queries* referred to; but we confess that we see no very serious objection to this new reading, except the awkwardness and peculiarly un-Shakespearian character of the construction which it presents. That there is a difficulty in the passage is evident from the changes that have been proposed. Sir Thomas Hammer

gave “Indian *dowdy*”—Mr Singer, “Indian *gipsy*,” which, however, he now abandons. We still confess a partiality for the old text, both in the words and in the pointing. “An Indian beauty” may mean the worst species of ugliness, just as a Dutch nightingale means a toad. Still we believe that a good deal might be said in favour of the MS. corrector’s punctuation.

Bassanio, descanting on the portrait of Portia, and on the difficulties the painter must have had to contend with, thus expresses his admiration of the eyes—

“How could he see to do them? having  
made one,  
Methinks, it should have power to steal  
both his,  
And leave itself unfurnished.”

The corrector reads “unfinished,” which Johnson long ago condemned. “Unfurnished” means, as Mr Collier formerly admitted, unprovided with a counterpart—a fellow-eye.

We willingly concede to Mr Collier the “bollen” instead of the “woolen” bagpipe. And when he next “blows up his chanter,” may the devil dance away with his anonymous corrector, and the bulk of his emendations, as effectually as he ever did with the exciseman.

AS YOU LIKE IT—*Act I. Scene 2.*—in opposition to Mr Collier, we take leave to say that Sir Thomas Hammer was *not* right in altering “there is such odds in the *man*” to “there is such odds in the *men*.” What is meant to be said is, “there is such superiority (of strength) in the *man*,” and “odds” formerly signified *superiority*, as may be learnt from the following sentence of Hobbes—“The passion of laughter,” says Hobbes, “proceedeth from the sudden imagination of our own *odds* and eminency.”\* Mr Collier’s man, who concurs with Sir Thomas Hammer, is, of course, equally at fault.

*Act I. Scene 3.*—“Safest haste”—that is, most convenient despatch—is much more probable than “fastest haste,” inasmuch as the lady to whom the words “despatch you with your

"safest haste" are addressed, is allowed *ten days* to take herself off in.

*Act II. Scene 3.*—When Orlando, speaking of his unnatural brother, in whose hands he expresses his determination to place himself, rather than take to robbing on the highway, says,

"I will rather subject me to the malice  
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother;"

the language is so strikingly Shakespearian, that nothing but the most extreme obtuseness can excuse the MS. corrector's perverse reading—

"Of a diverted, *pro*, and bloody brother."

"Diverted blood," says Dr Johnson, means "blood turned out of the course of nature;" and there cannot be a finer phrase for an unnatural kinsman.

*Act II. Scene 7.*—The following passage is obviously corrupt. Jacques, inveighing against the pride of going finely dressed, says—

"Dost it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the *very* *very* means do ebb?"

The MS. correction is—

"Till that the *very* means do ebb."

Mr Singer suggests, "Till that the *weaver's* very means do ebb." The two meanings are the same: people, carried away by pride, dress finely, until their means are exhausted. But Mr Singer keeps nearest to the old text.

*Act III. Scene 4.*—"Capable impresse" must be vindicated as the undoubted language of Shakespeare, against the MS. corrector, Mr Collier, and Mr Singer, all of whom would advocate "palpable impresse."

"Lean but on a rush.  
The cleatrice and *capable impresse*,  
Thy palm a moment keeps."

"Capable impresse" means an indentation in the palm of the hand sufficiently deep to *contain* something within it.

*Act IV. Scene 1.*—Both the MS. corrector and Mr Collier have totally misunderstood Rosalind, when she says, "Marry, that should you, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit." The meaning, one would think, is sufficiently obvious.

*Act V. Scene 1.*—And equally obvious is the meaning of the following

line, which requires no emendation. Orlando says that he is

"As those who fear they hope, and know they fear."

That is, he is as those who fear that they are feeding on *mere* hope—hope which is not to end in fruition—and who are certain that they fear or apprehend the worst:—a painful state to be in. The marginal correction, "As those who fear *to* hope, and know they fear," is nonsense.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—

*Induction. Scene 1.*—We agree with the margin in thinking that the following line requires to be amended, by the insertion of "what" or "who." In the directions given about the tricks to be played off on Sly, it is said—

"And when he says he is—say that I dream."

The MS. corrector reads, properly as we think—

"And when he *says what* he is, say that he dreams."

*Scene 2.*—"There is something very feasible in the corrector's gloss on the word "*sheer*-ale." For "*sheer*" he writes "*Warwickshire*," and we have no doubt that "*shire* (pronounced *sheer*) ale" is the true reading.

*Act I. Scene 1.*—One of the happiest and most undoubted emendations in Mr Collier's folio, among which, in his preface, he wisely places in the front of his case, a *typographical* error before us—"ethics" for "*checks*." These lines in which Tranio gives advice to his master Lucentio—

"Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray,  
Or so devote to Aristotle's *checks*,  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured."

We have no hesitation in condemning "*checks*" as a misprint for "*ethics*," which from this time henceforward we hope to see the universal reading. It is surprising that it should not have become so long ago, having been proposed by Sir W. Blackstone nearly a hundred years since, and staring every recent editor in the face from among the notes of the *variorum*. Mr Singer alone had the good taste to print it in his text of 1826.

Let us here bestow a passing com-

commendation on Mr Hunter for a very ingenious reading, or rather for what is better, a very acceptable restoration of the old text, which had been corrupted by Rowe and all subsequent editors. In the same speech, Tranio, who is advising Lucentio not to study too hard, says, according to all the common copies—

"Talk logic wi' th' acquaintance that you have."

The elder copies read—

"Balk logic, wi' th' acquaintance that you have."

This means, *cut* logic, with such a smattering of it as you already possess; or, as Mr Hunter explains it, "give the go-by to logic, as satisfied with the acquaintance you have already gained with it." "Balk" ought certainly to replace "talk" in all future editions, and our thanks are due to Mr Hunter for the emendation.\*

How scandalous it is to change "mould" into "mood" in the following lines, addressed by Hortensio to the termagant Kate!—

"Mate, mould! how mean you that? No mates for you."

Unless you were not gentle, mould'ed to a lute.  
Kate was not, at least so thought Hortensio, one of those,

"Quas meliore luto form' præcordia luteam."

Act II. Scene 1.—We greatly prefer Mr Singer's amendment of what follows:—*See MS. corrector's.* The comment adds this:—

"*Petrarch* said to his wife—Women were made for me, as you were you."

*Katherine*—I can't pale, sir, as you, if me you mean."

This being scarcely sense, the corrector says—

"No such jade to bear you, if me you mean."

Mr Singer says,

"No such load as you, sir, if me you mean."

Act IV. Scene 2.—"An ancient angel coming down the hill" has puzzled the commentators. The margins read "ambler." We prefer the received text—the word "angel" being probably used in its old sense

of *messenger*, with a spice of the ludicrous in its employment.

Act V. Scene 1.—Vincenzio, who is on the point of being carried to jail, exclaims—

"Thus strangers may be *haled* and abused."

The MS. corrector proposes "handled;" and Mr Collier says that "haled" is a misprint, and the line "hardly a verse." It is a very good verse; and "haled" is the very, indeed the only, word proper to the place. On turning, however, to Mr Collier's appendix, we find that he says, "It may be doubted whether 'haled' is not to be taken as *haunted*; but still the true word may have been handled." This is *not* to be doubted; "haled" is *certainly* to be taken for *haunted*, and "handled" cannot have been the right word.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.—

Act I. Scene 1.—In Helena's soliloquy, near the end of the scene, the corrector, by the perverse transposition of two words, changes sense into nonsense. She says—

"The mightiest space in fortune nature  
In us  
To join like likes and kiss like native things."

The lady is in love with Bertram, who is greatly above her in rank and in fortune; and the meaning is, that all-powerful nature brings things (herself, for example, and Bertram) which are separated by the widest interval of *fortune*, to join as if they were "likes" or pairs, and to kiss as if they were kindred things. The MS. corrector reverses this meaning, and reads—

"The mightiest space in nature *fortune*  
brings  
To join like likes and kiss like native things."

But there was no "space" at all between Helena and Bertram in point of "nature." They were both unexceptionable human beings. They were separated only by a disparity of "fortune." Why does the MS. corrector go so assiduously out of his way for the mere purpose of blundering, and why does Mr Collier so patiently endorse his eccentricities? That is indeed marvellous.

\* See *New Illustrations*, &c., vol. i. p. 356.

Act I. Scene 3.—Helena says—

"You know my father left me some prescriptions  
Of rare and proved effects, such was his  
reading  
And manifest experience."

Read "manifest," says the corrector; and Mr Collier adds, "we may safely admit the emendation." Retain the old reading, say we; "manifest" means sure, well grounded, indisputable, and is much more likely to have been Shakespeare's word than "manifest." Read "manifest."

Act III. Scene 2.—The countess, comforting Helena, who has been deserted by Bertram, says—

"I prythee, lady, have a better cheer,  
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,  
Thou robbst me of a moiety."

"The old corrector," says Mr Collier, "tells us, and we may readily believe him, that there is a small but important error in the second line. He reads—

"If thou engrossest all the griefs *as* thine  
Thou robbst me of a moiety."

The small but important error here referred to is committed by the old corrector himself. The countess, to give her words in plain prose, says—  
if you keep to yourself all the griefs which are thine, you rob me of my share of them. The context where the countess adds—

"He was my son,  
But I do wash his name out of my blood,  
And thou art all my child,"

seems to have misled the old corrector. He appears to have supposed that the countess had griefs of her own, occasioned by the conduct of her son Bertram, and that she protested against Helena's monopolising these together with her own. This is the only ground on which "as" can be defended. But the answer is, that although the countess may have had such griefs, she was too proud to express them. She merely expresses her desire to participate in the afflictions which *are* Helena's. This is one of the innumerable instances in which Shakespeare shows his fine knowledge of human nature. Whatever grief a proud mother may feel on account of a disobedient son, anger is the only sentiment which she will express towards him. The word "as,"

however, had the countess used it, would have been equivalent to an expression of grief, and not merely of indignation; and therefore we strongly advocate its rejection, and the retention in the text of the word "are."

Act IV. Scene 2.—The following is a troublesome passage. Diana says to Bertram, who is pressing his suit upon her—

"I see that men make ropes, in such a scarre,  
That we'll forsake ourselves."

This is the old reading, and it is manifestly corrupt. Rowe, the earliest of the *variorum* editors, reads—

"I see that men make *hops*, in such *affairs*,  
That we'll forsake ourselves."

Malone gives "in such a *scene*" for "in such a *scarre*." The MS. corrector proposes "in such a *suit*." Mr Singer says "that it is not necessary to change the word *scarre* at all: it here signifies any surprise or alarm, and what we should now write a *scare*." We agree with Mr Singer; and, following his suggestion, we give our vote for the following correction—

"I see that men make *hops*, in such a *scare*  
That we'll forsake ourselves."

That is, I see that men expect that we (poor women) will lose our self-possession in the flurry or agitation, into which we are thrown by the vehemence of their addresses.

Act V. Scene 1.—We willingly change the received *aging* direction, "enter a gentle *ast*," into "enter a gentle *ast*," into "enter a gentleman," as proposed by the old corrector, who, in this case, corrects a *bad* human being.

Act V. Scene 3.—To change the fine expression

"Natural rebellion done in the *blade* of youth,"

into "Natural rebellion done in the *blaze* of youth," is to convert a poeticism into a barbarism. "The blade of youth" is the springtime of life. Besides, there is an affinity between the word "natural" and the word "blade," which proves the latter to have been Shakespeare's expression.

If "all was well that ended well," as the title of this play declares to be

the case, the MS. corrections throughout it would be impregnable; for these end with one of the very happiest conjectural emendations that ever was proposed. Bertram, explaining how Diana obtained from him the ring, says, according to the received text,

"Her *insuit coming*, and her modern grace  
Subdued me to her rate."

"Insuit coming" has baffled the world. The *marginalia* give us, "Her *infinite cunning* and her modern grace subdued me to her rate." It ought to be mentioned that this excellent emendation, which ought unquestionably to be admitted into the text, was also started some years ago by the late Mr Walker, author of the "original."

**TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL.—Act II. Scene 1.**—The following words in italics are probably corrupt; but the MS. correction of the place is certainly a very bad piece of tinkering. Sebastian is speaking of his reputed likeness to his sister Viola—"A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was of many accounted beautiful; but though I could not, *with such estimable wonder*, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her," &c. The margins give us—"But though I could not *with self-estimation wander so far* to believe that." But who can believe that, Shakespeare would wander so far in his speech as to write in such a round-about fashion as this? What he really meant may now be hopeless to recover.

**Act III. Scene 1.**—Malvolio congratulates Olivia on his ideal elevation, saying, "I shall then to have the *humour of state*" which the MS. corrector changes into the poverty of "the *honour of state*," overlooking the consideration that "the *humour of state*" means the high airs, the capricious insolence, of authority, which is precisely what Malvolio is glorying that he shall by and by have it in his power to exhibit.

**Act III. Scene 1.**—We never can consent to change "venerable" into "veritable," at the bidding of the venerable corrector, in these lines—

"And to his image which methought did  
promise  
Most venerable worth, did I devotion."

"The word 'devotion,'" says Mr Singer, "at once determines that *venerable* was the poet's word."

**Act V. Scene 1.**—How much more Shakesperian is the line—"A contract of eternal bond of love," than the corrector's

"A contract *and* eternal bond of love."

The word "bond" is here used not as a legal term, but in the more poetical sense of *union*.

**WINTER'S TALE.—Act I. Scene 2.**—We agree with Mr Collier in his remark, that "there is no doubt we ought to amend the words of the old copies, 'What lady *she* her lord' by reading, 'What lady *should* her lord,'" as given by the MS. corrector.

In the same scene, Leontes, expatiating on the falsehood of women, says—

But were they false  
As *o'erdy'd* blacks, as winds, as waters,"

That is, as false as "blacks" that have been dyed again and again until they have become quite rotten. This seems sufficiently intelligible; but it does not satisfy our anonymous friend, who proposes "as our dead blacks;" that is, as our mourning clothes, which, says Mr Collier, being "worn at the death of persons whose loss was not at all lamented," may therefore be termed false or hypocritical. But surely *all* persons who wear mourning are not hypocrites; and therefore this new reading falls ineffectual to the ground.

**Act IV. Scene 3.**—We perceive nothing worthy of adoption or animadversion till we come to the following. Florizel is making himself very agreeable to Perdita, whereupon Camillo, noticing their intimacy, remarks, as the old copies give it—

"He tells her something  
That makes her blood look on't."

There is something obviously wrong here. Theobald proposed—

"He tells her so nothing  
That makes her blood look *at*."

Something that calls up her blushes. This is the received reading, and an excellent emendation it is. But on the whole we prefer the MS. corrector's, which, though perhaps not quite

so poetical as Theobald's, strikes us as more natural and simple when taken with the context.

"He tells her something  
Which *wakes* her blood. Look on't! Good  
sooth, she is  
The queen of curds and cream."

On second thoughts, we are not sure that this is not more poetical and dramatic than the other. At any rate, we give it our suffrage.

There is, it seems, an old word "jape," signifying a jest, which we willingly accept on the authority of the MS. corrector, in place of the unintelligible word "gap," in the speech where "some stretch-mouthed rascal" is said "to break a *soul* jape into the matter." The reading hitherto has been "gap." This, however, is a *hiatus* only *mediocriter deplendus*. The next is a very lamentable case.

*Act V. Scene 3.*—Here the corrector interpolates a whole line of his own, which we can by no means accept. The miserable Leontes, gazing on the supposed statue of his wife, Hermione, which is in reality her living self, says, according to the received text—

Would I were dead,      Let he, let he,  
   but that methinks  
   already—  
What was he that      my lord,  
Would you not deem it      it be—  
   those veins  
Did verily bear blood?"

Here the train of emotion is evidently this:—Would I were dead, but *that* methinks already (he is about to add) I am, when the life-like appearance of the statue forcibly impresses

his senses, whereupon he checks himself and exclaims, "What was *he* that did make it"—a god or a mere man, &c. The MS. corrector favours us with the following version—

"Let he, let he,  
Would I were dead, but that methinks already  
*I am but dead, stone looking upon stone:*  
What was he that did make it?—see, my lord,  
Would you not deem it breathed?" &c.

The corrector is not satisfied with making Shakespeare write poorly, he frequently insists on making him write contradictorily, as in the present instance. I am stone, says Leontes, according to this version, looking upon stone, for see, my lord, the statue breathes, these veins do verily bear blood. Is not that a proof, my lord, that this statue is mere stone? Most people would have considered this a proof of the very contrary. Not so the MS. corrector, who is the father of the emendation; not so Mr Collier, who says that "we may be *thankful* that this line has been furnished, since it adds so much to the *force and clearness* of the speech of Leontes." Truly, we must be thankful for very small literary mercies! Mr Collier may be assured that the very thing which Leontes says most strongly, by implication, in this speech is, that he is *not* stone looking upon stone.

Our space being exhausted, we must reserve for our next Number the continuation of our survey of Shakespeare's Plays as *arranged* by Mr Collier's anonymous c.

error  
their

## THE INSURRECTION IN CHINA.

Two Frenchmen have just published, at an opportune moment, a curious book. One of them needs no introduction here. The readers who have twice encountered, in *Blackwood's* pages, the vivacious and intelligent Dr Yvan, first under canvass for Bourbon, and then roaming in the Eastern Archipelago, will gladly, we are persuaded, meet him again amongst the mandarins. This time he is not alone, but has taken to himself a coadjutor, in the person of M. Callery, once a missionary, and, since then, interpreter to the French embassy in China—to which, it will be remembered, Dr Yvan was attached as physician. M. Callery is author of a Chinese dictionary, of a system of Chinese writing, and of translations from the same language. When we add that both gentlemen, although at present in France, were long and lately resident in China, under circumstances peculiarly favourable to the acquisition of sound information respecting its state and politics, and that they have had free access to the archives of their embassy, it will hardly be doubted that they have efficiently carried out their intention of giving a lucid account of the origin and progress of the civil war now waging in that country, bringing it down to the present day. The co-operation of one well-versed in the Chinese tongue and the other in the French, is an invaluable, and perfectly sensible, addition to Dr Yvan, who, in this part, has evidently drawn to the common stock his shrewd and observant spirit and pleasant unaffected style. The book, which was published in Paris in the second week of July, has reached us rather late for deliberate review in the August number of the Magazine, but there is still time to give some account of its contents.

"The Chinese insurrection," Dr Yvan commences, "is one of the most considerable events of the present time: politicians of all countries

watch with curiosity the march of that insurgent army which, for three years past, has moved steadily onwards with the avowed object of upsetting the Tartar dynasty." The Doctor then sketches, in a few very interesting pages, the chief events of Chinese history during the first half of the present century, with particular reference to the biography of the last emperor, deceased in 1850, and to the situation of the Chinese empire at the close of his reign.

The late emperor, who assumed, upon ascending the throne, the name of Tao-Kouang, *Brilliant Reason*, was the second son of Emperor Kia-King, a feeble and incapable monarch, whose power was virtually in the hands of an unworthy favourite, a certain Lin-King, chief of the eunuchs. In Chinese annals, incidents of this kind are, we are told, by no means rare. The chief of the eunuchs has always great influence in palace intrigue and his degraded condition by no means constitutes, in that singular country, a bar to his ambition. That of Lin-King was boundless. He aspired to the throne. Having gained over most of the military mandarins, he marched into Peking—one day that the emperor was out hunting with his sons—a body of troops whose chiefs were entirely devoted to him, and distributed them in the neighbourhood of the palace. His plan was to kill the emperor and princes, and have himself proclaimed by the army. Towards evening Kia-King and his eldest son returned to the palace, whose gates had scarcely closed behind them when it was surrounded by troops. In his haste and agitation the chief eunuch had not noticed that the emperor's second son had not returned with his father. The conspiracy had just broken out, when that prince entered Peking. He was alone, in a hunting dress, with none of the insignia of his rank, and he rode through the streets unrecognised,

*L'Insurrection en Chine, depuis son Origine jusqu'à la Prise de Nankin.* Par MM. CALLERY et YVAN. Avec une Carte topographique, et le Portrait du Pretendant. Paris: 1853.



noting the general tumult and confusion, whose cause he soon understood. Outside the palace he found the ambitious eunuch haranguing his partisans, and at once perceived that his father's favourite, at whose insolence he had often felt indignant, was at the head of the revolt. Mingling with the throng of horsemen, he drew near to the traitor; amidst a host of enemies, neither his coolness nor his courage failed him. Neither did his skill: he tore from his coat its round metal buttons, slipped them into his fowling-piece, took a short aim at Lin-King, and laid him dead upon the spot! Upon their leader's fall, the rebels fled, throwing away their arms, and the prince triumphantly entered the palace, whose threshold they had not yet sullied. Old Kia-King learned, at one time, his past danger and present safety.

The prince who had displayed such happy promptitude and presence of mind, ascended the throne of China in 1820. He was then forty years of age. According to the custom of the princes of his dynasty, he had married a Tartar—a big-footed woman. By her he had no children; but his concubines had borne him a numerous family. In China, law and usage recognise no difference between legitimate and illegitimate children. All have the same rights of succession.

"During the first period of his reign, Tao-Kouang selected his ministers from amongst those statesmen who, in the eyes of the people, were the faithful guardians of Chinese traditions. Every nation that traces its history to a very remote period has its conservative party. In quiet times the government lies naturally in the hands of these representatives of old national guarantees. But when it becomes indispensable to modify ancient institutions, their exclusive attachment to things of the past becomes a real danger. This political truth is as perceptible in the history of the revolution of the Empire of the Centre as in our own. Tao-Kouang's agents, Chinese to the backbone, and full of superb disdain for the barbarians, led their country into a disastrous war, because they did not understand that the moment was come for them to descend from the diplomatic eleva-

tion upon which their presumption and European forbearance had so long maintained them. At a later period, the same spirit of resistance to the necessity of the times brought on the insurrection whose history we are about to trace, so that the two most important events that Chinese annals have recorded during the last quarter of a century, the war with England and the revolt of Kouang-Si, have been determined by the same cause."

Dr Yvan then gives an outline of the dispute with England, the consequent war and ultimate treaty, upon which it is unnecessary to dwell, since the circumstances are familiar to most English readers, although in France they have been often distorted, and to many are but imperfectly known. He blames Lin, whom he describes as being then a man of about fifty, wearing the plain red button and the peacock's feather with two eyes," for his seizure of the opium, especially because, by his zeal, activity, and by the terror he inspired, he had given life and vigour to the Chinese custom-house, and had made a great advance towards the suppression of opium smuggling. "In France," says MM. Gallery and Yvan, "where ideas are not always just, it is taken as an established fact that, in the opium war, all the oppression was on the side of the English, and that right succumbed when the treaty of Nankin was signed. Nothing can be falser than this. The English smuggled on the coast of Celestial Empire exactly as their countrymen do to this day carry on their trade with their foreigners on our coasts and in our ports; but it has not yet, that we are aware, been established as a principle that government may seize foreign merchants and threaten them with death, upon the pretext that vessels with prohibited merchandise are riding at anchor off Havre or Marseilles." It is very courageous of these gentlemen thus to tell their countrymen the truth. We hope it will not injure the sale of their book; we have small expectation of its making many converts from the received opinion in France, that the part played by the English in the whole of the Chinese affair was that of wholesale poisoners, cramming

their drug down their victim's throat at bayonet's point.

When Commissioner Lin had done all the mischief he could, burying the opium with quicklime, and bringing a British squadron up Canton river, blazing at the forts, he was recalled, and Ki-chan replaced him. Ki-chan was a capable man, resolute but prudent; he saw that China had found more than her match, and at once accepted the barbarian ultimatum. The emperor refused his sanction, and inflicted upon the unlucky negotiator the most signal disgrace any high functionary had endured during his reign. Poor Ki-chan was publicly degraded, his property confiscated, his house razed, his concubines were sold, and he himself was sent, an exile, into the depths of Tartary. Those who would know more of him need but refer to MM. Huc and Gabet's curious journey to Thibet. At Lassa, those intrepid travellers knew him well. Dr Yvan and Mr Callery were intimate with another Chinese diplomatist, Ki-in, a relation of the emperor, who signed the treaty of Nankin, and whom they consider one of the two greatest statesmen that Tao-Kouang had. The other was Mou-tchang-ha, the Chinese prime minister or president of the council. "It is very probable that the Sublime Emperor, the son of Heaven, never exactly knew what passed between the English and the Chinese. He died, doubtless, in the consolatory belief that his troops were invincible, and that the English had been given, as he thought, to a few miserable foreigners, because they had implored his forgiveness of becoming his subjects." The treaty of Nankin signed, Ki-in, named governor of the two provinces of Kouang-Tong and Kouang-Si, took up his abode at Canton. By the disposition he showed to be on good terms with foreigners, and by his enlightened and progressive policy, he drew upon himself the hatred of the bigoted populace, who accused him of leaning to the barbarians and betraying his sovereign. In innumerable placards he was held up to popular odium and vengeance. "Our carnivorous mandarins," began one of these violent and incendiary hand-bills, given by

Dr Yvan, "have hitherto connived at all that those English bandits have done against order and justice, and five hundred years hence our nation will still deplore its humiliation. In the 5th moon of this year, more than twenty Chinese were killed by the strangers: their bodies were thrown into the river, and buried in the belly of the fishes; but our high authorities have treated these affairs as if they had not heard speak of them; they have considered the foreign devils as if they were gods, have taken no more account of Chinese than if they were dog's meat, and have despised men's lives like the hairs that are shaved off the head. Thousands of persons have lamented and been indignant; grief has penetrated the marrow of their bones," &c. &c. These absurd accusations and calumnies had not, at the time, any influence on Ki-in's political destiny. The emperor recalled him to Peking, graced him with new dignities, and made him Mou-tchang-ha's colleague. These two statesmen then tried to introduce certain reforms, beginning with the army, whose bows and arrows and old matchlocks they exchanged for percussion guns—thus jumping clean over the intermediate stage of flint and steel. A curious illustration of Chinese immobility for centuries. After a year's trial, Ki-in reported the great perfection attained by artificers, officers, and soldiers, in manufacturing and making use of the new implements of war. This was towards the close of Tao-Kouang's reign. The conciliatory spirit and enlightened views of the two ministers gave promise of that practical progress which even the most conservative Europeans must admit to be needed in China. Suddenly an unexpected and important event changed the aspect of affairs.

"Upon the 26th February, 1850"—thus does Dr Yvan, after his brief preliminary retrospect, commence his second chapter—"at seven o'clock in the morning, the approaches to the imperial palace at Peking were obstructed by a compact crowd of mandarins of the inferior classes, and of servants in white garments with yellow girdles, conversing in a low voice, whilst their features wore an expres-

sion of official grief. In the midst of this throng of subordinate functionaries, stood sixteen individuals, each attended by a servant holding a saddle-horse. These sixteen persons wore the satin cap fastened under the chin and surmounted by the white button; they had a girdle of bells; a tube of a yellow colour was slung over their shoulders, and they all carried whips. A great dignitary issued from the palace, and delivered, with his own hand, to each one of these men, a despatch closed with the imperial red seal; they received it with a bow, brought each the yellow tube round upon his breast, and respectfully placed within it the official despatch. Then they mounted their horses, and the grooms fastened them to the saddle with straps that passed over the thighs. When they were thus well secured, the crowd opened a passage, and the horses set off at the top of their speed. These sixteen messengers, known as *Feimu*, flying horses, were bound to get over six hundred *li*—sixty leagues—in every twenty-four hours. They bore the following despatch to the governors-general of the sixteen provinces of the Celestial Empire:—

“In great haste, the minister of rites informs the Governor-general that, upon the 11th of the first moon, the Supreme Emperor, mounted upon the dragon, departed for the ethereal regions. In the morning, at the hour of *mao*, his Celestial Majesty transmitted the imperial dignity to his fourth son, *Se-go-Ko*, and in the evening, at the hour of *hai*, departed for the abode of the gods.”

Directions for mourning completed the despatch. Agreeably with the constitution of the empire, the defunct sovereign had named his successor. It was his fourth son. But he had deviated from ancient custom by a verbal nomination. The legacy of supreme power was usually transmitted, long beforehand, by a solemn act, deposited in a golden coffer, opened with great ceremony upon the emperor's death. Even in China, however, this last will and testament has not always been respected, and of this Dr Yvan digresses to give an example, which he considers as fully illustrative of Chinese manners and

civilisation. The tale he tells abounds in what Europeans would laugh at as burlesque inventions, but which are doubtless very possible occurrences amongst the Celestials. We shall give its pith in a few lines. Tsin-che-houang, the second emperor of the Tsin dynasty, was already old and infirm when he sent his son and heir, Fou-sou, to superintend the building of the great wall, at which three hundred thousand men were working. They did less to lengthen it, Dr Yvan insinuates, than modern travellers have done. Whilst Fou-sou went north, accompanied by the renowned Mong-tien, the greatest general of his time, the emperor made a pilgrimage southwards to the tombs of his ancestors. When far upon his road, he felt death approaching, and wrote to his eldest son to hasten back to the capital. Tcha-Kao, the chief of the eunuch, having to seal and forward the missive, audaciously substituted for it a forged command from Tsin-che-houang to the prince and general to put themselves to death, as a punishment for their offences. Next day the emperor died, and the infamous Tcha-Kao prevailed upon his second son, Hou-hai, to seize the crown. To carry out this usurpation, it was necessary to conceal for a while the emperor's death, lest the authorities and young princes at the capital should proclaim the successor he had appointed. So the body, sumptuously attired, and in the ~~regal~~ attitude as when alive, was placed in a litter, surrounded by a lattice of black silk curtains, and when the eunuchs reached but those who were in the plot. The eunuch had previously made that the emperor, in haste to return, would travel day and night without quitting his litter. At meal-times a short halt was made, and food was handed into the litter and eaten by a man concealed in it. Unluckily, the weather was very hot, and the smell of the dead body soon became intolerable. This would have revealed the terrible truth, had not the ingenious eunuch hit upon a device. He sent forward an ante-dated decree by which the emperor permitted oyster-carts to follow the same road as himself. This had previously been severely prohibited, on account of the intolerable

stench emitted by the oysters—an enormous species known to naturalists as spondyls, of which, then as now, the Chinese made enormous consumption. The fishmongers profited by the boon; hundreds of thousands of the full-flavoured testaceous soon preceded and followed the imperial convey; the decomposing corpse reached the capital under cover of their alkaline emanations, and was received with gongs and acclamations. Meanwhile, the forged mandate of self-destruction was received by Fou-son and Mong-tien. The old officer thought it bad policy to order a general in command of three hundred thousand men to commit suicide, and treated the mission as apocryphal. But Fou-son, considering only his duty as a son and subject, stabbed himself forthwith.

The accession of the present emperor was unattended by any such untoward circumstances, notwithstanding the irregularity of his nomination, to which the formal Chinese attach much importance. He ascended the throne without opposition, quitted, according to custom, the name he had till then borne, and assumed that of Hien-foung, which signifies *Complete Abundance*. His accession was hailed with joy by both the political parties into which China is divided, and which the authors of this volume designate as exclusionists and progressive conservatives. The former expected to find in him a staunch supporter of their principles. If they did not anticipate the rebellion, they nevertheless hoped that he would shut the Canton river as to prevent the entry of the barbarians from ascending to the capital of the two Kouang. The progressive party, upon the other hand, thought that the son of Tao-Kouang, and the pupil of Ki-in, would maintain peace with the foreigner, regulate the opium trade—as the English have done in India, and the Dutch in Malaya—and would introduce into the Chinese fleets, armies, and administrations, those reforms which lapse of time had rendered necessary. MM. Yvan and Callery declare, that when they learned the emperor's death they at once anticipated important events. It was to be feared that the new sovereign, a youth of nineteen, would sympathise with the

sentiments and wishes of those of his own age. And in China, where everything seems diametrically opposed to what we observe in other countries, the young men of education and the ignorant populace compose the high conservative party. These two classes profess the same hatred of foreigners, the same instinctive repugnance for foreign institutions. "They are reactionary by nature, and by their attachment to national customs. It is the men of maturer age who, formed at the school of experience, appreciate the arts and institutions of Christian nations. When we were in China, Ki-in, before he had undergone any disgrace, frequently praised the governments of England, the United States, and France; and, at the same moment, Ki chan, unjustly precipitated from the summit of greatness, expressed the same thoughts to MM. Huc and Gabet, in the holy city of Thibet."

For some time the new emperor disappointed all parties. Surrounded by flatterers, eunuchs, and concubines, he remained inactive in his immense palace, which equals in size one of the large European fortified towns. He went not beyond the limits of those gardens whose walks are strewn with sparkling quartz, and seemed absorbed by voluptuous enjoyments. Politicians were wondering at this long inaction, when one day the thunder-cloud burst. The absolute monarch displayed his power; the reactionary party triumphed. The *Pekin Moniteur* published the dismissal of Mou-tchang-ha and Ki-in, overwhelming them with abuse, and declaring them degraded to inferior ranks. The document was dated in the 30th year of the reign of Tao-Kouang—the year of an emperor's death being always reckoned by Chinese chronologists as belonging entire to his reign. The successors of the disgraced ministers were selected from amongst the bitterest enemies of Europeans, and their chief efforts were directed to neutralise the effect which the contact of the barbarians might have produced upon certain of their countrymen. This departure from the policy of Tao-Kouang, who had placed entire confidence in Ki-in, and had loaded him with marks of esteem, brought ill-luck to the new emperor. Very soon after the victory of the

reactionary party, the first news came of the revolt of Kouang-Si.

There had been precursory symptoms of this insurrection. It had been currently reported amongst the people that prophecies had fixed the re-establishment of the Ming dynasty to take place in the forty-eighth year of that cycle, which year corresponded with A.D. 1851. It was further said that a sage, who lived under the last emperor of that race, had saved his standard, and had foretold that he who displayed it in the midst of his army should mount the throne. At the beginning of the insurrection it was affirmed that the rebels marched beneath this miraculous banner, and this was implicitly believed by the people. "The vulgar are incredulous of the extinction of old royal races; it is never certain that their last representative is in his tomb: there are people in Portugal who still look for the return of Don Sebastian, killed, three centuries ago, at the battle of Alcazar-Quivir." An uneasy feeling soon spread far and wide, with rumours of the defection of mandarins. The legitimacy of the Tartar dynasty, and the necessity of substituting for it a national one, were publicly discussed. Here Dr Yvan translates an extract from an English paper, in which great importance is attached to the insurrection, and to the cry for reform which on all sides was heard. This was in August 1850. He then paints the portraits of the emperor Hien-foung, and of the pretender Tièn-tè. The former is twenty-two, the latter twenty-three years of age. Without entering into a minute description of the physical and mental qualities of the two personages, some of which will incidentally manifest themselves as we proceed, we extract a few leading traits of Tièn-tè, whose portrait forms the frontispiece to the volume we are examining. "Study and vigils have prematurely aged him. He is grave and melancholy, and very reserved, communicating with those around him only to give them orders. His complexion is that of the southern Chinese—a saffron tint. His impassible gaze seems to probe the depths of the human soul. He commands rather by suggestion than by direct dictation. In a word" (and this re-

minds us of Dr Yvan's own sovereign), "he has the silent reserve of a man who has reflected a great deal before communicating his projects to any one."

The Doctor then gives a Chinaman's description of the pretender's entrance into one of the numerous towns taken by his troops. "The new emperor and his retinue reminded me of the scenes represented at our theatres, in which we are shown the heroes of ancient days, those who lived before we came under the Tartar yoke. The persons who surrounded Tièn-tè had cut off their tails, let the whole of their hair grow, and, instead of the *chang* buttoned at the side, they wore tunics open in front. None of the officers were upon their right thumb the *pan-tche*, that archer's ring which our mandarin's so ostentatiously display. The emperor was in a magnificent palanquin, with yellow satin curtains, carried by sixteen officers. After Tièn-tè's palanquin came that of his preceptor, borne upon the shoulders of eight coolies; then came his thirty wives, in gilt and painted chairs. A multitude of servants and soldiers followed in fine order." There is a most important point to be noted in this description—the cutting off of the tail. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to repeat that the strange style of head-dress with which porcelain and rice-paper pictures have familiarised Europeans, is of Tartar origin, and, in the case of the Chinese, a mark of subjugation. It was thus that the victors, having vanquished—compelled their vanquished to shave their heads, with a spot upon the skin, a lock of hair upon which was suffered to grow into a long tail. As a sign that they had thrown off the foreign yoke, Tièn-tè's followers cut off their tails. This bold act—a treasonable offence in China—was equivalent to throwing away the scabbard, and caused a great and painful sensation at the court of Peking. As a sort of counterpoise to it, the celestial *Moniteur*, the Imperial Gazette, was made to publish a supposititious act of submission on the part of the rebels, in which they were made to prostrate themselves, declare their fidelity, and submit to stripes and bondage.

possession of two large towns, in one of which three mandarins of high rank were killed fighting against them. Siu, governor-general of the two Kouangs, took alarm; and upon learning that the rebels were coming his way, solicited the honour of making a pilgrimage to the tomb of the defunct emperor. This request was refused; and the troops he sent against the enemy were beaten and exterminated. The antiquated tactics of the insurgents—which would hardly have much success against any but a Chinese army—consisted in feigning a flight, and drawing their opponents into an ambushade. This succeeded several times running—not being, we must suppose, guarded against in the Chinese twenty-four-volume treatise on the art of war. Emboldened by their repeated victories, the rebels crossed the frontier of Kouang-Si, and entered Kouang-Toung, where they soon met with and massacred, to the very last man, a detachment of imperial troops.

Two political acts of great importance were now simultaneously accomplished at Peking and in the insurgent camp. In the former place, the emperor sent for Lin, the opium-burner, and bade him go and put down the rebellion. Notwithstanding his great age, the austere mandarin promptly obeyed. As if by way of retort, the insurgents issued a proclamation, declaring that the Manchou, who for two centuries had held the throne of China, ought to it beyond that of the Chinese; that that right was coeval with the world—and that they had an equal right to levy contributions on the towns they conquered. The Manchous, they said, were foreigners, who had conquered the country by aid of a veteran army; their right of government consisted in possessing. This proclamation conveyed the leading idea of the rebels, which had previously been merely rumoured. They declared legitimacy to mean possession; and at the same time intimated their intention of expelling the Manchous, and transferring to Chinese hands the management of the public revenues. This publication was the last act of the rebels in 1850. It coincided with

the death of Lin, which occurred in November of that year. The old commissioner was in his seventieth year, and sank under the fatigue and anxiety of his new command.

The Chinese year begins in February. Its commencement is a sort of commercial and financial crisis, when everybody pays and calls in his debts. In January it was reported and believed, in Canton, that the insurrection of Kouang-Si was entirely suppressed, and that the celestial tigers had gained imperishable laurels. In consequence of this good news, business resumed its usual course, confidence returned, and the Chinese "settling day" passed without disaster. It was a mere trick of the cunning mandarins of Kouang-Toung, who, in the interest of the commercial community, had fabricated the bulletins. The public satisfaction and tranquillity were soon dispelled by intelligence of the cutting off of tails already mentioned, and which admitted of no other interpretation than "War to the Knife!"

Li succeeded Lin as imperial commissioner in Kouang-Si. The pusillanimous Siu was reduced four degrees of rank, which is something like reducing a field-officer to an ensigncy, but was still left governor of the two Kouangs. A very bad system was pursued by the agents of the Chinese government—exemplified by the following incidents. In March 1851, the little town of Lo Ngan was taken by the insurgents, who levied a contribution, seized the contractor of the *Mont de Pitié*, or pawning establishment, and fixed his ransom at 1000 taels (about £320). He paid, and was released. Next day the imperial troops drove out the rebels, levied another contribution, and squeezed 3000 taels from the contractor! This man, who was influential in the place, and indignant at suffering spoliation from those who should have protected him, harangued the people in the public square. Others spoke after him, and at last the excited mob cut off their tails, swore that the reign of the Tartars was at an end, and sent for the insurgents, who came in the night and massacred the garrison. Other things concurred to induce disaffection among the population to the reigning dynasty.

Li took for his second in command a ferocious mandarin, who, when governor of the province of Hou-Nan, where the use of opium was very prevalent, had adopted the barbarous practice of cutting off the under lip of the smokers. Dr Yvan was in China at the time, and saw several poor wretches who had been thus mutilated, and whose aspect was horrible, the operation, performed by clumsy executioners, leaving hideous jagged wounds, "very different," the doctor feelingly and professionally remarks, "from the elegant scars so artfully and happily produced by Parisian bistourys." The nomination of the cruel Tchang (in his case, as in some others, we spare the reader the labour of reading his second and third names, which, although connected by hyphens, are not, as we perceive from Dr Yvan's practice, inseparable from the first) was significant. At the same period, and in one day, thirty-six persons, accused of conspiring against the safety of the state, were put to death at Canton. Dr Yvan doubts whether their crimes were really political. In China they deal in what he calls prophylactic justice. The thirty-six executions were perhaps a preventive measure, and the victims common malefactors, elevated to the rank of rebels and traitors. "They may, however, have been members of secret societies, which are very numerous in China, and in those countries whither Chinese immigrate. At Singapore, Penang, Batavia, Manilla, we have known numerous adepts of the secret societies of the Empire of the Centre—a species of free-masonry, whose ascertained object is the dethronement of the Manchous.

"In 1845, we lived for several days with a merchant of Chan-Toung, who clandestinely introduces arms into China. He took us to a house in one of the dirtiest and least reputable quarters of the town, and we ascended into a sort of garret. In that country garrets are on the first floor. His object was to obtain our estimate of arms which some Americans had sold him. They were enormous swords in steel scabbards. The heavy blades were clumsily forged; but cheap they certainly were, having been delivered in China at the price of ten francs a-piece. On our entrance the Chinese

unsheathed one of these large blades, and uttered loud exclamations, gesticulating the while after the fashion of the Chinese heroes one sees painted upon fans. We asked him if it was for the equipment of the invincible tigers he purchased these arms. At the question he smiled significantly, and showed us, by an expressive gesture, the use intended to be made of them against the imperial troops. Perhaps at this moment the gigantic weapons are in the rebels' hands."

Neither the appointment of the terrible Tchang, the executions at Canton, nor the mendacious reports, perseveringly circulated, of imperial triumphs, checked the rebels. On the contrary, they replied to all this violence and boasting by the proclamation of an emperor of their own, whom they called T'ien-tè, which means *Celestial Virtue*. He was invested with the imperial yellow robe, and, contrary to Tartar usage, which forbids the reproduction of the sovereign's features by his subjects, his portrait was circulated by thousands of copies. From one of those prints MM. Gallery and Yvan have taken the frontispiece of their volume. The head-dress and costume are those of the days of the Mings, from whom the pretender's partisans declare him descended.

The proclamation of T'ien-tè may be said to close the first period of the insurrection. Dr Yvan points admiringly to the patient poise of its chiefs. For a whole year they kept in the background, ~~and~~ <sup>contenting themselves</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~contenting themselves~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~their~~ <sup>their</sup> ~~claiming~~ <sup>claiming</sup> a report that there ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~emperor~~ <sup>emperor</sup> of the Mings. Then, ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> ~~claimed~~ <sup>claimed</sup>, but did not show him to the people. He returned to a sort of mysterious obscurity, and showed himself but at long intervals, to his enthusiastic adherents. The rebellion now took the character of a civil war. The Emperor Hièn-foung, although deficient in political judgment, and in that tact and penetration which enable a sovereign to make the best choice of agents, displayed a good deal of energy; but this was too apt to degenerate into violence. He was certainly not well served. Siu, still governor of the Kouangs, was unequal to the difficulties that every day augmented. The

inhabitants of two districts refused to pay taxes; the emperor ordered their punishment; Siu sent a mandarin to bring the ringleaders before him; the whole population rose, and pulled the officer out of his palanquin, which they broke to pieces, its occupant barely escaping with life. About the same time Tien-tê set a price of ten thousand dollars on Siu's head. The placard containing the announcement was affixed to the north gate of Canton, just as Siu was about to quit that city at the head of three thousand men, to join other forces directed against Kouang-Si. The viceroy was furious; and as his palanquin passed through Canton's street, preceded by two gongs, and by a banner on which was inscribed, "Get out of the way and be silent; here is the imperial commissioner," he glanced savagely right and left, as if seeking some one on whom to wreak his vengeance. "Presently he slapped his hand down upon the edge of his chair, and bade the bearers stop. It was just opposite the house of one of those poor artists who paint familiar genii and large family-pictures. The painter had hung up some of his most remarkable works outside his house; but strange to relate! in the midst of smiling deities, irritated genii, footless women flying along like birds in silken vestments, there was displayed a decapitated mandarin. The rank of the personage was unmistakably indicated by the insignia embroidered on his breast. The corpse lay in a kneeling position, and the head, detached from the trunk, was placed on a black beaver-hat bearing the character 'king.' The unfortunate artist called out of his shop, and knelt trembling in the dust before Siu's palanquin. In vain he protested that the picture was painted to order, and hung out to dry: he was sent to the town-prison to receive twenty blows of a bamboo for placing such ill-omened horrors upon the viceroy's passage, and Siu went upon his way, gloomily impressed by the double presage of the placard and the picture. Besides his three thousand men, he had with him a host of mandarins, attendants, executioners, musicians, standard-bearers, and women, and a large sum of money, which he added to, upon the march, as often as he

could. The women and the treasure were carried on men's shoulders, in palanquins and chests. Dr Yvan relates the following curious incident as having occurred upon this march:—

"They one evening reached a deep and rapid water-course, which had to be crossed over a bamboo bridge. When a part of the escort had reached the farther bank, Siu stopped his palanquin, and ordered the coolies who carried the treasure-chest to cross slowly and cautiously. They obeyed: but just as they reached the centre of the elastic bridge, a sudden shock threw them and their load into the water. There was a moment of extreme confusion. The chest had sunk, the unfortunate coolies were struggling against the stream, and uttering lamentable cries, whilst Siu, furious, was breaking his fan for rage. Luckily the coolies swam like fish, and easily reached the shore. The viceroy was sorely tempted to bastinado them upon the spot; but he reserved that pleasure for another day, and ordered the poor wretches, who stood panting and terrified before him, instantly to fish up the precious chest, threatening them with a terrible chastisement if they did not find it. They stripped off their clothes and courageously entered the water; skilful divers, they explored the river's bed, and, after many efforts, succeeded in getting the heavy chest ashore. It was wet and muddy, but otherwise uninjured. Siu had it placed upon the shoulders of two fresh coolies, and the march was resumed. A few days later, on reaching Chao-Kin, the first care was to have the chest opened in his presence; but instead of his golden ingots, he found only pebbles and pieces of lead carefully wrapped in silk paper. The coolies were audacious robbers, who had skilfully planned the exchange. The viceroy set all his police on foot, but in vain; the thieves had doubtless taken refuge in the insurgent country, where they and their booty were safe."

A Chinese gentleman, well-dressed, comely, and of intelligent aspect, has lately attracted considerable attention in Paris, in whose streets and public places he has been frequently seen. He is a friend and companion of M. Callery, and to him is owing the fac-



simile of a Chinese map included in the volume under notice. It represents those provinces which the insurgents have already traversed, from the mountains of Konang-Si to the city of Nankin, the ancient capital of the Mings. A stream of red spots, running across its centre, and in some places spreading out wide, indicates the towns occupied by the rebels. The map is copied from one of the numerous charts published in China in 1851, towards the end of which year the victories of Tièn-tè's troops were so numerous, and their progress so prodigious, that even the lying *Pekin Gazette* ceased to record imaginary imperial triumphs. — It must not be supposed, however, that, in the case of the captured towns, occupation invariably implied retention. The chiefs of the insurgents heeded not the strategical importance of particular places. With the exception of a few fortresses, into which the pretender occasionally retired, they abandoned successively all the towns they took, after raising contributions to pay their troops. "Their tactics," says Dr Yvan, "are those of the barbarian chiefs who led the great invasions of which history has transmitted us the account. The insurgents go straight before them, seizing, each day, some new point, which they next day abandon. Their intention is evidently to cut their way to the capital. In a country where the centralising system prevails so completely as in China, the Mantchous reign as long as Peking is in their power; but upon the day on which the descendant of the Mings enters the imperial city, the provinces he has marched through and left unconquered will acknowledge his right, and submit themselves to his authority." In several chapters of Dr Yvan's book we find amusing examples of the military tactics of these strange barbarians who deem all others such. Thirteen thousand imperialists advanced against the rebels near the town of Ping-Nan-Hien. The rebels defended themselves feebly, and retreated from one position to another. When this had lasted several hours, and the weary pursuers were about to desist, they suddenly found themselves in an **ambuscade**, entangled in a bamboo jungle, and attacked in front and flank

by a strong body of rebels, with more than sixty pieces of artillery. When General Ou-lan-tai got back to his camp, it was with half his army; the remainder had either been killed, or had deserted to the enemy. Siu, the valiant viceroy, safe behind the thick walls of a fortress, swore by his meagre mustaches that he would revenge this rout. "To that end, he borrowed from the ancient history of the kingdom of Tsi a stratagem which reminds one of the Trojan horse, and of Samson's foxes. He got together four thousand buffaloes, to whose long horns he had torches fastened; the drove was then given in charge to four thousand soldiers; and the expedition, prepared in the most profound secrecy, set out one night for the rebel camp. It was anticipated that each buffalo, thus transformed into a *fiery chariot*, would commit terrible ravages, kill all the men it could get at, and set fire to the camp. At first the horned battalions met with no obstacles; the insurgents, duly advertised of this splendid stratagem, suffered them quietly to advance. But before the imperialists reached the camp, the enemy, who observed all their movements by favour of the splendid illumination, fell upon them unexpectedly, as they had so often done before, and the same scenes of carnage were renewed. This manoeuvre of Siu's cost the lives of more than two thousand men, and gives an idea of Chinese proficiency in the art of war. Had our knowledge of the affair been derived from an Anglo-Chinese press, we should have hesitated to reproduce their story; but we have had opportunity of verifying the account given by *The Friend of China*, with authentic Chinese documents, and they entirely agree in their narrative of this incredible occurrence. In the eyes of the Tartar warriors, and of the Chinese themselves, this comical invention of Siu's passes for a highly ingenious strategical combination."

Whilst such were the disasters of his armies, and the progress of his foes, what was the occupation of his Imperial Majesty, the Son of Heaven, Hien-fong? Surrounded by favourites and courtiers, he composed a poem, whose subject was the heroic

exploits of his Tartar general, Oulan-tai—the said exploits existing but in the general's own bulletins! According to MM. Yvan and Gallery, who have read a portion of the emperor's epic, it is an inflated performance, indebted in every line to reminiscences of the classic authors of the Celestial Empire—the Chinese Homers, the Ariostos of Peking; so that the braggart general appropriately found a plagiarist bard. Meanwhile Sin, who had more confidence in golden than in leaden ammunition as a means of victory, offered ninety thousand taels (nearly £30,000) for the heads of Tien-tè, his father, and his mysterious privy-councillor—that being, for each head, just thrice the sum at which the insurgents had estimated him. But no heads were brought in, and the viceroy, weary and despairing, implored permission to return to Canton. To obtain such permission, he invented an ingenious story, which the official Peking paper was so unkind as to publish. He represented to his master that the subjects of Donna Maria da Gloria, queen of Portugal, were preparing for an expedition against the Celestial Empire. He converted the peaceable Macaists into a band of pirates ready to aid the insurgents, and to appropriate to themselves the provinces of Konang-Toung and Po-Kien! With an emperor, a general, and a viceroy, such as these characteristic traits exhibit, Dr Yvan is surely justified in anticipating the dissolution of the Chinese empire. Under such chiefs, it is not to be expected when armies exhibit discipline nor courage. In the autumn of 1851, the insurgents, having taken three towns, respected the lives and property of the inhabitants. By a proclamation, Tien-tè exhorted the latter to remain quietly where they were, but permitted those who would not recognise his authority to quit the place, taking with them all they could of their goods and chattels. A considerable number profited by this permission, and departed, laden with the most valuable portion of their property. They fell in with a body of imperialist troops, who stripped them of everything, and killed those who resisted. The unfortunate victims of civil war reproached their

spoilers with their cowardice. "Before the rebels," they said, "you are mice; it is only with us that you are tigers!"

From an early period of the rebellion, the mandarins endeavoured to discredit its banner and partisans by the propagation of lying inventions, some of which had the double aim of exciting the Buddhist population against the insurgents, and of rendering the Christians more and more odious to the young emperor. Thus they asserted that the pretender really was a descendant of the Mings, but that he was a Catholic, and that, wherever he went, he upset pagodas and destroyed idols. Others affirmed that he was of the sect of Chang-ti—that is to say, a Protestant. Whilst noticing these statements, Dr Yvan contents himself with remarking that the name of Tien-tè, chosen by the pretender, is purely pagan. Another manœuvre of the mandarins was to announce that the insurgents had declared their intention, as soon as they should have attained to supreme authority, of driving the Europeans from the five ports. Thus they thought to set the Europeans against the insurrection. But this flimsy fabrication was easily seen through. Attempts were also made to cast ridicule on the insurgents, by the circulation of pamphlets filled with incredible anecdotes.

"One of these satirical productions relates that Tien-tè, having perished in an accidental conflagration of his camp, his wife had had his brother assassinated, and had seized the reins of government. But, in China, petticoat government is inadmissible, and people never speak but with horror of the Empress On-heou, that Elizabeth of the East, who possessed herself of the imperial power, and exercised it for more than twenty years. In this respect, Chinese prejudices are so invincible that the name of On-heou has been effaced from the list of the sovereigns of the Celestial Empire. For the Chinese, that shameful reign never took place. The idea of sovereign power in a woman's hands fills them with indignation; yet they know that a woman reigns over that western people which conquered them, and that the English nation was never greater or more glorious than under

the rule of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria."

The existence of a Christian element or influence in the ranks and councils of the insurgents, which the mandarins put forward, probably without any better grounds than their own malicious intent, is traced, at a later period, by MM. Callery and Yvan, in a proclamation issued after several triumphs won, at short intervals, by the armies of Tièn-tè. In a previous proclamation, the pretender had referred, somewhat obscurely, to the idea of a federal empire, to be composed of several kingdoms dependent on one chief. This idea was more clearly developed in the manifesto affixed to the walls of the captured town of Young-Gan-Tcheou, and signed, not by Tièn-tè, although he was then present, but by Tièn-kio, one of the future feodatory kings, who dated it from the first year of his reign. It announced, in plain terms, the plans of the insurgents. They would combine their forces, march on Peking, and then divide the empire. The whole plan, Dr Yvan, who highly lauds it, believes to have been conceived and elaborated by the secret societies. "Since the overthrow of the Mings, and the accession of the Manchous," he says, "those clandestine associations, the intellectual laboratory of declining countries, have been constantly active. The most celebrated of them, the Society of the Three Principles, or of the Triad, is powerfully organised. In every part of China, and in all the countries where Chinese reside, are found members of this association; and the children of the Empire of the Centre might say, almost without exaggeration, that when three of them are assembled together, the Triad is amongst them."

But if the substance of Tièn-kio's proclamation is politically important, to its form Dr Yvan assigns immense significance. He recognises in it a new and regenerative element—that of Christianity. "Its authors speak of *decrees of Heaven*. They have *prostrated themselves before the Supreme Being, after having learned to adore God*. They have *striven to save the people from calamities*. This is a style unknown to the idolatrous Chinese,

and foreign to Catholic language: to Protestantism is due the honour of having introduced it into China; and it appears that there really is, amongst the insurgents, an indigenous Protestant, holding a very high rank, and exercising very great authority. This Protestant is, it is stated, a disciple of Gutzlaff, the last secretary interpreter of the government of Hong-Kong." Having mentioned Gutzlaff's name, MM. Callery and Yvan—one, if not both, of whom appears to have known him—give some curious particulars concerning him. They speak of him as an intelligent man, having extraordinary facility in learning languages, and of his books as narratives in which a little truth is mingled with very agreeable falsehoods. Born in Pomerania, there was nothing German in his aspect; his features were Mongul, and in his Chinese costume he could not be distinguished from a Chinese.

"One night, during our residence in China, we were conversing about him with the mandarin Pan-se-tchen, who was a great friend of his, and one of us expressed his surprise at finding, in a European, the characteristic signs of the Chinese race.

"'Nothing is more natural,' the mandarin, quietly replied; 'Gutzlaff's father was a Fokienese settled in Germany.'

"This fact appeared to us so extraordinary that we should hesitate to mention it here, if Pan had not affirmed that he had it from *himself*."

We do not here *omit* to record the progress of the Insurrection in their *one* leading events of whose *earliest* stages have, to a certain extent, been made known to Europeans by the public press; whilst the details of its later period, and especially those of the siege and capture of Nankin, had not come to the knowledge of MM. Callery and Yvan up to the very recent date at which their volume went to press. We have preferred to cull from this curious and uncommon book, traits and incidents which, although they may not be of paramount importance in a political or military sense, exhibit, as clearly as could do the most circumstantial narrative of the war, the character of people and

parties, and the probable eventualities of the struggle. There exists, it appears, amongst the Chinese—at least in certain provinces—so strong a tendency to assist the insurrection, that the viceroy of the two Kouangs published a decree forbidding the young men of the towns to form themselves into volunteer corps. In this cunningly-drawn-up document he thanked them for their zeal, and assured them that the imperial troops amply sufficed to put down the rebellion. The fact was, experience had taught him, that, as soon as the volunteers were put under the command of a military mandarin, and taken into the field, they deserted to the enemy. Their aid would have been welcome, could it have been relied upon; for, at the very time the decree was issued, the imperialists were enduring daily defeats, whilst the insurgents, who everywhere appropriated public money, but respected private property, daily acquired fresh partisans.

In the month of September 1852, Tièn-tè, with all his court, and with his body-guard, which never quits him, took up his quarters at a town within a few leagues of the wily and prudent Viceroy Siu. This personage is the most amusing of all the strange characters we meet with in Dr Yvan's pages. Crafty, cowardly, and particularly careful of his person, he is a type of the Chinese, as Europeans understand that nation of which, however, Dr Yvan leads us to believe that we have a very imperfect notion. A short time ago, he found himself in the perilous vicinity of the insurgent leaders, and had been at his old tricks, trying to impose upon his countrymen. Having caught a petty chief of the rebels, he ticketed him Tièn-tè, and sent him to Peking in an iron cage. The official gazette published the capital sentence pronounced upon him, which, according to Chinese custom, was preceded by the criminal's confession. This was a long document, drawn up, doubtless, by some Peking man of letters, in which the spurious Tièn-tè acknowledged his delinquencies, and attributed the insurrection especially to a secret society founded by Gutzlaff, the Chang-Ti, or Protestant. Here was evident the perfidious intention of the exclu-

sionist party to bring the Christians into discredit. The execution of the sham Tièn-tè was still the leading topic of discussion at Peking, when news came that the real pretender was still alive and active in the mountains of Kouang-Si, whence he exercised his occult influence, and observed the progress of the revolt. When his pretended captor, Siu, found himself in his immediate vicinity, he made no attempt to capture him in reality; and soon afterwards (in January of the present year) that officer fell into disgrace with his sovereign, owing to the disasters that occurred under his government. He was deprived of his vice-royalty, and of his peacock's feather with two eyes. Shortly after the appearance of this decree in the *Peking Gazette*, a melancholy report was circulated at Canton; Sin, it was affirmed, driven to despair by his disgrace, had poisoned himself. When the circumstances of the act came to be known, the minds of his anxious friends were considerably relieved. He had poisoned himself with gold-leaf.

"The science of toxicology is about on a par, in China, with the military knowledge of the generals of the imperial army. When a great personage wishes to put himself to death, he takes an ounce of gold leaf, rolls it into a ball, and swallows the valuable pill. According to the physiologists of the Celestial Empire, these balls, once in the stomach, unroll themselves, and adhere to the whole interior of the organ, like paper on a wall. The stomach, thus gilt, ceases to act, and the unhappy mandarin dies suffocated, after a few hours' somnolency—a mode of suicide which we recommend to despairing sybarites."

The year 1852 closed as disastrously as it had begun. Throughout its whole course, the imperialists—or, to speak more correctly, the troops of the Tartar dynasty, since there are now two emperors in the field—had been invariably worsted, and the insurrection had spread far and wide. Stringent measures were adopted by Hièn-foung; his generals were warned that defeat would be promptly followed by their degradation, and even by the loss of their heads: Victory or Death was the motto they literally and

pulsorily assumed. Another evil was soon added to the many that assailed the young emperor. The imperial finances were exhausted; the Celestial Chancellor of the Exchequer declared his penury, and denounced the mandarins who nominally commanded in the insurgent provinces. They would render no account of their stewardship; not a copper was to be got from them—that was hardly to be expected—but they sent in fabulous “states” of the troops under their command, and demanded enormous sums wherewith to carry on the war. In this emergency, the means proposed, and those resorted to, to raise the wind, transcend belief. No desperate prodigal, reckless of reputation, ever adopted more shameless expedients to replenish his purse. A mandarin proposed an opium monopoly. A similar proposal, under the reign of Tao-Kouang, cost a minister his place, and was near costing him his life. Times are changed; Hien-foung, less scrupulous, and notwithstanding his aversion to opium-smokers, was giving to the project, at the date of the last advice, his serious consideration. Meanwhile, the official newspaper published (12th November 1852) a document, comprising twenty-three articles, in which everything was put up for sale—titles, judgeships, peacocks’ feathers, mandarins’ buttons, exemptions from service, promotions in the army. In this publication, a casual reference being made to the English, they were still treated as barbarians; but, five months later (on the 16th March last), when the insurgents were before Nankin, and likely soon to be within it, Celestial pride was so far humbled that we find the authorities earnestly and respectfully supplicating Christian succour, in a circular addressed to all the representatives of civilised nations, resident in those Chinese ports open to European commerce, and especially to the consuls of Great Britain and the United States. For “barbarians” was now substituted “your great and honourable nation.” To such an extent are carried Chinese vanity and conceit, that, Dr Yvan assures us, if the demand for aid were complied with by the English and American plenipotentiaries, the Son

of Heaven would instantly persuade himself that those Western people rank amongst his tributaries, and would very probably issue a proclamation announcing that his troops had subdued the rebels, aided by nations who had lately made their submission, and who had conducted themselves faithfully in those circumstances.

Meanwhile, the insurgents employed much more straightforward and satisfactory means of filling their treasury than those resorted to in extremity of distress by the Manchou emperor. In the month of February last they captured Ou-Tchang-Fou, a rich city of four hundred thousand inhabitants, the capital of the province of Hou-Pé. A friend of M. Yvan and Callery, an intrepid traveller, gave them a glowing description of this city, situated upon the right bank of the Yang-Tze-Kiang, or Son of the Ocean—an enormous river, in whose waters porpoises disport themselves as in the open sea, and which allows the ascent of ships of the largest burthen. Five or six thousand (and Dr Yvan’s friend expressly disclaims exaggeration) are the number of the junks usually at anchor before Ou-Tchang. The person referred to saw upwards of a thousand laden with salt alone, and the town is an immense depot of China produce and of European and American manufactures. Chinese junks are the noisiest vessels that float; their crews are continually beating gongs and letting off fireworks. The quiet of Ou-Tchang may be imagined. It was on the occasion of the capture of this wealthy and fertile city that poor Sin was deprived of his peacock’s feather and driven to internal girding. “The troubles of the south,” said the emperor in his proclamation, “leave us no rest by night, and take away our appetite.”

The fourteenth chapter of *L’Insurrection en Chine* is chiefly occupied by a description of the five feudatory kings appointed by Tièn-tè (one of whom takes the title of the Great Pacificator, whilst the four others are known as Kings of the North, South, East, and West), of the Pretender’s ministers, of the dress and official insignia of the various dignitaries, and of the organisation of the insurgent army, which is regular and perfect.

It also comprises a proclamation, exhorting the people to rise in arms against their tyrannical government, and whose exalted and metaphorical style may be judged of by a single short extract. "How is it that you, Tartars, do not yet understand that it is time to gather up your scattered bones, and to light slices of bacon to serve as signals to your terror?" Notwithstanding such eccentricities of expression, which may possibly be heightened by extreme literalness of translation, the document has its importance, especially by reason of a tendency to Christianity traced by MM. Callery and Yvan in the commencement of one of its paragraphs. "We adore respectfully the Supreme Lord," says T'ien-tê, "in order to obtain His protection for the people." The descendant of the Mings was now in full march for the city which, under the ancient dynasty he assumes to represent, and proposes to restore, was the capital of all China. With a formidable fleet and an army of fifty thousand men, the five kings appeared before Nankin.

"This city, which contains more than half a million of inhabitants, has thrice the circumference of Paris; but amidst its deserted streets are found large spaces turned up by the plough, and the grass grows upon the quays, to which a triple line of shipping was formerly moored. It is situated in an immense plain, furrowed by canals as numerous as those which traverse the human body. Its fertile district is a net-work of canals and of navigable water-courses, fringed with willows and bamboo. In the province of Nankin grows the yellowish cotton from which is made the cloth exported thence in enormous quantities; there also is reaped the greater part of all the rice consumed in the empire. The Kiang Nan, or province of Nankin, is the richest gem in the diadem of the Son of Heaven. Nothing in old Europe can give an idea of its fruitfulness—neither the plains of Beauce, nor those of Lombardy, nor even opulent Flanders. Twice a-year its fields are covered with crops, and they yield fruit and vegetables uninterruptedly. . . . We have had the happiness to sit in the shadow of the orchards

which fringe the Ou-Soung, one of the numerous veins that fertilise the province of Kiang-Nan. There we have gathered with our own hands the fleshy jujube, which travellers have often mistaken for the date; the pomegranate, with its transparent grains; monstrous peaches, beside which the finest produced at Montreuil seem but wild fruit, and the diospyros as large as a tomato. We have seen the scarlet pheasant and his brother of the pearl-tinted plumage running in the fields. This province contains thirty-eight millions of inhabitants.

"To a Chinese nothing is beautiful, good, graceful, elegant, or tasteful, but what comes from Nankin or from Sou-Tcheou-Fou. Wedded to routine, we have but one city which sets the fashions; the Chinese have two. The fashionables of the Celestial Empire are divided into two schools, one of which holds by Nankin, the other by Sou-Tcheou-Fou. It is still doubtful which of the two will carry the day. As to Peking, the centre of government, it has no weight in matters of pleasure and taste; it has the monopoly of ennui. In Nankin reside the men of letters and learning, the dancers, painters, archaeologists, jugglers, physicians, poets, and celebrated courtesans. In that charming city are held schools of science, art, and pleasure: for pleasure is, in that country, both an art and a science."

With this interesting extract we shall conclude our article, after quoting a significant passage from a short proclamation which T'ien-tê's agents have lately circulated:

"As to those stupid priests of Bonddha, and those jugglers of Tao-se," it says, "they shall all be repressed, and their temples and their monasteries shall be demolished, as well as those of all the other corrupt sects."

MM. Callery and Yvan anxiously speculate as to who are designated by the words *other corrupt sects*. Was the proclamation drawn up by a disciple of Confucius, or by a member of Gutzlaff's Chinese Union? They admit that for the present it is impossible to answer the question.

But T'ien-tê's banner waves over Nankin, and the riddle may soon be solved.

## LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD.

## PART VIII. — CHAPTER XXXVII.

BETWEEN the village of Lanscote and the Heronry a side-road branched off, leading also to Doddington. At their junction the two roads bounded an abrupt rocky chasm, containing a black gloomy pool of unknown depth; known to the neighbourhood as the Mine Pool. A speculator had dug it many years before, in expectation of being richly rewarded by the mineral treasures supposed to exist there, and had continued the enterprise till the miners reached a great depth, when the water rose too rapidly to be kept under, and the work was abandoned. A few low bushes fringed the edge of it, besides which a dilapidated railing fenced it from the road. It formed a grim feature as it appeared unexpectedly yawning beside the green and flowery lane, and suggested ideas altogether incongruous with the smiling, peaceful character of the surrounding landscape.

On the morning after Bagot's interview with Mr Holmes, as related in the last chapter, Fillett and Julius were coming down the lane towards Lanscote. They were often sent out for a morning walk, and had been easily induced to choose this road by the Colonel, who had promised Julius a ride on the front of his saddle if he would come towards the village.

In these walks Julius was accustomed to impart, for the benefit of Kitty, most of the information collected from his various instructors. He would tell her of distant countries which his mamma had described to him—of pictures of foreign people and animals drawn for him by Orelia—of fairy tales told him by Rosa—of scraps of botanical rudiments communicated to him by the Curate. And being a sharp-witted little fellow, with a wonderful memory, he seldom failed to command Kitty's admiration and applause. There were few branches of natural or metaphysical science which he had not treated of in this way. He had explained to her all about thunderbolts—he had destroyed for ever her faith in will-o'-the-wisps, leaving

instead a mere matter-of-fact, uninteresting *ignis fatuus*—he had soundered her belief in witchcraft—he had put questions respecting the nature and habits of ghosts which she was wholly unable to solve: "Bless the child," Kitty would say, "it's as good as a play to hear him."

Julius, hovering round Kitty, and chatting with her, frequently looked anxiously about to see if his Uncle Bag were coming, that he might claim the promised ride. When they arrived near the Mine Pool, down into the depths of which he was fond of gazing with a child's awe, the Colonel suddenly met them coming on horse-back up the road. Julius, clamorous to be lifted up, ran towards him; but Bagot called out that he was riding home for something he had forgotten, and would speedily overtake him. He passed them, and trotted on to where the road made a bend. There he suddenly pulled up, and called to Kitty to leave the boy for a minute and come up—that he wanted to speak to her.

Fillett obeyed, tripped up to the horse's side, and walked beside the Colonel, who proceeded onward at a slow pace, talking of the old affair of Dubbley and her ladyship, and pretending to have something of a matter of the kind in his head. Kitty noticed that his manner was a trifle nervous, and his language a trifle incoherent, and before she could at all clearly perceive what it was he wanted to tell her, he released her and trotted onward to the Heronry, while she hastened to rejoin her young charge.

Julius was not in the spot where she had left him, and Fillett ran breathlessly down the road, calling him by name. Reaching a point where she could see a long way down the path, and finding he was not in sight, she retraced her steps, alternately calling him aloud and muttering to herself what a plaguey child he was. She looked behind every bush as she came along, and on again reaching the Mine Pool looked anxiously over

the fence. Some object hung in the bushes a few yards from where she stood, just below a broken part of the fence; she hastened to the spot and looked down—it was Juley's hat.

Clasping her hands together with a loud shriek, poor Kitty's eyes wandered round in every direction in search of some gleam of comfort;—in search of some one to help her, under the burden of this terrible discovery. No one was in sight; only she saw a yellow caravan going up the other road to Doddington, at a quarter of a mile off. She would have run after it shrieking to the driver to stop; but her limbs and voice alike failed her, and poor Kitty sunk down moaning on the ground. "What shall I say to my lady?" gasped Fillett.

Lady Lee was sitting in the library dressed for a walk, and waiting for her two friends who were getting ready to accompany her, when she heard a great commotion in the servants' hall and rung the bell to ask the reason. It was slowly answered by a footman, who entered with a perturbed aspect, and said the noise was caused by Fillett, who was in hysterics. Lady Lee asked what had caused her disorder, but the man looked confused, and stammered in

his reply. Before she could make any further inquiries, Fillett herself rushed frantically into the room, and threw herself down before Lady Lee. "O, my lady, my lady!" sobbed Fillett.

"What ails the girl?" asked Lady Lee, looking down at her with an astonished air.

Fillett tried to answer, but nothing was distinguishable except that "indeed it wasn't her fault." At this moment a whispering at the door caused Lady Lee to look up, and she saw that the servants were gathered there, peering fearfully in. Rising up she grasped Kitty's shoulder, and shook her, faltering out, "Speak, girl!"

Fillett seized her mistress's dress, and again tried to tell her tale. In the midst of her sobs and exclamations, the words "Master Juley," and "the Mine Pool," alone were heard; but thus coupled they were enough.

Kitty, not daring to look up, fancied she felt her ladyship pulling away her dress from her grasp, and clutched it more firmly. At the same moment there was a rush of servants from the door—the dress that Fillett held gave way with a loud rending—and Lady Lee fell senseless to the ground.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Until they lost him, they did not fully know the importance of Julius in the household. He was a very limbopt off, to miss his tiny step at the door, his chubby face at their knees, his ringing voice about the rooms and corridors, made all appear very desolate at the Heroury. Though there had been no funeral, no room made dismal for ever by the presence of his coffin, and though there was no little green grave in the churchyard, yet the house seemed a tomb haunted by the dim shadow of his form, and saddened by the echoes of his voice.

Every endeavour was made to recover the poor child's body. The Mine Pool was searched and dragged—it was even proposed to pump it dry; but the numerous crannies and recesses that lurked in its gloomy depths precluded much prospect of

success, though the attempts were still persisted in after all hope was relinquished.

Lady Lee's grief was of that silent sort which does not encourage attempts to console the mourner. She did not talk about her boy; she was not often observed to weep—but, whenever any stray relic brought the poor child strongly before her mind's eye, she might be seen gazing at it with woeful earnestness, while her imagination "stuffed out his vacant garments with his form." Rosa, observing this, stealthily removed, one by one, all the objects most likely to recall his image, and conveyed them to her own chamber; and she and Orelia avoided, so far as might be, while in Lady Lee's presence, all allusions to their little lost friend. But in their own room at night they would



talk about him for hours, cry themselves to sleep, and recover him in their dreams. A large closet in their apartment was sacred to his memory; his clothes, his rocking-horse, his trumpet, his musket, his box of dominoes, and a variety of other peaceful and warlike implements were stored there, and served vividly to recall the image of their late owner.

Rosa, waking in the morning with her face all swollen with crying, would indulge her grief with occasional peeps into the cupboard at these melancholy relics; while Orelia, a more austere mourner, sat silent under the hands of Fillett, whose sadness was of an infectious and obtrusive nature. Kitty would sniff, sigh, compress her under-lip with her teeth, and glance sideways through her red, watery eyes at the sympathetic Rosa.

"I dreamt of dear Juley again last night, Orelia," Rosa would say.

"Oh, Miss Rosa, so did I," Fillett would break in, eager to give audible vent to her sorrow, "and so did Martha. Martha says she saw him like an angel; but I dreamed that I saw him galloping away upon Colonel Lee's horse, and that I called and called, 'Master Juley!' says I, the same as if it had been real, 'come to Kitty!' but he never looked back. And the butler dreamed the night before last he was drawing a bottle of port, and just as he was going to stick in the cork-screw, he saw the cork was in the likeness of Master Juley, and he woke up all of a cold shiver."

Conversations on this subject did not tend to cheer the young ladies' countenances before they met Lady Lee at the breakfast-table. On their way down stairs they would form the sternest resolutions (generally originating with Orelia, and assented to by Rosa), as to their self-command, and exertions to be cheerful in the presence of their still more afflicted friend. They would walk up and kiss her pale, mournful face, feeling their stoicism sorely tried the while, and sitting down to table would try to get up a little conversation; till Rosa would suddenly sob and choke in her breakfast cup, and there was an end of the attempt.

This melancholy state of things was not confined to the drawing-room. A

dismal hush pervaded the household, and the servants went about their avocations with slow steps and whispered voices. They took a strange pleasure, too, in assembling together at night, and remembering warnings and omens which were supposed to have foreshadowed the mournful fate of the poor little baronet. Exactly a week before the event, the cook had been woke while dozing before the kitchen-fire after supper, by a voice calling her name three times, and when she looked round there was nobody there. The very day month before his loss, the housekeeper distinctly remembered to have dreamt of her grandmother, then deceased about half a century, who had appeared to her in a lavender gown trimmed with crape, and black mittens, and she had said the next morning that she was sure something would happen; in support of which prophecy she appealed to Mr Short the butler, who confirmed the same, and added, on his own account, that an evening or two afterwards he had heard a strange noise in the cellar, which might have been rats, but he didn't think it was.

The sight of Fillett, so intimately connected with the memory and the fate of her lost child, was naturally painful to Lady Lee, and Kitty, perceiving this to be the case, wisely kept out of her way, devoting herself entirely to the young ladies. Self-reproach greatly increased the sharpness of Kitty's sorrow for poor Julius, she accused herself of serving, by her negligence, contributing to the unhappy catastrophe. She fancied, too, that she could read similar reproach in the behaviour of her fellow-servants towards her; with the exception, however, of Noble, who, melted at the sight of her melancholy, and forgetting all his previous causes of jealous resentment, was assiduous in his efforts to console her.

"Come," said Harry, meeting her near the stables one evening—"come, cheer up. Why, you ain't like the same girl. Anybody would think you had killed the poor boy."

"I feel as if I had, Noble," said Kitty, with pious austerity.

"But you shouldn't think so much about it, you know," replied her comforter. "It can't be helped now.

You're crying of your eyes out, and they ain't a quarter so bright as what they was."

"Ho, don't talk to me of heyes," said Kitty, at the same time flashing at him a glance from the corners of the organs in question. "This is no time for such vanities. We ought to think of our souls, Noble."

Noble appeared to be thinking just then less of souls than of bodies, for in his anxiety to comfort her he had passed his arm round her waist.

"Noble, I wonder at you!" exclaimed Kitty, drawing away from him with a reproving glance. "After the warning we've all had, such conduct is enough to call down a judgment upon us. I'm all of a tremble at the thoughts of what will become of you, if you don't repent."

Perhaps Harry may be excused for not seeing any immediate connection between the decease of his young master and the necessity of himself becoming an ascetic. But Kitty, in the excess of her penitence, from being as lively and coquettish a waiting-maid as could be found anywhere off the stage, suddenly became a kind of Puritan. It happened that at this time the members of a religious sect, very numerous in Doddington, having been suddenly seized with an access of religious zeal, held almost nightly what they termed "revivals"—meetings where inspired brethren poured forth their souls in extempore prayer; and those who were not fortunate enough to obtain possession of the platform indulged themselves by torrents of pious ejaculations, which well-nigh drowned the voice of the principal orator. There is something attractive to the plebeian imagination in the idea of taking heaven by storm: the clamour, excitement, and *schal* attending a public conversion had caused the ranks of these uproarious devotees to be recruited by many of their hearers, for the most part susceptible females; and Kitty, going to attend these meetings under the escort of Mr Noble (who, with profound hypocrisy, affected a leaning towards Methodism as soon as he perceived Miss Fillett's bias in that direction), was converted the very first night. The grocer whose lodgings Oates and Bruce occupied was the preacher on

this occasion, and his eloquence was so fervid and effective that, coupled with the heat of the place, it threw Kitty into hysterics. At the sight of so fair a penitent in this condition, many brethren of great sanctity hastened to her assistance, and questioned her so earnestly and affectionately as to her spiritual feelings, some of them even embracing her in the excess of their joy at seeing this good-looking brand snatched from the burning, that Mr Noble, conceiving (erroneously no doubt) that they were somewhat trenching on his prerogative, interfered, and conveyed her from the scene. After this, Kitty became a regular attendant at the revivals, and her demeanour grew more serious than ever, insomuch that Mr Dubbley, ignorant of this change in her sentiments, and petitioning for a meeting at the white gate, received an unexpected and dispiriting repulse.

The personage who seemed the least affected by grief of the household was the cat Pick. Perhaps he missed the teazings and tuggings, and frequent invasions of his majestic ease, which he had been wont to sustain; if so, this was probably to him a source of private self-congratulation and rejoicing. Never was a cat so petted as he now was, for the sake of his departed master, with whom he had been such a favourite. But Pick, far from testifying any regret, cat, lapped, purred, basked, and washed his face with his paw, as philosophically as ever.

The Curate's sorrow at the event did him good—it distracted his mind from his own sorrows, and gave a new direction to his feelings for Hester. The unselfishness of his nature had an opportunity of displaying itself on the occasion. The thought of Lady Lee's grief had roused his warmest sympathies, and he longed to comfort her—he longed to sit by her side, to hold her hand, to pour forth words of consolation and hope. He had done this, but not to the extent he could have wished; he could not trust himself for that. The Curate felt the most deep and tender pity for her—and we all know what pity is akin to: those very near relations, the Siamese twins, were not more closely allied than the Curate's compassion and love for

Lady Lee. Therefore Josiah, in his moments of extremest sympathy, kept watch and ward upon his heart, and said not all he felt.

But he bethought himself of preaching a sermon on the subject. He was conscious that his sermons had of late lacked earnestness and spirit; and he would now pour his feelings into a discourse at once touching and consolatory. He chose for his text, "*He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.*" He had intended to extract from this text a hopeful moral, and to set forth powerfully the reasons for being resigned and trustful under such trials. But the poor Curate felt too deeply himself on the occasion to be the minister of comfort to others, and, breaking down half-a-dozen times from emotion, set all Lanscote weeping.

"How could you make us all cry so, Josiah?" asked Rosa, reproachfully. "Weren't we sad enough before?"

In fact, it seemed as if poor Julius might have lived long, and died at a green old age, without being either more faithfully remembered or more sincerely lamented.

Finding themselves disappointed in all their efforts to comfort Lady Lee, Orelia and Rosa came to the conclusion that, so long as she remained at the Heronry, she would never cease to be saddened by the image of the lost July. So they agreed it would be well to persuade her to leave the now sorrowful scene; and no place seemed so likely to divert her sorrow, by making a powerful appeal to her feelings, as Orelia's cottage. Here she might recall her maiden fancies,

and renew her youth, while her married life might slip aside like a sad episode in her existence.

"We'll all start together next week," said Orelia, when she had obtained Lady Lee's sanction to this arrangement.

"No," said Rosa, "not all, Reley. You and Hester shall go."

"What does the monkey mean?" cried Orelia. "You don't suppose we're going without you, do you?"

"You know I should like to accompany you, Reley," said Rosa, "and you know I shall be dreadfully disconsolate without you; but I must go and live with Josiah."

"Live with Josiah, indeed!" quoth Orelia, with high scorn. "What does Josiah want of you, d'y'e think, to plague his life out? Hasn't he got that Mrs what's-her-name, his house-keeper, to take care of him and his property? I'm sure I never see the woman without thinking of candle-ends."

"Tisn't to take care of him that I stay, but to comfort him," said Rosa. "You've no idea how low-spirited Josiah has been this some time past, ever since his friend Captain Fane went away. He has lost his interest in his books and flowers, and sits for hours in thought looking so melancholy. Oh! I couldn't think of leaving him."

Rosa persisted in this determination, and all the concession they could obtain was, that as soon as Josiah recovered his spirits she would rejoin her friends at Orelia's cottage. Meantime, the latter and Lady Lee made preparations for a speedy departure.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Squire's preceptor, Mr Randy, saw with concern that he could never hope to obtain undivided empire over his pupil. He had, it is true, considerable influence with him—knew and humoured his foibles—assisted him with advice on difficult points, and had, in fact, become in various ways almost necessary to him. Nevertheless, he felt that Mr Dubbley's susceptibility to female fascinations perpetually endangered his position.

He had, indeed, attained the post of grand vizier, but might at any moment be stripped of his dignities at the first suggestion of a hostile sultana.

After long consideration of the subject, Mr Randy came to the conclusion that the most effectual way to establish himself firmly at Monkstone would be, to take care that this other great power, whose possible advent he constantly dreaded, instead of being

a rival, should be entirely in his interests. This seemed to him, theoretically, a master-stroke of policy; to carry it into practice might not be easy. As he was revolving the matter in his mind one evening, after passing through Launcote on his way home from Monkstone to Doddington, he perceived the Curate's housekeeper taking a little fresh air at the garden gate. She had heated herself with the operation of making her own tea, and leaving the tea-pot on the hob, to "draw" as she termed it, had come out to cool herself before drinking it.

At the sight of her, Mr Randy's air became brisker. He walked more jauntily—he swung and twirled his stick, instead of leaning on it—he placed his hat a little on one side of his head—and he re-buttoned his coat, which he had loosened in order to walk with more ease and convenience.

He was acquainted with Mrs Greene, and frequently stopped to talk with her as he passed; and, as he approached now, he took off his hat, and made what would have been a very imposing bow had he not unluckily slipped at a critical moment on a pebble, and thus impaired the dignity of the obeisance.

"A lovely evening, Mrs Greene," said Mr Randy, whose courtesy was somewhat ponderous and antique, and whose conversation, when he was on his stilts, rather resembled scraps from a paper of the *Rambler* than the discourse of ordinary men. "Happy are you, my good Mrs Greene, who, 'far from the busy hum of men,' (whenever Mr Randy indulged in a quotation he made a pause before and after it) "can dwell placidly in such a scene as this. A scene," added Mr Randy, looking round at the house and garden with a gratified air—"a scene that Horrus would have revelled in. A pleasant life, is it not, my good madam?"

"It's lonesome," said Mrs Greene.

"The better for meditation," returned Mr Randy didactically. "What says the poet?—'My mind to me a kingdom is,'—and who could desire a fairer dominion? Ay," (shaking his head and smiling seriously) "with a few favourite authors, and with the necessities of life, one might be con-

tent to let the hours slip by here without envying the proud possessors of palluses."

Though Jennifer admired this style of conversation exceedingly, she was hardly equal to sustaining it. "You seem to be a good deal with Squire Dubbley, Mr Randy," she said.

Mr Randy answered in the affirmative, taking, at the same time, a pinch of snuff.

"He's a queer one, they say," said Jennifer. "I should think 'twas tiresome for a book-learned gentleman like you, Mr Randy, to be so much in his company."

"Not at all, Mrs Greene," said Mr Randy. "What says the Latin writer?—'Homo sum, nihil humanum a me alienum puto,' which means, my good madam, that, being myself a human being, I am interested in all that appertains to humanity. I study the squire with much satisfaction."

"He's a gay man the Squire," said Jennifer sententiously. "Why don't he marry and live respectable, I wonder? Hasn't he got a lady in his eye yet, Mr Randy?"

"Marriage is a serious thing, my good Mrs Greene—a very serious thing indeed. No," said Mr Randy, confidentially: "what he wants is a housekeeper, Mrs Greene, such a one as some gentlemen I could name are so fortunate as to possess—a respectable, careful person, who could take care of his domestic affairs, and prevent him from being fooled by any idle hussy of a servant-maid who may happen to have an impudent, pretty face of her own."

"I should like," said Jennifer, with compressed lips and threatening eyes—"I should like to see any such show their impudent faces in a house where I was. They wouldn't come again in a hurry, I can tell 'em." And, indeed, it was very likely they would not.

"Ah," said Mr Randy, in deep admiration, "Mr Young is a fortunate man. He has secured a housekeeper whom we may safely pronounce to be one in a thousand."

Jennifer, though austere, was not quite steeled against flattery. She looked on the learned man with prim complacency—she remembered that her tea had now stood long enough—

and she suggested that perhaps Mr Randy's walk had disposed him for some refreshment, and she should take his company during the meal as a favour.

Mr Randy was not particularly addicted to tea: on all those points for which it has been extolled—as a stimulant, as a refresher, as an agreeable beverage—he considered it to be greatly excelled by brandy-and-water. But the subject just touched upon was one in which he was greatly interested, and he resolved to follow up an idea that had occurred to him; so he courteously accepted Jennifer's invitation, and followed her into the parsonage.

Mr. Greene's room was a model of order, rather too much so perhaps for comfort—and showed other traces of her presiding spirit in a certain air of thriftiness which pervaded it. Reigning supreme, as Jennifer did in the Curate's household, she might have indulged in small luxuries at her pleasure had she possessed any taste for them, but the practice of saving, for its own sake, afforded her positive delight. The shelves were rather sparingly furnished with jam-pots of very small dimensions, carefully tied down and corded, and marked with the name of the confection, and the year of its manufacture; various boxes and canisters, labelled as containing different groceries, were securely padlocked, as if they were not likely to be opened on light or insufficient grounds; the curtains rather scantily covered the window, and the carpet was too small for the floor.

Jennifer, unlocking the tea-caddy, put in two additional spoonfuls of tea in consideration of her guest. Then she invited Mr Randy to sit down, which he did with great ceremony; while she placed on the table two saucers of jam, helped Mr Randy to toast and butter, and some of the sweetmeat, and poured out the tea. And Mr Randy observing that Jennifer transferred hers to her saucer, for the better convenience of drinking, not only did the like, but also blew on the surface to reduce the temperature before the successive gulps, which were then both copious and sonorous.

"So the Squire's not a good manager, eh, Mr Randy?" said Jennifer,

after some little conversation on indifferent matters.

"No comfort, no elegance," said Mr Randy. "The superintending hand of a female is greatly wanted."

"And does the Squire think of getting a housekeeper?" asked Jennifer.

"I've not suggested it to him as yet," returned her guest, "but I'm thinking of doing so, if I could fix my eye on a proper person."

"Bless me, you've got no preserve," said Jennifer, emptying, in a sudden access of liberality, the saucer of daimsons on Mr Randy's plate. "And there's nothing but grounds in your cup—perhaps you'd like it a little stronger, sir."

"No more, my good madam, I'm obliged to you," said that gentleman, drawing away his cup, and covering it with his hand to show he was in earnest, so that Jennifer pressing ardently him with the tea-pot, very meekly poured the hot tea upon his knuckles. "I've had quite an abundance—quite a sufficiency, I assure you. No, madam, things do not go on at Monkstone precisely as I could wish in all respects. For instance, it would be agreeable to me sometimes to find an attentive female to receive me—to say to me, Mr Randy you are wet, won't you have a basin of soup to warm you?—oh, Mr Randy, it rains, you'll be the better of a glass of spirits and water to fortify you against the inclemency of the elements. Mr Dubbley is very kind, but these little things don't occur to him."

"Indeed, then, I think they might," said Mrs Greene with warmth. "The least he could do is to be civil. Take some toast, sir."

"It's forgetfulness, Mrs Greene, not incivility—a sin of omission, not of commission. I flatter myself few men would venture to be uncivil to me," and Mr Randy drew himself up and looked majestic. "Then the want of a proper person in the house obliges him to look more closely after some small matters than is quite becoming in a man of property."

"Closeness," said Jennifer; with great disdain, "is what I never could abide. I could forgive anything better than that."

The person designated by the Chinaman, in the account of the procession, as T'ien-tê's preceptor, is his intimate friend and privy-councillor—his only one—a very mysterious individual—whether his father, his tutor, or merely a friend, none know—who accompanies him everywhere. But we are getting ahead of our subject, and must glance at the commencement of the insurrection, previously to the appearance of T'ien-tê upon the stage.

The province of Kouang-Si, where the rebellion began, and which is larger than the entire dominions of many European sovereigns, is situated in the south-western portion of the empire, is administered by a governor-general, and forms part of the vice-royalty of the two Kouangs. Its mountains are one of the curiosities of the Celestial Empire; but, since the Jesuits of Peking, no foreigner has been suffered freely to explore them. "According to native travellers, these masses have the form of various animals, unmistakably representing a cock, an elephant, &c.; and there are rocks in which are found encrusted fantastical animals, petrified in the most singular attitudes. We have carefully examined drawings of these figures, which reminded us of the species resuscitated by Cuvier, and we have convinced ourselves that the petrified animals are merely red stains, produced by oxide of iron, and acutely defined by the black surface of the rock. The calculated aspect of Kouang-Si is of Jeanifer. picturesque. That vast diversity of points of view which edit which we have frequently painted, the found, pean eyes their collections of landscapes have a strange character. Those inaccessible mountains that seem shaped by the caprice of human imagination, those rocks representing gigantic animals, those rivers precipitating themselves into gulfs, over which are thrown impassable bridges, suggest an idea of fairy-land." A glance at the map of Kouang-Si suffices to prove the intelligence and judgment of the insurgent chiefs who chose that province for the commencement of their operations. Unproductive, by reason of its mountainous character, the misery of the inhabitants was a powerful auxiliary

to the rebels. They found at once recruits for their army, and natural fortresses for their defence. The emperor needed a far larger army, and much more efficient means of attack than he possessed, to drive the insurgents from their fastnesses. If defeated in the plain, they had always the resource of mountain warfare. Dr Yvan compares the people of Kouang-Si to the guerillas who in Spain so severely harassed the French armies. Like them, he says, they are sober, intrepid, little sensible of fatigue, and animated by a spirit of independence. After centuries of occupation, the Tartars had not yet subdued the remotest districts of those mountains.

The chief vegetable products of Kouang-Si are cinnamon and aniseed. Its mountainous conformation, and the drawings of the Chinese artists, leave little doubt that it abounds in metallic deposits. Hence a seeming miracle, which took powerful hold on the imagination of the vulgar. Dr Yvan tells the tale thus:—

"At the beginning of the insurrection, the chiefs determined to mark the date of their enterprise by the erection of a religious monument. For its foundation, labourers dug in decomposed rocks, which yielded readily to the pickaxe. They had attained the depth of but a few feet, when they came upon lumps similar in form and appearance to the stones in the bed of a river. These lumps were observed to be very heavy, and were carefully examined. They proved to be silver-lead of great richness. It was from this providential bank, it is said, that the pretender paid his first soldiers. Whatever the authenticity of the tale, it is worth noting by the collectors of legends, whose writings will one day divert the leisure of the mandarins. . . . As if to confirm this metallurgic miracle, there have recently been discovered in Norway silver deposits precisely similar to those of Kouang-Si."

It was in August 1850 that the Peking papers for the first time spake of the insurgents, whom they designated as robbers; but robbers would hardly have established themselves in one of the poorest districts of the empire, remote from large towns, and

high-roads. The rebels showed no haste to contradict these rumours, but rather allowed them to gain credit, and waited patiently in the south-west part of the province, until the Celestial tigers\* should be sent against them. They were on terms of amity with the Miao-tze, a race of men inhabiting the wildest parts of Kouang-Si. Dining one day with a Chinese functionary of high rank, in a pagoda at Canton, the author of this book received from him a curious account of those people, which they noted upon their return home, and now publish. The Miao-tze, the minister told them, are aborigines of the chain of mountains that extends from the north of Kouang-Toung (the southernmost province) into the central provinces of the empire. They dwell in small communities, never exceeding two thousand persons. Their houses are built on posts, like those of the Malays. They are warlike in disposition, and agriculture is their pursuit. The Tartars have never succeeded in subduing them. They have retained the old national costume—have never shaved their heads—have always rejected the authority of the mandarin and the Chinese cus-

toms. Their independence is now a recognised fact; and upon Chinese maps a blank is left for the country they occupy, to signify that it does not obey the emperor. For a great many years no attempt had been made to subdue them, when suddenly, in 1832, they made an incursion, pillaging wherever they went. They beat the Chinese troops sent against them, and were got rid of only by diplomacy and concession. They hold little intercourse with their neighbours, and are greatly dreaded by the Chinese of the towns, who call them man-dogs, man-wolves. "They believe them to have tails, and relate that, when a child is born, the soles of his feet are canterised, to harden them, and render him indefatigable. These are mere tales," continued the Chinese minister, whom Dr Yvan describes as a young and elegant man, and who is apparently of the more enlightened party in his country. "In reality, the Miao-tze are a very fine and intelligent race, and their manners have a tendency, I think, to become gentle." Such a race as this was evidently a most valuable ally for the insurgents, whose first military movements put them in

\* Painted upon the bucklers of the Chinese soldiers are all manner of ferocious animals;—the tiger is the one most frequently seen, hence the surname. On behalf of his Celestial friend, and in extenuation of this ridiculous custom, Dr Yvan maintains that, in many of our European military equipments, the same intention of terrifying by a fierce aspect is manifest—as, for instance, in the bearskin caps of grenadiers, hussars, &c. The Spaniards, who bear little love to any foreigners, and who are particularly given to laughing at their Portuguese neighbors, are very fond of this custom. In the Portuguese army, the word of command is *Don't you see a dog's tail?*—*Erociou fice to the enemy!*—upon receiving which, the soldiers look excessively savage, showed their teeth, and made a threatening look, which they must have been a base imitation of the Chinese. To this day the Chinese, though often faint-hearted enough, go into action making horrible grimaces. Dr Yvan gives a very curious account of the Chinese army, in which sound of gong is used instead of word of command, and the officers are stationed behind their men to prevent their running away—an exercise to which they are extremely addicted. Silence in the ranks is far from being enjoined; on the contrary, when approaching an enemy, the tigers and other wild beasts rear in character—their sweet voices, with a gong accompaniment, combining in a discord that is truly infernal. There exists a Chinese treatise on the art of war, in twenty-four volumes, entitled *On-Pi-Tche*. Its perusal is not allowed to civil mandarins below the third rank, or to military mandarins below the fourth, nor, of course, to persons of inferior degree. It is not admitted in China that a private person, a literary man, a merchant, an agriculturist, can have any good motive in studying such a work. Booksellers are permitted to keep but one copy at a time, and are compelled to register the names of purchasers. "Before beginning the war with the Celestial Empire," Dr Yvan says, "the English procured several copies of this treatise. One day, at Canton, an American merchant mentioned this fact to a mandarin of very high rank. The mandarin struck the palm of his left hand with his fan: 'I no longer wonder,' he cried, 'that the red-haired barbarians vanquished us!'"—*L'Insurrection en Chine*, chap. ix. pp. 119-124.

"Well, well, Mrs Greene," said her visitor, waving his hand, "we won't be hard upon him—he means well. Yes, I've been looking out for some time for a lady that would answer the Squire's purpose."

"And what kind of person would be likely to suit you?" inquired Jennifer with interest.

"We should require," said Mr Randy, brushing some crumbs from his lap with his pocket-handkerchief, as he concluded his meal—"we should require a character not easy to be met with;—a sensible—respectable—experienced—discreet—per-son—-and one, too, who would not give herself presumptuous airs, but would conduct herself towards me—*namely*, Mrs Greene, as I could wish."

"Of course," said Jennifer, "if she was beholden to you for her place, 'twould be her duty to make things pleasant to you, sir."

"Ah," said Mr Randy, "*you* are both a discreet and a sensible person, Mrs Green, I perceive."

"And as to terms, Mr Randy," suggested Jennifer.

"As to terms, they would be hardly worth higgling about, Mrs Greene—for, if the lady possessed the manifold merits I have enumerated, and allowed herself to be guided in all things by me, why, she would be *de facto* that is to say, in reality, mistress of Monkstone, and might feather her nest to her own liking."

This was a dazzling prospect indeed, and well calculated to appeal to the heart of Jennifer. There was a grand indefiniteness as to the extent of power and profit which might be acquired, which she found inexpressibly alluring; for Jennifer was, after her fashion, ambitious, though her ambition was of too practical a nature to set itself on objects hopelessly remote.

Mr Randy perceiving the effect of what he had said, and considering it would be well to give her time to digest it before entering into details, now rose to take leave.

"Good evening, sir, and thank you," said Jennifer. "When you're passing another day, I hope you'll look in;" and Mr Randy, having promised to do so, walked with his customary dignity up the road.

Mr Randy had not directly said

that he thought Jennifer, if she would agree to share interests with him, would be exactly the person he wanted; nor had Jennifer directly stated that, if she succeeded in obtaining the post of housekeeper to the Squire, she would show her gratitude by being all Mr Randy could wish. But the knowledge of human nature displayed by the Randies and Jennifers is intuitive and unerring, so long as it is employed upon natures on a level with their own; and Jennifer knew perfectly well that Mr Randy wanted her for the furtherance of his own designs at Monkstone, while Mr Randy never doubted that the lure he had held out would secure her.

Jennifer, however, had by no means made up her mind to accept the offer at once. It was dazzling, certainly; but, on the other hand, she did not like the idea of giving up her long and persevering designs upon the Curate's heart, which, as the reader knows, she had from the first been determined to attack. That was too grievous a waste of time and subtlety to be contemplated. But Mr Randy's implied offer gave her an opportunity of carrying into execution a scheme she had long meditated. She considered (her cogitations being assisted by a third cup of tea, obtained by putting fresh water in the teapot after Mr Randy's departure) that she had now lived so long with the Curate that she could not possibly become more necessary to him than she already was—that the sooner he was brought to the point she better—that being such an absent person, far from making any proposals of the kind she desired of his own accord, a very strong hint from herself would be required in order to extract them. Now if she resolved upon giving this hint, she must also be prepared to quit the parsonage in case of failure; and Monkstone would form exactly the point she wanted to retreat upon.

This secured, she would commence operations at once with the Curate. He was, in Jennifer's estimation, a man who did not know his own mind or his own interests. But though he might never discover what was for his own good unassisted, yet a man must be foolish indeed who can't perceive it when 'tis shown him. From



frequent victories obtained over the Curate, and long managing and ruling him, she flattered herself she might now make her own terms, for that he could never bear to part with her; but if she deceived herself in this, why, then Monkstone would be a more lucrative place. So in any case

she should gain some end, and she determined to put her powers of cajolery to proof without delay. Indeed, there was no time to lose, for that very morning Miss Rosa had signified her intention of coming to live with her brother when the ladies left the Heronry.

## CHAPTER XL.

For many weeks the poor Curate had been indeed alone; for so long had his old companions, hope and cheerfulness, deserted him; for so long had he gone mechanically about his old pursuits, feeling that the glory had departed from them, and sat in the stormy autumn evenings by a hearth where only the vacant pedestals reminded him of the wonted presence of household gods.

Time, of whose lapse heretofore he had taken little note, became now a dull, remorseless enemy. The Curate, when he woke, would sometimes shudder at the prospect of the many-houred day between him and the grateful oblivion of sleep; for the day, formerly so busy, was now to him but a long tract of weary, reiterated sorrows.

Though he still spent many hours in his garden, it was lamentable to see the change there. Weeds sprung unregarded side by side with his choicest flowers—worms revelled in his tenderest buds—and the caterpillars were so numerous as to form quite an army of occupation. His books, too, were blank to him—the pages he used to love seemed meaningless. His only remaining consolation was his pipe.

See, then, the Curate sitting in the twilight in his elbow-chair, in an attitude at once listless and uncomfortable, his waist bent sharply in, his head drooping, one leg gathered under the seat, the other straddling toward the fire, his right hand shading his eyes, while the elbow rests on the table—the left holding the bowl of his pipe, while the elbow rests on the arm of his chair. Frequently he takes the mouthpiece from his lips, sighs heavily, and forgets to smoke—then, with a shake of the head, he again sucks comfort from his meerschaum.

There is a tap at the door, which opens slowly—Jennifer looks in at him, and then draws near.

Jennifer stooped—looked at him—sighed—then drew a little closer—sighed again. The Curate, fancying she had come on some of her accustomed visits of inspection (for of late she had found frequent excuses for entering, such as to dust his books, to stir his fire, to draw his curtains), took no notice of her, but continued to pursue his train of thought. Presently he, too, sighed; it was echoed so sympathetically by Mrs. Greene, that her suspiration sounded like a gust coming down the chimney. Finding that the Curate, as usual, pursued the plan which is popularly attributed to apparitions in their intercourse with human beings, and was not likely to speak till spoken to, Jennifer, with a little cough, came round between the table and the fire, and stirred the latter. Being thus quite close to the Curate, with the table in her rear, and her master's chair close to her left hand, she commenced.

"I'm vexed to see you so down, Mr. Young. I'm afraid you're not satisfied in your mind. You used to be a far cheerfuller gentleman than what you are now."

Mr. Young, rousing himself, looked up with an assumed briskness.

"It's my way, Mrs. Greene—only my way."

"No, sir," said Jennifer, peremptorily, "'tis not your way, asking your pardon. There's something on your mind. Perhaps it's me—perhaps things have not gone according to your wishes in the house. If it's me, sir, say so, I beg."

"You, Mrs. Greene—impossible. I'm quite sensible of your kind attention to my comforts, I assure you," protested the Curate.

"Because," said Jennifer, heedless of his disclaimer, and going on as if he had not uttered it—"because, if so, I wish to say one word. I only wish to remark, sir, that whatever fault there is of that kind, 'tis not a fault according to my will. My wish is, and always has been, to serve you to the utmost of my"—

"Mrs Greene!" began the Curate, touching her on the arm with the extended stem of his meerschaum, to check her volubility for a moment, "my good soul!"

"To the utmost of my ability," went on Jennifer, with a slight faltering in her voice. "If laying down my life could have served you, Mr Young, I'm sure"—Here Jennifer whimpered.

"Faithful creature!" thought the Curate, "what an interest she takes in me! My dear Mrs Greene," said he, "your doubts wrong me very much; but this proof of your care for me is exceedingly gratifying"—which was perhaps an unconscious fib, for the Curate felt more embarrassment than gratification.

"And after all my trials and efforts, thinking only how I could please you, to see you—oh—oh—" and Jennifer broke down again, and in the excess of her agitation sat down on a chair near her. And though to sit down in his presence was a quite unusual proceeding on her part, yet the Curate was so heedless of forms, that if she had seated herself on the mantelpiece, he would possibly have thought it merely a harmless eccentricity.

"Calm yourself, Mrs Greene," entreated the Curate. "These doubts of my regard are quite unfounded; be assured I fully appreciate your value."

"But in that case," said Jennifer, pursuing her own hypothesis with great perseverance, "in that case I must quit you whatever it costs me. And I hope you could find them, Mr Young, as would serve you better."

"Don't talk of quitting me, Mrs Greene," said the Curate soothingly. "This is all mere creation of your fancy. I am perfectly satisfied—more than satisfied with you."

"No, sir—I've seen it—I've seen it this some time. You don't look upon me like what you used. 'Tisn't any

longer, 'Mrs Greene, do this,' and 'Mrs Greene, do that,' and the other. You can do without Mrs Greene now. And perhaps," said Jennifer, "'tis better I was—gone" (the last word almost inaudible).

"Really, Mrs Greene, this is quite unnecessary. You are paining yourself and me to no purpose. Be persuaded"—(and the Curate took Jennifer's hand)—"be persuaded of my sense of your merits."

Jennifer wiped her eyes; then starting and looking round over her shoulder, "O sir," said she, "if anybody should catch us!—what would they say?"

"Catch us, Mrs Greene," said the Curate, hastening to withdraw his hand; but Jennifer clutched it nervously.

"Stop!" said Jennifer, "there's a step—and that maid's got such a tongue! No, 'twas my fancy—the maid's asleep in the kitchen. O, sir—yes, what would they say?—people is so scandalous. They've been talking already."

"Talking!" exclaimed Mr Young, withdrawing his hand with a jerk. "What can you mean, Mrs Greene? Talking of what?"

"O yes!" said Jennifer. "They've been remarking, the busy ones has, how it comes that a lone woman like me could live so long with a single gentleman. Many's the bitter thought it gave me."

"Good heavens, Mrs Greene!" cried the Curate, pushing his chair, which ran on castors, away with a loud creak, "really this is all very strange and unexpected."

"And more than that," pursued Jennifer, "they've said concerning my looks—but I couldn't repeat what they said, further than to mention that they meant I wasn't old nor ugly—which perhaps I'm not. And they know what a good wife I made to Samuel" (this was the deceased shipmaster's Christian appellation)—"never, as Mrs Britton that keeps the grocery said to me last Wednesday, never was a better. And when 'twas named to me what they'd been saying, I thought—O good gracious!—I thought I should have sunk into the hearth."

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed

Mr Young, starting from his chair, and pacing the room in great perturbation. "How extremely infamous! Why, 'tis like a terrible nightmare. To spread false reports—to drive me to part with a valuable servant—'tis atrocious! I'm afraid, Mrs Greene, you really had better go to-morrow. I need not say how I regret it, but what you have told me renders it imperative."

"I wish it mayn't be too late, sir," said Jennifer, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Too late!—too late for what?" inquired the Curate.

"And where do you think I'm to get another place? Who'll take in a lone woman, whose character have been breathed upon? Oh, that ever I should have seen Lanscote parsonage!" cried Jennifer, choking.

"But, Mrs Greene," said the agitated Curate, stopping in his walk to lean his hands on the table, and looking earnestly at her, "it shall be my care, as it is my duty, to prove the falsehood of these reports. You shall not suffer on my account, believe me. If necessary, I'll expose the wicked slander from the pulpit."

This wouldn't have suited Jennifer at all. The Curate was going off quite on the wrong track, and she made a last effort to bring him into the right direction.

"And my—my—my feelings," sobbed she, "ain't they to be considered? Oh, that ever I should be a weak foolish woman! Oh, that ever I should have been born with a weak trustful heart!"

"I daresay 'twill be painful to leave a place where you have lived long, and a master who I hope has been kind to you," said the Curate. (Jennifer lifted up her voice here, and writhed in her chair.) "No doubt it will, for you have an excellent heart, Mrs Greene. But what you have said convinces me of the necessity of it. And you shall be no loser; until you can suit yourself with a place, I'll continue your salary as usual."

"Salary!" cried Jennifer, starting from her chair. "Oh, that I should be talked to like a hireling! God forgive you, Mr Young. Well, it's over now. I'll consider what you've said, Mr

Young, and I'll try—try to bring my mind to it."

Jennifer rose—sobbed a little—looked at her chair as if she had a mind to sit down again, and then prepared to depart. In her way out of the room, she passed close to the Curate, and paused, almost touching him, with her handkerchief to her eyes. "If ever he'd say the word, he'd say it now," thought Jennifer, weeping copiously. But Mr Young, far from availing himself of the proximity to take her hand, or say anything even of comfort, far less of a tenderer nature, retreated with great alacrity to his original post near the fire, and Jennifer had no alternative but to walk onward out of the room.

She left him, roused, certainly, most effectually from his melancholy; but the change was not for the better. The poor shy Curate was exactly the man to feel the full annoyance of such reports as, according to Jennifer, were in circulation. He fancied himself an object of derision to all Lanscote—how could he hope to do any good among parishioners who said scandalous things of him and his house-keeper? How could he hope to convince them of his innocence? How preserve his dignity in the pulpit, with the consciousness that a whole congregation were looking at him in a false light?

Jennifer's demeanour next day was sad and subdued. After breakfast she came into the room, and, without lifting her eyes, said that she thought she had better go next Wednesday. "On Wednesday," said Jennifer, "Miss Rosa's coming, and then, with your leave, I'll quit, Mr Young."

The Curate highly approved of this; he knew he could not feel easy till she was out of the house, and meanwhile he absented himself from it as much as possible.

It was fortunate for the Curate that the period of her stay was so short, for she took care it should be far from pleasant. She personally superintended the making of his bed, which she caused to slope downwards towards the feet, and at one side, so that the hapless occupant was perpetually waking from a dream in which he had been sliding over precipices; and, re-ascending to his pillow for another

precarious slumber, would be again woke by finding his feet sticking out from beneath the clothes, and his body gradually following them. He got hairs in his butter, and plenty of salt in his soup; his tea, the only luxury of the palate that he really cared about, and that rather on intellectual than sensual grounds, grew weaker and weaker; his toast simultaneously got tougher; and he was kept the whole time on mutton-chops, which, from their identity of flavour, appeared to have been all cut from the same patriarchal ram.

Wednesday arrived. The Curate, leaning over his garden gate, saw the carriage from the Heronry coming down the lane. It drew up at the parsonage; in it were Lady Lee, Orelia, and Rosa, all in black, and all looking very sad. Rosa, rising to take leave of her friends, underwent innumerable embraces.

Orelia was the calmest of the three, but even her grandeur and stateliness quite gave way in parting. "Good-bye, Rosalinda," was all she could trust her self to say, as Rosa alighted.

The Curate had intended to say a great deal to Hester, but it had all vanished from his mind, and remained unexpressed, unless a long pressure of the hand could convey it. Lady Lee gave several things in charge to the Curate to execute, and delivered a purse to him, the contents of which were to be distributed among various pensioners in the village; then she told the coachman to drive on.

"Write at least three times a-week, Rosalinda," cried Orelia, putting a tearful face over the hood of the carriage, "or never hope for forgiveness."

They were gone. A white handkerchief waved from the side, and another from the top of the carriage, till it disappeared, and the Curate and his sister slowly turned into the house—the last remnant of the once joyous party assembled at the Heronry.

What a hard thing was life! What a cruel thing was fate, that they could not all be left as they were! Their happiness did no harm to any one—nay, good to many—yet it was inexorably scattered to the winds for ever. So thought the Curate; and so felt Rosa, though perhaps her feelings did not shape themselves into thoughts.

But there was no time just then to indulge their grief. Scarcely had the carriage departed, when its place was taken by a vehicle of altogether different description. A donkey-cart, destined to convey away Jennifer's chateaux, and driven by a small boy, drew up at the gate, producing a kind of practical anti climax. Then Jennifer, attired in bonnet and shawl, entered, and announced, in an austere and steady voice, that she was ready to hand over her keys of office to the still weeping Rosa.

"Now, Miss," said Jennifer sharply, "if you could make it convenient to come at once, I should be obliged."

"Go with Mrs Greene, my child," said the Curate. When Jennifer found she had failed in her grand design on the Curate, and must quit the parsonage, she did not continue to affect regret at her departure; and having easily and at once secured the coveted post at Monkstone, through the influence of Mr Randy, she felt the change was likely to be for the better. She might, therefore, have been expected to quit her present abode, if with some natural regret, yet at perfect peace and charity with all the household. Jennifer's disposition did not, however, admit of this. She felt enraged at the Curate because of the failure of her design upon him, and resolved to be of as little use as possible in the last moments of her expiring authority. "He'll be wishing me back again before a week's over his head," said Jennifer to herself, with infinite satisfaction.

In vain Rosa protested against being dragged into every corner of the house, and having every bit of household property set before her eyes. In vain she assured Mrs Greene that both her brother and herself were perfectly satisfied of the correctness of everything. "Twas a satisfaction to herself," Jennifer said, "to show everything;" and it really was, for the extreme bewilderment and ignorance of Rosa on all points of housekeeping afforded Jennifer the keenest gratification. The Heronry, where Rosa's chief business had been to amuse herself, was a very bad school to learn anything of the sort.

Accordingly, Jennifer did not spare her the enumeration of a single when

implement, pot of jam, nor article of linen.

"The bed and table linen's all in this press," said Jennifer, opening a large one of walnut wood in the spare bedroom.

"These are the sheets, I suppose, Mrs Greene," Rosa remarked, wishing to show an interest in the matter.

"Bless you, they're the table-cloths!" returned Jennifer, with a glance of disdain.

"Oh, to be sure! And these are towels?" resumed Rosa.

"Napkins," said Jennifer, with calm superiority. "Mr Young's shirts, and collars, and bands, and neckcloths, is all in these two drawers. Do you understand much about clear-starching, Miss?"

"N—n—no; I am afraid not much," said Rosa.

"Ah, 'twould be just as well you should, perhaps, because the washer-woman requires a deal of looking after. She can be careless and impudent, too, when she dares, especially when she's in drink. She never ventured upon any tricks with *me*, though."

The thought of this terrible washer-woman made Rosa tremble, while Jennifer secretly exulted in the thought of seeing the Curate in limp collars and a crumpled shirt.

"There," said the ex-housekeeper, locking up the press, and handing the key to Rosa; "I advise you, Miss, to take out everything that's wanted yourself. The girl's hands is generally dirty, and, besides, in taking out one thing she drags all the rest out upon the floor. Oh, she's a nice one, that girl!—the work I've had to manage her! Well, Miss, I hope you'll keep an eye upon her, that's all."

Having thus rendered Rosa as un-

comfortable as possible at the prospect before her, Jennifer at length prepared to depart. Opening the door of the sitting-room, she said to the Curate, "The young lady's seen everything, and is quite satisfied. Well, good-bye, and wishing you well, sir." But the benediction was quite contradicted by the ferocity of her look and tone.

"Good-bye, good-bye, my good Mrs Greene," said the Curate, who could not help regarding Jennifer as a martyr. "I wish you all success and happiness; I hope you won't fret too much after the parsonage, Mrs Greene."

"Ho, no," said Jennifer, with an ironical little laugh; "it's not likely."

"I'm heartily glad of that," said the Curate, who would not have detected irony even in Dean Swift; "and I hope you'll soon get another and as good a place."

"I've got one," said Jennifer, "as good a one as ever I could wish."

"Indeed! that is fortunate," said the Curate; "and when do you go to it then?"

"I'm going now," said Jennifer.

"Ho, bless you! as soon as 'twas known I was going to leave this, I had more offers than enough. I took Monk-tone," said Jennifer, "being 'twas near my friends in the village. Wishing you good-bye, sir;"—here she dropt a curtsey, and closed the door. The boy had already conveyed her trunks and handboxes to the donkey-cart. Jennifer marched past the window (from whence the Curate was watching this exodus) in austere majesty, and never deigned to turn her head. Then she, the boy, the donkey-cart, and the handboxes, all went in procession down the road, leaving Rosa sole superintendant of the Curate's household.

#### CHAPTER XL.

The friendship which Bruce at this time conceived for Josiah was uncommonly warm and sudden. Though always well disposed towards the worthy Curate, he had not, while Rosa was living at the Heronry, taken much pains to seek his society, but he now became of a sudden a fre-

quent visitor to the Parsonage. He showed great interest in flowers, though he hardly knew a dahlia from a polyanthus; he listened to details of parish matters with an attention quite wonderful, considering how little taste he had that way; and he became enamoured of those old

English authors who were Josiah's especial favourites. Finding these manifold pretences insufficient to account for the frequency of his visits, he hit upon a project for rendering them quite plausible. He insisted on subscribing fifty pounds towards a school-house that was to be built in the village under the Curate's auspices; and when Josiah protested against this liberality as indiscreet and uncalled for, he hinted that it was not altogether disinterested—that his classical knowledge was getting rusty—that he perceived Josiah to be often unoccupied for an hour or two of a morning—and proposed they should read some Latin together.

The Curate liked the project much; it would divert his thoughts from painful subjects—his own classics wanted rubbing up—he had a great regard for Bruce, whose openness, vivacity, and good-nature had quite won his heart, and the readings commenced forthwith.

They were carried on upon a plan which, however agreeable to the master and his disciple, was scarcely calculated to answer the proposed end. Bruce and Josiah would sit down together with their Horace, or their Virgil, or their Terence before them, and for a time would read away with tolerable diligence. Presently Rosa, coming into the room from some household avocation, would trip across it softly, not to disturb them—get what she was in quest of, perhaps a cookery-book, and go off in the same silent fashion, with a nod and a smile at Bruce. At this stage of the lesson the student's attention would begin to waver; he would look a good deal oftener at the door than upon his page. Perhaps shortly after Rosa would re-enter, to request Josiah to get from the garden some celery, parsnip, or other winter vegetable, of which she stood in need for culinary purposes. "Why didn't you ask me before, when I was in the garden, my child?" the Curate would say, which, indeed, she might very well have done; and Josiah, rising with a sigh to comply with her request, would be forcibly re-seated by Bruce, who would desire him to try again at that crabbed bit of Latinity,

while *he* went to get what Miss Rosa wanted. Whereupon he and Rosa would repair to the garden together, she pointing out what she wanted, while Bruce supplied her with it; and the Curate, after looking dreamily about for their re-entrance, would forget them altogether, plunging either into a reverie or into a book.

Sometimes Bruce found the Curate absent on some clerical or parochial errand, and on these occasions he thought no apology necessary for his stay, nor did Rosa expect one. If she was too busy to talk to him in the study, he would repair to the kitchen, and even take a share in the culinary mysteries to which that region is sacred, though his presence did not perhaps, on the whole, contribute to the excellence of the cookery. I have always suspected that King Alfred, when he let the cakes burn, was making love to the herdsman's wife, and that the idea of her scolding him for negligence was devised to conceal her share in the delinquency.

Mr Oates, seeing the state of affairs between them, grew quite morose, and would hardly speak to Bruce at breakfast-time. He addicted himself to the society of Suckling, and attempted to divert his thoughts by getting up a scratch pack of harriers, and hunting them himself; and might be heard two or three times a-week in the woods about Doddington, attended by the fast spirits of the place, hallooing, and pouring through the mellow horn his pensive soul.

Rosa had none of the dignity which in Lady Lee and Orelia could always have kept the most impassioned lovers under a certain restraint. It is well known to be the duty of young ladies to affect total ignorance of the fact that they are objects of adoration, and to harrow up the souls of their admirers with affectation of indifference, at any rate until coming to the point of proposal. Rosa, however, showed undisguised pleasure at Bruce's visits, and one day, when he came in with a melancholy face, and told her the detachment was to leave Doddington immediately, she began to cry.

The Curate was from home that morning, and Bruce had found ~~the~~ sa

in the kitchen, rolling paste for mince-pies, while the cat Pick, whom she had, when leaving the Heronry, brought with her to the Parsonage, sat on the table, watching the process, and occasionally putting out his paw to arrest the motion of the rolling-pin. The smile with which she looked up at Bruce's entrance turned to a look of sympathetic sadness, as she perceived his sorrowful aspect. He stood by her at the end of the table, and told her the news which had come that morning.

"You see what a life ours is," said Bruce, trying to smile; "here to-day, gone to-morrow. And when we were going to spend such a pleasant winter too!"

"And won't you be here at Christmas?" said Rosa; "and won't you have any of the mince-pies after all? And is there to be an end of our rides, and walks, and evening readings?"

"I'm afraid so," said Bruce, shaking his head. "The troop that relieves us will be here to-morrow week—though, in my opinion," he added, with a faint attempt at pleasantry, "the best way to relieve us would be to let us alone."

"And won't you be coming back?" asked Rosa, with sorrow shining moistly in her blue eyes.

"I fear not," said Bruce, "though, to be sure, it might be managed. But you won't wish that when you've made acquaintance with our successors. The new-comers will take the place of your old friends, and you'll forget us—won't you, Miss Rosa?"

This highly sincere speech was too much for Rosa. "No—oh, no—never!" sobbed she, sinking on a chair, and burying her face on her plump arms as they lay folded on the table.

Bruce had certainly supposed she would be sorry to hear he was going, but this display of sympathy surpassed his expectations. He stooped down over her—he whispered that nothing should prevent him from coming back—he also mentioned that she was "a dear little thing," and spying a little white space amid her hair, between her ear and her cheek, and the whispering having brought his lips into that neighbourhood, he thought he would kiss it, and did so.

Rosa wept on, which distressed the humane young man so much, that, after begging her, in vain, to look up and be comforted, he managed to insinuate his hand between her cheek and her arms, and to turn her face, using the chin as a handle, gently towards him. A flushed, tearful, glistening face it was; and really, considering the temptation and proximity, one can't altogether blame him for kissing it, which he did both on the eyes and lips; and then, turning it so that his left cheek rested against hers, with only the tresses between, as he whispered in her left ear, while her glistening eyes appeared over his shoulder, he did his best to pacify her. And so absorbed was he in whispering, and she in listening, that the cat Pick, advancing along the flat paste (from which he had only been kept before by the terror of the rolling-pin), and leaving his foot-marks on the soft substance, proceeded, with the utmost effrontery, to lick up, under their very noses, the little dabs of butter dotted thereon. He made a good deal of noise in doing so; but as Bruce, between the whispers, made a noise not altogether dissimilar (for there were constantly fresh tears requiring to be attended to), Pick finished the butter with perfect impunity, and sat up in the middle of the paste, much about the same time that Rosa pushed Bruce gently away, and removed the last moisture from her eyes with her apron.

The two having, by this time, come to an understanding, Bruce suggested that he would write to his father, who, he assured her, was a splendid old fellow, and who would, no doubt, enter into the spirit of the thing immediately, and give his consent like a trump.

Accordingly, he fetched pen, ink, and paper from the study, and sitting at one end of the kitchen-table, while Rosa rolled fresh paste at the other, he indited a very eloquent and enthusiastic epistle to his parent, and having folded and directed it to "The Very Rev. the Dean of Trumington," put it with great confidence in his pocket.

After this their conversation took a more cheerful turn, and Rosa worked so diligently at her task that the

mince-pies were made, after a receipt which Bruce read out to her from a cookery-book, and were ready for dinner that very day, and Bruce stayed to eat them.

That splendid old fellow the Dean of Trumpington got the letter in due time. It was brought in after dinner by his butler when he was chatting, in a pleasant digestive sort of way, with a couple of old Canons over a bottle of port. He put on his spectacles to peruse it, and as his wife was in the room, and the Canons old friends and admirers of Harry, he proceeded to read it aloud, and had got pretty well into the matter before he discovered its interesting nature.

"Why, bless my soul!" interpolated the Reverend Doctor Bruce, in the middle of a warm passage, "the boy's fallen in love!"

"My dearest Harry!" exclaimed Mrs Bruce; and then eagerly added, "go on, love!"

While the reading proceeded, one old Canon, who was married and had a large family, looked fiercely at his glass of port, as he held it between him and the light, and said "ha!" or "ha!" at the most touching passages, while the other, who was a bachelor, rubbed his hands as he listened, and chuckled aloud.

"Her brother, Mr Young, is a member of your own profession," read the Dean over again slowly. "Sil-lery" (to the bachelor Canon), "oblige me by touching the bell. Bring the Clergy List," said the Dean to the butler, when the latter entered.

"Y," read the Dean, running his finger down the list, when he got it—

Yorke—Youatt—Young—here you are: Young, George, Vicar of Feathernest (is that him, I wonder? good living Feathernest)—Young, Henry, Prebendary of Durham—Young, Josiah, Curate of Launcote—that must be the man," said the Dean, referring to the letter; "he dates from Launcote, near Joddington."

"There was a Young at Oxford with me," said Dr Macvino, the married Canon, in a deep, oily, sententious voice. "He left college on coming into six thousand a-year. He might have a daughter," said the Canon, looking round as he propounded the theory. "And," added

the Canon, "he might also have a son in the Church. He was a tall fellow, who once pulled the stroke oar in a match, as I remember—he gave remarkably good breakfasts."

"Dear boy!" said Mrs Bruce, apostrophising Harry, "I'm certain he wouldn't make other than a charming choice. I'm certain she's a sweet girl."

"Harry knows what's what," said the Dean; "I've confidence in that boy."

"Plenty of good sense," said the bachelor Canon.

"Good stuff," said Dr Macvino, who, sipping his wine before he gave the opinion, left it doubtful whether he was praising Bruce junior or the port.

"Harry's got something here," said the Dean, pointing to his forehead. "He's almost thrown away in his present profession. He ought to have come into the Church."

"Decidedly he ought," said Dr Macvino, who thought himself an example to teach other clever fellows how to choose a profession.

"He's the most sensible darling!" said Mrs Bruce; "and I, too, was sorry that he hadn't chosen a learned profession, till I saw him in his uniform. His mustache promised to be beautiful" (there had been perhaps four hairs in it when she last saw him.) "and 'tis very becoming."

"Suits him to a hair," said the bachelor Canon, who was a wag in a mild way.

"The boy's letter is a little high-flown," said the Dean, "but that was to be expected, perhaps. I remember describing Mrs Bruce there to my family in such terms, that, when I brought her home, they were rather disappointed at finding her without wings. But I've no doubt the young lady is a most proper person."

"A young man like my Harry ought to get a wife with twenty thousand pounds any day," said his mother.

"There were two things, I remember," said Dr Bruce, "that Harry was very fastidious about in women—dress and manner: I venture to prophecy that our future daughter-in-law is irreproachable in both."

"A tall girl, I suspect," said Mrs Bruce.



"Tall, and with a good deal of the air noble—perhaps a little proud," the Doctor went on.

"But not disagreeably so," said Mrs Bruce.

"Certainly not," said the Doctor. "A hater of manner merely. I like to see a woman keep up her dignity."

"I wish he had said something about her fortune," said Mrs Bruce.

"So do I," said the Doctor, "and I think I'll go down to Doddington tomorrow, and see what he's about. I'm rather in want of change of air." And the two canons drank success to his journey in another bottle of port."

Accordingly, the next day the Doctor went down to Doddington, three counties off, and not finding Harry at his lodgings, got a conveyance and a man to take him over to Lanscote. Bruce was there of course—he had rushed away from the parade that morning, and, without changing his dress, galloped to Lanscote at a tremendous pace. He was not sorry to find the Curate absent, and, going clanking into the kitchen in his spurs, found Rosa there with a great pinafore on, making a tart.

For about ten minutes after his arrival the manufacture of the tart proceeded but slowly; and Rosa, to keep him out of her way, begged him to superintend the re-boiling of some preserves, which Jennifer's economy had left to spoil in their jars. "You've nothing to do," said she, "but to sit still before the fire, and skim the pan from time to time with this spoon; and I'll get you something to keep your uniform clean, while you're doing it." So Rosa went and got a small table-cloth, and causing him to seat himself in the desired position in front of the fire, she pinned it round his neck as if he was going to be shaved—his brass shoulder-scales sticking out rather incongruously from under the vestment.

"I ought to hear from my father, to-day," said Harry, skimming away at the pan with his spoon.

"He won't be angry, I hope," said Rosa, putting a strip of paste round the edge of her tart-dish.

"Angry," said Bruce, "not he. If he was, I should just show you to him, and if he were the most peppery old man in existence, he'd come to the

down charge directly, like a well-bred pointer—just as the lion did before Una. He'd love you directly—I'm certain he would—he must, you know—he couldn't help himself."

"I'm sure I shall love him," said Rosa, smiling at Bruce as she took the spoon from him in order to taste the jam, and see how it was getting on.

"Of course you will," said Harry. "As I said before, he's a splendid old fellow."

At this moment a step was heard on the gravel in front of the house, followed by a tapping at the door of the porch, which was open.

"Come in!" cried Bruce. "Come in, can't you!" he repeated, as the tapping was renewed. "I *can't* go to the door in this way," he said to Rosa, looking down at his table-cloth.

"It's only the butcher, or Josiah's clerk, or some of those people," said Rosa; "come in, if you please."

At this the step advanced along the passage, and came to the kitchen door. Bruce, skimming away at his pan, didn't turn round till he heard a voice he knew exclaim behind him, "God bless my soul!" The spoon fell into the brass pan, and disappeared in the seething fruit.

"Why, in heaven's name," said the Doctor, "what is the boy about?"

The boy in question, standing up in great confusion to the height of six feet, with the table-cloth descending like a large cloud about his person, hiding all of it except his military-looking arms and legs, *did* not make any reply. Rosa, when she tasted the jam, had left some on her lips, and somehow a splash of it had got transferred to Bruce's face.

"What prank is this, sir?" asked the Dean sternly. "Who is this person?" pointing his thick yellow cane at Rosa. "Is it the cook or the dairymaid?"

"That, sir," said Bruce, coming to Rosa's rescue, "is Miss Young—the lady I wrote to you about."

"Oh, indeed!" said the Doctor, who had not found the answers to the inquiries he made in Doddington as to the worldly condition of the house of Young at all to his mind, and who, at the sight of the Parsonage, had been more struck with its diminutive-

ness than its picturesqueness. "You're a pretty fellow! Don't you think you're a pretty fellow? Answer me, puppy!"

"I'm not doing any harm, sir," said Bruce, his handsome face looking very red over the table-cloth, which he struggled to unpin.

"Not doing any harm, sir!" sung the Dean after him, through his nose. "Are you making an ass of yourself, sir, do you think? Come, sir, I'm waiting for ye. Come along with me, sir."

Bruce having got rid of the table-cloth, went up to console Rosa, who was now sobbing in a chair.

"Are ye coming, sir?" shouted the Dean from the door; and Bruce, with a last whisper of comfort, went to join his parent, who, lifting his shovel-hat, said, "Ma'am, I wish you a very good morning!" As they went through the passage, Rosa heard the Doctor say something about "What a shock to your poor mother!"

When Josiah returned, he found Rosa weeping by the kitchen fire, now sunk to embers, the jam reduced to a sort of dark concrete, and the tart stiff in an elemental state.

"Harry's papa has been here," sobbed Rosa; "and he's been so angry; and he's carried Harry away, and I shall ne—never—see him—any more."

The Dean kept such strict watch over his son while the troop remained

at Doddington, lecturing him all the time, that he never got the smallest glimpse of Rosa before quitting the place, though he managed to write her some tender and consoling letters. His only other consolation was in confiding his grief to Mr Titcherly, the old antiquary. They had become intimate and fond of one another—"a pair of friends, though he was young, and Titcherly seventy-two." Bruce had sympathised with the old gentleman's pursuits, and aided them—he had, moreover, made drawings illustrative of the great work on the antiquities of Doddington, which were now being engraved for a second edition; and when the troop left the town, nobody missed him more, nor thought more kindly of him, next to Rosa, than Mr Titcherly.

Bruce had nourished in his secret heart an intention of getting leave when they got to headquarters, and coming back to see Rosa. This was defeated by the vigilance of his parent, who, suspecting the design, made it a particular request to the Colonel that he would allow his son no leave of absence, hinting at an indiscreet attachment; and the Colonel, in the most friendly way, promised to comply with the Dean's wishes. Afterwards the Dean went home, and told his wife (he being a pious man, and familiar with the ways of Providence) that he considered the moving of the detachment from Doddington in the light of a special interference.

#### CHAPTER XLI.

For my own private choice, I don't know whether I should have preferred to live at Larches or the Heronry. People who like aristocratic-looking houses of imposing size and respectable age would have preferred the latter. But there are others whose ambition does not soar so high—who would feel encumbered by space which they could not occupy, and by galleries and apartments to them superfluous; yet who have sometimes, when dreaming in a verandah in the tropics, a snow-hut of some northern region, or a narrow cabin at sea, figured to themselves a snug

English home, not too remote for the world's affairs, nor too public for seclusion—not so large as to be dull without visitors, nor so small as to be unfit to accommodate them—not so grand as to invite inspection, nor so unadorned as to disappoint it—standing, in fact, on the boundary which divides comfort from ostentation; and such would have preferred Larches.

Yet, ah! that air from Queen Anne's time that breathed about the Heronry—that library, where Samuel Johnson might have devoured books in his boyhood—the trim gardens, whi

Pope might have sat in fine weather, polishing his mellifluous lines—the gateway and porticoes that Vanbrugh might have regarded with paternal complacency, as hooped dames and bewigged cavaliers passed underneath—all these were pleasant to the eye and mind that love the picturesque and antique.

Yet even these advantages would not weigh in the scale for a minute, when Larches was inhabited as now. Place Lady Lee and Orelia in the balance, and the Heronry kicks the beam. They would have made a hut in Tipperary, or South Africa, or any other pagan and barbarous region, more alluring than the palace of Aladdin.

However (to describe its intrinsic advantages), Larches was a one-storied house, too spacious to be called a cottage, which, however, it resembled in shape, and surrounded by a deep verandah open from the eaves to the ground. To please a caprice of Orelia's, the slated roof had been covered with thatch—indeed, she exercised her fancy in so many alterations, both of the house and grounds, that the place was like a dissolving view, and never presented the same appearance for two consecutive seasons. The house stood on a knoll which raised it above the surrounding garden, except at the back, where the north winds were repelled by a small grove rising from a high bank. In the front rank of this grove rose three tall larches that gave the place its name. The verandah kept the sun from the apartments, but the windows, opening to the ground, admitted plenty of sober light. Looked at from without, the open verandah and the large space occupied by windows and doors gave an idea of extreme airiness; while the rich heavy curtains that lined the windows, and the glimpses of luxurious furniture behind, conveyed ample assurance of comfort.

Hither Orelia had brought her friend, and here she applied herself to soothe her sorrow. Many offices would, perhaps, have suited Orelia better than that of comforter—but her affection and warm sympathy for Lady Lee made her discharge it with right good-will.

When Hester had entered the hall, at the conclusion of their journey, Orelia came up and kissed her.

"We will forget now," she said, "that you have ever been Lady Lee. We will revive in substance, as well as in idea, the old times when you were Hester Broome at the parsonage: and we will see if there is not yet in store for you as bright a future as ever you dreamt of in your imaginative days."

A thin elderly person, holding a handkerchief to her face to keep off the draught, was hovering about an inner door of the lobby as they entered. This was Miss Priscilla Winter, the lady who did propriety in Orelia's establishment, and managed the minor details thereof. She had lived with Orelia's mother as a companion, when the young lady herself was a child, and had subsequently accompanied the latter to Larches. She was a good kind of ancient nomenclature, without any very decided opinions on any subject, resembling, indeed, rather a vague idea than an absolute person. As she always had a smile ready, and agreed with everybody, Priscilla was sufficiently popular and endurable. At present she smiled a welcome on one side of her face only, because the other was swelled—a frequent symptom of the perpetual toothach which afflicted her.

"Here's Frisky," said Orelia, on seeing her; "dear old Frisky!—good old Frisk!" and she went up and greeted the old lady very cordially, as did Lady Lee.

Orelia called her Frisky, not because of any particular fitness in the appellation, but, having a way of her own of altering people's names, she used to call her first Priskilla, then, when she wanted to coax her, Frisky, which suggested Frisk, and the total and glaring inappropriateness of the epithet tickled the inventor so much that it was permanently adopted by her. The old virgin preceded them into the drawing-room, where a comfortable fire was blazing, and told them dinner would be ready in a quarter of an hour.

"And how are the live stock, Frisk?"

"All well except Dick, who had a fit yesterday," said Miss Winter, "but

he seems quite cheerful again to-day." Dick was a bullfinch.

"I'll see him presently," said Orelia, "but first I must visit Moloch."

"Take care, my dear Orelia," said Priscilla; "Francis has got him chained up—the cook says she thinks he's going mad, for he hasn't drunk his water to-day."

"Stub!" said Orelia, marching out of the room.

Moloch, a great yellow bloodhound, sleeked with white, chained in the yard, thundered a deep welcome as his mistress went towards him, and upset his kennel in his eagerness to jump upon her. She unstrapped his collar, and he preceded her backwards in a series of curvets to the drawing-room, yelping joyfully, and nearly upsetting Priscilla, whom Orelia found occupied in settling Lady Lee near the fire, that she might be warm before taking off her things; for the old lady was a great hand at coddling people, if permitted.

"Hester looks pale, poor dear," said Priscilla, with a heart-rending sadness of tone and aspect—"ah, well, she's had her trials and."

"Now, I'll tell you what it is, Frisk," interrupted Orelia, looking sternly at the old lady, "I didn't bring her here to be made dismal, and if ever I hear you saying anything of a doleful character, I'll leave a chink of your bedroom window open at night, and give you a stiff neck.—I will, as sure as your name's Frisky." And this speech at once produced the desired effect, the venerable spinster caught her cue with alacrity, and the unswelled side of her face at once assumed an expression of great cheerfulness.

Dinner was presently announced. "I'm afraid the dining-room will be chilly," mumbled Priscilla, "and this terrible face of mine—would you mind it, my dear, if I sat at dinner in my bonnet?"

"Not in the least, my tender Frisk," quoth Orelia; "and pray bring your umbrella and pattens also."

A few days after their arrival, they went down to the parsonage where Hester had formerly lived with her father. Orelia was curious to see

what effect the memories attached to the place would have upon her ladyship. She saw her grow flushed and excited as they passed the familiar cottages, and trees, and fields along the road. She saw her excitement increase as they came in sight of the parsonage. A glimpse of it was afforded from the road, as it stood at the end of a lane, and looked down upon a lawn dotted with dwarf firs. That glimpse showed it little changed; but as they entered the swinging gate, opening on the gravel path that curved round to the front of the house, the place seemed to Hester to have dwindled. Perhaps the spacious proportions of the Heronry dwarfed the parsonage by contrast—perhaps her remembrance had flattered the scene—perhaps it had lost its interest together with its former inhabitants—for, her father having died soon after her marriage, a new clergyman now lived there, and neither he nor his wife were likely to renew much of the romantic atmosphere of the spot—at any rate, Hester's associations vanished rapidly. The furniture was all so different, there was a new door opened in the sitting-room, which might be a convenience, but was to her an impertinence—her bedroom, the chamber of her maiden dreams (ah, sacrifice!) was now a nursery. The walls where the echoes of Hester's voice, as she read aloud, or sung, or said her prayers, ought yet to have lingered, resounded to the squalls of the latest baby published by the prolific clergyman's wife, and the clamour of its small seniors. A cradle had taken the place of her bookcase; and her bed, whose white curtains had once enclosed the poetic dreams and bright fancies of the virgin Hester—the very altar-piece, as it were—was occupied by a rocking-horse with its head knocked off. Scarcely worse the desecration, when the French stabled their chargers in the cathedrals of Spain.

She descended to the porch, and paused there, trying to recall her former self as she had sat in its shadow, reading, working, dreaming, fancying that the world was paradise. She wondered what could have made her fancy so; it had, indeed, been blissful ignorance, but very silly, never-

less: her eyes were open now, and she was quite sure—yes, quite—she should never see things again surrounded by such delusive splendour. The Hester of eighteen had been quite a different person from the Hester of twenty-five. And so sad seemed to be the train of thoughts thus aroused, and bringing with it so many silent tears, that Orelia was sorry she had carried her well-intended visit to the parsonage into execution. She mentioned it in a letter to Rosa; and here, in common type, wherein it loses all the character it gained in the original, from that bold yet feminine hand, with its long upstrokes and downstrokes, and its audacious dashes, we will insert Orelia's letter.

"Dearest Rosalinda," (it said,) "what is there about you, do you suppose, that you should be so constantly in my thoughts as you are, to the utter exclusion, of course, of all kinds of rational contemplation? For how can any serious or important idea be expected to remain in company with that of a little laughing, red-faced thing? In vain I banish the pert image; it comes back with all the annoying and saucy pertinacity of the original, till I actually catch myself addressing it; and my first impulse, on waking of a morning, always is to pull you out of bed.

"People sometimes say of their deceased relations (especially if they have left them any money), that it would be wrong to wish them back to this scene of trial. And I grow somewhat resigned to your absence, when I think that you are probably much happier where you are. For Hester and I are very dismal, Rosey—not a bit better than we were during the last sad weeks at the Heronry. She grows paler, Rosetta—paler and thinner every day. And I don't think 'tis owing to any failure of mine in carrying out our plan for her benefit. I have, in every possible way, closed up the avenues to sad recollections. I have avoided all allusions to her married life, as if it had been wiped out of my memory with a great wet sponge. I have nearly choked myself by arresting, on the brink of utterance, observations that might have awakened in her mind some train of thought ending in a sigh. I have en-

deavoured to interest her in her old occupations here, and to get her to resume the subjects of conversation and of fancy that used to delight her in the old times, when she was the most enthusiastic and bright and hopeful of friends; and I have had my labour for my pains. She wandered through my hothouses with most annoying apathy—stood on the very spot where she and I first saw one another, and which I expected would have had an electrical effect on her, with an absence of recognition that quite exasperated me; and when I wished her good night, in the very bedroom that was always allotted to her when weather-bound at my cottage, she returned the benediction without one allusion to the old days that have departed apparently for ever.

"Well, Rosetta, I persevered, nevertheless—yes, I did—I struck my great *coup*—I took her down to the parsonage, where she was born and bred. Long after her father's death it stood untenanted; but a new family now live there. I watched the effect of each familiar object that we passed on the road; her breath now and then came a little quicker, and, at the first distant glimpse of the house, her colour rose, and she smiled more naturally than she has done any time these three months. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'the old Hester is going to peep out of this melancholy mask;' so I said, by way of assisting the metamorphosis, 'Do you remember anything about that stone, Hester?' pointing to a great white one by the side of the road. Now, by this stone hangs a tale, Rosamunda. You must know (if I never told you) that Hester and I had once a little quarrel; and as it's so long ago, I don't mind saying 'twas all my fault. Well, we did not meet for two or three days, for Hester was hurt, and I was sullen; but then, by a simultaneous impulse, we started to meet and be reconciled. Hester was near this stone when she caught sight of me, and, forgetting all cause of offence, ran towards me. In her haste ('twould take a deal to make her run now, Rosey) she tript on the grass at the side of the road, and fell with her head against the corner of the stone. There she lay for a moment, stunned,

and I, who had just reached the spot, sat down on the stone, and, taking her head on my lap, vowed, after she had opened her eyes, and assured me she was but little hurt, that I would never again offend her.

"She remembered it well, she said, as I stopt and pointed to the spot; then, pressing my hand, 'Though I am not so demonstrative now as then, you must not think my friendship colder, dear Orelia,' she said. This looked all very promising, and I walked on in great spirits, awaiting the further effect of the coming scenes.

"The clergyman's wife had called on us, so our visit had an excuse. The porch looked just as it used—we entered; but there, in the identical spot where Mr Broome used to sit and talk to us, when a pause in his disorder let him brighten up for an hour or two, with the benignity of a Socrates—his pale face glowing, his dim eye kindling, and his failing voice hardly able to keep pace with his eloquent flow of thought—there sat his successor—fat, contented, vulgar. The first words he spoke, in tones that seemed to struggle through layers of beef and cabbage and Yorkshire pudding, dissipated the romance that lingered for me and Hester about the scene. And his wife! I don't deny that the woman may have good qualities, Rosa; but I never can forgive her that cap of hers—nor her furniture—nor her younger sister, with her vulgar affectation of well-bred ease—nor her mode of addressing her husband—she called him by the initial letter of his horrible surname.

"In vain I struggled with these prosaic influences—in vain I tried to recall the old memories of the place—they had absolutely deserted me. I did not look at Hester, for I should only have looked disappointment. I did not speak to her, for I had nothing to say. But I looked at the clergyman and his wife and sister-in-law—daggers, Rosetta—and I was glad, when we departed, to see them reduced to a state of terrified and silent civility.

"So this part of the project signally failed. Hitherto we had lived altogether by ourselves, for I did not wish to annoy her with the task of making a parcel of new acquaintances, not likely to be particularly interesting

either to her or to me. But now I thought visitors might rouse her from her melancholy, and I let them come."

The time when Lady Lee and Orelia were most disposed to be communicative to each other was the last hour before they went to bed. Both, after flickering fitfully between dinner and tea, musing, looking into the fire, sighing, &c., would brighten up into temporary effulgence, before undergoing the extinction of sleep.

"You are cheerful to-night, Orelia," said Lady Lee, one night after some guests had departed. "I am happy to see it, my dear. Come closer," said her ladyship, passing her arm round her friend's waist, and drawing her on to the sofa beside her. "I want to whisper to you. May I venture to hope" (this in Orelia's ear, from which she had brushed back the volume of black hair that hid it) "that you have forgotten that little romance of yours?"

Orelia silently turned, and sat facing her with her black eyes, without answering.

"You never confided in me in that matter," said her ladyship, still whispering, though there was nobody but those two in the room, and the servants had gone to bed. "I shouldn't speak of it now, only that I observe some symptoms occasionally which make me still doubt the direction of your thoughts. Can I help to guide them back to tranquillity?"

"No, Hester," said Orelia; "I don't want any aid. I've come to a resolution of my own accord."

"Tell it me," said Lady Lee.

"How can I tell you all?" said Orelia. "You didn't know him. To you he was merely what he appeared to the world—to me he was himself—the manliest, the cleverest, the most independent, the—ah, you smile; but, had you met him in his true position, you would have thought of him as I do."

Lady Lee squeezed the hand of the somewhat indignant enthusiast. "Who so apt as I to believe," she said, "that when Orelia Payne admires, the object is an elevated one? Well, dearest?"

"Well," said Orelia, "I dreamt the Hecronry a sort of dream—that is

would regain his position in the world, and be all you or any of my friends could wish. He left me apparently with some such expectation; but now I see it was fallacious."

"But a man could scarcely make a very great stride in the world in a couple of months," observed Lady Lee.

"I will take years, perhaps," said Orelia, "even if he ever succeeds; and consider the chances against him. And, except as successful, I shall never see him—he is prouder than a fallen angel." Here she paused, and pondered a little. "But," she resumed, "I have resolved to think no more on that subject? Yes, resolved!" (stamping with her foot, while her colour heightened, and a tear came into her eye). "It can do no good—it will be vain, weak, idle—it will be wasting life in unreality: therefore it shall end"—(another little stamp).

Lady Lee looked at her with a kind of serious half smile. "So earnest, Orelia!—then the cause cannot be slight."

"It is not," said Orelia petulantly. "I am a hamed to think how much it has engrossed my thoughts. And yet—every thing considered—so much merit in so unfitting a position! Had he been placed where he deserves, I should perhaps have withheld my admiration; but indignation at the way in which fortune and the world have treated him lent it double force. Now, Hester, I have been franker than you—for we both had our secrets; had we not?"

It was Lady Lee's turn to redden and be silent.

"Hester," went on Orelia, "what do you think of the men who sometimes come here? Is there one of them fit to be named with either of those to whom we gave—I mean to whom we would have given—our hearts? Think for a moment of the best of them—and then place their images, side by side, with those I speak of. Don't they dwindle?—don't they show like wax-work beside sculpture, with their fleeting hues of character, their feeble melting outlines, their stupid conventionalities?"

"You are severe, my dear," said Lady Lee, without, however, heeding much her own reply—for Orelia had confused her.

"O, it scatters my patience!" said her impetuous friend. "I think less of myself when one of them has hinted admiration. Yesterday, that worthy noodle, Mr Strailace—he who thinks it good to be wise, but not to be merry, and whose expressive eyebrows proclaim all pursuits to be vanity except his own—had the astonishing effrontery to give my hand a kind of meaning squeeze, at taking leave, muttering something about 'his pleasure at recognising a congenial spirit.' What have I done, Hester, to deserve that?—the owl!"

"I don't see the congeniality, certainly," said Lady Lee, smiling, "more than between an owl and a peacock, or any other majestic bird."

"Then there's that baronet Sir Dudley (you seem to have an attraction for baronets, Hester)—that well-dressed Mephistopheles, with crow's feet about his eyes and his heart at five and twenty, who has just cleverness enough to find out the faulty side of everything—he had the impudence, after looking at you as if we were judging a horse, to pronounce that 'you had some good points,' which from him is equivalent, I suppose, to high praise."

"I hope he specified the points that struck him," said Lady Lee, smiling.

"He hadn't time," returned Orelia. "I felt downright savage at the idea of such a snail as that crawling on your petals. I asked him who had told him of your merits? for that we all knew him to be slow at finding them in anything."

"And what did he say?"

"He turned to his next neighbour and merely said, 'Shut up, by Jove!' Why, compared with these people, Major Tindal grows respectable; for though he has but one side to his character, 'tis a manly and decided one."

"Poor, misguided Major Tindal," said Lady Lee; "to think that he should have taken the trouble to come all the way here" (the Major hadn't been able to forbear singeing his wings again), "just to do hopeless homage to a girl who talks of him in that way."

"Certainly he had better have stayed at Doddington," said Orelia. "But, now, Hester, tell me—could you admire, or ever be induced to love, any

of our present acquaintances, after having seen others so much worthier?"

"I will go farther than that," said Lady Lee, resuming her habitual tone of melancholy, which she had relinquished for one of assumed gaiety, merely to cover the confusion that Orelia's home-thrust had caused her; "I will say that we never could have admired or loved them in any case."

"And yet they are not below the average of those we shall meet in our pilgrimage," said this severe censor; "and that brings me to a subject I have for some time thought of. You and I can never link our lives to people of that sort."

"Never," said Lady Lee, fervently.

"Neither will we spend them in vain regrets," said Orelia. "In men that would be unmanly, and in us 'twould equally be unwomanly. We will drive out thought—we will leave it no avenue to enter—we will place a quickset round our hearts. Some do this by openly relinquishing the world, and taking vows; our resolutions shall be none the weaker because we only take our vows privately, and to one another."

Lady Lee looked at her friend inquiringly.

"Why should we have done with life because we have been disappointed in one of its objects?" said Orelia. "Why should we languish or let ourselves rust because those we prefer are withheld from us? We could not be content to go lingering and dreaming all our lives."

"Not content, certainly," said Lady Lee. "But what are we to do?"

"Make business for ourselves in the world," said Orelia. "Be of use—turn our energies to account. How many women younger than we quit a life of ease without our provocation, and devote themselves to one of active usefulness! We might be the founders of an unprofessed sisterhood. What do you say, Hester? When shall we begin?"

"When?" said Lady Lee. "My dear, such a thing requires thought."

"Say a week," said Orelia.

"A week!" cried Lady Lee—"a year you mean. Nuns have a noviciate."

"And a contemptible thing it is,"

said Orelia, "that hovering between two worlds, as it were—that lingering on the bridge, shilly shally. No, Hester; we won't show any such want of confidence in ourselves—we will begin after a week's trial. We must commence by closing up all paths to thoughts that might unsteady us—lay aside at once poetry, romance, music, except anthems and oratorios. We will prescribe for ourselves a simple dress and a uniform and disciplined life. Come, are you not anxious to begin?"

"I do almost catch a gleam of your enthusiasm," said Hester. "To relinquish my present life will be no privation" (with a sigh). "But we must mature the idea before acting on it. We must not begin lightly."

"Lightly!" said Orelia. "I've been thinking of it these four days. And, for our plan—feeding the poor—educating the ignorant—comforting the sick—there is a field! So much for our duty towards our neighbour—for ourselves, we will improve and occupy our minds with study, and I was going to say meditation; but I'm not so sure whether our meditations would be always on profitable subjects, at least not just yet. When nuns turn out not so good as they might be, who knows what share meditation may have had in it? We'll act now, Hester, and put off meditation till we grow older."

Now, there was something in Orelia's proposal that was not unpleasant to Lady Lee. To banish thought which she found so wearisome—to occupy time that hung so heavy—to labour with an object and obtain a result—these were what she had long desired in a dreamy sort of way, and now that the more energetic Orelia had struck out the path, she was ardent to follow it. Thus the mind would be provided for; and, for the heart, why shouldn't she and Orelia, her chosen friend, be all in all to each other? which last idea was, perhaps, even more brilliant than the other.

Accordingly the noviciate commenced forthwith. They had, in Hester's maiden days, studied together French and Italian; they began a spirited attack upon German language. Mathematics &c.



desirable, as it required attention, exercised the mind, and did not excite the imagination, and they plodded away at Euclid and algebra with a perseverance praiseworthy in an ambitious freshman, but, in them, lamentable to behold. The piano remained unopened, the harp untouched, except on Sunday, when they performed a piece out of Handel. Lady Lee's copy of *Corinne* was put in the fire by Orelia, who had never particularly admired the work; and, indeed, a great part of their library underwent such a weeding as Don Quixote's suffered at the hands of the barber and curate. Both were dressed in mourning before for Julius, so no great change was needed in their attire. To crown all, they discovered, in a couple of days, some babies in the smallpox and croup, three distressed families with the fathers out of work, and a pair of rheumatic old women, so that their charitable resolutions were not likely to fail for want of objects.

It is very well known that heroines of respectability ought to be naturally benevolent. They ought, moreover, to have a happy knack of winning the hearts of all who experience their bounty. I would with pleasure bestow on my heroines all the good attributes that belong to them, but I have already said they were far from faultless, and, to say the truth, the line they had chosen was not their forte. Lady Lee's fastidious taste was speedily revolted by misery, whose pathos was impaired by selfishness or coarseness; and Orelia, after a visit to one of the rheumatic patients, left a sovereign for the sufferer, and vowed she would never go near that horrid old grumbler again. In fact, this was one of the points in which they were both of them inferior to Rosa. Their benevolence sprang from a sense of duty, and was artificial in expression, like the conversation of one who has learnt a foreign tongue grammatically; while Rosa's was natural, and fluent in the happiest idioms of goodness.

However, they persevered, and, though they were striving against nature, their conduct was quite natural. Women are never so enthusiastic about their duties as when they

have just been disappointed in love. Your pretty Puritans are sure to have had an attachment blighted, and Devotion is called in, like a Beguine, to dress the wounds made by that rascal Cupid.

But yet, reader, if Hester and Orelia should really persist in their project, what a glimpse of the possible is here opened! Let imagination hold up the curtain for a moment.

Methinks I see Orelia, aged say about thirty-five; severe of aspect, and with what novelists call "the traces of former beauty," though the arch of the nose has strengthened to Roman firmness, the mouth is quite stern in its decision, and the fire of the eyes has some fierceness in its sparkle. Irreproachable, but not amicable—unsparing to the indiscretion of others, and having none of her own—rigid in the performance of duties, as well as in exacting them—I see her, in fact, become that formidable being, an exemplary woman, and I should like to see anybody make love to her now.

Lady Lee, too, now getting on for forty, has changed from what we knew her. She is not called, like Orelia, an exemplary woman, but is stigmatised by the equally opprobrious epithet, a superior person. Her eyes, dimmed with long perusing of good wearisome books through a veil of tears, are still beautiful in their melancholy, but the rest of her charms have withered. She does not discharge her duties with the unfailing spirit of the more energetic Orelia, but requires a new weary effort for the performance of each; and when the old obstinate question recurs of what her business in the world may be, she silences it by a contemplation of the indurated virtues of her friend, which she nerves herself to imitate. There are no more confidences or confessions of weakness between herself and Orelia, but a friendship such as might have subsisted between the Mother of the Gracchi and Mrs Fry. They are punctual in —, but, as Sterne says, when the idea of his captive becomes too painful, "I cannot sustain the picture that my fancy has drawn." Fane—Onslow—to the rescue!

## THE MARQUIS DE LAROCHEJAQUELEIN.

FRANCE IN 1853.

THE name of Larochejaquelein is not an obscure one. It was once familiar to the world. It was known and venerated wherever stainless honour, fidelity proof against all temptations and suffering, chivalrous valour, and patient courage amid dangers that do not try the nerves less than they want the excitement which sustains the soldier on the battle-field, were held in reverence. The two brothers who covered that name with glory of the purest kind were noble specimens of the old chivalry of France, when chivalry had well-nigh passed away; and the chronicler of their romantic gallantry and their heroic death was the gentle female who bore their name, and who bore it high, and who shared in their sufferings, their triumphs, and their defeats. We know of few compositions more interesting than the narrative of the Marchioness de Larochejaquelein, who, we are happy to find, still survives, her form bowed by age, but her heart as true as when, in early youth and beauty, she traversed on foot the ravines of the Bocage, or forded the canals of the Marais, and witnessed the sanguinary wars waged by the insurgents of La Vendée during the wildest period of the French Republic. It is curious that the most attractive records of the great revolutions which convulsed the two kingdoms of England and France, at periods so distant from each other, should respectively be the production of a female pen. The memoirs of Mrs Hutchinson and the narrative of Madame de Larochejaquelein are companions fit to be placed side by side with each other; and though the character of the two works is different, the interest they excite is identical. They both possess all the fascination of romance, but they are valuable in a degree which few romances can pretend to. It has been remarked, that until their publication the world was strangely in error on many of the im-

portant events to which they relate, and that they have been singularly useful in diminishing a great deal of the prejudice, and in dissipating the ignorance which had existed, particularly with reference to some of the principal actors in these terrible scenes. The character of the English heroine is shadowed forth in her history; it is more unbending, more masculine, more stern, perhaps, and commands admiration which the mind cannot refuse. But the heart is led away by the tenderness of the Frenchwoman; and her pathetic touches, while they add to the interest of her story, impart to it the impress of truth.

The nobleman who has just published a defence of his own political career during the eventful changes which France has again witnessed, is the son of that lady by a second marriage. His lineage is an ancient and honourable one. Sprung from the old house of Vergier de Larochejaquelein, he counts among his ancestors a Crusader whose arms form one of the many ornaments of the rich gallery of Versailles; two warriors who fell on the hard-fought field of Pavia, when "all was lost except honour;" a brother in arms and tent-companion of Henry IV., who was left "with his back to the field and his feet to the foe" on the plains of Arques; a *mestre-de-camp*, who met his death while in the act of boarding a pirate off St Domingo. His uncle was the general-in-chief in the Vendean army, and it was this gallant gentleman, on whose history Froissart would have loved to linger, who spoke this last address to his army, which is still remembered by the peasants of the Morbihan—"If I advance, follow me; if I retreat, slay me; if I fall, avenge me!" Another of this heroic family was a dashing officer of carabineers under the Empire; and on the battle-field of the Moskowa he maintained the old valour of the house of

Larochejaquelein. Count Louis, the father of the present Marquis, refused to serve under Napoleon. When the flight from Elba roused Europe again from its brief tranquillity, the peasant soldiers of La Vendée gathered once more round the white banner of their chief. The insurrection was, however, soon put down, and Larochejaquelein, while in the act of leading on his men against the Imperial troops, fell with a bullet in his heart. This is an ancestry of which any man may be proud.

The present Marquis is the son of the Royalist chief of the Hundred Days, who had married the widow of his old companion in arms, the Marquis de Lescure. He was born in 1804, and at the early age of eleven was created a peer of France, under what is called the Second Restoration. He entered the military service in 1821, joined the army under the Duke d'Angoulême in 1823, and made the campaign of Spain. He was captain in the horse grenadiers of the Royal Guard in 1828, and, inheriting the military ardour which characterised his family, petitioned the king to be allowed to serve in the Greek war of independence, but was refused. He was permitted, however, to join the Russian army as a simple volunteer in the campaign of the Balkan against the Turks, "having nothing better to do," as he himself said on one occasion in the Chamber of Deputies. Though a peer of France, he had not taken his seat in the Upper House when the revolution of 1830 broke out; and refusing to accept place, favour, or honours at the hands of the revolutionary government of July, he resigned his functions as peer of France. Endowed with remarkable activity of mind, he devoted himself for some time, and with much energy, to industrial pursuits, and gave up politics till 1842, when he was named a member of the Chamber of Deputies by the electoral college of Ploermel, in the Morbihan. During his parliamentary career he did not remain idle. He took a prominent part in most of the stormy discussions of the time: the various projects of replies to the addresses from the throne, the conscription reform law, prison reform, railroad bills, electoral reform,

liberty of instruction, all found in him a ready, fluent, and vigorous, if not an eloquent debater. On all occasions he spoke out his mind frankly and boldly; and though on many occasions in opposition to his own party, as well as to the government, it is said that he never had a personal enemy in the Chamber. His conduct, when the paltry attempt was made by the servile adherents of the new régime to alix infamy on the Royalists who paid their homage to the descendant of their former master, on the occasion of the Count de Chambord's visit to London in 1812, is beyond all praise. He rejected, with scornful indignation, the stigma attempted to be fixed on him by the Orleanists, who did not feel the sentiment of honour, and were incapable of appreciating it in others. He at once resigned his seat as deputy, and appealed from the outrage offered him by the Philopists to the judgment of the electors. The electors answered the appeal, and Ploermel sent him back to the Chamber, where he persevered in the same independent course. When the base arts of corruption employed by the government of July were to be dragged to the light of day, Larochejaquelein was never silent. "A corrupting and degrading selfishness pervades all parts of society," he said, in the discussion of the budget in 1845. "I have, in common with the rest of the nation, given up all illusions about the constitutional forms of the state, and I have no longer any faith in their independence. On all sides, in all places, I behold the triumph of the base over the generous, of evil over good; and each day that passes only brings us nearer to a tremendous crisis—the future is indeed dark and threatening!" These prophetic words were destined to be soon realised—sooner, perhaps, than the speaker himself imagined.

We have said that M. de Larochejaquelein was a frequent and a forcible speaker on important occasions. Without much claim to what is termed oratory, his language is fluent and full of energy; and he has scarcely uttered a few sentences, when you feel that he is a man of profound convictions—and this we hold to be a great, as it

is a rare, merit in times like the present. His portly presence, open brow, and flowing hair—his quick, earnest, and impassioned gesticulation, remind you of the tribune of revolutionary days. The haughty movement of his head, and the scornful expression of his eye, when repelling some unjust accusation, give him an appearance of pride, which certainly is not characteristic of him, for in private life no one can be gentler or more unaffected. You see before you the gentleman of the old *saucy*, not the marquis of the *salon*, or that trifling race which the wit of Moliere has perpetuated. Had the Marquis de Larochefoucauld not been born an aristocrat, he would have been a tribune of the people. Whatever be his merits or demerits as a speaker or a politician, he possesses, at all events, the courage, the audacity of his opinions. He was devoted to the Bourbons of the elder branch (and they have not always paid his devotedness with gratitude), not for interest, but for honor, from family traditions; and were not the days of chivalry all but extinct in what was once a nation of cavaliers, and were men again to combat for dynasties in France, we are inclined to think that he would be among the first to place his lance in rest, as his ancestors did before him; and yet, if we are to judge from recent events, neither the hereditary devotedness of his family to the cause which was so often sealed with their blood, nor the sacrifices (and we are informed they are not few) which he himself has made to it, have won him the favour of the court of Frohsdorf. On the contrary, we believe that he has been exposed to all the persecution that petty malignity can set at work; and we know that attempts have, on many occasions, been made to ruin him among the primitive peasantry of La Vendée and the Morbihan. His position with reference to his own party became so intolerable, that he has considered it necessary to publish, in a small volume, a review of the state of parties in France in 1853, and which is, at the same time, a vindication of his own conduct.

The work is curious and instructive. It notices the events which have recently occurred in France; and though

the causes which led to that very decided act of vigour known as the *coup d'état* of December 1851, have been long since known to the public, and appreciated by impartial men, a narrative bearing the impress of truth, and penned by one of the actors in the drama, cannot fail to be interesting. We do not concur in all the views of M. de Larochefoucauld, nor do we agree in all his deductions; but we readily admit the truth of his sketch of political parties in France previous to the month of December, of the intrigues of the Orleanist faction, their hypocrisy and selfishness, their utter recklessness of consequences, provided but a chance was afforded them, no matter at what cost to the country, of recovering the power for which they had shown themselves unfit, and of which they were deprived almost without an effort. In all this we agree; and we confess we are not a little pleased at finding the opinions we have already had occasion to express on these points fully borne out by one who has so intimate a knowledge of affairs. We believe that the French press has, with one or two exceptions, passed over in silence the work of M. de Larochefoucauld; and we are not much surprised at that silence. It is some time since all political intercourse has ended between him and the persons who compose the court of Frohsdorf. These persons, we fear, too truly represent the extravagant opinions and the intolerant conduct of the men who contributed by their evil counsels to the overthrow of the legitimate monarchy. They are the same of whom it has been said, and said truly, that they returned from their long exile, having learned nothing and forgotten nothing; and were the Count de Chambord to be restored to the throne of his ancestors, their policy would again lead to its overthrow. We desire to speak with respect of the present chief of the house of Bourbon. We admire the dignity of his bearing; the position he has assumed with respect to the Orleans family; the proud refusal to make any sacrifice of what he considered to be a principle, even though that sacrifice increased the number of his partisans; the firmness with which he maintains his superiority over those who despoiled him—

the innocent victim of base intriguers, and a successful insurrection—of his rights. But we fear that he allows himself to be too much influenced in certain matters by a coterie composed of persons of antiquated notions, and who do not appear to have any conception of the progress made in the social and political world during the last half-century. The errors of that coterie are exposed by M. de Larochejaquelein; and that exposure will not narrow the distance which separates him from his party, or rather from the court of Frohsdorf. The unpalatable truth he tells will not easily be forgiven; and the Legitimist organs of the press have considered it more prudent to pass them over without notice or contradiction. The organs of what is called the *Fusion* have been equally discreet, and with one or two exceptions the other journals have imitated their discretion, either because they considered his sketch not sufficiently Buonapartist to merit unqualified praise, or too much so for censure. The object of the Marquis de Larochejaquelein, who still professes to be a Legitimist in principle, is to show that he has been guilty of no inconsistency in giving in his adhesion to the imperial government, and that he has not discarded the opinions he always professed; that he has not denied the name he bears, nor renounced the political faith in which he was brought up, by accepting that regime, and taking, as a member of the Senate, the oaths of allegiance to the Emperor and the constitution. It is principally in this respect that the interest of the book consists, and we have noticed briefly and impartially the conduct of the writer, and that of a certain number of his fellow-Legitimists who have, equally with himself, comprehended the imminent danger their common country was exposed to, and availed themselves of the only means of safety left at their disposal.

The offence committed by M. de Larochejaquelein, and which the more intolerant of the Royalist party do not pardon, is not of recent date. He was a Legitimist, it is true, but he was also attached to constitutional government. He preferred a sovereign who inherited a crown from his ancestors, but

he was likewise the supporter of representative institutions. But so many catastrophes—so many revolutions had passed over France—so many governments had been overthrown and institutions subverted, that all notions of right and justice, as of government, were completely lost. The actors in the first Republic denounced all monarchical forms, as not only incompatible with human rights, but actually opposed to common sense itself—in fact, something monstrous and unnatural. After convulsing all Europe, and utterly changing the country where it first broke into mad violence, that Revolution became exhausted from its very excesses; the Republic fell into contempt; but the terror inspired by it was such, that then, as in more recent days, people were glad to take shelter in any government that promised security to life and property. The great object of the Consulate, as of the Empire, was to obliterate the last traces of a system which had cost France so dear. That régime was so great and so dazzling that the loss of liberty was soon forgotten; and the yoke that pressed on the nation was the less galling because it was concealed in glory; and Frenchmen consoled themselves for not being free, because their master was a hero.

That brilliant meteor, after blinding the world with its splendour, and awing it by its power, fell into darkness. The ancient line was restored; and the Restoration in turn began by proclaiming the imperial rule as a usurpation; and Louis XVIII., in the charter of 1814, dated his reign, not from his return to France and the fall of Napoleon, but from the death of his nephew, the son of Louis XVI.;—as if the imperial epoch, with all its marvellous events, had never existed, and as if the account popularly, but erroneously, attributed to the famous Father Lorrue, was exact, that there had been no such government as the Republic, and that the man who was generally believed to have ruled the French nation despotically, but not ingloriously, for fourteen years, was in reality only Monsieur le Marquis de Buonaparte, lieutenant-general in the service of his most Christian Majesty.

Next came the Revolution of July, which proclaimed that Charles X. had forfeited his right to the crown, for himself and his heirs—who, however, were admitted to have done nothing to merit that forfeiture—by the manner in which he interpreted the 14th article of the charter, which, nevertheless, authorised him “to make regulations and ordinances necessary for the execution of the laws and the safety of the state.”—(*Charte Constitutionnelle* de 1814.) Republican writers (*Dictionnaire Politique*, p. 216) admit that the aforesaid article left to the king “the dangerous privilege of being the sole judge of the necessity of the case;” though they refused to recognise that or any other article of a charter which had been *octroyée*, or issued by royal authority alone. The responsible advisers whom Charles X. consulted, were of opinion that his conduct in issuing the famous ordinances was legal. The Orleanist revolution denounced that act as a violation of the charter, and declared that Charles X. had broken some imaginary compact between him and his people, and had forfeited the crown. This was admitting, to all intents and purposes, the right of armed insurrection. The principle thus admitted by the new régime was often turned against itself; and the right of overthrowing the government was many times tried during the reign of Louis Philippe. Various insurrections broke forth, which were successively put down; but had any of them succeeded, Louis Philippe would long before 1848 have been accused, on equally just grounds, of a violation of the new charter, and consequent forfeiture of the crown, as his predecessor. At length *his* turn came; and at the very moment that most people believed the throne of July to be fixed on the surest basis, the insurrection of February in a few hours overthrew that which had already triumphed over so many previous dangers. Louis Philippe rose to power on the barricades of July;—that power was laid prostrate by the same means. He, in turn, was proclaimed a usurper of the people’s rights, a violator of public liberty, and condemned to execration. It is not strange, therefore, if the minds

of men became bewildered amid so many conflicting doctrines. There no longer appeared any fixed standard by which to judge of authority. Monarchy in its absolute form was decried by some; constitutional monarchy by others. Monarchy under any denomination, or under any form whatever, was denounced by many as an outrage on human reason. Some maintained that a republican rule was hateful to the immense majority of the nation, and that France only desired a fair opportunity to declare its will. Under such circumstances what was to be done? The Royalists did not conceal that they only *endured* the Republic until an occasion offered for re-establishing their own form of government. Each party maintained that it, *and it alone*, represented the wants and wishes of the people; while the unhappy people, in whose name, and on whose behalf, all this had been done, stood by in silent dismay, and bent to the yoke which each faction that got uppermost imposed upon it. All was confusion, anarchy, chaos;—and the country, whose wellbeing was the pretext, rapidly approached the brink of ruin.

Under such circumstances, we again ask, what was to be done? The Marquis de Larochejaquelein thought that the only way of solving the problem was by an appeal to the very people in whose name every outrage was successively perpetrated; and calling upon it to declare, once for all, frankly and freely, what form of government it preferred—whether monarchy legitimate or constitutional, or a republic. From the day he took his seat in the Chamber of Deputies until the 2d December, when the National Assembly was dissolved by the *coup-d’état*, such was his constant theme. He denied the legitimacy of the Orleans monarchy of July, and refused to recognise the right of two hundred deputies, a portion of only one branch of the legislature, to exceed the terms of their mission, and to bestow sovereign power on any one. He expressed his belief that France would, if an occasion offered, return to the government of her legitimate sovereign, and he did not conceal that such was the motive for his appeal; but at all events he demanded that France

should be consulted, and he pledged himself to abide by the issue. By such conduct he incurred the hatred of Legitimists and Orleanists;—of the former, because his doctrine was inconsistent with the principle of divine right; and of the latter, because the admission of such an appeal vitiated, *ab initio*, the right of the sovereign whom the two hundred deputies had, of their own sole act, given to the nation. We offer no opinion as to whether M. de Larochejaquelein would have attained his object had his plan been carried into effect, nor on the abstract fitness of such an appeal: but in so complete a dissolution of authority of every kind, and amid such a confusion of all ideas of government, it would be difficult to suggest any other experiment whereby the right of those who founded their claim on the will of the nation could be tested.

The first great offence committed by M. de Larochejaquelein consisted, as we have just seen, in his having so far deviated from the principle of divine right, as to recommend an "appeal to the nation:" but the crime for which he can hope for no forgiveness from the court of Fribourg, is his having recognised the imperial government, and accepted the office of senator under it. M. de Larochejaquelein is of opinion, that after so many revolutions there was no chance for monarchy in France otherwise than by means of universal suffrage, by which the present government has been elected. He thought that the Legitimists, who had always maintained that they, and they alone, were acceptable to the nation, would run no risk in abating something of their *amour propre*, and in meeting the reaction half-way. If they were right, there was no fear of the result of such an appeal. The Orleanists, who were few in number and factious in conduct, would indeed be justified in shrinking from such an ordeal as the ratification of the act of two hundred deputies of the opposition; but in any case he despised of a monarchical government in any form that attempted to establish itself on a narrower basis. "Let us now suppose," he says (p. 190), "that monarchy were proclaimed in France otherwise

than by universal suffrage, which no accredited leader of the old Royalist parties admitted. Of the three monarchical parties, two would have been in open hostility with the government, and would, as now, rely for aid on the Republicans—this time in open hostility, and with much more reason. It is, perhaps, from a feeling akin to paternal weakness that I invariably recur to this article of my political faith.—If the question of *Monarchy* or *Republic* had been frankly put to the country under the Republican government, under the Republican constitution, all dynastic pretensions would vanish before traditional right, and the majority of the Republicans themselves would have submitted to the declared will of the nation. But no!—it was thought better to carry on intrigues up to the very day when the *coup d'état* of the 2d December became a social and political necessity; instead of cherishing carefully that liberty which we claimed for the national will, the parties I refer to preferred reserving themselves for chances which had only the effect of prolonging our intestine divisions."

M. de Larochejaquelein explains why he has given his adhesion to the present government, elected, as it has been, by means of that very appeal to the nation which he had, with certainly the hope of a different result, always advocated. "If I am asked," he says (p. 211), "the reason of the humble support I give to the present government, my answer is very simple: I see before me a strong government, which has rendered real service to my country, and at this moment I do not see any other that can possibly succeed to it. The faults that have been committed are so numerous—revolutions have so exhausted our strength—events have such complete power over us—that, I confess, my reason forces me to accept the vote of eight millions of my fellow-citizens. Nevertheless, I have never been more convinced than I now am, of the excellence of the hereditary principle. Let us suppose the Emperor to have issue—he has also relations. Let us suppose the Count de Chambord to have issue—but the princes of the house of Orleans are numerous. Under such

circumstances, France would be exposed for centuries to the danger resulting from the dissensions of the monarchical parties disputing among each other the possession of the crown. Hereditary right, respected by France for her own sake, saved her from the evils which perhaps were the fate of future generations, and spared us the repetition of those trials which we have already so severely felt. I will be frank. The reason that many Legitimists support the government is, that they do not wish on any account, or any terms, either Orleanism or anarchy—the one being, in their opinion, the consequence of the other. Were there no other motive than to destroy the chance of either, the persons I speak of are of opinion that they ought not to refuse taking part in the affairs of their country. Europe is equally interested with us that the principle of the Revolution should not be represented on the throne of France by a new family usurpation, for there is no sovereign that such usurpation should not alarm.”

The reign of Louis Philippe was the reign of the *bourgeoisie*—of the revolutionary shopkeepers of Paris. The scepticism of the eighteenth century had extended to morals—the mockery that assailed religion gradually undermined society—and all notions about virtue, honour, independence, were destroyed by a blighting incredulity. We are no believers in what is termed the perfectibility of human nature, but we do not think that, even with the most mercantile people of the world, a love of gain is incompatible with ideas of personal and national honour. The all-powerful *bourgeoisie* of the Orleanist régime was not a good specimen of that class, it carried into political life the characteristics of its social life. Insolent and overhearing in prosperity, it was fawning and mean in adversity. A difference is always observable between the bearing of a gentleman—and by the term we refer as much to mind as to social superiority, as the gentleman of nature may be found in all classes—and the mere upstart, and in France it was perhaps more striking than elsewhere. Dignified humility, lofty submission, obedience that

implies no forgetfulness, no sacrifice of self-respect, loyalty which cannot be degraded even in political servitude, a sense of personal honour which despotism cannot wound, are far different from the pertness of the *parvenu*, the nervous pedantry of the *doctinaire*, or the fawning of the sycophant. The one inclines low, with a consciousness of just subordination to high station; but after so inclining he stands up with erect face: the other falls to the dust prostrate. The aristocratic courtier will offer the incense of his adulation, but his censor is not rudely flung in the eyes of his royal master, and his homage is not without grace and dignity. His words may be soft and insinuating, but he will not change his nature. To use the language of one who knew both classes well, he may stoop to pick up his master's hat or handkerchief, but it is the act of polite attention to superior rank, and not the mercenary subserviency of a valet; and there is an air of equality about it which shocks no one, and does not offend the personage to whom it is paid. We rather think that, generally speaking, a prince prefers selecting his ministers from the class of plebeians, because he believes he shall be served by them as mere mercenaries; while the others he must treat as servants of his crown, and no otherwise. It is mentioned as one of the anecdotes of the Count of Louis Philippe, whose fault was want of dignity, that, one day, wishing to gain over to some project of family interest, on which he had set his heart, one of his ministers, he offered him, in a familiar, off-hand, and half-contemptuous manner, a portion of the fruit he was at the moment eating. The minister appeared much flattered, bowed low, and accepted the royal gift. We are not aware whether the bribe produced the effect intended, but we much doubt if the citizen-king would have treated with such disdainful familiarity a Montmorency, a Noailles, or a Molé.

The effect produced by the exclusiveness of the July régime was such as might have been expected. It was inculcated that the primary object of man's existence was the gratification of his meaner passion;—success in the pursuit of wealth without any



close examination as to the means by which it was acquired, was regarded as the *summum bonum*; the *enrichissez-vous* so often repeated in the banquet and electioneering speeches of even the most eminent of Louis Philippe's ministers (though we readily admit that no such incentive influenced the person who so spoke) were the leading maxims of that system. Fidelity to principles, faith in high and noble aspirations, were rather sneered at as the ravings of the imagination, suited perhaps to the age of romance; and strong attachment to traditions was referred to as a folly unworthy of men of sense. The *bourgeois* were often assured that they alone were the sovereign; that they alone were eminent in eloquence and in thought; that to them alone belonged the gifts of the earth; that they alone, provided they were men of substance, were superior in the social as in the moral scale; that to them belonged all distinctions as a matter of right; that they only were fit to occupy eminent posts in every branch of the administration, and in fact that in their hands were exclusively placed the destinies of the state. They who thus extravagantly exalted the pursuit of mere material interests, were destined to pay dearly for the lessons they had taught. Faith and reverence for the past had been held up to contempt by the new school of statesmen; but the doctrines that had been inculcated for the overthrow of the former dynasty, were equally applicable to the modern one, and the Revolution of February was the consequence. Empty and dogmatic, the real *bourgeois* — the *bourgeois* whose stupidity or conceit makes him sure good material in the hands of the revolutionists — has nevertheless pretensions to nothing less than universal knowledge. Jealous of all superior to him in social position, and insolent to those below him, he would drag down the former to his own level, but would not permit the latter to rise to it. With the examples yet before him, and the preceptors he had to guide him, he could not be a *bourgeois* such as July encouraged, without being somewhat of an infidel. The reverence for religious forms that characterised his fathers, was in his opinion fit for times of ignorance, but not

for the enlightened nineteenth century. He had dipped here and there into the *Philosophical Dictionary* of Voltaire; he could sneer at the Mosaic chronology; be witty on the description of Noah's Ark; was incredulous about the Deluge; and laughed outright at the Passage of the Red Sea. He had read the *Origine de tous les Cultes* of Dupuis, and could quote whole pages from Volney. He was therefore a philosopher. With those severer studies he mingled the lighter graces of wit and poetry, and for these accomplishments he was indebted to the doggel of the "philosopher of Ferney" in *Joan of Arc*; the *Guerre des Dieux* of Parny, and the looser songs of Béranger. To show that he thoroughly appreciated these great masters, and that he was superior to popular prejudice, he would not enter the doors of a church, as the observances of religion were only fit for women and children. To prove his independence, and to give "a lesson to the government," he would not pay the just respect, which degrades no man, to the accredited representative of authority; but he would fall on his knees to worship the merest political mountebank. He incessantly clamoured about *equality*, and decried the aristocracy if he happened to see a carriage, with a coronet or armorial bearings, roll by him; but his pride was up if a struggling artist or poor man of letters addressed him otherwise than with cap in hand. The noisy advocate of social and political liberty, there was no greater despot in his domestic circle. His house-porter crouched before him, and his servants grew dumb when they heard the creak of his shoe. Railing against the "upper classes," his ambition was to scrape acquaintance with some decayed viscount, some equivocal marquis; and if he had a visit from some one who bore a title, the coroneted card lay for whole months in full view on the central table of his drawing-room, or was stuck in the most conspicuous part of the looking-glass frame. His personal pomposity was increased the more he was disposed to corpulence, and his boldness was decisive proof of the superiority of his intellect. Our worthy *bourgeois* was rather hard to be pleased. When

the political world was tranquil, he passed his leisure hours in running down the government; and though no one had more experienced the mischief of agitation, he generally voted for its most dangerous adversaries: not because he approved of their principles, or that the ministerial candidates were not honourable men, but because he was determined to let no opportunity pass of making the king and his government feel that he, M. St. Godibert, was not pleased with them, and would "give them a lesson." These lessons occasionally cost the teacher very dear; and when agitation, warmed by himself into incipient insurrection, grew dangerous, he was sure to be the first to accuse the government of having excited it for its own special purposes. When insurrection was defeated, he again blamed the government for excessive lenity in the punishment of those who disturbed the public peace; and when all peril was over, and a complete lull ensued, then he accused the same government of excessive cruelty to those who a day or two before were the *infans canaille*, but who now were his *frères égarés*—his deluded brethren and fellow-citizens.

These were the men who served as the instruments to bring about the Revolution of July, and these were they who were feasted and flattered until they were led to believe themselves the only beings on earth worthy of consideration. Such specimens were of course to be met with as *employés* in the various ministerial departments. Nothing could be more insolent, or more griping, than the general run of those underlings. The recommendation "*enrichissez-vous*," coming, as it did, from the first minister of the crown, was not forgotten;—he was one of the few who did not carry out for himself his own theory; but we fear that the love of power, which was in him a passion, induced him to tolerate, or at least not to prevent, the scandalous jobbing which it was known was going on—for it is not credible that such things could be done in secret. A government where such men enjoy, in consequence of their position, a great though underhand influence, is humiliating for an honourable man to live under. There is

something more respectable in the audacity with which the insurgent flings out his crimson flag, and eyes, as he passes through the richest quarters of Paris, the trembling *bourgeois*, whose fine mansion he has already marked out, than in the system which admits as its principal instruments the rapacious and insolent underlings, who too often had the ministerial ear under the Orleans régime.

As for the representative system in France during the period of which we speak, it was a farce. Two hundred thousand electors, for a population of thirty-three or thirty-four millions, was not much better than an oligarchy, and the worst of all oligarchies, for its corruption was its bond of union, as was proved by the disclosures made to the world towards the conclusion of Louis Philippe's reign, when some of the highest functionaries were dragged before the tribunals for mal-practices; and we believe that there were other persons who did not regret that the Revolution of February came to save them from public disgrace. A minister who wishes to be regarded as a philosopher and a statesman, should try to purify his age rather than corrupt it; and it is as immoral as impolitic to encourage the baser passions of men in order to keep yourself in power, however clean your own conscience, and virtuous your purposes. Such things might be palliated in so loose a politician as Walpole; but they would shock and disgust were they, by the remotest chance, to be found in so austere a moralist as Guizot.

Some time previous to the *coup-d'état* of 1851, a new scheme was formed by the Orleansists, who were tired of the forced leisure to which the successful imitation, in February 1848, of the example set by themselves in 1830, condemned them. The object of this new project was the complete reconciliation of the elder and younger branches of the Bourbon family, and of the two important sections of the Royalist party, with a view to a restoration, on the expiry of the presidential power in May 1852, by a *coup-d'état* on the part of the majority of the National Assembly, a successful rising of the people or the army, or, in fact, any

other means that offered. None of those eventualities were, it is true, expressed in the journals that acted as organs of the party, but they were so understood by all the initiated. Each party looked forward to the term fixed by the constitution for Louis Napoleon to lay down his power, for the triumph of its cause. The Mountain took no pains to conceal its designs; and not unfrequently, amid the stormy debates which raged in the Assembly, the "second Sunday in May" 1852 was declared to be the date when full vengeance was to be exacted from Legitimists, Orleanists, Buonapartists, and "reactionists" of every kind and colour. As that fatal term approached, the Orleanists, who surpass all others in intrigue, and such of the Legitimists as were credulous enough to trust them, and simple enough to be led by them, did their utmost to rouse the revolutionary demon in the Chamber, and on several occasions openly consorted with the Terrorists. The Republicans suspected, as every one who knew him must have suspected, the sincerity of M. Thiers; and though they were fully aware of his real motive for seeking admittance into their ranks, their passions would not allow them to refuse the co-operation of any ally, and they relied, besides, on their own courage and energy against treachery when the important moment arrived. On the other hand, the Royalists were full of confidence in their success, if the preliminary and indispensable condition of reconciliation were adopted, and they agreed that France would not again submit to the brutal tyranny of some three hundred Socialists. Their ordinary language was, that, even at the worst, the "promised land" would at length be reached through the Red Sea—the "promised land" being, of course, the Royalist restoration; and the "Red Sea" the massacre and pillage it would be necessary for France to traverse before it was attained. The leaders of the Royalists, superior in all the arts of intrigue to their more brutal rivals, were vastly inferior to them in energy of action. During the brief régime of terror they would disappear, if necessary, and remain in some place of safety until France, exhausted and

panic-stricken, threw herself into their arms, when they would at once establish a dictatorship. Louis Napoleon was, in their opinion, the obstacle easiest to be got rid of; they would leave his account to be settled by the Republicans, in case they themselves had not previously got him out of the way. As for any difficulties on this latter point, they considered that it was absurd to think of them. Louis Napoleon had, according to them, fallen into such contempt with the army and the nation, that not a finger would be raised to save him. M. Thiers, and other great statesmen like him, had, not merely in the saloons of Paris, and in his own particular circle, but openly in the *Salles des pas Perdus*, and the corridors of the National Assembly, sneered at him as "a poor creature;" and the redoubted General Changarnier himself—on whom, by the way, the eyes of the whole world were fixed—had more than once insulted him in the Chamber, and in his official quarters in the Tuileries. Louis Napoleon, therefore, was so utterly scorned as to be made the butt for continual sarcasm in the saloons of an old foreign *intrigant*, long resident in Paris; and this was his last degradation. The only doubt was, whether imprisonment at Vincennes would not be investing such a miserable being with too much importance. The ditch of Vincennes would be much better, and if a few ignorant persons thought him of consequence, why, an ounce of lead would quiet their fears. Some of the more judicious and far-seeing of the political leaders of the day, very properly considered that the main object they had in view would be materially advanced, if, as we have said, a reconciliation could be effected between the partisans of the Count de Chambord and the Orleanists. The idea originated with the latter. A meeting was held of about a dozen persons at first, in order to explain the plan which had been formed, and to organize what was termed a "fusionist agitation." Other meetings, more numerously attended, were held at brief intervals; and it was resolved to send out agents to influential persons in the departments to win them over to the cause of the *fusion*—the *fusion*

having for object the restoration of the Bourbons; and the parties who were engaged in it were precisely the same men who, in the press and in the Assembly, expressed their preference for the government as established in February, and who denounced the man who was *suspected* of an intention to attack the immaculate purity of the young and as yet innocent Republic. The first step of the *fusionists* was directed to the chief of the house of Bourbon and the princes of Orleans. But the Count de Chambord refused to sacrifice a particle of what he considered to be his just rights. He was King of France, and the only representative of legitimate royalty of his family, and he would consent to no divided allegiance. The princes of Orleans had been princes of the blood before their father had usurped the crown, and they must remain so. Past wrongs and injuries he was not unwilling to forgive; he would not be very exacting in matters of secondary importance, but on the great principle that the sovereignty resided in him since the abdication of the Duke d'Angoulême, which followed that of Charles X., he would hear of no compromise. On the other hand, the princes of Orleans would not admit of any act which had the effect of making their father a usurper; they were the more induced to do so that they were receiving from their agents in France, and particularly in Paris, assurances that great popular sympathy existed for them; and in fact, that to the house of Orleans alone the nation was looking for salvation! At the same time it was known that the Prince de Joinville was doing something on his own account with reference to the presidency of the Republic. Relying on the popularity he enjoyed to a greater degree than any of his family, he seems to have entertained some hopes of success. With the prudence which characterised his father, he would not, however, commit himself to any declaration; would neither deny nor admit that he was a candidate for the presidency; would neither avow nor disavow the acts of his friends; he might profit by their exertions, but if they failed, he would leave them to all the consequences of their defeat, and, in the latter case, would very

probably disavow them. This, it will be admitted, was not very frank, or straightforward, or princely. It can scarcely be believed that the Prince de Joinville had all at once become a Republican; and it is not unfair to conclude, that, if successful, he would have employed his position as President to the restoration of his family. The mistrust of the house of Orleans that had characterised the elder Bourbons—and its history proves how their mistrust was justified—was increased by that conduct; and the Count de Chambord was disgusted with the policy which permitted, without disavowal, the name of his cousin to be spoken of by his partisans in Paris as the candidate for the future presidency of the Republic. M. Thiers did not, after all, approve of the fusion. It was sufficient that the suggestion of a reconciliation had proceeded from a rival of whom he had been always jealous, for that clever and restless intriguer to set his face against it. His utmost energies were devoted to secure the establishment of a *regency* in the person of the Duchess of Orleans, mother of the Count de Paris, whose confidential adviser he was, and whose minister he hoped to be. A restoration by means of the fusion would seriously interfere with his private plans, and he gave it therefore his most decided opposition. To secure at any cost the services of the man who at that time commanded the army of Paris, and whose influence over the vast military force of the Republic was long believed to be unbounded, was a great object. That man had unquestionably rendered services to order. But his head had been turned by adulation arising from gratitude for past and hopes of future services; and he at length came to believe that on him alone depended the fate of France. He was flattered with the idea that the part of Monk was reserved for him; and to enhance the value of his co-operation, he coquetted with both parties, and affected an air of mysterious reserve, which rendered him equally impenetrable to all. That reserve was carried on so long that it began to be whispered that General Changarnier would, when matters came to the point, declare neither for the one party nor the other,

but would offer himself as candidate for the Presidency. This rumour was absurd; and the silence of the general, who was Legitimist by tradition rather than from principle, and an Orleanist from interest and habit, was nothing more than the usual coquetry in which he apparently took much delight. In fact, he remained dreaming away till the *coup-d'état* rudely woke him and others from their slumber. Of the possibility of a fusion of interests between these parties, or of a sincere reconciliation between the elder and younger branches of the royal family, we entertain very serious doubts.

The house of Orleans had been, from the time of the Regent, of infamous memory, fatal to the elder Bourbons. It was the evil genius that haunted them from the cradle to the grave. The government of Louis Philippe repaid the benefits conferred on the house of Orleans with ingratitude. One of its earliest acts was the introduction of a measure for the perpetual banishment of the elder Bourbons, and for the compulsory sale of the property they held in France. They who have been shocked, and, we readily admit, *justly* shocked, at the decree of the 22d January 1852, confiscating to the state the appanages which, according to the usages of the French monarchy, should have reverted to the state at the accession of a prince of the royal family, and at the compulsory sale of the Orleans property, may have forgotten that that decree was but an imitation of the legislative enactment of the 10th April 1832. We condemn, on principle, such acts of confiscation; they are replete with injustice; but we cannot help feeling that the decree of the 22d January 1852, all bad as it was, was an act of retribution. Signal ingratitude is seldom left unpunished; and while we reprobate the conduct of Louis Napoleon, we cannot say that the house of Orleans was wholly undeserving of the treatment it met with. The sentence of perpetual exile, and confiscation of property, was passed by the Restoration on the Buonaparte family. That family owed no gratitude to the Bourbons; but the princes of Orleans were bound by the strongest ties of grati-

tude to them. On the 10th April 1832, the law was promulgated relative to the elder branch of the Bourbons and the family of Napoleon. The law bore, of course, the signature Louis Philippe, and the counter-signature of M. Barthe, Louis Philippe's Minister of Justice. The 1st, 2d, 3d, and 6th articles were as follows: "1st, The territory of France and of its colonies is interdicted *for ever* to Charles X., deposed as he is from the royal dignity in virtue of the declaration of the 7th August 1830; it is also interdicted to his descendants, and to the husbands and wives of his descendants. 2d, The persons mentioned in the preceding article shall not enjoy in France any civil rights; they shall not possess any property real or personal; they shall not acquire any, gratuitous or otherwise. 3d, The aforesaid persons are bound to sell, in a definitive manner, the whole of the property, without exception, which they possess in France. That sale shall be effected, for the unencumbered property, within the year dating from the promulgation of the present law; and for the property susceptible of liquidation, within the year dating from the period at which the right of possession shall have been irrevocably fixed. 6th, The provisions of the first and second articles of the present law are applicable to the ascendants and descendants of Napoleon, to his uncles and aunts, his nephews and nieces; to his brothers, their wives and their descendants; to his sisters and their husbands." This law against the benefactors and the kinsmen of Louis Philippe was not enacted in the first heat of animosity, and the first impulse of revenge for real or fancied wrongs, which, immediately following a great revolution, might have been alleged as a palliation. It was enacted one year and nine months after the Revolution of July, when the passions of political parties, so far as they affected the unfortunate Charles X. and his family, had time to cool down. A high-minded man would have preferred forfeiting even the crown of France, glorious though it be, to putting his signature to such a document. The public and private virtues of the

Orleans family have been enlarged upon even to satiety. State reasons may be alleged as an excuse for things which morality condemns; but the vaunted qualities of that family should have placed them above any such justification. State reasons may be alleged for the perpetration of any enormity. We have no doubt that Catherine II. could allege them for the partition of Poland; and the Emperor Nicholas justifies his present conduct towards the Ottoman Empire quite as satisfactorily. Pretensions to virtues far superior to those of ordinary men should, however, place those who are so gifted out of ordinary rules. We have said that we reprobate the decree of the 22d January 1852, but we have no doubt that Louis Napoleon justified that arbitrary act by the law of 1832. The house of Orleans renewed the sentence of perpetual banishment against the family of Napoleon, and of incapability to possess property in the French territory. Louis Philippe owed a heavy debt of gratitude to Charles X. and his family; we have seen how that debt was paid off; no such obligation bound the Bonapartes to the house of Orleans.

But there existed another obstacle in the way of reconciliation between the elder and younger branches of the Bourbons—another outrage which it is scarcely in human nature to forget. The Orleanist party had protested in 1820 against the legitimacy of the present Count de Chambord. In that year a document appeared in London, entitled "Protest of the Duke of Orleans." It was headed as follows: "His Royal Highness declares that he protests formally against the minutes of the 29th September last, which pretend to establish that the child named Charles Ferdinand Dieu-Donné is the legitimate son of the Duchess of Berri. The Duke of Orleans will produce, in fitting time and place, witnesses who can prove the origin of that child and its mother. He will produce all the papers necessary to show that the Duchess of Berri has never been *enccinte* since the unfortunate death of her husband, and he will point out the authors of the machina-

tion of which that very weak-minded princess has been the instrument. Until such time as the favourable moment arrives for disclosing the whole of that intrigue, the Duke of Orleans cannot do otherwise than call attention to the fantastical scene which, according to the above-mentioned minutes, has been played at the Pavilion Marsan (the apartment of the Duchess of Berri at the Tuileries.") The paper then repeats the whole of the account of the *accouchement* as it appeared in the *Journal de Paris*, the confidential journal of the government, and shows the alleged contradictions in it, with the view of proving that the whole was an imposture. The Protest and the accompanying details to which we have alluded, were republished in the *Courrier Français* of the 2d August 1830; and the *Courrier Français* was devoted to the Orleanist dynasty.

But those are not the only humiliations which the elder Bourbons have suffered from the family of Orleans; and when we are told that the son of the Duchess of Berri is about to take to his bosom the sons of the man who laid bare to the world's mockery the weakness of his mother, we are called upon to believe that that son has become lost to every manly sentiment. We doubt much if this be the case. There can be no sincerity on the part of the Orleanists who first suggested the *fusion*. They well know that, in the event of a Legitimist restoration, the men who overthrew the throne of his grandfather and drove him into exile, who resisted all attempts to restore them to their country, can never be his advisers—if he be what we hope he is. Could the Duchess of Berri receive at her levee the purchasers of the Jew Deutz, or those who signed and gave to publication the medical report of Blaye? It is a vile intrigue, got up for the sole benefit of the Orleanists. It was not out of love for the house of Bourbon, but from hatred to Louis Napoleon, that the fusion originated; and we agree with M. de Larochejaquelein when he says that "the Orleanists and Legitimists, not being able to effect a fusion of love, try to effect one of hatred, with the predetermined

resolution to tear each other to pieces hereafter, and with a violence all the greater from the consciousness that one party was tricked by the other, if indeed both were not tricked."

The Legitimists are no match for their rivals in cunning—in the lower arts of Machiavellism—in what is vulgarly but expressively termed *la politique de cuisine*. In 1818 the former occupied a much better position than the latter. The régime they had combated for eighteen long years was at length overthrown, and the comparison between the fall of *their* sovereign and that of the "citizen" king was infinitely in favour of the former.

Charles X. retired slowly before his enemies, and with all the dignity of a defeat which is not dishonourable, nor dishonouring. In the most critical moments, and when menaced with great danger, he never forgot who and what he was. He assumed no disguise; he put on no menial livery; and to the last moment of his embarkation for the land of his exile, his friends had no cause to blush for him. He was throughout a king—"Ay, every inch a king!" Whatever the faults he may have committed when on the throne—and we are free to admit that his rule was far from faultless—there was no loss of personal dignity in his descent from it. If the revolution of February succeeded without the co-operation of the Legitimists, it was not against them that it was directed, nor was it the Legitimists who were to be conquered. And yet, in the course of a very few months, the party became completely subordinate to their more clever and more unscrupulous rivals. It is true that in the first movement, when anarchy was wildest, the instinct of self-preservation from the evils which menaced society itself, bound all men of order, without reference to party, against the common enemy, Socialism. But it is difficult to understand, when the impossibility of a Republican system was recognised, when the necessity of substituting another form of government was evident to all, how the Legitimists allowed themselves to be seduced by their enemies. A snare in the form of the "fusion" was laid for them, and they easily fell

into it. It would be a waste of time to detail all the manœuvres, the negotiations, the conferences, the schemes for the realisation of that idea. There was nothing positive or real at bottom. Everything was left to chance. It was soon evident that neither of the parties was sincere; each tried to deceive the other. Some of the more confident, or the more audacious, suggested that propositions should be made to Louis Napoleon himself; and among the Legitimists there were found persons silly enough to believe that he would, notwithstanding all the chances in his favour, derived from the spontaneous election of the 10th December 1848, gladly co-operate in the restoration of a prince of the house of Bourbon. The name of General Changarnier was proposed as the person to whom the dictatorship was to be intrusted until such time as the Royalist restoration was accomplished. A dictatorship was the great object with all parties: the Socialists, in order that France should be regenerated according to their peculiar ideas; the "moderate Republicans" would have selected General Cavaignac, as they did after the insurrection of June, and would have tried once more to force their system on a terrified population; the Legitimists and Orleanists looked to a dictatorship as the surest means toward a Royalist restoration, though it was not decided among them who was to be the future sovereign. The Orleanists counted much on their cleverness to bait their allies out of the field—allies in the moment of uncertainty and danger, but foes to be got rid of at any cost when the booty came to be divided. "In 1819," says M. de Larochefoucauld, "I was one of those who wished at least to maintain the Republic, in order to insure the union of all that was reasonable and patriotic in the country; to call on France to put an end, once for all, to revolutions; and our object was to form the electoral committee, known afterwards by the name of the Committee of the *Rue de Pontiers*. I had been chosen by the Legitimists; but when we met, I requested to have it explained to me for what reason the committee was only composed of Or-

leanists and Legitimists. It appeared to me fitting and proper that the more judicious and moderate Republicans should form at least a third part of our committee, as we had at heart hopes of a different kind. I was told that the committee did not wish for Republicans, simply because it did not wish for the Republic. I demanded why, out of sixty members of the committee, forty-five belonged to the Orleanists, and only fifteen to the Legitimist party. An ex-minister replied that, though the party of legitimacy was, no doubt, honourable, yet that it formed a very small minority, while the other was in fact the nation. Not being of that opinion, I withdrew, and I declined being made use of as an instrument for the restoration to the throne of France of the revolutionary monarchy of 1830." The division and weakness of those parties is further illustrated in this passage: "There remained another means of which the intimate confidants of the Count de Chambord were dupes—a plan which was never admitted except by them, and the impossibility of which was evident—namely, to bring about a restoration through the instrumentality of the Legislative Assembly itself. Without understanding what they were doing, the parliamentary Legitimists of 1850 directed all their efforts to renew the act of 1830, when 219 deputies, without right of any kind, and with the most flagrant disregard of their duty, presumed to change the form of Government; The Assembly was divided into so many parties that it was in vain to hope for a majority for that object. It is true that towards the close of the Assembly all parties made a desperate attempt to combat Buonapartism; but the moment that a serious proposition was made to substitute a government for that of the President, it was found that concord did not and could not exist between two of the great parties who composed that Assembly."

M. de Larochejaquelein gives some interesting details of the secret intrigues of the Orleanists to win over the Legitimists to the "fusion;" and it is amusing to find how both parties were deeply engaged in the duty of

allotting crowns and imposing conditions on pretenders, up to the very eve of the *coup-d'état*. We had already become acquainted, through the channel of the public press, with the intrigues which made the presidency of Louis Napoleon one continued agitation, and we are not sorry to have the testimony of one who was an eye and an ear witness of the whole. "I appeal," says M. de Larochejaquelein, "to the good faith of all political men—Is it, or is it not, true, that the idea of the most confidential advisers of the house of Orleans was to induce the Count de Chambord to abdicate in favour of the Count de Paris? Is it, or is it not true, that they urged the adoption of the Count de Paris by the Count de Chambord, even to the prejudice of the issue of the latter, supposing that he had any? Is it, or is it not true, that on the eve of the 2d December, certain persons who were the most influential, who stood highest in favour at Claremont, made that monstrous proposition in the *Salle des Conférences* of the National Assembly, and that it produced a great effect on the Legitimist members of the Assembly? Is it, or is it not true, that the *Scorpions* of the party replied, with surprising impertinence, 'Yes, no doubt we earnestly desire the fusion! What then? But it is not our interest to oppose it. You (the Legitimists) have for a long time kept yourselves apart from public affairs. The country belongs to us. *Your* principle is the best; we do not dispute the fact: but, above all, it is certain that *your* principle (legitimacy) is necessary for us to adopt. *Your* prince (the Count de Chambord) may return with *our* royal family. *He* is its chief; agreed. But at the end of six months he will see what his position really is. He will see that it is impossible for him to govern with *you*, and without *us*. He has no children; he has too deep a sense of religion to be ambitious; he loves France too much to wish her to be given up to commotions which would expose her to new revolutions. He will prefer the castle of Chambord as a residence to the Tuileries. You may be certain that we shall treat him well, and we shall all be contented. The



principle itself will be respected, and we shall govern France." Such were the propositions, and such the language of the partisans of the Orleans family to the Legitimists. Not a word, of course, was said of Louis Napoleon; and these profound statesmen were thus disposing in sure confidence of the fruit of their schemes only a few hours before they were scattered like chaff before the wind by the man on whom they disdained even to pass a thought! The Orleanists were still tormented by one fear; they trembled lest the proposition so often presented to the Assembly by M. de Larochefoucauld should again be renewed at that critical moment which preceded the expiration of the presidency of Louis Napoleon. The President of the Assembly, M. Dupin, the principal agent of the Orleans family, urged, and with more than usual energy, that body to refuse its authorisation for the printing of M. Leo de Laborde's proposition, namely, that France should, at the important moment when every faction was struggling for supremacy, be consulted as to whether she desired, or not, the re-establishment of her traditional monarchy. M. Dupin treated the question as if it were one of life or death to himself. He threw off all restraint, and resisted with his utmost efforts any measure resembling an appeal to the nation, or embodying the principle of legitimacy. "And even at the present moment," says M. de Larochefoucauld, "the language of the Orleanists is this: 'We find that the *fusion* is the best instrument of hostility against the government of Louis Napoleon, and for that object we must effect it. But if the Count de Chambord should ever become a widower, he must not think of forming a new matrimonial engagement. Should he happen to have children, he must no longer count on our support.'"

One of the hallucinations under which the Orleanists laboured was, that Louis Napoleon was in his heart devoted to them exclusively; and that when the *fusion* was consummated, he would transfer his power to them. That delusion survived even the *coup-d'état*. M. de Larochefoucauld admits, in common with all rational men, that

the *coup-d'état* was the salvation of society itself, and they who were loudest in their applause of it were the Orleanists. "The most ardent in their approbation," the noble writer remarks, "were the Orleanists, because they were convinced that the President was, perhaps without meaning it, working for them. The decrees of the 22d January undeceived them. From that moment they became divided into two camps, that of the extreme opponents, and that of the men who accept the government, but who yet cherish a spirit of hostility to it, more or less openly declared."

We have often thought it extraordinary why those Legitimists who had fiedly taken the oaths of allegiance to Louis Philippe refused them to Louis Napoleon; and on what grounds those who yielded prompt obedience to a revolutionary system, established by some two hundred deputies, should, while demanding an appeal to the people, decline to recognise a power which is the issue of the national will. M. de Larochefoucauld professes to be unable to account for the fact. "It would be curious," he says, "to find out the reasons on which they found that refusal. I confess that I cannot explain a proceeding of the kind, and which is so advantageous to the revolution of July. It is true that the Legitimists must be pained at seeing their hopes baffled once more; but were it only in a social point of view, they ought to give their co-operation to the government. By keeping apart, they leave the place open to the men whom they had for so many years combated, and they commit the injustice of placing on an equality the usurpation of 1830 with the election of the Emperor successively by six, by seven, and by eight millions of suffrages. Prince Louis Napoleon had overthrown nothing which was endeared to us; it was not he who had persecuted the princes who were the object of our reverence and of our devotedness; it was not he who placed the revolution on a throne; but it was he who combated the revolution. He had, in the opinion of the immense majority of the people, rendered a signal service to France by effacing

beforehand the fatal term of May 1852. He made an appeal to all honest men, without distinction of party, to aid him in saving the country. The majority of Legitimists could not well disregard the will of the nation; they submitted to the verdict without sacrificing their principles." We need not say that we approve of the policy which has preferred the good of their country to the mere gratification of party feeling or personal ambition; and we see no inconsistency in the accepting a government that has fulfilled the conditions which, in the eyes of these persons, alone justified their adhesion.

As for the Orleanists, they began in intrigue, have continued in it, and we have no reason to suppose that they will ever change. Place and power are, with very few exceptions, their object. The Palais Royal was, during the Restoration, the favourite resort, the headquarters of all the malcontents of the day: all who stirred up opposition to the government, all who intrigued against Louis XVIII. or Charles X., were welcome to the palace of "our cousin of Orleans." They were not true even to the government of their own choice; they had overthrown one dynasty, and because M. Thiers or M. Odillon Barrot wanted the place which M. Guizot preferred exposing the country to convulsion rather than be torn from, another dynasty was flung down after it. The tactics of the party have been always pretty much the same; revolution was evoked by them to the hypocritical cry of *Vive la Charte*, or *Vive la Constitution*. They were the men who organised, in 1829, the formidable associations against the payment of the taxes. At that time, also, as twenty years later, banquets were got up; and at one of those scenes of feasting, 221 crowns, in honour of the 221 deputies of the opposition, adorned the hall; and that nothing should be wanting to complete the resemblance, it was M. Odillon Barrot who made the speech on the 4th July 1830, which was the prelude to the fall of Charles X.—the same great citizen whose banquettings and whose orations helped to destroy the throne of Orleans in 1848—the same demagogue

whose conceit led him to suppose that he alone could lay the fiend he had evoked. There was nothing too low for them to stoop to, no instrument too mean for them to reject. It was that faction that brought about the revolution of July, it was the same that helped on that of February, and it was the coalition of the *fusionists* with the Mountain that provoked the *coup-d'état* of December 1851. Where were all those eminent statesmen, those solemn orators, those sour pedants, those profound thinkers, those philosophers, those great citizens, when the widowed Duchess of Orleans faced the mob, who had been rendered infuriate by the men who were afterwards unable or afraid to control them?

It has been made a matter of reproach to Louis Napoleon, that the persons who enjoy his confidence, or preside at his councils, are obscure adventurers, of no moral or social influence; and that no man of eminence, worth, or standing, will accept either power or place in a government so degraded. This, we rather think, is too sweeping an assertion. We should like to know what was the social, moral, or political eminence of M. Thiers, when the Revolution of July brought him first into notice. If we cast our eye over the list of senators under the imperial régime, we find names there that may stand a comparison with many in the late Chamber of Peers; and as for corruption, we may point to the events that immediately preceded the Revolution of February, when some of the highest had to answer for acts which were anything but moral. It is true that some of the leading men who directed the policy of the country under Louis Philippe have taken no active part in public affairs under the imperial government. But when we hear all this talk about "eminent men" refusing office, and declining all participation in the government of the day, we are tempted to ask how had those "eminent men" managed the business of the country when they had its sole direction and control? Their government, with immense resources at its command, and after eighteen years of profound peace, was upset in a few hours by a contemptible street row.

We are not aware that M. de Larochejaquelein has been answered by any of the parties whose intrigues he has exposed. We think it would be difficult to answer him; his sketch carries with it internal evidence of its correctness. It is no answer, so far as the truth of his allegations is concerned, that he has abandoned the party with which he had been connected. We believe that he has had to undergo the petty persecutions of the *coterie* of Frohsdorf, who have re-

sorted to every stratagem to destroy whatever influence his name may still carry with it in La Vendée; and, judging from his present production, he is of opinion that that *coterie* is not worth any man's making any extraordinary sacrifices for them. But whatever be the motives that have influenced his conduct, or whatever the value of his "appeal to the people," we are bound to admit, that so far he has acted consistently with his theory.

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### SCOTLAND SINCE THE UNION.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said regarding the strict impartiality required from an historian, we are of opinion that the theory, however proper and plausible, can hardly be reduced to practice by any writer whilst treating of affairs in which he must feel a national or political interest. If facts alone were to be dealt with, it might, at first sight appear no very difficult task to present an accurate and orderly array of these. But no one who has had occasion to investigate minutely contemporary records, for the purpose of arriving, if possible, at a clear and distinct understanding of the details of any one particular transaction, can have failed to remark the startling discrepancies and gross contradictions which meet him at every turn. There is, indeed, a common skeleton or framework, but the clay which is cast around it, and moulded into form, differs in shape according to the peculiar instincts of the artist. Even diarists, who might be supposed to be impartial, as labouring solely for their own gratification, are by no means to be implicitly received in regard to what they set down. The many tongues of rumour begin to babble contrariety almost as soon as a deed is acted. You cannot be certain that the event of yesterday is narrated to

you one whit more faithfully than that which occurred a hundred years ago.

All men have their prepossessions and tendencies towards belief—what they wish they accept without investigation; and discard with as little ceremony all that is obnoxious to their views. Men there are, undoubtedly, at all times, who cannot be termed partisans, seeing that they have no leaning to one side or other of a dispute; but there is the impartiality of indifference, not of conscientiousness. And as it rarely happens that a man thinks it worth his while to preserve a record of events in which he does not feel a vivid interest, history receives very little assistance from the contributions of cold-blooded spectators. Take any event of moderate remoteness; and, if it be of such a nature as to excite party antagonism, you will find, almost invariably, that the real evidence is resolvable into two parts—one of assertion and one of contradiction. Foreexample, even a circumstance so publicly notorious as a political execution, shall be related by two eyewitnesses in a totally different manner. One of them, whose opinions are precisely identical with those of the victim, describes his bearing and demeanour at the scaffold as heroic, and claims for him the sympathy of the populace—the other, who

*History of Scotland from the Revolution, &c.* By JOHN HILL BURTON. 2 vols. London: 1853.

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regards him as a criminal of the deepest dye, charges him with cowardly pusillanimity, and declares that he departed from this life amidst the execrations of the mob. As to what took place before the execution, when the prisoner was necessarily secluded from the eyes of both witnesses, that must ever remain a mystery. The friend portrays him as a Christian martyr, surrounded by fiends in human shape, whose delight was to insult his misfortunes—the enemy would have you look upon him as a poltroon, whose fear of death was so abject as to overcome all his other faculties. So difficult is it, even at the source, to acquire accurate information as to the complexion of the facts upon which subsequent historians must found.

Passing from facts to motives, there is of course much greater discrepancy. The grand outlines of history cannot be violently distorted, though the accessories constantly are. Certain landmarks remain, like mountains, unchangeable in their form, though the portraying artist may invest them either with sunshine or with storm. But in dealing with the characters of public men, historians are rarely liberal, almost never impartial. They judge the man, not only by his cause, but by their estimate of his cause. If the tendencies of the writer are puritanical, he will see no merit in the devotion, loyalty, and courted sufferings of the cavalier; nay, he will often insinuate that he was actuated by baser motives. On the other hand, the writer who detests the violence and condemns the principles of the Parliamentary faction, is too apt to include, in his general censure, men of unblemished life and irreproachable private character. And the temptation to exaggerate becomes all the greater, because exaggeration has already been practised on the other side.

Mr Burton, in his praiseworthy endeavours to elucidate the history of Scotland from the Revolution of 1688, down to the suppression of the Jacobite cause in 1746, has exhibited, throughout his work, very little of the spirit of the partisan. In this respect he is entitled to much credit—the more so perhaps, as, had he chosen to adopt the other course, he might have pleaded the example of a brilliant

living authority, who is rather to be regarded as a fashioner than as a truthful exponent of history. His subject, too, is a difficult one, and such as few men living could approach without exhibiting a decided bias on one side or on the other. In Scotland, religious and political zeal run constantly into extremes, so that zealotry perhaps is the more appropriate term. There was no considerable neutral party in the country, constituted as it then was, to recall the others to reason, or to temper their stern enthusiasm; and hence arose that series of conflicts and commotions which, for more than a century, convulsed the kingdom. Even now, men are not agreed as to the points on which their ancestors disputed. They have inherited, concerning the events of the past, a political faith which they will not surrender; and the old heaven is seen to affect the consistency of modern character. From this sort of party spirit Mr Burton is remarkably free. He has diligently collected facts from every available source, but he has not allowed himself to be swayed by the deductions of previous writers. In forming his estimate of public characters, he has dismissed from his mind, as much perhaps as it was possible for man to do, the extravagant eulogy of the friend, and the indiscriminate abuse of the opponent; and it must be acknowledged that many of his individual portraits impress us with the idea of reality, though they differ widely in resemblance from the handiwork of other artists. A book of history, constructed on such principles, though it may not excite enthusiasm, is undeniably entitled to respect; and as Mr Burton was eminently qualified, by his previous studies and pursuits, to undertake this difficult task, we are glad at length to receive from his hands so valuable a contribution to the history of Scottish affairs during a period of peculiar importance.

If it were our intention to enter into a minute consideration of the subject-matter of the work, we should be inclined to take exception to some portions of the narrative, as calculated to convey erroneous impressions as to the social state of the country. We have already said that, as a political chronicler, Mr Burton may be con-

dered as remarkably free from prejudice. We ought to add that he is equally fair in his estimate and analysis of the religious differences which were, in Scotland, for a long period, the fruitful sources of discord; and that he has succeeded, better than any former historian, in explaining the nature of the ecclesiastical difficulties which arising out of the intricate question of the connection between Church and State, and the efforts of the latter to restrain the former from arrogating, as had been done before, an entire and dogmatic independence of action—have resulted in repeated secessions from the main Presbyterian body. But we cannot accord him the same meed of praise for his sketches of the Highlanders, and his attempted delineation of their character. The martial events of last century, in which the Highlanders were principally engaged, have given them, in the eyes of strangers, a prominence greater than is their due; so that, even at the present day, Englishmen and foreigners are apt, when reference is made to Scotland, to form an entirely mistaken view as to the bulk of the population. Many of the present generation must remember the singular spectacle which Edinburgh displayed during the visit of George IV., when the farten mania was at its height, and the bonny air of the clans seemed to have been extended from the Highland line to the Tweed. There was no harm in such a demonstration, but it tended to generate and diffuse false ideas; which, however, may be corrected without unduly lowering the position of the Highlanders, or denying them that consideration which their valour undoubtedly deserves. When we remember the materials of which the armies of Montrose, Dundee, Mar, and Charles Edward were composed, we should be slow to credit the assertion that the Highlanders have played an unimportant part in Scottish history; nor can we assent to the sweeping propositions advanced by writers who, for years past, have been ringing the changes upon what they are pleased to term the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, over every other sept which has a distinct name, and especially over such of the inhabitants of

the British Isles as are supposed to be of a different descent. Notwithstanding the vast intermixture of blood which has taken place, there are undoubtedly visible, even at the present day, in so small a country as Scotland, very marked peculiarities of race; but, without descending to the minute distinctions of the antiquarian, the Scottish nation has, by popular consent, been long divided into two sections, territorially separated—the Lowlanders and the Highlanders. Whatever may have been the origin of the Lowlanders, it is at all events certain that up to the reign of Malcolm III. there were few or no Saxons in the land. "Malcolm," says Hailes, "had passed his youth at the English court; he married an Anglo-Saxon princess; he afforded an asylum in his dominions to many English and Norman malcontents. The king appeared in public with a state and retinue unknown in more rude and simple times, and affected to give frequent and sumptuous entertainments to his nobles. The natives of Scotland, tenacious of their ancient customs, viewed with disgust the introduction of foreign manners, and secretly censured the favour shown to the English and Norman adventurers, as proceeding from injurious partiality." Of many important districts on the coasts, the Scandinavians acquired and retained possession, and some of the nobility and gentry are undoubtedly of Norman descent. But the old names, such as those of Douglas, Graham, Ogilvie, and Keith, are indigenous to the country, and have no more affinity with the Saxon than they have with the Hungarian race. Alexander III.—whose accidental death at Kinghorn led to the nefarious attempts of the English Edward upon the liberties of a free nation—was the last of a long line of Celtic monarchs, in whom, however, it is not now the fashion for our petty virtuosos to believe. That descent, which tradition has preserved from times of the remotest antiquity—which was referred to as acknowledged fact in the public acts of the legislature and official documents of the kingdom—which was not refuted nor denied when advanced as a plea against the pretended right of suzerainty asserted for the English crown—which such men



as Fletcher and Belhaven cited in the course of their arguments against an entire incorporating union—is sneered at by modern antiquaries who have nothing to substitute for the faith which they seek to overthrow. Indeed, to call such gentlemen antiquaries, is a direct abuse of language. Scriblerus, we are told, flew into a violent passion when, by dint of unnecessary scouring, his handmaid demonstrated that the ancient buckler in which he prided himself, was nothing more than a rusty pot lid. His successors take the scouring into their own hands, and deny the possibility of a buckler. Our present business, however, is not with the pseudo-antiquaries—for whom we entertain a sentiment bordering very closely upon contempt—we simply wish to show that the term Saxon, as applied to the Scottish Lowlanders, is altogether inappropriate; and that, if there is any remarkable degree of energy in their character which distinguishes them from the Highlanders, it does not, at all events, arise from a superabundant infusion of the Anglo-Saxon blood. Energy, indeed, is about the last quality that can be claimed for the Saxons. They were brave, no doubt, but also intensely phlegmatic; and, in point of intellect, were not to be compared either to the Normans or the Danes. They were small endowed with that imaginative faculty which is so remarkable a characteristic of the Celtic race—displayed but little aptitude for proficiency in the arts—and in all matters of taste and cultivation were exceedingly slow and unimpressible.

Owing to the peculiar nature of the country in which they were located, and to their obstinate adherence to the patriarchal, as opposed to the feudal system, the Highlanders retained not only their speech but their original manners and customs, while the Lowlanders were gradually altering theirs. Thus there came to be, within the same country, and nominally owing allegiance to the same sovereign, two great sections which held but little intercourse with each other. Still they were both Scots, and gathered round the same standard. At Bannockburn and at Flodden, the Highland chief and clansman fought alongside of the Lowland knight and

man-at-arms; and some of the most powerful heads of tribes stood high in the roll of the nobility. In this way the Highland influence, important on account of the warlike material which it commanded, was always more or less powerfully represented at the court of Scotland; and although the southern population generally saw little, and knew less, of their northern neighbours, it is not true that there existed between them a feeling of strong animosity. Raids and reprisals there were undoubtedly; but these were common from Caithness to the border. The strife was not always between the tartan and the broadcloth. Scotts and Kerrs, Johnstones and Maxwells, fought and harried one another with as much ferocity as did the Campbells, Macdonalds, and McLans in their mountain country; nor, if we are to trust contemporary accounts, is it very clear that the former were decidedly superior in civilisation to the latter.

Mr Burton, we think, has not done full justice to the Highland character. Whatever may be thought of the abstract merits of the cause which they espoused, the resolute adherence of the Highland clans to the exiled family, the surprising efforts which they made, and sufferings which they endured in the last memorable outbreak, must ever command our sympathy, and excite our warm admiration. Surely Mr Burton might have been contented with narrating the fact that, notwithstanding the reward of thirty thousand pounds offered for the apprehension of Prince Charles Edward, none of the poor Highlanders or outlaws whom he encountered in his wanderings would stoop to the treachery of betraying him, without suggesting that the amount “was too large for their imagination practically to grasp as an available fund”! The same under-current of depreciation towards the Highlanders is visible in his account of the atrocious massacre of Glencoe, and even in the half-apologetic manner in which he palliates, though not excuses, the butcheries of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden. It is necessary to note these blemishes, the rather because they occur in a work distinguished, in other respects, for a high degree of accuracy.

We have the less inclination to

enter upon disputed grounds, because the points on which we differ from Mr Burton are not of practical moment. The political intrigues and risings of the last century have not left any permanent effect upon the social condition of the country; but the subsequent blending together of the Lowland and Highland population, and the establishment throughout the country of a uniform administration of the laws, have been productive of the happiest results. So far the changes have wrought well within Scotland. But the great event of last century undoubtedly is the union between England and Scotland, which, often proposed, and long delayed by mutual jealousy and clashing interests, has elevated Great Britain to the foremost rank among the European states.

That union was carried into effect, not as the result of any sympathy between the English and Scottish nations—for antipathy rather than sympathy was felt on both sides—but as an absolute political necessity. In truth, such an event was an almost inevitable sequel to the union of the crowns in the person of one monarch, at least if that arrangement was to be maintained; and it could not be long delayed. There is, in Lockhart's Papers, an anecdote which shows how early this was foreseen. "We are told," says he, "that when King James was preparing to go and take possession of his crown of England, his subjects of Scotland came to take their leave of him, and attend him part of his way thither with all the state and magnificence imaginable; but amongst these numerous attendants, decked up in their finest apparel, and mounted on their best horses, there appeared an old reverend gentleman of Fife, clothed all over in the deepest mourning; and being asked why, whilst all were contending to appear most gay on such an occasion, he should be so singular? 'Why, truly,' replied he, 'there is none of you congratulate His Majesty's good fortune more than I do, and here I am to perform my duty to him. I have often marched this road, and entered England in an hostile manner, and then I was as well accoutered in clothes, horses, and arms, as my

neighbours, and suitable to the occasion; but since I look upon this procession as Scotland's funeral solemnity, I'm come to perform my last duty to my deceased and beloved country, with a heart full of grief, and in a dress correspondent thereto.' This gentleman, it seems, foresaw that, by the removal of the king's residence from Scotland, the subject wanted an occasion of making so immediate an application to the fountain of justice, and the state of the nation could not be so well understood by the king; so that the interest and concerns of every particular person, and likewise of the nation in general, would be committed to the care of the ministers of state, who, acting with a view to themselves, could not fail to oppress the people. He foresaw that England, being a greater kingdom, made (as said Henry VII. when he gave his daughter to the King of Scotland rather than the King of France) an acquisition of Scotland, and that the king would be under a necessity of siding with, and pleasing the most powerful of his two kingdoms, which were jealous of, and rivals to, one another; and that, therefore, ever after the union of the crowns, the king would not mind, at least dare encourage, the trades of Scotland; and that all state affairs would be managed, laws made and observed, ministers of state put in and turned out, as suited best with the interest and designs of England; by which means trade would decay, the people be oppressed, and the nobility and great men become altogether corrupted." These anticipations—though probably confined to a few who were not dazzled at the prospect of the enormous succession which had opened to their prince, nor rendered blind to the future by the splendour of the present triumph—were afterwards thoroughly realised. From the union of the crowns, Scotland derived no permanent benefit, but the reverse. She retained, indeed, her parliament; but she had parted with the presence of her sovereign, who was entirely surrounded and swayed by English influence. Whenever the interests of the two countries clashed—and that was not seldom—the weaker was sure to suffer; and thus, instead of increas-

ing amity, a feeling even bitterer than that which had existed while the kingdoms were entirely independent, was engendered. No wonder that there were rebellions and outbreaks; for, in a political point of view, it would have been better for Scotland to have had no king at all, than to owe allegiance to one who was necessarily under English dictation. Hence, instead of advancing like England, steadily in the path of prosperity, Scotland rapidly decayed—until, to use the words of an historian of the union—"in process of time, the nobility and gentry turned, generally speaking, so corrupted by the constant and long tract of discouragement to all that endeavoured to rectify the abuses and advance the interests of the country, that the same was entirely neglected, and religion, justice, and trade made tools of to advance the private and sinister designs of selfish men; and thus the nation, being for a hundred years in a manner without a head, and ravaged and gutted by a parcel of renegadoes, became, from a flourishing, happy people, extremely miserable."

Passages like the foregoing are apt to be regarded as general complaints, which hardly could be substantiated by reference to special instances. There is, however, abundance of evidence to show that Scotland, during the period which intervened between the union of the crowns and that of the kingdoms, was greatly depressed by the influence and policy of her more powerful neighbour. Under Cromwell, an entire freedom of trade had been established between the two countries. His ordinance was as follows: "That all customs, excise, and other imposts for goods transported from England to Scotland, and from Scotland to England, by sea or land, are, and shall be, so far taken off and discharged, as that all goods for the future shall pass as free, and with like privileges, and with the like charges and burdens, from England to Scotland, and from Scotland to England, as goods passing from port to port, or place to place in England; and that all goods shall and may pass between Scotland and any other part of this commonwealth or dominions thereof, with the like

privileges, freedom, and charges, as such goods do or shall pass between England and the said parts or dominions."

"Thus," remarks Mr Burton, who has entered very fully and distinctly into the trading and commercial history of the times, "there was no privilege enjoyed by traders in England which was not communicated to Scotland; and what was not even attempted in France till the days of Turgot, and only arose in Germany with the Prussian league—an universal free trade—was accomplished for Britain in the middle of the seventeenth century. It was during the few years of prosperity following this event that many of our commercial cities arose. Scotland enjoyed peace and abundance, and was making rapid progress in wealth."

After the Restoration, however, the Parliament of England repeated this wise arrangement, and by enacting that the Scottish people should be commercially considered as aliens, introduced a fresh element of discord between the nations.

"In 1667, commissioners were appointed from the two kingdoms to treat of union, when this object of a free trade was at once brought prominently forward on the part of Scotland, and at once repelled on that of England. It was stated that the colonies had been created at the expense of Englishmen, and should exist for their advantage only; that the East India and some other trades were monopolies in the hands of companies, not even open to the English at large, which it was out of the question to communicate to any strangers; and, finally, that the privileges of English shipping were far too precious to the merchants of England to be extended to Scots-men."

This churlishness on the part of England was the more inexcusable, because the Scots nation was not left, as of old, free to form an unfettered and reciprocal alliance with any of the Continental states. From very early times, the relations between Scotland and France had been of the most intimate description—it being the policy of the latter country to support the former, and to retain its friendship, as the most effective check upon English aggression. The military service of France had long been open to the enterprising Scottish youth, and at the French universities the northern

men of letters were received with open arms. But the union of the crowns, if it did not entirely close, at least greatly limited the extent of this intercourse. If England went to war with France, all communication with Scotland was necessarily closed. It might not be Scotland's quarrel, but the enemies of the King of England were also to be considered as her foes. Hence she found that, on the one hand, her old relations were ruthlessly broken off; whilst, on the other, she was denied all participation in the commercial privileges which were rapidly augmenting the wealth of her southern neighbour. Hume tells us that "the commerce and riches of England did never, during any period, increase so fast as from the Restoration to the Revolution." At the accession of the Stuarts to the English throne, the revenue of that country amounted to about £500,000. In 1688, when James II. left the throne, it had risen to £2,000,000. Within twenty-eight years the shipping of England had more than doubled. And, while this extraordinary degree of prosperity prevailed in the south, Scotland was daily becoming poorer, not through the fault or indolence of her people, but in consequence of that anomalous connection, which, while it withheld any new advantages, deprived her of the opportunity of the old.

One effort, which well deserves to be remembered in history, was made by the Scottish nation to rescue themselves from this degrading position. We allude to the Darien scheme, which, though unfortunate in its issue, was yet as bold and comprehensive a commercial enterprise as ever was undertaken. That it failed, was undoubtedly not the fault of the projectors. The most disgraceful means were used on the part of the English government, at the instigation of English merchants alarmed for the continuance of their monopoly, to render it abortive; and even were the character of William of Orange otherwise without reproach, his duplicity and treacherous dealing in this transaction would remain as a dark blot upon his memory. But in thus attempting, disreputably and unfairly, to crush the rising spirit of Scottish

enterprise in a field hitherto unoccupied, the English advisers of the crown had gone too far. True, they had succeeded in annihilating nearly all the available capital of the northern kingdom, which had been embarked in this gigantic scheme; but they had also roused to a point almost of ungovernable fury the passion of an insulted people. There is this peculiarity about the Scots, that they are slow to proclaim a grievance, but resolute to redress it when proclaimed. The extreme quietude of demeanour and reticence of speech have sometimes been falsely interpreted as indicative of a want of spirit; whereas, on the contrary, no people can be more keenly alive than they are to a sense of injury. And such was the attitude of the Scottish parliament at the time, and such the defiant tone of the nation, that William, seriously alarmed for the safety of his throne, "took up the neglected question of the union, and earnestly recommended such a measure to the House of Lords, with a special reference to the history of Darien, and to the adjustment of trading privileges, as the only means of saving the two nations from endless and irreconcilable discord."

It was not, however, destined that the union of the kingdoms should be effected under the auspices of the prince whose name in Scotland is indissolubly connected with the tragedies of Glencoe and Darien. The accession of Queen Anne, a daughter of the house of Stuart, inspired the Scottish people with the hope that their grievances might be at last redressed, or, at all events, be considered with more fairness than they could expect from her predecessor, who was an utter stranger to their habits and their laws, and whose title to rule, being questionable in itself, might naturally lead him to show undue favour to the stronger nation which had accepted him, at the expense of the weaker and more remote. It was now perfectly evident to all who were capable of forming a judgment on the matter, that, unless some decided step were taken for admitting the Scots to a commercial reciprocity with the English, an entire separation of the two kingdoms must inevitably take

place. With a large portion of the northern population, the latter alternative would have been cheerfully accepted. What they complained of was, that they were uselessly fettered by England—could not take a single step in any direction without interfering or being interfered with by her—were denied the privilege, which every free nation should possess, of making their own alliances; and had not even the right of sending an accredited ambassador to a foreign court. They had no objection, but the reverse, to be associated with England on fair terms; but hitherto there appeared no reason to hope that such terms would ever be granted; and they would not consent to be degraded from their rank as an independent nation. The English were, on the other hand, exceedingly adverse to any measure of conciliation. As in individuals, so in nations, there are always peculiarities which distinguish one from another; and an overweening idea of their own superiority is essentially the English characteristic. A great deal has been and is written in the South about Scottish nationality—it is, in reality, nothing compared to the feelings which are entertained by the Englishman. But of this we shall have occasion to speak presently; in the mean time, it is sufficient to note that no measure could have been more unpopular in the trading towns and shipping ports of England, than one which proposed to admit the subjects of the same crown to an equal participation of privileges. Accordingly, the first attempt of Queen Anne, made only three days after her accession, in her opening speech to the Parliament of England, towards a union between the two countries, proved entirely abortive. It is worth while quoting from Mr Burton the note—for it is little more—of this negotiation, for the purpose of showing how determined the English people were to maintain their old monopoly. Commissioners on either side were appointed.

"It became at once apparent that the admission of Scotland to equal trading privileges was still the great difficulty on the side of England. The first fundamental proposition—the succession to

the throne, according to the Act of Settlement—was readily acceded to, as well as the second for giving the United Kingdom one legislature. As an equivalent fundamental article, the Scottish commissioners demanded 'the mutual communication of trade, and other privileges and advantages.' To this it was answered, that such a communication was indeed a necessary result of a complete union; but a specific answer was deferred, until the Board should discuss 'the terms and conditions' of this communication. There was a deficiency of attendance of English members to form a quorum, which for some time interrupted the treaty. Whether this was from their being otherwise occupied, or from distaste of the business before them, it chafed the spirits of the Scots. When the two bodies were brought together again, the trade demands of the Scots were articulately set forth. They demanded free trade between the two nations; the same regulations and duties in both countries for importation and exportation; equal privileges to the shipping and seamen of the two nations; the two nations not to be burdened with each other's debts, or, if they were to be so, an equivalent to be paid to Scotland, as the nation more unequally so burdened; and, lastly, it was proposed that these demands should be considered without reference to existing companies in either kingdom. This was well understood by both parties to have reference to the Darien affair.

"On the part of England it was conceded that 'there be a free trade between the two kingdoms for the native commodities of the growth, product, and manufactures of the respective countries.' But even this concession, defined so as to exclude external trade, was not to extend to wool—an article on which English restrictions on exportation, for the support of home manufacture, had risen to a fanatical excess. A reference was made to the colonial trade—the main object of the Scottish demand of an exchange of commercial privileges. It was postponed, and in a tone indicating that it was too precious, as a privilege of Englishmen and a disqualification of Scotsmen, to be conceded."

After further communing, without any satisfactory result, the meetings of the commissioners were adjourned; and there stands on the minutes of the Scottish Parliament the following brief but exceedingly emphatic resolution, that the Scottish commission for the treaty is terminate and extinct,

and not to be revived without the consent of the Estates.

These details are absolutely necessary for a proper understanding of the circumstances under which the great Act of Union of the two kingdoms was finally carried. Former historians have given too much prominence to mere party intrigues and ecclesiastical contests, which, though they undoubtedly lend a colour to the transactions of the times, are by no means to be regarded as the sole motives of action. The Presbyterian form of Church government was by this time finally settled; and there was no wish, on the part of any large section in the country, to have that settlement disturbed. The Jacobite or Cavalier party regarded the proposals for a union with suspicion, as necessarily involving a surrender of their cherished principle of legitimacy; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that many of them were rather glad than otherwise to perceive that the failure of the negotiation was entirely attributable to the tenacity and superciliousness of the English. Some of the nobility were conscientiously opposed to an entire incorporating union as degrading to the country, and injurious to the dignity of their own order; and they were supported in that view by a large number of the gentry, who were not sufficiently conversant with commercial affairs to understand the enormous importance of the development of the national trade. But in the midst of parties actuated by traditionary feeling and sectarian motives, there had arisen one, the members of which were fully alive to the critical state of the country, earnestly impressed with the necessity of elevating its position, and, withal, determined that its honour should not suffer in their hands.

At the head of this independent body of politicians was Fletcher of Saltoun, a man of high and vigorous intellect, but of a hasty and impetuous nature. Fletcher was heart and soul a Scotsman, and devoted to his country. Loyalty to the sovereign was with him a secondary consideration—indeed he seems always to have entertained the theory that the kingly office was simply the result of the election of the people. He had taken

an active part in Monmouth's rebellion, and fought against King James—William he looked upon as no better than a usurping tyrant—and he was now ready to transfer the crown, if transferred it must be, to the head of any claimant, if by so doing he could rescue his country from what he deemed to be intolerable degradation. Those who followed Fletcher, and acted along with him in Parliament, did not subscribe to all these peculiar opinions; but, like him, they regarded the welfare of the country as their primary object, and were determined, since England would not come to terms, to achieve once more an entire and thorough independence. They looked for support, as brave men will ever do in such emergencies, not to party politicians who might use and betray them, but to the great body of the people; and they did not appeal in vain.

The last Parliament ever held in Scotland, assembled on the 6th of May 1703. Nothing was said about further negotiation for a union, but something was done significant of the determination of the country to vindicate its rights. An act was passed restraining the right of the monarch to make war, on the part of Scotland, without the consent of the Scottish Parliament. Another, by removing the restrictions on the importation of French wines, was intended to show that the Scottish legislature did not consider themselves involved in the English continental policy. But the most important measure by far was that termed the "Act for the Security of the Kingdom." The crown of England had been formally settled upon the Princess Sophia and her heirs, failing direct descendants of Queen Anne, and it appears to have been confidently expected that the Scottish Parliament would adopt the same order of succession. So little doubt seems to have been entertained on this point, that no conference on the subject had been held or even proposed,—a neglect which the Scots were entitled to consider either as an insult, or as an indirect intimation that they were at perfect liberty to make their own arrangements. The latter view was that which they chose to adopt. In their then temper, in-

deed, it was not to be expected that they would let slip the opportunity of testifying to England that, except on equal terms, they would enter into no permanent alliance, and that, in the event of these not being granted, they were desirous to dissolve the connection by effecting a separation of the crowns. The main provisions of the Act, as it was passed, were these:—

“That on the death of the Queen without issue, the Estates were to name a successor from the Protestant descendants of the royal line of Scotland, *but the admitted successor to the crown of England was excluded from their choice*—unless there be such conditions of government settled and enacted as may secure the honour and sovereignty of this crown and kingdom,—the freedom, frequency, and power of Parliaments,—the religion, freedom, and trade of the nation, from English or any foreign influence.” It was made high treason to administer the coronation oath without instructions from the Estates. By a further clause, to come in force immediately, the nation was placed in a state of defence, and the able-bodied population were ordained to muster under their respective heritors or burgh magistrates.”

This act, though not formally ratified until another session, affords the true key to the history of the great Union effected in 1707, whereby the people of two kingdoms, long rivals and often at hostility, were happily blended into one. It is not our intention to enter into any minute details regarding the progress of that measure, or to depict the popular feeling with which it was received. It was hardly possible that an event of this magnitude could take place, without exciting in some quarters a feeling of regret for altered nationality, and creating in others a strong misgiving for the future. But, in reality, there was no national surrender. The treaty was conducted and carried through on terms of perfect equality. England and Scotland were united into one kingdom by the name of Great Britain, and their separate ensigns were appointed to be conjoined. Each division was to retain its own laws, institutions, and ecclesiastical polity, and one Parliament was to legislate for the whole. It was upon the latter point that the great difference of opinion prevailed. Some advocated—and the reasons

they adduced were not without their weight—a federal union, which would at least have the effect of preserving to Scotland the administration of its own affairs. They maintained that, under an incorporating union, the interests of Scotland, in so far as their own domestic and peculiar institutions were concerned, must necessarily, in the course of time, be neglected, in as much as the Scottish representatives in the Imperial Parliament would constitute but a small minority—that by entire centralisation of government, the wealth of the lesser country would be gradually attracted to the greater—and that no guarantees could justify the imprudence of parting with an administrative and controlling power over such matters as were intended to remain peculiarly distinctive of the nation. The experience of well-nigh a century and a half has proved that such apprehensions were not altogether without a foundation, and that the predicted tendency to absorb and centralise was not the mere phantom of an inflamed patriotic imagination; nevertheless, we are clearly of opinion that the objections which were raised to a federal were of far greater weight than those which could be urged against an incorporating union. It is impossible, we think, to read the history of last century without perceiving that a federal union, however skillfully framed, could hardly have been maintained unbroken—it would at any rate have engendered jealousies and perpetuated prejudices which are now happily set at rest—and it probably would have been a material bar to that unrestricted intercourse which has been productive of so much advantage to both divisions of the island. But, while granting this, we by no means intend to deny that centralisation, when pushed beyond a certain necessary point, may not become a grievance which loudly calls for a remedy.

To judge from their language, and the general tone of their opinions, many of our brethren in the south seem to regard the Union simply as an act by means of which Scotland was annexed to England. A few weeks ago, a presumptuous scribbler in a London weekly journal, while reviewing Mr Burton's work, dis-

nated Scotland as the incorporated, in contradistinction to the incorporating body; and although we do not suppose that such exceeding ignorance of historical fact is common, we are nevertheless constrained to believe that a good deal of misapprehension prevails as to the real nature of the treaty. Even the language of statesmen in Parliament is often inaccurate, and has a tendency to promote false views upon the subject. To talk of the laws of England or of her Church, is strictly correct, for these are peculiar to, and distinctive of herself; but such expressions as the English flag, English army, English parliament, &c., are altogether inappropriate, unless, indeed, the Treaty of Union is to be considered as an absolute dead letter. These things may be deemed trifles; but still there is a significance in words, which becomes the greater the oftener they are employed. We, have, however, no desire to cavil about terms; nor would we have noticed such a matter, if it were not also evident that there has been, for some time past, and still is, a tendency to regard Scotland in the light of a subsidiary province, and to deal with her accordingly. Such, we say, is the case at present; but we do not therefore by any means conclude that there is a desire to defraud us of our privileges, or to degrade us from our proper position. We believe that we have grievances for which we require redress; but we are induced to attribute the existence of these grievances, most of which have been generated by neglect, rather to the limited number of our national representatives, and the inadequate provision which has been made for the administration of Scottish affairs, than to any intention on the part of British statesmen to withhold from us what we consider to be our due. Still, as claimants, and especially as claimants under so solemn a treaty, we are not only entitled, but bound to state our case, which we shall do, we hope, with proper temperance and discretion.

We have often been told, especially of late years, that any expression of what is called Scottish nationality is absurd, and likely to be injurious to the general interest of the kingdom; and those journals who have taken

upon themselves the task of ridiculing any movement on the part of Scotsmen to obtain what they consider to be their just privileges under a solemn international treaty, beseech us not "to engage in a disgraceful imitation of the worst features of Irish character." We certainly have no intention of imitating the Irish; but we have as little idea of relinquishing that which is our own, or of submitting to domineering pretensions which have not a shadow of a foundation to rest on. In all matters common to the British empire, we acknowledge but one interest—in all matters peculiar to Scotland, we claim a right to be heard.

To say that Scottish nationality is a dream without an object, is to deny history, and to fly in the face of fact. The Union neither did nor could denationalise us. It left us in undisturbed possession of our national laws and our national religion; and it further provided, as well as could be done at the period, and most anxiously, for the future maintenance of those institutions which the state is bound to foster and preserve. If it had been intended that in all time coming the Imperial Parliament of Britain was to have full liberty to deal as it pleased with the internal affairs of Scotland, certainly there would not have been inserted in the treaty those stringent clauses, which, while they maintain the institutions of the past, lay down rules for their regulation in the future. These were, to all intents and purposes, fundamental conditions of the treaty; and to that treaty, both in word and spirit, we look and appeal. We can assure our friends in the south that they will hear nothing of what a polished and judicious journalist has had the exquisite taste to term "a parcel of trash about Bannockburn, and sticks of sulphur of which a school-boy, in his calmer moments, might feel ashamed." We have no intention whatever, as the same ornament of letters has averred, of demanding a repeal of the Union—on the contrary, our demand resolves itself into this, that the spirit of the treaty should be observed, and the same consideration be shewn by Parliament to matters which are purely Scottish, as to those which relate exclusively to England.



And until it shall be received as righteous doctrine, that men are not only ridiculous, but culpable, in demanding what has been guaranteed to them, we shall give such assistance as lies in our power, to any movement in Scotland for the vindication of the national rights.

That the provisions of the Treaty of Union were just and equitable, will not be disputed. They were adjusted with much care, with much difficulty, and were, in many points of view, exceedingly favourable to Scotland. But, unfortunately, almost from the very outset, a series of infringements began. Mr Burton, who certainly does not exaggerate Scottish grievances, remarks, "that many of the calamities following on the Union, had much encouragement, if they did not spring from that haughty English nature which would not condescend to sympathise in, or even know, the peculiarities of their new fellow-countrymen." We go even further than this; for we are convinced that, had the provisions of the Union been scrupulously observed, and a judicious delicacy used in the framing of the new regulations necessary for the establishment of a uniform fiscal system—had the pride of the Scots not been wantonly wounded, and a strong colour given to the suspicions of the vulgar that the national cause had been betrayed—it is more than probable that no serious rising would have been attempted on behalf of the Stuarts. Obviously it was the policy of the English to have conciliated the Scots, and by cautious and kindly treatment to have reconciled them to their new position. But conciliation is not one of the arts for which Englishmen are famed; and it is not improbable that the nation was possessed with the idea that the Scots had, somehow or other, obtained a better bargain than they were altogether entitled to. Moreover, the English were then, as some of them are even now, profoundly ignorant of the history, temper, and feelings of the northern population. Mr Burton very justly remarks:—

"The people of Scotland, indeed, knew England much better than the people of England knew Scotland—perhaps as any village knows a metropolis better than

the people of the metropolis know the village. Those who pursued historical literature, it is true, were acquainted with the emphatic history of the people inhabiting the northern part of the island, and were taught by it to respect and fear them; but the ordinary Englishman knew no more about them than he did about the natives of the Maroe or Scilly isles. The efforts of the pamphleteers to make Scotland known to the English at the period of the Union, are like the missionary efforts at the present day to instruct people about the policy of the Caffres or the Japanese."

No sooner was the Union effected, than disputes began about duties. Illegal seizures of Scottish vessels were made by the authorities. Englishmen, wholly ignorant of the laws and habits of those among whom they were to reside, were appointed to superintend the revenue; and, as sometimes occurs even at the present day, the dogmatic adherence of such men to the technicalities of the "system" under which they were bred, and their intolerance of any other method, made them peculiarly odious, and cast additional unpopularity upon the English name. If we again quote Mr Burton on this subject, it is less with the view of exposing what formerly took place, than in the hope that the spirit of his remarks, not altogether inapplicable even now, may penetrate the obtuse mist which shrouds our public departments; and lead to some relaxation of that bigoted bureaucracy which prevails in the Government offices. It has been, we are aware, laid down as an axiom that the local business of any district is best conducted by a stranger. Our view is directly the reverse. We maintain that an intimate knowledge of the people with whom he is to transact, is a high qualification for an official; and it is much to be regretted that the opposite system has been pursued in London, under the baneful influence of centralisation.

"Cause of enmity still more formidable passed across to Scotland itself, where the Englishman showed his least amiable characteristics. To manage the revenue, new commissioners of excise and customs were appointed, consisting in a great measure of Englishmen. They were followed by subordinate officers trained in the English method of realising the

duties, whose distribution throughout the country afforded opportunities for saying that a swarm of harpies had been let loose on the devoted land, to suck its blood and fatten on the spoils of the oppressed people. The Englishman's national character is not the best adapted for such delicate operations. He lays his hand to his functions with a steady sternness, and resolute unconscientiousness of the external conditions by which he is surrounded. The subordinate officer generally feels bound, with unhesitating singleness of purpose, to the peculiar methods followed at home in his own 'department,' as being the only true and sound methods. He has no toleration for any other, and goes to his duty among strangers as one surrounded by knaves and fools, whose habits and ideas must be treated with disdain. Thus has it often happened, that the collective honesty and national fidelity to engagements of the English people, have been neutralised by the tyrannical pride and surly unadaptability of the individual men who have come in contact with other nations."

These arrangements were evidently unwise, as being calculated to produce throughout the country a spirit of discontent among the middle and lower classes, whom the Government ought to have conciliated by every means in their power. There is much independence of thought, as well as shrewdness, among the Scottish peasantry and burghers; and their hearty co-operation and good-will would have been an effectual barrier against any attempts to overthrow the Hanoverian succession. To that, indeed, as a security for the maintenance of the Presbyterian form of church government, they were well inclined; and, therefore, it was of the more moment that they should be reconciled as speedily as possible to the Union. But instead of the fair side of the picture, the dark one was imprudently presented to them. The taxation was greatly increased, the measures altered according to a foreign standard, and a degree of rigour exercised in the collection of the revenue, to which they had been previously unaccustomed. Against these immediate burdens and innovations, it was of no use to expatiate upon future prospects of national prosperity as an off-set. The Commons, never keenly in favour of the Union, began presently to detest it;

and, if they did not absolutely wish success to the Jacobite cause, it was pretty generally understood that they would take no active measures to oppose a rising which at least might have the effect of freeing them from a burdensome connection.

Nothing, indeed, could be more injudicious than the early legislation of the United Parliament in regard to Scottish affairs. In order to strengthen the hands of the English officers of customs and excise located in the north, who could not understand the technicalities, and would not observe the forms of a law to which they were habitually strangers, it was determined that the Scottish Justices of the Peace should be made fac-similes of the English. We may conceive the horror of a grim Presbyterian west-country laird at finding himself associated in the commission with "the most reverent father in Christ, and our faithful counsellor, Thomas Archbishop of Canterbury, primate of all England, and metropolitan thereof!" Then came the abolition of the Scottish Privy Council, and a new act for the trial of treason, superseding the authority of the Court of Justiciary, and introducing the commission, unintelligible to Scottish ears, of Oyer and Terminer. This was passed in the face of the united opposition of the whole body of the Scottish members. Then came the Patronage Act, which effected a schism in the church, and others more or less injurious or injudicious; so that it is impossible to avoid the conclusion of Mr Burton, "that English statesmen, had they desired to alienate Scotland, and create a premature revulsion against the Union, could not have pursued a course better directed to such an end." In fact, the existence of the Union was at one time in the greatest peril. The Scottish members of the House of Commons, though almost to a man returned on the Revolution interest, held a meeting for the purpose of considering the propriety of taking steps to have the Union dissolved; and it does not appear that there was a single dissentient voice. Lockhart, the member for Mid-Lothian, who summoned the meeting, has given us a sketch of his statement, the most important points of which were as follows: "That the

Scots trade was sunk and destroyed by the many prohibitions, regulations, and impositions on it, and the heavy taxes imposed on the native produce and manufacture (all which were calculated and adapted to the convenience and circumstances of England, with which those of Scotland did no ways correspond); and that the country was exhausted of money, by the remittance of so great a part of the public taxes, and the great recourse of so many Scotsmen to London: if matters stood long on such a footing, the ruin and misery of Scotland was unavoidable; that from the haughty and insolent treatment we had lately received, it was sufficiently evident we could expect no just redress from the English." The result of the conference was a communication with the Scottish Representative Peers, who were also by this time thoroughly disgusted with the Union; and the Earl of Findlater, selected as the mouth-piece of the party, moved the dissolution of the Union in the House of Lords, and succeeded in effecting an equal division of the members present. The motion was lost by the small majority of three upon the proxies.

It is remarkable that in this debate the Duke of Argyle and his brother, Lord Ilay, both warm friends of the Hanoverian succession, spoke strongly in favour of the motion; thus showing how keenly and universally the attempt to provincialise Scotland was felt by all classes. It became evident that, under such a system of administration, Scotland could not long remain tranquil; and, accordingly, the death of Queen Anne was followed by the raising of the insurrectionary standard.

Mar's rebellion was at length quelled, mainly through the efforts and personal popularity of the Duke of Argyle. In all human probability it never would have taken place, but for the encouragement held out to the Jacobites by the universal discontent of Scotland. But in spite of every warning, the ministers of the day persevered in a line of conduct most offensive to the northern population. They suppressed the important office of the Scottish Secretary of State, as if the affairs of that kingdom were of so little importance, that an English

Secretary, who knew nothing of the people or their laws, was perfectly competent to superintend their business in addition to that of the other country. Such an arrangement as this, however, was too preposterous to remain unaltered. The English Secretary might just as well have attempted to administer the affairs of Muscovy as those of Scotland; and, in process of time, the functions of Secretary were quietly handed over to the Lord Advocate—a combination of which the country has had much reason to complain, and which it certainly ought not to tolerate longer. The history of the country between 1715 and 1745, is, with the exception of a short period during which the Duke of Argyle exercised a sort of provisional vice-royalty, little else than a catalogue of repeated innovations and dissensions. At that time Scotland was regarded by English statesmen as a dangerous and smouldering volcano; and fully half a century, dating from the time of the Union, went by, before anything like a feeling of cordiality was established between the two nations.

When we regard Scotland as it is now—tranquil, prosperous, and enterprising—we are naturally led to wonder at the exceeding greatness of the change. The change, however, is not in the character of the people: they are still as jealous of what they esteem to be their just rights and guaranteed privileges as ever; but they have felt, and fully appreciate, the advantages which they have derived from the union; a closer intercourse has taught them to respect and admire the many estimable qualities of the English character; and they perceive that a very great deal of the aggression of which their fathers complained, and which led not only to heartburnings but to civil strife, arose rather from ignorance than from deliberate intention of offence. And if, even now, there are some matters with regard to which they consider that they have not received justice, these have not been, and will not be, made the subjects of a reckless agitation. No one believes that there is any design on the part of England to deal unkindly or unfairly with her sister. We may, indeed, complain that purely Scottish matters

are treated with comparative indifference in the British House of Commons; but, then, it is impossible to forget that the great majority of the members know very little indeed of the Scottish laws and institutions. There is some truth in one observation of the *Times*—though the writer intended it for a sneer—"that the Scottish representatives in London are not only regarded with the deepest respect, but to them the highest of all compliments is paid—namely, that when a Scotch subject is brought before the House, almost invariably the matter is left to their own decision, without interference of any kind." If the *Times* could have added that Scottish business obtained that prominence to which it is entitled—that our bills were not invariably shuffled off and postponed, as if they related to matters of no moment whatever—the statement might be accepted as satisfactory. Even as it is, we are not inclined to stand greatly upon our dignity. Neglect is, upon the whole, preferable to over-legislation; and we are not covetous of the repetition of such experiments as were made by the late Sir Robert Peel upon our banking system. But, so far as we know, beyond an occasional grumble at slight and delay, there has been no serious remonstrance on this head. What we do remonstrate against is, that while exposed to an equal taxation with England, Scotland does not receive the same, or anything like the same, encouragement for her national institutions, and that her local interests are not properly cared for on the part of the British government.

We are very anxious that this matter should be stated fairly and calmly, so that our brethren in the south may judge for themselves whether or not there is substantive reason in the appeal for "Justice to Scotland" which, having been faintly audible for many years, is now sounded throughout the land. We have anything but a wish to make mountains out of molehills, or to magnify and parade trifles as positive grievances. Therefore we shall not allude to such matters as heraldic arrangements, though why the stipulations made by treaty with regard to these should be violated or overlooked, we cannot comprehend.

If emblems are to be retained at all, they ought to be in strict accordance with the position of the things which they represent. Our real complaints, however, are not of a nature which will admit of so easy a remedy as the application of a painter's brush, or a readjustment of quarterings; nor can they be laughed down by silly sneers at the attitude of the Scottish Lion. They are substantial and specific; and both the honour and the interest of Scotland are concerned in obtaining their redress.

And first we maintain, and refer to the Treaty of Union, and our present arrangements as proof, that the equality established between England and Scotland has been observed only as regards equality of taxation, but has been disregarded in the matter of allowances. We ask Englishmen, against whom the charge of pecuniary injustice has almost never been made, and who frequently have erred, in regard to foreign connection and subsidy, on the other side, to take into serious consideration the facts which we are about to adduce.

The object of the Treaty of Union was to establish uniformity of trade and privilege, internal and external, throughout the United Kingdom; to equalise taxation and burdens; and to extinguish all trace of separate interest in matters purely imperial. But it was not intended by the Union to alter or innovate the laws and institutions of either country—on the contrary, these were strictly excepted and provided for. The previous acts, both of the English and the Scottish Parliaments, remained in force, applicable to the two countries: but, for the future, all legislation was to be intrusted to one body, "to be styled the Parliament of Great Britain." Referring again to the Treaty of Union, we find anxious and careful provision made for the maintenance in Scotland of three national institutions, the Church, the Courts, and the Universities; all of which the united legislature was bound to recognise and protect. In short, the whole spirit and tenor of the Treaty is, that, without altering national institutions, equality should be observed as much as possible in the future administration of the countries.

It cannot be pretended that the Union implied no real sacrifice on the part of the Scottish people. London, to the exclusion of Edinburgh, became the seat of government. Thither the nobility and wealthier gentry were drawn, and there a considerable portion of the revenue of the country was expended. That was the inevitable consequence of the arrangement which was made, and the Scots were too shrewd not to perceive it. But, on the other hand, the advantages which the union offered, seemed, in prospect at least, to counterbalance the sacrifice; and it was understood that, though the Scottish parliament was abolished, and the great offices of state suppressed, the remanent local institutions were to receive from the British government that consideration and support which was necessary to maintain them in a healthy state of existence.

It is almost to be regretted that the Treaty of Union was not more distinct and specific on those points; and that no stipulation was made for the expenditure of a fair proportion of the revenue raised from Scotland within her bounds. That such a guarantee would have been advantageous is now evident; for, instead of diminishing, the tendency towards centralisation has become greater than ever. No government has tried to check it—indeed, we question whether public men are fully aware of its evil.

As a country advances in wealth, the seat of government will always prove the centre point of attraction. The fascinations of the court, the concourse of the nobility, the necessary throng of the leading commoners of Britain during the parliamentary season, are all in favour of the metropolis. To this, as a matter of course, we must submit, and do so cheerfully; but not by any means because we are in the situation of an English province. It never was intended to make us such, nor could the whole power of England, however exerted, have degraded us to that position. London is not our capital city, nor have we any interest in its aggrandisement. We do not acknowledge the authority, in matters of law, of the Chief-Justice of England—we are altogether beyond the reach of the southern Ecclesiasti-

cal Courts. These are not accidental exceptions; they are necessary parts of the system by which it was provided that, in all things concerning our local administration, we were to have local courts, local powers, and a local executive. We complain that, in this respect, the spirit of the treaty has not been observed. Our Boards of Custom and Commissioners of Excise have been abolished; the revenues of the Scottish Woods and Forests are administered in London, and applied almost entirely to English purposes; and a like centralisation has been extended to the departments of the Stamps and Post-office.

But lest it should be said that these are grievances more shadowy than real, let us take the case of the Woods and Forests mentioned above. The hereditary revenues of the Crown in Scotland amount to a very large sum, all of which is sent to London, but hardly a penny of it ever returns. Holyrood, Dunfermline, Linlithgow—all our old historical buildings and objects of interest, are allowed to crumble into decay; because the administration of a fund which ought to be devoted to such purposes is confided to Englishmen, who care nothing whatever about the matter. By one vote in the present year, £181,960 were devoted to the repair and embellishment of royal palaces, parks, and pleasure-grounds in England; but it seems by the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that there are no funds available for the repair of Holyrood. Of course there can be no funds, if all our money is to be squandered in the south, and an annual expenditure of nearly £10,000 lavished upon Hampden Court, where royalty never resides. Of course there can be no funds, if £40,000 is given for a palm-house at Kew, and upwards of £62,000 for royal parks in England. But there *are* funds, if we may believe the public accounts, arising from the revenue of the Crown in Scotland, though most unjustly diverted to other than Scottish purposes. It may be, however, that, very soon, no such funds will remain. A large portion of the Crown property situated in Scotland has been advertised for public sale; and

we may be sure of this, that not even a fractional portion of the proceeds will be applied to the North of the Tweed. Now, if the management of this branch of the Revenue had been intrusted to a board in Edinburgh (as it formerly was, before the Barons of Exchequer were abolished), we venture to say that, without asking or receiving one shilling of English money, we could have effectually rescued ourselves from the reproach to which we are daily subjected by strangers, who are not aware of the extent to which centralisation has been carried. They look with wonder and sorrow at Holyrood, with her ruined chapel, and the bones of our Scottish kings and queens exposed to the common gaze, and ask whether they really are among a people famous for the enthusiasm with which they cleave to the memories of the past, and to the recollections of their former glories. Peering through the bars of that charnel vault where the giant skeleton of Darnley is thrown beside the mouldering remains of those who once wore the crown and wielded the sceptre of Scotland, they can recall no parallel instance of desecration save the abominable violation of the sepulchres of St Denis by the base republican rabble. And who are to blame for this? Not certainly the Scottish people, but those who have diverted the revenues applicable to purely national objects, to the maintenance of English palaces and the purchase of London parks.

Centralisation has deprived us of several important offices which could have been filled quite as economically and efficiently for the public service in Scotland as in the south. We are by no means in favour of the extension of useless offices, but there is a vast difference between such and places of responsibility, where local knowledge becomes a very high qualification. It is impossible that a board, sitting in London, can give the same satisfaction to the people of Scotland, or conduct business so effectually, as if it was located among them. But, besides this, it seems to be a settled matter that Scottish official appointments are to be remunerated on a different scale from that which is applied in England and in

Ireland. Why is it that our officials—in the Edinburgh Post-office, for example—are paid at a far lower rate than those who perform the same duties in London and in Dublin? Is it because Ireland contributes more than we do to the revenue? Let us see. The revenue of Scotland for the year ending 1852 was £6,161,804, of which there was expended in the country £100,000, leaving £5,761,804, which was remitted to London. The revenue of Ireland for the same period was £1,000,681, of which there was expended in Ireland £3,847,131; leaving a balance merely of £153,547. Have the people of Scotland no reason to complain whilst this monstrous inequality is tolerated?

Let us now turn to the Universities, which in the eyes of a Government so zealous as the present affects to be in the cause of education, and to Lord John Russell in particular, ought to be objects of considerable interest. Let us see how they have been treated. In the year 1826 a Commissioner was appointed by George IV. to examine into the state of the Scottish Universities, and to report thereon. The Commissioners, of whom the Earl of Aberdeen was one, made a report in 1831, to the effect that, in general, the chairs were scandalously ill-endowed, and that adequate and complete provision should be made in all the Universities, so that the appointment to the Chairs "should at all times be an object of ambition to men of literature and science." Four or five bulky blue-books of evidence, &c., were issued; but the only party connected with literature who derived any benefit from the commission, was the English printer. Not a step has been taken in consequence by any administration, *although two-and-twenty years have elapsed since the report was given in!* Sir Robert Peel had no objection to found and endow Popish colleges in Ireland, but he would not listen to the representations made on behalf of the Protestant colleges of Scotland. In consequence, the emolument drawn from many Chairs in Scotland is under £250 per annum, even in cases where the Crown is patron! Such is the liberality of the British Government in regard to Scottish education

in its highest branches, even with the most positive reports recorded in its favour! As for museums, antiquarian and scientific societies and the like, they are left entirely dependent upon private support. We do not say that a Government is bound to expend the public money upon such objects as the latter; but it is at all events bound to be impartial; and really, when we look at the large sums devoted every year as a matter of course to London and Dublin, while Edinburgh is passed over without notice, we have a right to know for what offence on our part we experience such insulting neglect. This is, moreover, a matter which ought not to be lightly dismissed, inasmuch as, if Edinburgh is still to be regarded as a capital city, she is entitled to fair consideration and support in all things relating to the diffusion of arts and science. We do not desire to see the multiplication of British museums; but we wish to participate directly in that very lavish expenditure presently confined to London, for what are called the purposes of art. If we are made to pay for pictures, let us at least have some among us, so that our artists may derive the benefit. We have all the materials and collections for a geological museum in Edinburgh, but the funds for the building are denied. Nevertheless, a grant of £18,000 per annum is made from the public money to the geological museums of London and Dublin.

Passing from these things, and referring to public institutions of a strictly charitable nature, we find no trace whatever of state almonry in Scotland. Dublin last year received for its different hospitals £23,654 of state money. Edinburgh has never received the smallest contribution. Can any one explain to us why the people of Scotland are called upon to maintain their own police, while that of London receives annually £131,000, that of Dublin £36,000, and that of the Irish counties £487,000—or why one half of the constabulary expense in the counties of England is defrayed from the consolidated fund, while no such allowance is made to Scotland? We should like very much to hear Mr Gladstone or Lord Palmerston upon that subject.

It is anything but an agreeable task for us to repeat the items of grievance, of which these are only a part. There are others highly discreditable to the Government, such as the continued delay, in spite of constant application, to devote any portion of the public money to the formation of harbours of refuge on the east and northern coasts of Scotland, where shipwrecks frequently occur. But enough, and more than enough, has been said to prove that, while subjected to the same taxation, Scotland does not receive the same measure of allowances and encouragements as England, and that the system of centralisation has been carried to a pernicious and unjustifiable length. If these are not grievances, we are really at a loss to know what may be the true meaning of that term. To many of the English public they must be new, as we have no doubt they are startling; for the general impression is, that Scotsmen, on the whole, know pretty well how to manage their own affairs, and are tolerably alive to their own interest. That is undeniable; but the peculiarity of the case is, *that we are not permitted to manage our own affairs*. England has relieved us of the trouble; which latter, however, we would not grudge to bestow, if allowed to do so. But our grounds of complaint are not new to statesmen and officials of every party. Representation after representation has been made, but made in vain. The press of Scotland has, year after year, charged the Government with neglect of Scottish interests, and warned it against persevering in such a course; but without effect. The unwillingness of the people to agitate has been construed into indifference; and now, when the national voice is raised in its own defence, we are taunted with previous silence!

Now, we beg to repeat again, what we have already expressed, that we do not believe it is the wish of Englishmen, or of English statesmen, that we should be so unfairly treated. Indeed, we have reason to know that some of the latter have expressed their conviction that Scottish affairs are not well administered, and that great reason of complaint exists. That is consoling, perhaps, but not satisfactory. We are told that we ought

to be very proud, because, at the present moment, a Scotsman is at the head of the Government. As yet we have seen no reason to plume ourselves upon that accident, which in no way adds materially to the national glory. We shall reserve our jubilation thereon, until we have a distinct assurance that Lord Aberdeen is prepared to grant us substantial justice. Of that, as yet, no indication has been afforded; and, to confess the truth, were it only for the grace of the movement, we would far rather see the reforms and readjustments we require conceded to us, as matter of right, by an English than by a Scottish Premier. What we seek is neither favour nor jobbing, but that attention to our interests which is our due. If Lord Aberdeen thinks fit to render it now, we shall, of course, be very glad to receive it; but we do not entertain extravagant expectations from that quarter. If his heart had really been warmly with the country of his birth, it is almost impossible to suppose that, having set his name, as he did, to a strong report in favour of assistance to the Scottish universities, he would have allowed about a quarter of a century to elapse without mooted the subject, either as a peer of Parliament, or as an influential member of more than one Cabinet; and it is impossible to forget that, with the most deplorable schism in the history of the national Church of Scotland—the more deplorable, because it might have been prevented by wise and timely legislation—his name is inseparably connected. Therefore, in so far as our interests are concerned, we see no especial reason for glorification in the fact that Lord Aberdeen is a peer of Scotland. That Lord Campbell, who, as the *Times* avers, “holds the highest common law appointment in the three kingdoms,” was born in Cupar, in the ancient kingdom of Fife, by no means reconciles us to the fact of an unfair application of the revenue. Lord Brougham, we believe, first saw the light in Edinburgh—is his subsequent occupation of the woolsack to be considered a sufficient reason why the citizens of the Scottish metropolis should be compelled to maintain their own police, when those of London and Dublin are paid out of the impe-

rial revenue? Really it would appear that notoriety is sometimes expensive productions. With profound respect for the eminent individuals referred to, we would rather, on the whole, surrender the credit of their birth, than accept that as an equivalent for the vested rights of the nation.

Supposing, then, that the reality of the grievance is made out—as to which we presume there can be no question, for the matters we have referred to are of public notoriety—it is necessary to consider what remedy ought to be applied. Undoubtedly much is in the power of Ministers. They may select more than one point of grievance for curative treatment; and Mr Gladstone may possibly endeavour, in his next financial arrangements, to atone for past neglect; but it is not by such means as these that the evil can be wholly eradicated. We must look to the system in order to ascertain why Scotland should have been exposed so long to so much injustice; and, believing as we do, that there was no deliberate intention to slight her interests, we are driven to the conclusion that the fault has arisen from the utterly inadequate provision made by the State for the administration of her internal affairs.

The absurd idea that the true position of Scotland is merely that of a province, has received countenance from the fact that there is no Minister in the British Cabinet directly responsible for the administration of Scottish affairs. There is, indeed, a Home Secretary for the United Kingdom; but it is impossible to expect the holder of that office to have an intimate acquaintance with the laws, institutions, and internal relations of the northern division of the island. The Secretary of State, in general, knows nothing about us, and is compelled to rely, in almost every case, upon the information which he receives from the Lord Advocate. Now, the position of a Lord Advocate is this: He must be a Scottish barrister, and he usually is one who has risen to eminence in his profession. But he has had no experience of public affairs, and usually little intercourse with public men, before he receives



her Majesty's commission as first law officer of the Crown. He has not been trained to Parliament, for a Scottish barrister is necessarily tied to his own courts, and cannot, as his English brethren may, prosecute his profession while holding a seat in Parliament. Thus, even supposing him to be a man of real eminence and ability—and we are glad to express our opinion that, of late years, the office has been worthily filled—he enters the House of Commons without parliamentary experience, and has very little leisure allowed him to acquire it. For, in the first place, he is, as public prosecutor, responsible for the conduct of the whole criminal business of Scotland; and he is the Crown adviser in civil cases. Then he has his own practice to attend to, which generally increases rather than diminishes after his official elevation; and in attending to that in Edinburgh, he is absent from London during half the parliamentary session—in fact, is seldom there, except when some important bill under his especial charge is in progress. Besides this, the office of Lord Advocate is understood to be the stepping-stone to the bench. One gentleman, now a judge of the Court of Session, did not hold the office of Lord Advocate for three months, and never had a seat in Parliament. In the course of last year (1852), no less than three individuals were appointed Lords Advocate in succession, and two of them did not sit in the House. Owing to these circumstances, it rarely happens that a Lord Advocate can acquire a reputation for statesmanship—he has neither the time, the training, the facilities, nor the ordinary motives of doing so. At any moment, even on the eve of completing some important national measure, he may be summoned to the bench, and, in such an event, the interests of the country are tied up until his successor in office has been able to procure a seat, and has become, in some measure, reconciled to the novel atmosphere of St Stephen's.

This is, beyond all question, a bad system. The peculiar legal functions of the Lord Advocate are, in addition to his private practice, a burden quite heavy enough for any single pair of shoulders to sustain; nor is it con-

sonant either with the dignity or the convenience of the country, that he should be made to act as a sort of assessor or adviser to the Home Secretary. He ought certainly to be in Parliament, as the Attorney-General of England is, to give advice in legal matters, but no further. The training of the bar is not by any means that which tends to the development of administrative qualities; and, even were it otherwise, we have shown that the precarious nature of the office must preclude the holder of it from the advantage of official experience. But, in fact, as those who have had public business to transact in London know full well, there is no order or arrangement whatever provided for the administration of Scottish affairs. Let us take the case of a deputation sent to London about some local matter. They naturally, in the first instance, direct their steps to the Lord Advocate, who, if in town—by no means a certain occurrence—receives them with great courtesy, listens to their story, and then, regretting that the subject in question does not fall within the sphere of his department, refers them to the Junior Lord of the Treasury. They recount their tale to that official, who really seems to exhibit some interest, but discovers, after a time, that they should have made application to the Board of Woods and Forests. Thither they go, and are probably referred to some clerk or under-secretary, brimful of conceit, and exclusively English in his notions. He refers them to the Secretary of the Treasury; but that man of figures is too busy to listen to them, and knows nothing about the matter. He suggests an application to the Home Secretary. Lord Palmerston, the pink of politeness, smiles, bows, and remits them to the knowledge of the Lord Advocate. By this time half the deputation have left, and the others are savage and excited. They are advised to memorialise the Treasury, which they do, and receive an immediate reply that “my Lords” will take the matter into their consideration. And so in all probability they do; but it turns out at the last moment that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has a ruling voice in the matter; and,

as his financial arrangements for the year are already made, the application must stand over to be considered at a future period.

It is now full time that a new order of things should be introduced, and that the affairs of Scotland should be administered by a responsible Secretary of State with a seat in the Cabinet. We have, on every ground, full right to demand this. The public revenue levied from Scotland is larger than that of either Holland, Belgium, Naples, Sardinia, or Sweden and Norway. It is larger than the combined revenues of Bavaria, Denmark, Greece, and Switzerland. The revenue of Ireland is one-third less than ours, and yet Ireland has not only a Secretary of State, but a Lord-Lieutenant. No one surely can venture to say that the interests here involved are too trifling to require superintendence, or that any organisation would be superfluous. For our own part, having watched narrowly for years the working of the present absurd and unregulated system, we do not hesitate to declare our conviction that justice never can, and never will, be done to Scotland until its affairs are placed under the management of a separate Secretary of State. This point cannot be pressed too strongly. The wealth, importance, and position of the country justify the demand; and we have yet to learn that there is any one sound or substantial reason for denying it.

Another point, and it is one of vast importance, is to insist that, at the next adjustment of the representation, Scotland shall send its just proportion of members to the House of Commons. At present, whether the test of revenue or of population be applied, we are inadequately represented as contrasted with England. We pay more than a ninth of the whole revenue of the United Kingdom, but we have only a thirteenth part of the representation. It is quite necessary that this should be remedied, so that our interests may be properly and efficiently attended to in the legislature. We care not what criterion is taken—whether that of revenue or

that of population—but we have a right to demand and expect, that in this matter also we shall be dealt with according to the same measure which is applied to England. According to the last census, each of our Scottish members represents an average population of 54,166; whilst one member is returned for every 35,845 of the population of England. The apportionment ought to be made according to some clear, intelligible principle—not by a mere flourish of the pen, or an arbitrarily assumed figure. With a responsible Minister, and an adequate representation, attention to the interests of Scotland would be secured; and it is the bounden duty of every man who wishes well to his country to bestir himself for the attainment of these objects.

We have not approached this subject with any feeling of exacerbation. In demonstrating wherein Scotland has not received its proper meed of justice and consideration, we have been careful to avoid rash strictures or unworthy reflections upon our neighbours. If in some things we have suffered from neglect, and in others from innovation, we must not hastily conclude that there is a deliberate intention anywhere to deprive us of our due. The form in which our affairs have been administered for well-nigh a hundred years, is, as we believe we have shown, quite inadequate for the purpose for which it was originally intended; and the rapid development of the wealth and population of the country ought, long ago, to have suggested the propriety of a more rational arrangement. There is no occasion, in a matter of this sort, for any appeal to national feelings, which indeed it would be superfluous to rouse. The case is a very clear one, founded upon justice and public policy; and, if properly urged, no government can venture to treat it indifferently. But in whatever way this movement may be met—whether it is regarded with sympathy, or replied to by derision—it is our duty to aid in the assertion of our country's rights; and we shall not shrink from its performance.

## FOREIGN ESTIMATES OF ENGLAND.

WITH what heart or conscience can an English critic expose the deficiencies of a foreign book, "dedicated to the great, the noble, the hospitable English people"? Upon its first page he finds a compliment that cripples his quill. Though he had gall in his ink, it must turn to honey on his paper. Mr Schlesinger takes his English readers and reviewers at an unfair advantage. Perhaps he thinks to treat them like children, thrusting a comfit into their mouths to bribe them to swallow drugs. The flattering flourish of his commencement may be intended to mask the batteries about to open. He gags us with a rose, that we may silently bear the pricking of the thorns.

Inexhaustible interest attaches to the printed observations of intelligent foreigners upon England and its capital. The field is vast, and has been little worked. There are few books upon the subject either in French or in German, and, of such as there are, very few possess merit or have met with success. Defaced, in a majority of instances, by prejudice, triviality, or misappreciation, they attracted slight notice in the countries of their publication, and were utterly unheeded in that they professed to describe. Increased facilities of communication, and more extensive study of the English language in France and Germany, will bring about a change in this respect. We anticipate the appearance, within the next twenty years, of many foreign books upon England, and especially upon London—a city first known to Continentals, according to the author now present, in the year of grace 1851. "Stray travellers, bankers, wandering artisans, and diplomatic documents, had occasionally let fall a few words, which sounded like fairy tales, concerning the greatness, the wealth, the industry, and the politics of the monster city of the West; but that city lay, geographically, too far out

of the way, and the phases of its historical development had not been sufficiently connected with the history of Continental nations, for it to be, like Paris, a favourite object of travel and study." The cosmopolitan glass-house was the glittering bait which drew to our shores a larger concourse of foreigners than England ever before at one time beheld, or than she is likely ever again to behold, at least in our day, unless in the rather improbable contingency of the French Emperor's successfully realising those projects of invasion some are disposed to impute to him. A summer of unusual beauty, a general disposition to show kindness and hospitality to the stranger, the manifold attractions of that really wonderful building, unsurpassed save by the edifice now rising from its remains on the slope of a Kentish hill, combined to invest London with a charm to which foreigners who had already visited it were wholly unaccustomed, and for which those who for the first time beheld it were quite unprepared.

Max Schlesinger, well known as the author of one of the most successful and popular of the books that were written on the late Hungarian war, was amongst the visitors to the Crystal Palace, but must have resided in England for a longer period than the duration of that exhibition. The first volume of his "*Wanderings*," which appeared last year, was written in England, for he dates his preface from the Isle of Wight. He does not profess to give an account of London. He felt that two volumes, compendious though they be, would be insufficient for more than a glance at such a multitude of objects for description, and of subjects for reflection and analysis, as are presented by the overgrown British metropolis, and he preferred dwelling upon a few points to glancing at a great many. He has hit upon an ingenious and amusing plan for the exposition of his views and mainte-

nance of his impartiality. He establishes himself in an English family, in the *terra incognita* of Guildford Street. The master of the house, Sir John, who is intended as a prototype of his countrymen, is a thorough John Bull—shrewd, sensible, intelligent, with a moderate allowance of English prejudices, a warm attachment to his country, a well-founded conviction of its pre-eminence amongst the nations, and of the excellence of its institutions. Dr Keif (the word signifies a grumbler), another inmate of the house, and an old friend of Sir John's, is an Austrian journalist, whose pen has taken liberties that have endangered his own, and who has sought refuge in England, which he begins good-humouredly to abuse almost as soon as he has landed in it. He is kind-hearted, impetuous, excitable, given to fault-finding and polemics, and nearly as much convinced of German superiority as Sir John is of that of England. Then there is a Frenchman, Tremplin, introduced in the second volume, and who can see nothing good out of Paris. An Englishman named Frolick—who conducts the foreigners upon nocturnal excursions to theatres, ginpallaces, "penny galls," the purlieus of Drury Lane and St Giles's, and to any other place they are curious to study—and the ladies of Sir John's family, make up the list of characters, amongst whom there are occasionally very amusing dialogues, when the master of the house, Keif, and Tremplin, hold stiff disputations as to the merits of their respective countries. Mr Schlesinger's style is pointed, and often humorous; and the plan he has adopted imparts to his book a lightness and entertaining quality by no means invariably found in works of the kind; whilst it at the same time enables him to avoid that appearance of invidious dogmatism which is one of the most fatal pitfalls literary travellers are exposed to stray into.

As may be supposed from the terms of his dedication, Mr Schlesinger has found much to like and admire in England, and especially in the English nation. His book is, upon the whole, highly favourable to us, although sarcastic Dr Keif and that puppy Tremplin now and then point to a raw spot. Evidently well acquainted with our

language, gifted with an active mind and an observant eye, he has no need to resort to the flimsy devices of some recent writers on the same topic. There is solid pabulum in his pages, something superior to the flimsy lucubrations of one or two French writers we have lately fallen in with, and of one of whom (M. Méry) we took notice a few months ago. Most Frenchmen who write about London do so with an extremely superficial knowledge of the subject. Want of self-confidence is not a failing of theirs; they come to England with a mere smattering of the language, and with a predisposition to dislike the place and its customs, to laugh at the people, to be tortured by the climate and poisoned by the cooks. They remain a short time, examine nothing thoroughly, nor appreciate anything impartially, quit the country with joy, remember it with a shudder, and write books in which burlesque stories and ridiculous exaggerations are eked out by denunciations of perpetual fogs, and by hackneyed jokes concerning the sun's invisibility. Such writers may be sometimes witty, occasionally amusing, but they are neither fair critics nor reliable authorities.

There is no plan or order in Mr Schlesinger's book. Guildford Street is his headquarters; thence he rambles, usually with Dr Keif, sometimes with Sir John and other companions, whithersoever the fancy of the moment leads him. On their return home, from Greenwich or Vauxhall, from the House of Commons or a minor theatre, or from a stroll in the streets, they invariably find, no matter how late the hour, the cheerful tea-urn and smiling female faces to welcome them; and it is usually during these sober sedentarys, whilst imbibing innumerable cups of bohea, that Sir John and Dr Keif hold those lively arguments which Mr Schlesinger has transcribed with stenographic fidelity. We turn to the fourth chapter of the second volume, headed "Westminster—The Parliament." Probably no foreigner ever gave a more vivid and correct description than this chapter contains of things with which it takes both time and pains for a foreigner to become thoroughly

acquainted. Doubtless Mr Schlesinger has been indebted to reading and conversation as well as to his own observations, and some statistical and descriptive parts of his work are probably derived from English books. One entire chapter, that on Spitalfields, he acknowledges to have taken from such a source. But there are numerous remarkable passages for which he can hardly be indebted to anything but to his own quick ear and sharp eye. In company with Sir John and Dr Keif, he goes to the Speaker's Gallery of the House of Commons. It is five o'clock—bills are being read—presently the debate begins—Dr Keif, who has a perfect knowledge of English, is indignant that the chat amongst the members prevents his hearing the orators. These, he is assured by Sir John, who is an old frequenter of the House, are mere skirmishers, of little importance; the gossips will be still enough when any one worth listening to rises to speak. A message from the Upper House fixes the attention of the Germans, who are immensely diverted by the formalities with which it is presented, by the forward and backward bowing of the messengers and of the sergeant-at-arms, whose official costume, knee-breeches and sword, has already excited their curiosity. Mr Schlesinger, a decided liberal in German politics, not unfrequently becomes as decidedly conservative in treating of English customs and institutions. "All these ceremonies," he says, "are extraordinarily comical to the foreign guest, and even the Englishman, who enters for the first time in his life the workshop of his law-makers, may probably be rather startled by such pigtailed formalities, although his courts of justice have already accustomed him to periwigs. In most Continental states, ceremonies handed down from previous generations, and unsuited to the present time, have been done away with as opportunity offered. People got ashamed of perukes and silk cloaks, and dismissed them to the lumber room, as opposed to the spirit of the age. Whether they might not, in their war against those intrinsically unimportant and harmless externals, make a commencement of more serious conflicts, was probably overlooked.

In France and Germany we have lived to witness such conflicts. In the revolutions of both those countries the war was in great measure against externals, against abuses of minor importance, against titles of nobility, orders of knighthood, upper chambers, clerical and royal prerogatives; but in neither did a compact majority ever contrive to seize the right moment, to harmonise contradictions, and to secure the two results which should be the aim of every revolution—improvement of the condition of the people, and unlimited individual liberty. Where these two things are secured, all other difficulties peaceably solve themselves. . . . A pacific progress ensues; a gradual, but so-much-the-safer activity of reform becomes not only possible, but necessary and inevitable. The English, even those belonging to the Radical party, have an instinctive sense of this truth. The Lower House has never taken the field against the Peers, because their wives wear coronets in their hair, or because the Queen opens and closes Parliament in the Upper House, upon which occasions the Commons stand thronged like a flock of sheep before the bar of the House of Lords," &c. &c. We pass over some pages of interesting remarks to get to Mr Schlesinger's sketches of certain prominent members of the House of Commons, merely recording, by the way, this German reformer's opinion, that the monarchical principle is firmer in England at the present day than it was a century ago, before the clamour of innovation and revolution had swept across the Channel. We trust and believe that he is right in this opinion. We well know that there are, both in and out of Parliament, a few men, more noted for a certain class of talent than respected for consistency and high principle, who look upon the crown as a costly bauble, and would gladly see it replaced by a republican government. If they do not say as much, it is because they dare not, because they know that the press and the public would combine to hoot them down. But it is not difficult to discern the levelling principle that is paramount in their hearts. The enunciation of that principle, did they ever contemplate it in any form, has not been favoured by

the events of the last five years. Common sense and shrewd perception are qualities claimed by Englishmen, and usually conceded to them even by those foreigners who like them least. We must, indeed, be lamentably deficient in both, not to have taken a warning from what we have beheld, since 1847, in the two most civilised countries of the European continent. There is little contagion in such examples as have been set to us. License, with despotism as a sequel, constitutes no very alluring prospect to a nation accustomed to seek its prosperity in industry and order. We have seen enough of the results of sudden changes abroad to desire that any we adopt at home should be exceedingly gradual and well-considered. Foreign revolutionists have done us the service which drunken helots were made to render to the children of Sparta. We have learned temperance from the spectacle of their degradation.

In his preface, Mr Schlesinger protests his impartiality, and on this score we have no fault to find with him. Some of his parliamentary portraits, however, are perhaps a little tinged by his political predilections. In the main they are extremely correct, and the likenesses undeniable. Mr Disraeli, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Colonel Sibthorp, are his four most prominent pictures. Lord John himself would hardly claim the designation of "a great orator" bestowed upon him by his German admirer, who, in other respects, gives a truthful and happy delineation of the Whig statesman. But the following sketch is the gem of the parliamentary chapter.

"So that is my Lord Palmerston," whispered Dr Keif, parodying his friend Kappelbaumer—"that is the *"God-preserve-us"* of all rational Continental cabinets? He yonder with the white whiskers, the finely-cut features, the striped neckcloth, and the brown trousers, which he probably got as a present from Mazzini? Yonder elderly gentleman, lying rather than sitting upon his bench, and chatting with his neighbour as he might do in a tavern? Now, by Metternich! this Lord Palmerston looks so cordial, that, if I had not read the German newspapers for many years past, I

never would have believed all the wickedness there is in him. To think that yonder people do not scruple to converse with him! with a convicted partisan of rebels, in whose company no respectable citizen of Vienna or Berlin would be seen to cross a street! But, as we say, there is nothing in a man's looks. He does not look in the least like a rebel or a conspirator. And yet to think of all the rude notes he has written!

"That is just because he is a great diplomatist," remarked Sir John, with much unction. "We like him so much the more because you, across the water, hate, and fear, and throw stones at him. He has the luck to be as popular at home as he is abused abroad. When that is not the case with a minister of foreign affairs, better pension him off at once. He is appointed for the very purpose of barking and snapping all round the house, to keep off intruders and thieves. And can you deny that Lord Palmerston perfectly performed his bull-dog mission? Was he not always on his legs? Did he not lustily bark like a chained watch-dog, so that all the neighbours round respected him? And did he ever bite anybody? No, you cannot say that he ever bit anybody. Only showed his teeth. Nothing more. That was enough. And that, merely by so doing, he frightened you all, that, we well know, is what you will never forgive."

"I would give anything in the world," cried Dr Keif, "to hear him make a little speech. How does he speak?"

"In a way I well like to hear," answered Sir John; "out and openly; no pathos, no emotion—sensibly, intelligibly—and above all, courteously and politely, as befits an English gentleman. It is not in his nature to be rude; he cannot be so, except when he takes pen in hand to write abroad. In the House he is never personal; and yet nobody better knows how to turn a troublesome questioner into ridicule, often in the most innocent manner, so that it is impossible to be angry with him."

"I was in the House last summer," continued Sir John, "when Mr So-and-so questioned him about the foreign refugees. In such cases mem-

bers do not put to a minister the straightforward question, Have you answered this or that note? but they make an introduction a yard long, ramble round and round the subject like cats round a plate of porridge, make a long rhetorical display before coming to the point. Mr So-and-so made a lengthy discourse—spoke until the sweat broke out upon his brow from sheer liberalism and sympathy with the refugees; at last he got to his question, Whether it was true that several Continental governments had demanded that the British Government should keep watch over the proceedings of the refugees in London? what governments those were? whether the Secretary of State for foreign affairs had replied to the demand? and whether he had any objection to lay before the House the correspondence concerning it? The question was not a very agreeable one to a minister in Lord Palmerston's position. During the speech by which it was prefaced, he sat with his head bent forward and his legs crossed, pulling his hat down lower and lower upon his forehead, and frequently passing his handkerchief across his face. It seemed as if he perspired even more than his interrogator; he was evidently in the most painful embarrassment what to reply. Mr So-and-so made an end and sat down. The House was so silent that one could plainly distinguish the snoring of some drowsy members on the back benches; Palmerston slowly rose, and requested the speaker to repeat his question in plainer terms, it not having been put with sufficient clearness the first time. The fact was, it had been put so clearly and plainly that in the gallery we lost not a syllable. Oho! thought I, and many with me—something wrong here; the noble Lord wants to gain a few minutes to prepare his reply. Mr So-and-so probably thought the same thing. He got up with the air of a man who feels confident that he has found a sore place, and repeated his question in the following simplified form: "I beg to ask the Secretary of State for foreign affairs," he said, "which are the foreign governments that have demanded of the British Cabinet that it should exercise *surveillance* over the political

refugees in London?" He paused. There was dead silence. Lord Palmerston rose with solemn slowness, took off his hat, cleared his throat, as if he were about to make a long speech, said very quickly, "Not one"—threw his hat upon his head and himself back upon his seat. You may imagine the stupefied countenance of the questioner, and the roar of laughter in the House. Do you suppose Lord Palmerston had not at once understood the question? He understood it perfectly; but his meditative attitude, his request for its repetition, his solemn uprising, his clearing of his throat, his very perspiration—all, everything was diplomatic roguery, intended to heighten the effect of the two carelessly-spoken monosyllables, "Not one." His interrogator looked ridiculous enough, but Lord Palmerston had said nothing that could offend him. The minister had so far attained his object that for some time afterwards he was not plagued with questions about refugees. Such scenes do not bear telling; they must be witnessed. When Lord Palmerston pleases, the House laughs, and all laugh, and no man is hit so hard that he cannot laugh with the rest."

Proceeding from a foreign pen, this lively parliamentary sketch must be admitted to be wonderfully truthful. Mr Schlesinger was particularly struck, upon his visits to the House of Commons, by two things, and these were, the longwindedness of the orators, and their ungraceful gesticulation. An English orator, he says, seems to make up his mind beforehand to abstain from gestures, and does his best to put his hands in a place of safety. Some of the attitudes, which are the consequence of this desire, he justly describes as neither tasteful nor elegant. "One man thrusts his hands into his breeches' pockets, another sticks them into his waistcoat armholes, some hide them inside their waistcoats, or under their coat tails, others take a Napoleonic attitude. Thus do they begin their speeches. But, as the Englishman is wont to linger no short time over the mere exordium of his harangue; as he is capable of talking much longer about nothing than is commonly supposed upon the Continent; as he has

very good lungs ; and as a large portion of the British public is apt to estimate a speech's value by its length, it is quite conceivable that he cannot maintain, during the whole duration of his discourse, the posture he adopts at its commencement. Besides this, he may warm as he goes on, and, when this is the case, he displays the strangest action of his arms and of his whole body." In this paragraph, Mr Schlesinger makes one grave mistake. With the exception of a very limited number of methodical old fogies—slaves to habit, and the curse of their clubs—who, having nothing else in the world to do, make it the business of their lives to read the debates from the first line to the last, we know of no class in the United Kingdom that would not heartily rejoice if members of Parliament would cultivate brevity of speech and early hours, as advantageous alike to their own health and to the business of the country. "What a capital speech ; it took an hour and a half in delivery !" Such, according to Mr Schlesinger, is the form of praise often heard in England. He blunders here. People will certainly listen with pleasure for an hour and a half, or for thrice as long, if they have the chance, to the earnest and fiery eloquence of a Derby—to the graceful, lucid, and often witty discourse of a Palmerston—to the polished and scholarly periods of a Macaulay—to the incisive oratory of a Disraeli. They will even lend their attention to the somewhat drawling and monotonous, although business-like delivery of the Whig leader whom Mr Schlesinger has dubbed a great orator, because Lord John is supposed not to be one of those Englishmen whom his German admirer has declared to be capable of talking a long while about nothing at all. But Mr Schlesinger has taken a part for the whole, and imagines that English willingness to hear and read the long discourses of a few chosen and gifted men, extends itself to the lame prose of the first noodle who takes advantage of dinner-time to inflict himself upon a bare house, a yawning gallery, and reporters with closed note-books. Let him take the confession of members, public, and re-

porters, as to the feelings with which they listen to an infinitesimal economical calculation, or to a two hours' blatter about Borneo, from Mr Hume ; or to a monody on Poland, or eulogium of Kossuth, from the lips of that most wearisome of well-meaning men, Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart. He will find that in England the value of a speech is not—as Byron says that of a very different thing should be—"measured by its length."

Probably the two things that foreigners, upon a visit to London, are most curious to see, are the Thames tunnel and Greenwich. Mr Schlesinger, Dr Keir, and Frolick—who seems an easy-going man-about-town sort of cockney, delighted to have the pretext of ciceronism to revisit all manner of queer haunts—take ship at London Bridge, their minds upon white bait intent. They find much to say upon the way, and are very pleasant and amusing. In the beginning Mr Schlesinger moralises upon the crowd of colliers, more precious, he maintains, to Britain than ever were gold-laden galleons to Spain. "Take from the British Isles their coals," he says ; "pour gold, silver, and diamonds, into the gloomy shafts ; fill them with all the coins that have been coined, since the world's commencement, by good and bad princes, and you will not replace the inflammable spark that lies dormant in the coal, and which creates vitality by its own exhaustion." Then he turns his attention to his fellow-passengers by the steam-boat, and remarks that the difference of classes is not so strongly defined by costume in England as in France and Germany. He misses the linen frocks or blouses worn on the Continent by men of a class which, in England, is usually clad in broadcloth, though this be often ragged or threadbare. "In London," he says, "if you see, early in the morning, a man hurrying along the street in a black coat, round hat, and white cravat, do not take him for a professor hastening to his college, or for an attaché to an embassy conveying important despatches to his chief. He probably has soap-box, strap, and razor in his pocket, or at best is shopman to some Regent Street haberdasher—he may be a waiter, a tailor, a shoemaker, or



a boot-cleaner. Many an omnibus-driver sits white-cravated upon his lofty box, and drives his horses as gravely as a Methodist preacher leads his flock. Amongst Englishwomen, also, the difference of rank is not very easy to be inferred from their dress. Coloured silks, black velvet, and hats with botanical appurtenances, are worn by the maid as by her mistress." This general uniformity of costume in England strikes most foreigners, and shocks many. Frenchmen, in particular, consider the use of old and second-hand clothes, common amongst the lower classes of our countrymen and countrywomen, as a sort of degrading barbarism.\* An amusingly impertinent French journalist, in a little book now before us, states his view of the matter in colours which are certainly vivid, but can hardly be called exaggerated. "The eternal black coat and white cravat!" he exclaims. "One might take the people for so many gentlemen of high degree, condescending, in their leisure moments, or from eccentric caprice, to weigh sugar and measure calico. Thus it was that I took the grocer, in whose house I lodge, for a gentleman, and, through stupid pride, dared not bargain for my apartment, for which I pay twice its value. The history of an English black coat would fill a volume, at once comic and philosophical. One must take it up at its birth, when it quits the premises of a fashionable tailor to grace the shoulders of Lord —, who pays seven or eight guineas for it, on account of its inimitable cut. Thrown, a fortnight later, to the nobleman's valet-de-chambre, it passes to the second-hand dandy, then from back to back, lengthened, shortened, always descending in the social scale, losing its buttons, gaining holes, and at last devolving to the poor devil who sweeps a crossing, over which prance the splendid horses of the lord who was its first possessor. Poor coat! Sold at last for three shillings; its fragments finally used to polish a table or cleanse a kitchen floor, until they are bought by the hundredweight and cast into the mill, to reappear in some new form. The fate of the coat is also that of the gown. The lady's gown and hat begin their career in the drawing-

room, and end it in the gutter. We foreigners are always shocked, on our first arrival in England, to see the servant-maids washing the door-steps in bonnets, which once were of velvet, and now are of nothing at all! One sometimes observes upon them certain vestiges which, plunged into Marsh's apparatus and analysed by a skilful chemist, might be recognised as fragments of feathers, shreds of lace, or stalks of flowers. Does the cook who wears this cast-off covering, who wraps herself, to go to market, in a tattered shawl, on whose surface holes and stains vie for the mastery, imagine that she will be taken for her mistress going to buy her own butter and vegetables, as an agreeable change from the daily routine of park and opera? What strange vanity is it that peeps through these ragged garments? Why do these honest Englishmen prefer a gentleman's old clothes to the clean blouse or warm strong jacket they might get for the same price?" There is considerable truth in these remarks, especially as regards men's coats and women's head-dress, although we do not believe, as does the Frenchman we have quoted, that the wearing of second-hand-clothes proceeds, on the part at least of English *men* of the lower classes, from a desire to ape their superiors. It is one of those habits one can hardly explain, which we may designate as *costa de Inglaterra*, just as Spaniards define as *costa de España* any peculiar and eccentric usage of their country. We must submit the matter, one of these days, to our old friend and contributor, the author of the "Aesthetics of Dress." Of one thing we are very sure, that no one possessing an eye—we will not say for the picturesque, but for what is neat, appropriate, and convenient—can travel on the Continent, without drawing between the every-day dress of the English lower orders and that of the corresponding classes in most foreign countries, comparisons highly unfavourable to the former. And this is the more surprising that, in most things, neatness is peculiarly an English characteristic. Witness the trim gardens, the whitewashed cottages, the well-swept courts of our villages, the vigorous application of

brush, broom, and soap in the humblest dwellings of Britain. But a line must be drawn between the country and the towns. In the latter, the appearance of the lower classes is anything but well calculated to inspire foreigners with a high opinion of their regard to the external proprieties. We share our French friend's horror of greasy, threadbare coats, and of bonnets requiring chemical decomposition to ascertain their primitive materials; and, were it possible, we would gladly see the former replaced by the coarse clean frock or jacket; the latter by the cheap coloured handkerchief or straw-hat, which looks so neat and becoming upon the heads of Continental peasant and servant-women. It is to be feared, however, that to agitate the change would be but a profitless crusade. The fault—and a fault we think it must be admitted to be—lies in the total absence of anything like a national costume. In all the more highly civilised European countries, this, however graceful, has been abandoned by the upper classes in favour of a conventional, and certainly, in most respects, a graceless dress. But in all those countries, except in England, that national costume has been either retained, to a certain extent, by the people, or exchanged for one more in harmony with their occupations—not discarded in favour of such absurdities as long-tailed coats and high-crowned beavers.

At the Thames Tunnel the two Germans and their companion pause, and Mr Schlesinger gives an account of its origin and progress, which will have novelty and interest even for many Londoners. On reaching Greenwich, the party admire the hospital—the finest architectural group of modern England, according to Mr Schlesinger, with whom, notwithstanding the florid pretensions of the new Houses of Parliament, we quite agree on this score. Greenwich is unquestionably the only royal palace England possesses worthy of the name. Windsor Castle ranks in a different category. "Take the most ingenious architect in the world," says Mr Schlesinger, "blind his eyes, and bring him to the platform on which we now stand; then, removing the bandage, ask him the

purpose of this magnificent pile. If he does not at once say that it is a king's palace, he is either the most narrow-minded or the sharpest-witted mortal that ever drew the plan of a house. Who would suspect that all this splendour of columns and cupolas is devoted to the service of poor crippled old sailors? That it nevertheless, in so, does honour to the founders and to the English nation." And then Mr Schlesinger, who is a bit of a *frondeur*, and not very indulgent to his own country's defects and failings, contrasts the thoughtful care, tender kindness, and splendid provision which England's veterans find at Chelsea and Greenwich, with the deficiencies and discomforts of the analogous institution at Vienna, and with the absence of any at all at Berlin. Passing the Trafalgar, which he recommends to all "who are willing to pay more money for a good dinner than would keep an Irish family for a week," he moralises his way through the Park—then full of holiday-makers, for it is Monday, and "the people indemnify themselves for the rigidity of English Sabbath-observance." A dinner at Lovegrove's, and speculations upon white bait, conclude a pleasant day and an amusing chapter.

Mr Tremplin is described as a little elderly gentleman, with hair curled in a very youthful fashion, rosy cheeks, and a forest of grey whisker which would make him look quite fierce, but for the expression of mingled good-humour and vanity that twinkles in his little black eyes. For twenty years he had been in the habit of paying an occasional week's visit to Sir John, and upon each succeeding visit he found London more and more gloomy and unbearable. Nothing less than his affection for his old friends could have induced him to exchange his heavenly Paris for the fogs of Thames. When in England, however, he amiably concealed his dissatisfaction, ate and drank like an Englishman, laughed and joked with the ladies from morning till night, and wiped his eyes when he took his leave. Between him and Dr Keif vehement discussions were of frequent occurrence. Tremplin was inexhaustible in his laudation of France; and this the doctor could the less endure, that

this adulator of Paris was himself a German by birth, although he had passed his life in the French capital, had made his little fortune in the Opera Passage, and, like most renegades, out-Heroding Herod, was infinitely more French than a native-born Frenchman. Had he been an undeniable Parisian, Dr Keif might perhaps, from courtesy, have spared his feelings; but the Austrian journalist had no consideration for the feelings of a Frenchman who had first seen the light at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and he gave his sarcastic tongue full swing. At dinner, one day, at Sir John's, we find them at it, hammer-and-tongs; Monsieur Tremplin holding up Paris as an example in all respects to the entire universe; Dr Keif, exasperated by this exorbitant claim, sneering bitterly at the pretension.

"It is inconceivable," cried the doctor, 'that all the world beside does not sit idle, since Paris is there to think and work for it. What does one need for universal regeneration beyond the *Journal des Débats*, which signifies enlightenment -- Mademoiselle Rachel, who represents the æsthetical education of mankind -- and the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* as the representatives of freedom? Even in the Paris *cancan*, immoral as it may seem, there is doubtless grace and decency enough to civilise half a world. Eh? What say you? And if France is found one morning in the guard-house, it is merely because she has danced like mad the whole night through for the good of oppressed humanity, and her evil case is but a witty trick, suggested by the most profound ideas of emancipation; for, *enfin*, France can do whatever she wills to do. She undertakes, in broad daylight and before the eyes of all Europe, to lie down in the dirtiest gutter, and she succeeds. Woe to the benighted people who do not forthwith follow her example, who cannot see that a gutter in which France wallows must lead straight to salvation. The French are the most conceited and crazy people on the earth's surface -- a nation of witty fools, of genial ragamuffins, of old *gamins* and revolutionary lacqueys, who can neither govern themselves nor be go-

verned, for any length of time, by God's grace; they consequently, after their fourth revolution and third republic, will seek safety at the feet of an Orleanist or Bourbon prince, whom they will replace, after a while, by some romantic hairdresser, dancing-master, or cook, elected by universal suffrage. For my part, I vote for Soyer: he has at least the merit of having established a good school of cookery at the Reform Club."

Whilst extracting this tirade of the incorrigible Keif's, we have taken no notice of the frequent interruptions attempted by the unfortunate German-Frenchman. The doctor's flowers of rhetoric were far from fragrant to the nostrils of Tremplin, and the vein of truth that ran through his discourse made its somewhat brutal and exaggerated form yet harder to bear. "The most audacious blasphemy," says Mr Schlesinger, "shouted into the ear of an English bishop's grandmother, might have an effect approaching to that which the compliments of the excited Keif had upon his neighbour's nerves." Purple and perspiring, and unable to get in a word, poor Tremplin received one rattling volley after another, vainly endeavouring to escape from the iron grip the doctor kept upon the topmost button of his coat. At last he was released, with a parting prod from Keif's barbed tongue.

"Notwithstanding their deeply sunken condition,' the doctor said, 'it is undeniable that the French, like the Spaniards, Italians, and Irish, are still a witty, diverting, and highly interesting nation.'

"*Enfinment oblige!*" screamed Tremplin, breaking from the doctor, making a low bow, and thrice repeating the words, 'How said you? Di-vert-ing! *Infiniment obligé, Monsieur le Docteur!* Your German modesty inspires you with charming compliments.'

"No compliment," Monsieur Tremplin, replied Keif: 'merely my honest opinion.'

"The Frenchman cast an epigrammatical side-glance at the doctor, buttoned his coat to the chin, as if arming himself for an important decision, and exclaimed in a loud voice: 'You are' -- (A long pause ensued,

during which all present rose in confusion from their seats.) 'You are totally unacquainted with Paris!'

"And what then?" said Dr Keif.

"That is enough, I need to know no more. *Enfin* . . . And with a shrug of the shoulders in which the doctor should have beheld his moral annihilation, Mr Tremplin turned his back upon his opponent."

Some minutes elapsed before the agitation caused by this little scene completely subsided. In the embrasure of a window, the lady of the house poured balm into poor Tremplin's wounds; Keif paced the room, his complexion green and yellow, visibly struggling with the consciousness that he had been too hard upon the poor little Frenchman—rather rudely vehement and sarcastic; Sir John alone remained at table, balancing a silver dessert-knife, and making a small speech, to which nobody listened, in praise of the admirable parliamentary order observed at English public dinners. "There, when did it occur to anybody, before the removal of the cloth, to speak on more serious subjects than the domestic virtues of turtle and turbot, the tenderness of the lamb and venison, the age and excellence of the wines, and the qualities of all those good things of the earth which are so exquisitely adapted to promote the harmonious intercourse of Whigs and Tories, High Churchmen and Dissenters, landlords and cotton lords? There is the great point. That is what foreigners will not learn. They do nothing at the right time and nothing thoroughly, therefore do they eat gall and brew poison." There may be more than one grain of truth in the baronet's words, Mr Schlesinger opines, but he does not stay to discuss the subject. It was written that the evening should be one of scrutiny and controversy. The feud between Keif and Tremplin having been easily put an end to by Sir John's good-humoured intervention, the conversation again became general. The doctor must go out at nine o'clock, he said; he had promised to accompany Frolick to the theatre, and in a stroll through the theatrical district of London. This brought up Tremplin—not, indeed, to renew wordy combat with the formid-

able antagonist by whom he had been so recently worsted, but to express his astonishment that anybody could go to a London theatre in the dead season. He had always understood that the only theatres to which *comme-il-faut* people went in London were the Italian operas and the miniature French playhouse in St James's, and these were then closed. It was true that the queen annually honoured the obscure English theatres with a few visits, but that was merely out of complaisance to English prejudices. The ladies protested against this depreciation of the English drama; but the Parisian, who had quite forgotten his late indignation and discomfiture, did but smile and politely persist—developing his notions on an infinite variety of subjects with that easy, urbane, superficial dogmatism which characterises the very numerous class of Frenchmen who combine unbounded admiration of their own nation and country with slight esteem for, and considerable ignorance of, all others.

"*Mesdames!*" he exclaimed, "you have no idea of all that you forego by living in London. It is well for you that you have never been in Paris, or you would feel like Eve when banished from Paradise, to which she would so gladly have returned for a chat with the seductive serpent. *Pardieu*, Paris! There, everyday life is an enchanting drama; every drawing-room is a stage; every chamber has its wings; and every one, from the porter to the duke, has perfectly learned his part. The theatres that open at night do but display and illuminate, with a magical light, the day's comedy. Your worthy English people can neither act nor judge of acting. An English actor is a creature as much out of nature as a Parisian quaker. Where do you find most passion for the art—here or with us? Paris has hardly half so many inhabitants as London, but has many more theatres, and they are always as full as your churches. The poorest artisan cannot exist without sunning himself in the radiance of the stage; and will live for two days of the week on bread and milk, in order to save a few *sous* for the *variétés* or the *Funambules* on Sunday evening. Show me the Englishman who will sacrifice

a mouthful of his bloody roast-beef for the sake of a refined enjoyment. No, no;—you weave and spin, and steam and hammer, and eat and drink, with God knows how many horses' power; but as to enjoying life, you do not understand it. Am I right, *Madame?*"

The ladies looked at each other, but were not ready with an answer. Sir John shook his head as he sat in his arm-chair, and remarked that there were good grounds for the difference. The Frenchman would not admit their goodness, and launched into an energetic diatribe against the strictness of London Sabbath-observance. We take it for granted that, even if the personages introduced into Mr Schlesinger's book are not imaginary, the conversations he gives are chiefly of his own composition, intended to display the different sides of the various questions discussed; and that a *juste milieu* between the rather extreme views expressed by Keif and Tremplin, and occasionally by Sir John, may be adopted with tolerable certainty as the measure of the author's own opinions. Of this last point we feel the more convinced, by the moderate and sensible manner in which Mr Schlesinger expresses himself when speaking in his own person. His delineation of the representatives of England, Germany, and France, and the manner in which he puts them through their parts, is really very spirited and clever. Without, of course, in the slightest degree coinciding in the levity and irreverence of the profane Parisian, we will give a further specimen of his views and notions concerning this country, its condition and institutions; views and notions which, allowing for the tinge (only a slight one) of humorous caricature thrown in by Mr Schlesinger, are, in our firm belief—we might almost say, to our certain knowledge—those of a great number of Monsieur Tremplin's fellow-citizens. Having taken up the ball of conversation, the Frenchman ran on with it at a canter, curvetting and kicking up his heels with huge self-satisfaction, and highly pleased at having an opportunity of showing himself at once patriotic, eloquent, and gallant. He proceeded to ex-

plain the causes of the decline of the British drama.

"In the first place," he said, "the performance of a play would desecrate the Sunday evening. The Sabbath must be ended as wearisomely as it is begun. If one speaks of this to an Englishman, he pulls a long face, and talks about the morality of the lower orders. How moral the English lower orders are! One sees that every Monday, when the drunken cases are brought up at the police offices. One man has bitten off a constable's nose by way of a joke; another has knocked down his wife and danced upon her body; a third has cut open his better-half's head with the poker. All morality and liquor; but, thank heaven, they have not been to the theatre—any more than to church. Don't tell me, because you have more churches than there are days in the calendar, that your poor people go to them; there is no room for them. Your churches are for respectable citizens, with cash jingling in their pockets. Then again, there are thousands of quakers, methodists, and other fanatics, who consider it a deadly sin to visit a theatre even upon working days. And finally, you are all such smoky fireside people—so given to stick in your shells like snails—that it is a punishment to you to have to creep out of your houses; or else you have such a silly passion for green grass, that you go and live at the end of the world, where you need a carriage to bring you home from the theatre by daybreak. These terrible distances ruin the pocket, and cramp civilisation. Your much-be-praised Englishmen, doctor, have not got a monopoly of wisdom. But I pity them not. It is for the poor daughters of Albion that I feel sorry. Upon my honour, ladies, I should not grieve if Napoleon's glorious dream were to be realised. Ha, ha! That would be a life! Fancy our *grande armée* leaping one day upon the British shores. Before the sun is up the *braves* are in the city, say *bon jour*, conquer, and are forthwith conquered—by the charms of the fair-haired Anglo-Saxons. Our soldiers ask nothing in the way of acknowledgment. Keep your bank, your religion, and your lord mayor.

The sole glory desired by France is, to annihilate the dragon of English *canal*. Hand in hand with the fair sex, the invincible army achieves that feat. On the first evening there is a great fraternity-ball at Vauxhall; the next morning appears a manifesto in the name of the liberating army, by which the erection of at least one French vaudeville theatre in every parish is decreed, as the sole reward of the victors; and in a few years, when these new institutions have taken firm root in the hearts of the English people, the heroic army returns to sunny France, promising to come back should you relapse into your puritanical hypochondria. The daughters of Albion stand upon their chalky cliffs, and wring their white hands in grief at their deliverers' departure. What say you to this picture? Is it not chivalrous? Is it not replete with the most affecting disinterestedness? And do you doubt that it dwells in the hearts of thousands of Frenchmen?"

If Monsieur Tremplin here paused, it was for breath rather than for a reply. Certainly it was not for want of matter, for he quickly resumed his satirical commentary on English usages, rattling off a string of libels on the dress and carriage of Englishwomen, on English musical taste, &c. &c.—the whole for the special benefit of Keif, whom he had got into a corner, the ladies being now busy tea-making. In the heap of flippancy and exaggeration, a few sparkles of sense and truth are discernible; not all the Frenchman's arrows fly wide of the mark. He laughs pitilessly at the medley of colours frequently seen in ladies' dresses in England; talks of "a scarlet shawl over an apple-green gown with yellow flounces, and a cavalry hat with ostrich feathers" (the judicious assortment of colours is one of the great studies and occupations of a Parisian woman's life), and is altogether abominably disrespectful and scandalous in his remarks upon the fair sex of Great Britain, although he speaks in raptures of the beauty of "the raw matériel"—the beautiful hair, form, complexion, and so forth. Presently he gets upon the opera, and the dress exacted as a condition of admission. "Dress-

coats and black trousers—why not powder and bagwigs? It is written in the *Morning Post* that seven delicate ladies, in the first row of boxes, once fell into picturesque fainting fits, because a foreigner with a coloured neckcloth had smuggled himself into the pit. Be it observed that he had paid his bright Victorias at the door like anybody else. Dress-coat is indispensable—black trousers ditto; but coat and trousers may be old, dirty, threadbare. It strikes one as strange, that, besides paying his money, he is to be tutored by the servants at a theatre-door." Keif, listening with smiling indulgence to the petulant Frenchman, occasionally presumes to differ from him, or at least to modify his strictures on English tastes and usages. "One meets with very good musical connoisseurs in this country," says the doctor; "but I confess that the British public's digestive powers, in respect of music, often astonish me. John Bull sits out two symphonies by Beethoven, an overture of Weber's, a couple of fugues by Bach, half-a-score of Mendelssohn's songs, and half-a-dozen other airs and variations, and goes home and sleeps like a marmot. At the theatre he will take in a tragedy by Shakespeare, a three-act comedy from the French, a ballet, and a substantial London farce. All that does not spoil his stomach." Tremplin was delighted to find the doctor falling into his line. "Yes," he said, "nothing satisfies these people but quantity. The Englishman throws down his piece of gold and asks for a hundredweight of music"—and he urged the doctor to go to Paris. Sir John was the best creature in the world, but he was an original—an oddity. The doctor, upon the other hand, was a man of sense and observation; and before he had worn out a couple of pair of shoe-soles upon the asphalt of the boulevards, his eyes would be opened.

"*Pardieu! Paris!*" cried the little man, getting very excited. "The whole civilised world dresses itself out in the cast-off clothes of Paris. What has Paris not? } Do you wish religion? There are *Jacordaire*, *Lamenais*, and the *Univers*. Religion of all sorts. Are you a lover of philo-

sophy? Go to Proudhon. For my part, to speak candidly, I care neither for philosophy nor religion; both are *mauvais genre*, and I should not mind if M. Proudhon were hung; but that does not prevent me, as a Frenchman, from being proud of him. In a word, you will convince yourself that the whole world beside is but a bad imitation of Paris. There you find heaven and the other place, order and freedom, the romance of orgies and the solitude of the cloister, all combined in the most beautiful harmony—in the most magnificent and elegant form. Of one thing especially—and Tremplin laid his hand, with the earnestness of an apostle, upon the shoulder of the astounded Keif—"he well assured, and that is, that nowhere but in Paris can you learn to speak French. Impossible. You never catch the accent. England's climate is the most dangerous of all for the pronunciation. I, an old Parisian, still am sensible of the pestilential influence the jargon here spoken has upon my tongue; and whenever I return to Paris from London, I feel ashamed before my own porter."

The hour was come for Keif to bend his steps theatrewards. Sir John escorted him to the door, and apologised, by the way, for the provocation Tremplin had given him at dinner. It was some slighting remark about Germans—an intimated opinion that they would never be necessary to the combustion of the Thames—that had first roused the ire of Keif, and provoked his tremendous denunciation of Frenchmen as all that is frivolous, unstable, and contemptible.

"What can you expect from a Frenchman?" said Sir John. "He is a harmless soul, but a great oddity; one might make money by exhibiting him in Piccadilly. When I first knew him I took some trouble with him, and tried to give him an idea of what England is; but, as the proverb says, you cannot argue a dog's hind-leg straight. You will never catch me arguing with him again."

Keif went his way, chuckling at the notion of this precious pair of mortals taxing each other with oddity, and totally unconscious that he himself was as great an oddity as either of them. It was long after midnight when he returned home. Everybody

was gone to be the servant told him, except Sir John and Monsieur. He found them at their chamber-doors; with candles, burnt low, in their hands. The baronet had forgotten his resolution;—he was trying to argue the dog's hind-leg straight. The pair were in the heat and fervour of a discussion, which had evidently been of long duration. Shakspeare and Frenchwomen were its rather strangely assorted subjects. The doctor caught a few sentences as he passed, wished the disputants good night, and turned into bed. Fully a quarter of an hour elapsed before they evacuated the lobby to follow his example. Keif laughed to himself.

"So," he said, "in Monsieur Tremplin's eyes, Shakspeare is deficient in power; and Sir John denies that Frenchwomen are graceful! Was there ever such a pair of originals? And so saying, the third original went to sleep."

We need hardly say that the ramble of Dr Keif (by whom we suspect Mr Schlesinger himself is meant) through the theatrical purveys, furnished abundant materials for a chapter. It was Saturday—the very night to see the Drury district in its glory; for wages had been paid, and after twelve no liquor would be sold, so the fortunate recipients of cash were making the most of the short night. This chapter, like some others in the book, shows such a thorough familiarity with, and correct perception of, London low life—is so totally different, in short, from the blundering and exaggerated pictures one usually meets with in accounts of London by foreigners—that we are more than once tempted, whilst reading it, to suspect the writer of unacknowledged obligations to English authors. But Mr Schlesinger has, we have no doubt, been long resident in England, and as he, moreover, in one or two instances, indicates by a note his appropriation of English materials, we dismiss from our mind the idea of unconfessed plagiarism. Since we do so, we must not refuse him the praise to which his faithful and striking sketches fairly entitle him. With him and Frolick, we turn out of the Strand, through a narrow court, into Drury Lane.

"In the shops which occupy the

ground floor of almost all the houses, are exposed for sale, at low prices, shabby female apparel, coarse eatables, low literature with horrible illustrations, strong shoes, old clothes, abominable cigars, cold and hot meat. But the most prominent feature in the whole of Drury Lane is the gin palace, whose favourite station is at corners, where the lane is intersected by cross streets. The gin palace contrasts with the adjacent buildings pretty much as does a Catholic church with the cottages of a Slavonian village. From afar it looms like a lighthouse to the thirsty working man; for it is sumptuous with plate glass and gilt cornices, and dazzling with a hundred many-coloured inscriptions. Here, in the window, is the portrait of a giant from Norfolk, who is employed in the house to draw liquor and customers; yonder, in green letters upon the pane, we read—'The Only Genuine Brandy in London;' or, in red letters—'Here is sold the celebrated strengthening wholesome Gin, recommended by all the doctors'—'Cream Gin'—'Honey Gin'—'Genuine Porter'—'Rum that would knock down the Devil,' &c. &c. Often the varnished door-posts are potted from top to bottom with suchlike advertised announcements. It is to be remarked, that in those which extol the most brilliant, within are the most comfortless. The landlord intrenches himself behind the bar, as in a fortress where his customers must not enter. The walls in this sanctuary are covered with a whole library of large and small casks, painted of various colours. The place thus partitioned off is sometimes a picture of cleanliness and comfort, and within it an arm-chair invites to repose; but in front of the bar, for the customers, there is nothing but a narrow dirty standing place, rendered yet more disagreeable by the continual opening and shutting of the doors, and where the only seat, if there be one at all, is afforded by an empty cask in a corner. Nevertheless the palace receives a constant succession of worthy guests, who, standing, reeling, crouching or lying, muttering, groaning or cursing, drink and—forget.

"On sober working-days, and in tolerable weather, there is nothing

remarkable, to the uninitiated, in the appearance of Drury Lane. Many a little German capita is worse lighted, and not so well paved. Misery is less plainly legible upon the physiognomy of this district than upon that of Spitalfields, St Giles's, Saffron Hill, and other wretched corners of London. But at certain times it oozes, like Mississippi slime, out of every pore. On Saturday evenings, after working-hours, on the evening of holiday-Monday, and after church on Sunday, Drury Lane is seen in its glory. On the other hand, Sunday morning in Drury Lane is enough to give the most cheerful person the spleen. For the poorer classes of labourers the Lord's day is a day of penance, without church to go to or walk to take. The well-dressed throngs that fill parks and churches scare smock-frock and fustian-jacket into the beer-shops. For the English proletarian is ashamed of his rags, and knows not how to drape himself with them picturesquely, like the Spanish or Italian Lazzarone, who holds beggary to be an honourable calling. In the deepest misery, the Englishman has still pride enough to shun the society of those even half a grade superior to himself, and to compare himself to that of his equals, amongst whom he may freely raise his head. And then church and park have no charm for him. His legs are too weary for a walk into the country; boat, omnibus, and railway, are too dear. His church, his park, his club, his theatre, his refuge from the exhalations of the sewers above which he dwells and sleeps, are the gin-palace."

This is a gloomy, but we fear, to a certain extent, too true a picture. In every large city, and particularly in such an overgrown one as London, a certain amount of misery of the kind above depicted must exist; there must be a certain number of human beings living in a state of almost total deprivation of those blessings which God intended all his creatures to share—of a pure air, of the sight of fields and flowers, of opportunities to praise His name in the society of their fellow-men. But we are pretty sure Mr Schlesinger has lived long enough in England to discern, and has candour enough to admit, that in no country in the world are such generous, energetic, and unceasing efforts



made by the more fortunate classes for the moral and physical betterment of the unfortunates whose degraded condition he graphically and truly describes. That which in most European countries is left almost entirely to the charge of government, and which is consequently often left undone, or at best half-done, is effected in England by the cordial co-operation of the government and the nation, aided by a press which must in justice be admitted to be ever ready to give publicity to social grievances, to the sufferings of particular classes, and to practical suggestions for their alleviation or remedy. Fortunate inhabitants of a favoured land, we must not allow the difference just pointed out to inflate our national vanity overmuch. In no country is there so much private wealth as in England, and thus, when we seem to give much, we may be giving not more than others whose means are less, but their will as good. Then there is, undeniably, another, and we should perhaps say a selfish, motive for the energetic, efficient, and liberal manner in which the opulent and well-to-do classes of Englishmen take up and prosecute schemes for the amelioration of their poorer countrymen. An observant people, shrewd in deduction, and setting common-sense above every other mental quality, we take warning by our neighbours. And we feel that the best safeguard for institutions we all revere and cherish—the best security against sedition and revolution, and against the propagation, by designing knaves and misguided enthusiasts, of that jacobinism whose manoeuvres and excesses have proved so fatal in other lands—is a generous and humane consideration of the wants and sufferings of the poorer classes, and an earnest endeavour to elevate their condition.

And let us acknowledge, with thankfulness, that we have good stuff to work upon; that if the higher classes show themselves prompt in sacrifices, a praiseworthy patience is displayed by those they strive to succour. The Parisian artisan or day-labourer, although probably less of a bellygod than the Londoner of the same class, quickly gets irate when he finds bread dear and commons short; and, upon the first suggestion from any demo-

crat who promises him a big loaf, is ready enough to "descend into the street," tear up the pavement, build a barricade, and shoot his brother from behind it. Contrast this with the fortitude and long-suffering of the poor gin-and-beer-drinking people whom Mr Schlesinger qualifies (and the terms, perhaps, may not be justly gainsaid) as besotted and obtuse of sense. Grant that they be so; they yet have qualities which constitute them valuable citizens of a free country. They will toil, when work is to be had; they have an innate respect for law and order, and a manly pride which makes them shun a workhouse coat as an abject livery; they loathe the mendicancy in which the southern lazzarone luxuriates; they are not insensible to the benevolent efforts constantly making in their behalf; and they take little heed of the demagogue's artful incitements.

"There is hardly any people," muses Mr Schlesinger, in a very different part of his book and of London, (when strolling at the Hyde Park end of Piccadilly), "that loves a green tree and an open lawn so heartily as the English." They have not less reverence for the noble trees in their parks than had the Druids for the sacred oaks in their consecrated groves; and it does one's heart good to see that the struggle with Nature, the striving to apply her powers to wool-carding and spindle-turning, does not destroy the feeling for those of her beauties which cannot be converted into capital and interest. The English nation refute, in their own persons, the oft-repeated lie that 'excessive' cultivation (civilisation) estranges men from their primitive childish feelings. In England, more than in any other part of the world, are fire and water, earth and air, made use of as bread-winners; in England, the ploughed field is fattened with manure gathered on barren reefs thousands of miles distant; in England, nature is forced to produce the enormous water-lilies of the tropics, and to ripen fruits of unnatural size; in England, one eats grapes from Oporto, oranges from Malta, peaches from Provence, pine-apples from Jamaica, bananas from St Domingo, and nuts from Brazil. That which the

native soil produces only upon compulsion, and at great cost, is borrowed from other zones, but not on that account are his native trees and meadows, woods and shrubberies, less dear to the Englishman."

Mr Schlesinger will not doubt that this love of rural scenes and nature's beauties, which he so happily and gracefully discriminates and defines, is common to all classes of Englishmen. We believe that it is, and we recognise in it a propitious sign. The poor people he has seen, during his Sabbath rambles in London's "back-slums," losing sight of the blessed sunshine, and immuring themselves in a tap-room or gin-palace, would perhaps, but for their ragged garments, weary limbs, and scantily furnished pockets, have preferred, like their betters, a country ramble, to the cheap and deleterious excitement provided for them by Booth and Barclay. But we feel that we are arguing without an opponent. We can only trust, and we do so trust, seriously and gladly, that the day will never come when the consciousness that the attainment of perfection is impossible will deter English legislators and philanthropists from devoting their utmost energies and abilities to the improvement of the meanest and most depraved classes of their fellow-countrymen.

The conviction that Shakespeare is better known, better understood, and, above all, better acted in Germany than in England, is very prevalent in the former country, where we have often heard it boldly put forward and sustained. When in Shakespeare's native land, Germans may possibly be more modest in their pretensions; and yet we must not be too confident of that, when we see a German company selecting Shakespeare's plays for performance before a refined and critical London audience. The recent performances of Emil Devrient and his companions, give especial interest to some theatrical criticisms put forth by Dr Keif for the benefit of his friend Frolick, seated by his side in the pit of the Olympic Theatre. He is of opinion that English actors, when rendering Shakespeare's characters, cling too tenaciously to tradition, and aim too little at originality. "After a visit to a penny theatre, of the proceedings

at which he gives a most laughable account, he returns, at some length, to the subject of the English stage, and highly praises certain English comic actors as excellent, and superior to any of the same class in Germany. "I know nothing better," he says, "than Matthews at the Lyceum, and Mrs Keeley. There you have natural freshness, vigour, ease, and finesse, all combined in right proportions. There is less heartiness about our German comic performances; they always remind me of the strained vivacity of a bookworm in a drawing-room; now the author, then his interpreter, is too visibly forced in his condescension." What follows is less complimentary. "When I for the first time, at Sadler's Wells, saw Romeo and Juliet performed, I bit my lips all to pieces. Juliet looked as if she came from a ladies' school at Brompton, instead of an Italian convent; the orthopedical stays and backboard were unmistakable: as to Romeo, I would unhesitatingly have confided to him the charge of an express train, so sober and practical was his air, so solid and angular each one of his movements. The same impression was made upon me by Mercutio, Tybalt, Lorenzo. It was not that they displayed too little vocal and mimic power; on the contrary, it was because they gesticulated like madmen, and ranged up and down the entire gamut of human tones, from a whistle to a roar, that I too plainly saw that no tragic passion was in them. The same company afterwards delighted me in comic pieces." In English theatricals Mr Schlesinger's taste is strongly for the humorous; the broader the farce and the thicker the jokes, the better he is pleased. A Christmas pantomime, with its practical fun and methodical folly, delights him. He is wonderstruck and enchanted by the mischievous agility of clown, and the only drawback to his pleasure is the inappropriate introduction of a ballet. "To see twenty or thirty Englishwomen, of full grenadier stature, perform a ballet-dance ten minutes in length, is an enjoyment from which one does but slowly recover. To this day I live in the firm conviction that the worthy young women had not the least idea that they were called upon for an artistical per-

formance, but took their long legs for mathematical instruments, with which to demonstrate problems relating to right angles, the hypotenuse, and the squaring of the circle." This sarcasm elicited a long reply from Frolick, who had once, it seems, been a *fideler bursch* in Heidelberg, who knew German well, and had seen Shakespeare acted in both countries. In some respects he preferred the German performance of Hamlet and Romeo and Juliet, but Richard III. and Falstaff were to be seen best in England. The decline of the drama in this country he attributed to a complication of causes, of which he cited two—the nation's preoccupation with matters more practical and important, and the want of a government support. "In your country," he said, "thirty courts cherish, foster, and patronise the theatre; here, every theatre is a private speculation. When the Queen has taken a box at the Princess's Theatre and another at Covent Garden, she has done all that is expected from her Majesty in the way of patronage of the drama. Upon the same boards upon which to-day you hear the swan-like notes of Desdemona, you to-morrow may behold an equestrian troop or a party of Indian jugglers. If you complain of such desecration of the muse's temple, you are simply laughed at. Aubry's dog, which so excited the holy indignation of Schiller and Goethe, would be welcomed at any of our theatres, so long as he filled the house." Without going the length of restricting theatrical performances to what is termed the legitimate drama, there ought to be a limit to illegitimacy, and unquestionably the introduction upon our stage of tumblers, jugglers, and posture-masters, circus-clowns, rope-dancers, and wild Indians, has powerfully contributed to lower its character, and to wean many lovers of the drama from the habitual frequenting of theatres. But the stage in England has not the importance and weight it enjoys in some foreign countries; notably in France, where it is one of the means used to distract from politics the attention of the restless excitement-loving people; where ministers of state, and imperial majesty itself, condescend to interfere in minute dramatic details, and to

command the suppression of pieces whose merits they deem beneath the dignity of the theatre at which they are produced. There, it is worth a government's while to subsidise the theatres; in England such an item would never be tolerated in a Chancellor of the exchequer's budget. Nor is it needed. Public demand will always create as large a supply as is really required.

Pleasantly and intelligently criticising and discoursing, the German doctor and his companion took their way again through Drury Lane, witnessing more than one disgusting scene of drunkenness, riot, and brutality. It was hard upon midnight: the gin palaces and their frequenters were making the most of their last few minutes; the barrows of battered fruit and full-flavoured shell-fish were trading at reduced prices, upon the principle of small profits and quick returns; oysters as big as a fist were piled up by threes and fours, at a penny a heap—poverty and oysters, Mr Weller has informed us, invariably walk hand in hand. Here was a girl carried away dead drunk upon a stretcher—"It was the hunger," an old Irishwoman, with a glowing pipe in her mouth, assured the gentleman. "that had done it—oh! only the hunger—the smallest drop had been too much for poor Sally!" here a brace of Amazons were indulging in a "mill" in the centre of an admiring ring; in front of a public-house a half-famished Italian ground out the air of "There's a good time coming, boys—wait a little longer," the organist looking the while as if he had great need of the "good time," and very little power to wait. Suddenly the lights went out in the gin palaces, ballad-singers and burdy-gurdy stopped short in the middle of their melodies, shouts and curses subsided into a hoarse murmur, and the mob dispersed and disappeared, to adopt Mr Schlesinger's severe comparison, "like dirty rain-water that rolls into gutters and sewers." The amateur observers of London's black-guardism pursued their homeward way.

"Suddenly, from a side street, a tall figure emerged with long noiseless steps, and cast a glance right and left—no policeman was in sight. Then

she rapidly approached our two friends and fixed her glassy eyes upon them.

"It is no midnight spectre, but neither is it a being of flesh and blood, it consists but of skin and bone. Upon her arm is an infant, to which the bony hand affords but a hard dying-bed. For a few seconds she gazes at the strangers. They put some silver into her hand. Without a word of thanks, or of surprise at the liberality of the alms, she walks away.

"The holy Sabbath has commenced," said Keif, after they had proceeded for some distance in silence, 'the puritanical Sabbath, on which misery feels itself doubly and trebly forlorn.'

"My dear friend," replied Frolick, 'five-and-twenty years ago you might have pined Oxford Street with such unhappy wretches as that we just now met. Now you must seek them out in a nook of Drury Lane. And the puritanism of the present day is a rose-coloured full-blooded worldling, compared to that of the Roundheads; it is nothing but the natural reaction against the licentious cavalier spirit, created by the gloomy hypocrisy that prevailed before the Restoration, and handed down even to the beginning of the present century. It is English nature to cure one extreme by running into the other. Either wildly jovial or prudishly refined; drunkards or teetotallers; prize-fighters or peace-society-men. If the perception of a harmonious happy medium, and the instinct of beauty of form, were innate in us, either we should no longer be the tough, hard-working, one-sided, powerful John Bull, or we should ere now have proved the untruth of your German proverb that in no country under the sun do trees grow until their branches reach the sky.'

After which modest intimation (somewhat Teutonic in style) of his patriotic and heartfelt conviction that if England were a little better than she is, she would be too good for this world, Frolick took leave of his friend. We shall soon follow his example. Before doing so, we recommend to all English readers of German, the twelfth chapter of Mr Schlesinger's second volume, both as very interesting and as containing many sensible

observations and home-truths. No extraordinary acuteness is necessary to discriminate between the writer's jest and earnest.

"The reader acquainted with English domestic arrangements," says Mr Schlesinger in a note to his first volume, "will long ago have found out that the house we live in is that of a plain citizen. SO WE MAY AS well confess that Sir John is neither knight nor baronet, but was dubbed by ourselves, in consideration of his services to the reader, without licence from the Queen, and with a silver spoon instead of a sword." Sir John is not the less—if Mr Schlesinger's sketch be a portrait—a good fellow and a worthy simple-hearted Englishman; and we find with pleasure, at the close of the book, a letter from him, dated from his cottage in the country, and addressed to the cynical Keif, who was braving November's fogs in Gaittford Street. The doctor had sent to his friend and host the proof sheets of the second volume of the *Wanderings through London*; Sir John writes back his thanks, his opinion of the work, and his cordial forgiveness of the jokes at his expense that it contains. "Never mind," he says; "we Englishmen can stomach the truth; and if you will promise me to abjure some portion of your German stiffneckedness, I willingly pledge myself never again to try to reason a Frenchman's hind-leg straight. Between ourselves, that was the greatest absurdity our friend has exposed. As to all the rest, I will maintain my words before God, the Queen, and my countrymen. But," continues Sir John, quitting personal considerations, "as regards our friend's book—which, you tell me, is to be published at Christmas in Berlin, the most enlightened of German cities I really fear, my dear doctor, that it is a bad business. How, in heaven's name, are Germans to form an idea of London from those two meagre volumes? Many things are depicted in them, but how many are neglected, and these the very things in which you Germans should take a lesson from us! Not a word about our picture-galleries, which, nevertheless, impartially speaking, are the first in the world! Not a

word about the British Museum, about the Bridgewater, Vernon, and Hampton Court galleries! Not a word about St Paul's, nor a syllable concerning the Colosseum, Madame Tussaud, or Barclay and Perkins' Brewery! No mention of our finest streets—Regent Street, Bond Street, Belgravia, and Westbourne Terrace; of our concerts at Exeter Hall, our markets, our zoological and botanical gardens, Kew, Richmond, Windsor, art, literature, benevolent institutions," &c. &c. Sir John continues his enumeration of omissions, until it seems to comprise everything worth notice in London; and we ask ourselves with what Sir Schlesinger has filled the eight hundred pages we have read with so much satisfaction and amusement. We perceive that he has given his attention to men rather than to things, that his vein has been reflective and philosophical, and that he has not mistaken himself for the compiler of a London guide. But still Sir John is dissatisfied. In Berlin, he says, "people will imagine England has no picture-galleries—ha! ha! and no hospitals—ha! ha! ha! In ten such volumes, the materials would not be exhausted."

"It is delightful here in the country," concludes Sir John, breaking off his criticism. "Where do you find such fresh green, and such mild air in November as in our England? I go out walking without a greatcoat, and say to myself, 'Across the water, in Germany, the snow lies deep, and the wolves walk in and out of Cologne Cathedral.' Here it is a little damp of a morning and evening, but then one sits by the fire and reads the newspaper. Nowhere is one so comfortable as in the country in England. Come and see us in our cottage; the children are longing to see you, and so am I."

Then comes a postscript, which, like many postscripts, is not the least important part of the letter. "At this damp time of the year," says the spoon-dubbed baronet, "I advise you to take a small glass of cognac of a morning—there must still be some bottles of the right sort in the cellar—and every night one of my pills. You will find a boxful on the chimney-piece in my study. Do not be

obstinate: you do not know how dangerous this season of the year is in England."

So kind and hospitable a letter demanded a prompt reply, and accordingly we get Dr Keif's by return of post. It is pretty evident, however, that the motive of his haste is rather anxiety to answer the charge of incompleteness brought against Max Schlesinger's book, than generous impatience to thank Sir John for placing the pill-box at his disposal. The author of the *Wanderings*, he says, preferred dissecting and dwelling upon a few subjects to slightly touching upon a large number; and, in his usual caustic strain, he reminds his friend, that if some things of which London has a right to be proud have been left unnoticed, the same has been the case with other things of which she has reason to be ashamed. He then enumerates the blots, as Sir John had detailed the glories. Having done so: "it is horrible here in London," he says. "Where do you find such fogs and such a pestilential atmosphere, in November, as in your London? That the wolves now walk in and out of Cologne Cathedral is a mere creation of your Britannia imagination; and, since you talk of doing without a greatcoat, why, the English walk about the whole winter through, in Germany, in black dresscoats, but they are cunning enough to carry several layers of flannel underneath them. Have you by chance discarded yours? That you are comfortable in your country-house I have no doubt. *That I never disputed.*"

In his turn, Dr Keif treats himself to a postscript. "Since this morning," he says, "I have followed your medical prescription, and will keep to it—partially, that is to say. I found the cognac, and will take it regularly. On the other hand, when you return to London, you will find your pills untouched upon your chimney-piece."

And so we come to "Finis." Mr Schlesinger is a genial and unprejudiced critic of a foreign capital's customs and character, and we thank him for his agreeable, spirited, and impartial volumes. By his own countrymen they will, or we are greatly mistaken, be highly and deservedly prized.

## NEW READINGS IN SHAKESPEARE.

## NO. II.

IN the glory of Shakespeare is a theme for national congratulation, the purity of his text ought to be an object of national concern. It is not enough that the general effect of his writings should impress itself clearly on the hearts and minds of all classes of readers; that the grander and broader features of his genius should commend themselves to the admiration of all mankind. This they can never fail to do. The danger to which Shakespeare is exposed is not such as can ever materially affect the soul and substance of his compositions. Here he stands pre-eminent and secure. But he is exposed to a danger of another kind. As time wears on, his text runs periodically the risk of being extensively tampered with; whether by the introduction of *new* readings, properly so called, or by the insertion of glosses of a comparatively ancient date. The carelessness with which it is alleged the earlier editions were printed, is pleaded as an apology for these conjectural corrections;—one man's ingenuity sets to work the wits of another; and thus, unless the *emendationes emendandi* be checked betimes, a distant posterity, instead of receiving

our great poet's works in an authentic form, may succeed to a very-adulterated inheritance.

This consideration induces us to exert such small power as we may possess to check the growing evil, and in particular to repress that deluge of innovations which Mr Collier has lately let loose upon the gardens of Shakespeare, from the margins of his corrected folio of 1632, and which, if they do not shake the everlasting landmarks, at any rate threaten with destruction many a flower of choicest fragrance and most celestial hue. We believe that when Mr Collier's volume was first published, the periodical press was generally very loud in its praises. "Here we have the genuine Shakespeare at last," said the journals, with singular unanimity. But when the new readings have been dispassionately discussed, and when the excitement of their novelty has subsided, we believe that Mr Collier's "Shakespeare restitutus," so far from being an acceptable present to the community, will be perceived to be such a book as very few readers would like to live in the same house with.

*Curiosities of Modern Shakespearian Criticism.* By J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq. 1853.

*Observations on some of the Manuscript Emendations of Shakespeare, and are they Copyright?* By J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq. 1853.

*J. Payne Collier's alte handschriftliche Emendationen am Shakespeare gewürdigt von Dr. Nicolaus Delius.* Bonn, 1853.

The original text of Shakespeare has obtained two staunch and able defenders in the persons of these two gentlemen. Mr Halliwell's competency to deal with the text of our great poet, and with all that concerns him, is, we believe, all but universally acknowledged—the best proof of which is the confidence reposed in him by the subscribers to the magnificent edition now publishing under his auspices; a confidence which, we are convinced, he will not betray by any ill-judged deviations from the authentic readings. Dr Delius's pamphlet contains a very acute dissection of the pretended evidence by which Mr Collier endeavours to support the pretended emendations of his MS. corrector. It is characterised by great soundness of judgment, and displays a critical knowledge of the English language altogether astonishing in a foreigner. He may be at fault in one or two small matters, but the whole tenor of his observations proves that he is highly competent to execute the task which, as we learn from his announcement, he has undertaken—the publication, namely, of an edition of the *English* text of Shakespeare with *German* notes. We look forward with much interest to the publication of this work, as affording further evidence of the strong hold which Shakespeare has taken on the minds of Germany, and as a further tribute of admiration, added to the many which they have already paid to the genius of our immortal countryman.

In order, then, to carry out what we conceive to be a good work—the task, namely, of defending the text of Shakespeare from the impurities with which Mr Collier wishes to inoculate it—we return to the discussion (which must necessarily be of a minute and chiefly verbal character) of the new readings. We shall endeavour to do justice to the old corrector, by bringing forward every alteration which looks like a real emendation. Two or three small matters may perhaps escape us, but the reader may be assured that they are very small matters indeed. It will be seen that the unwise substitutions constitute an overwhelming majority. The play that stands next in order is “King John.”

KING JOHN—*Act II, Scene 1.*—In this play the new readings are of no great importance. A few of them may equal the original text—one or two may excel it—but certainly the larger portion fall considerably below it in point of merit. The best emendation occurs in the lines in which young Arthur expresses his acknowledgments to Austria—

But with a heart full o’  
ales  
d lo

The MS. corrector proposes “*unstrained* love,” which perhaps is the better word of the two, though the change is by no means necessary. The same commendation cannot be extended to the alteration which is proposed in the lines where Constance is endeavouring to dissuade the French king from engaging precipitately in battle. She says—

“My lord Chatillon may from England bring  
 That right in peace, which I see we want in  
 war;  
 And then we shall regret each drop of blood,  
 That hot rash ha-t so *indirectly* shed.”

“Indirectly” is Shakespeare’s word. The MS. corrector suggests “*indiscreetly*”—a most unhappy substitution, which we are surprised that the generally judicious Mr Singer should approve of. “*Indiscreetly*” means imprudently, inconsiderately. “*Indirectly*” means wrongfully, iniquitously, as may be learnt from these lines in King Henry V., where the French king is denounced as a usurper, and is told that Henry

“bids you, then, resign  
 Your crown and kingdom, *indirectly* held  
 From him the native and true challenger.”

It was certainly the purpose of Constance to condemn the rash shedding of blood as something worse than indiscreet—as criminal and unjust—and this she did by employing the term “*indirectly*” in the Shakespearean sense of that word.

In this same Act, *Scene 2*, a new reading—also approved of by Mr Singer, and pronounced “unquestionably right” by Mr Collier—is proposed in the lines where the citizen says—

“That daughter there of Spain, the Lady  
 Blanch  
 Is *a* *near* to England.”

For “*near*” the MS. correction is *niece*. But the Lady Blanch is repeatedly, throughout the play, spoken of as niece to King John and the Queen-mother. Therefore, if for no other reason than that of varying the expression, we must give our suffrage most decidedly in favour of the original reading. “*Near* to England” of course means nearly related to England; and it seems much more natural, as well as more poetical, that the citizen should speak in this general way of Lady Blanch, than that he should condescend on her particular degree of relationship, and style her the “*niece* to England.”

At the end of this Act, in the soliloquy of Faulconbridge, a very strange perversion on the part of the MS. corrector comes before us. Faulconbridge is railing against what he calls “*commodity*”—that is, the morality of self-interest. He then goes on to represent himself as no better than his neighbours, in these words—

“And why rail I on this commodity?  
 Put for because he hath not woo’d me yet;  
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand;  
 When his fair angels would salute my  
 palm.”

The meaning of these lines is certainly sufficiently obvious. Yet Mr Collier’s corrector is not satisfied with them. He reads—

“Not that I have *no* power to clutch my  
 hand.”

But unless Mr Collier can prove—what will be difficult—that “*power*” here means *inclination*, it is evident that this reading directly reverses

Shakespeare's meaning. If "power" means *inclination*, the sense would be this—I rail on this commodity, not because I have no inclination to clutch my hand on the fair angels that would salute my palm, but because I have not yet been tempted; when temptation comes, I shall doubtless yield like my neighbours. But power never means, and cannot mean inclination; and Mr Collier has not attempted to show that it does; and therefore the new reading must be to this effect—"I rail on this commodity, not because I am *unable* to close my hand against a bribe," &c. But Faulcoubridge says the very reverse. He says—"I rail on this commodity, not because I have the power to resist temptation, or am *able* to shut my hand against the fair angels that would salute my palm; for I have no such power: in this respect I am just like other people, and am as easily bribed as they are." The new reading, therefore, must be dismissed as a wanton reversal of the plain meaning of Shakespeare.

*Act III. Scene 3.*—We approve of the corrector's change of the word "race," the ordinary reading, into *car*, in the following line about the midnight bell—

Sound one unto the drowsy

The old copies read *on* instead of *one*, which was supplied rightly, as we think—by Warburton. The MS. corrector makes no change in regard to *on*.

*Act III. Scene 1.*—The passionate vehemence of Constance's speech is much flattened by the corrector's ill-judged interference. Bewailing the loss of her son, she says—

"O, that my tongue wet in the thunder:

Then with *what* passion would I shake the world

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,  
Which cannot bear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a *modern* invocation."

For "modern" the MS. corrector would read "widow's"! And Mr Collier, defending the new reading, observes that Johnson remarks, "that it is hard to say what Shakespeare means by *modern*." Johnson does make this remark. Nevertheless the meaning of the word "modern" is perfectly plain. It signifies moderate

—not sufficiently impassioned; and we are called upon to give up this fine expression for the inanity of a "*widow's* invocation"! In the same lines this reckless tamperer with the language of Shakespeare would change

then w                      pa                      would I shake th.  
world

into

"Then with *what* passion would I shake the world."

*Act IV. Scene 2.*—In the following lines a difficulty occurs which seems insuperable, and which the MS. corrector has certainly not explained, although Mr Collier says that his reading makes "the meaning apparent." King John, in reply to some of his lords, who have tried to dissuade him from having a double coronation, says—

"Some reasons of this double coronation  
I have possessed you with, and think them strong:

And more, more strong (*about* lessers as my  
shall end . . . with."

This is the common reading; but why the king should give them more and stronger reasons for his double coronation, when his fears were diminished, is not at all apparent. The strength of his fears should rather have led him at once to state his reasons explicitly. The MS. correction is—

"And more, more strong  
I shall endue you with

But how the *communication* of his stronger reasons should have the effect of lessening the king's fear, is a riddle still darker than the other. The *possession* of these reasons might lessen the usurper's fears; but surely the mere utterance of them could make no difference. If the MS. corrector had written, "thus lessening *your* fears," there would have been some sense in the emendation; and, if a new reading be required, this is the one which we venture to suggest.

*Act IV. Scene 3.*—We confess that we prefer the MS. corrector's line,

"Whose private *possession* of the Dauphin's  
love,"

to the ordinary reading,

"Whose private *with me* of the Dauphin's  
love."



But we are not prepared to say that the latter is unintelligible, or that it is not in accordance with the diplomatic phrasology of the time.

The following new reading has something to recommend it; but much also may be said in defence of the old text. Salisbury, indignant with the king, says, as the ordinary copies give it,

"The King hath dispossest himself of us ;  
We will not line his *thin bestain'd* cloak  
With our pure honours."

The margins propose "sin-bestained," which is plausible. But there is also a propriety in the use of the word "thin." The king's cloak (that is, his authority) was *thin*, because not lined and strengthened with the power and honours of his nobles. The text ought not to be altered.

We conclude our *obiter dicta* on this play with the remark, that Pope's change of "hand" into "head," which is also proposed by the MS. corrector in the following lines, (*Act IV. Scene III.*) seems to us to be an improvement, and entitled to admission into the text. Salisbury vows

Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
Never to be infected with delight,  
Nor conversant with ease and idleness  
Till I have set a glory to this *head*,  
By giving it the worship of revenge

—that is, the head of young Arthur, whose dead body had just been discovered on the ground.

KING RICHARD II.—*Act. II. Scene 1.*—Ritson's emendation, as pointed out by Mr Singer, is unquestionably to be preferred to the MS. corrector's in these lines—

"The King is come ; deal mildly with his youth,  
For young hot colts, being *reig'd*, do rage the more."

"Raged," the common reading, can scarcely be right. Ritson proposed "being reined." The margins suggest "being urg'd."

We differ from the MS. corrector, Mr Collier, and Mr Singer, in thinking that there is no good reason for disturbing the received text in the lines where the conspirators, Willoughby, Ross, and Northumberland, are consulting together; but, on the contrary, very good reasons for leaving it alone. Willoughby says to his

brother - conspirator, Northumberland,

"Nay, let us share thy thoughts as thou dost ours."

Ross also presses him to speak :

"Be confident to speak, Northumberland ;  
We three are but thyself ; and speaking so,  
Thy words are but *as* thoughts, therefore be bold."

The change proposed is *our* for "*as*."

"Thy words are but *our* thoughts."

The difference of meaning in the two readings is but slight; but the old text seems to us to have the advantage in depth and fineness. Ross's argument with Northumberland to speak was not merely because his words were as *their* thoughts. That was no doubt true; but the point of his persuasion lay in the consideration that Northumberland's words would be *as good as not spoken*. "We three are but yourself, and, in these circumstances, your words are but *as* thoughts—that is, you are as safe in uttering them as if you uttered them not, inasmuch as you will be merely speaking to yourself." The substitution of "*our*" for "*as*" seems to bring out this meaning less clearly.

*Act III. Scene 2.*—The following lines (part of which, for the sake of perspicuity, we print within a parenthesis, contrary, we believe, to the common arrangement) require no emendation. The queen, labouring under "the involuntary and unaccountable depression of mind which, says Johnson, every one has some time felt," remarks—

"How'er it be,  
I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad,  
As (though, in thinking, on no thought I think)  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink."

The MS. corrector reads "unthinking" for "in thinking;" but this is by no means necessary. The old text is quite as good, indeed rather better than the new.

*Scene 3.*—Much dissatisfaction has been expressed with the word *despised* in the lines in which York severely rates his traitorous nephew Bolingbroke :

"Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs  
Dared once to touch a dust of English ground?"

But more than why, why have they dared  
to maul

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,  
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,  
And ostentation of despised arms? "

"But sure," says Warburton, "the ostentation of despised arms would not *fright* any one. We should read 'disposed arms'—*i.e.*, forces in battle array." "Despoiling arms" is the reading recommended by the margins. "Displayed arms" is the right expression, according to Mr Singer. But surely no emendation is required. The ostentation of despised arms was quite sufficient to frighten the harmless villagers; and this is all that Shakespeare says it did. And then it is in the highest degree appropriate and consistent that York should give his nephew to understand that his arms or forces were utterly despicable in the estimation of all loyal subjects, of all honourable and right-thinking men. Hence his words,

'Lifting her pale-faced villages with war  
And ostentation of despised'

mean—alarming with war only pale-faced villagers, who never smelt the sulphurous breeze of battle, and making a vain parade of arms which all true soldiers must despise.

Act III. Scene 3.—The substitution of *storm* for "*harm*," in the following lines, is an exceedingly doubtful emendation. York says of Richard—

"Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,  
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack for woe,  
That any *harm* should stain so fair a show!"

It is true that, in a previous part of the speech, the king is likened to the setting sun, whose glory "the envious clouds are bent to dim;" and therefore the word *storm* has some show of reason to recommend it, and "*harm*" may possibly have been a misprint. But we rather think that it is the right word, and that it is more natural and pathetic than the word *storm*. Nothing else worthy of note or comment presents itself in the MS. corrections of King Richard II.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.—Act I. Scene 1.—"No new light," says Mr Collier, "is thrown upon the two lines which have produced so many conjectures:

'No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's  
blood.' "

The MS. corrector has in this instance shown his sense by not meddling with these lines; for how any light beyond their own inherent lustre should ever have been thought necessary to render them luminous, it is not easy to understand. As a specimen of the way in which the old commentators occasionally darkened the very simplest matters, their treatment of these two lines may be adduced. The old quartos, and the folio 1623, supply the text as given above. By an error of the press, the folio 1632 reads *damb* instead of *daub*. This *damb* the earlier commentators converted into *damp*. Warburton changed "*damp*" into *trempe*—*i.e.*, moisten. Dr Johnson, although very properly dissatisfied with this Frenchified reading, is as much at fault as the bishop. With the authentic text of the older editions before him, he says, "the old reading helps the editor no better than the new" (in other words, *daub* is no better than *damb*, and *damp*, and *trempe*); "nor can I satisfactorily re-form the passage. I think that 'thirsty entrance' *must be* wrong, yet know not what to offer. We may read, but not very elegantly—

'No more the thirsty *entrails* of this soil  
Shall *daubed be* with her own children's  
blood.' "

Truly this reading is by no means elegant; it is nothing less than monstrous. To say nothing of the physical impossibility of the blood penetrating to the "entrails" of the earth, the expression violates the first principles of poetical word-painting. The interior parts of the earth are not seen, and therefore to talk of them as daubed with blood, is to attempt to place before the eye of the mind a picture which cannot be placed before it. In science, or as a matter of fact, this may be admissible; but in poetry, where the imagination is addressed, it is simply an absurdity. Steevens, with some hesitation, proposes—

"No more the thirsty *entrants* of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's  
blood."

"Entrants," that is, "invaders." "This," says Steevens, "may be thought very far-fetched." It is

worse than far-fetched—it is ludicrously despicable. Conceive Shakespeare saying that “a parcel of *drouthy* Frenchmen shall no more daub the lips of England with the blood of her own children”! What renders this reading all the more inexcusable is, that Steevens perceived what the true and obvious meaning was, although he had not the steadiness to stand to it. He adds—“or Shakespeare *may* mean the *thirsty entrance* of the soil for the *porous surface* of the earth through which all moisture enters, and is thirstily drunk or soaked up.” Shakespeare’s words cannot by any possibility mean anything except this. “Porous surface,” as must be obvious to all mankind, is the exact literal prose of the more poetical phrase, “thirsty entrance.” Yet obvious as this interpretation is, Malone remained blind to it, even after Steevens had pointed it out. He prefers Steevens’ first emendation. He says, “Mr Steevens’ conjecture (that is, his suggestion of *entrants* for *entrance*) is so likely to be true, that I have no doubt about the propriety of admitting it into the text.” In spite, however, of these vagaries, we believe that the right reading, as given above, has kept its place in the ordinary editions of Shakespeare. This instance may show that our MS. corrector is not the only person whose wits have gone a-woolgathering when attempting to mend the language of Shakespeare.

Before returning to Mr Collier’s corrector, we wish to make another digression, in order to propose a new reading—one, at least, which is new to ourselves, and not to be found in the *variorum* edition 1785. The king says, in reference to the rising in the north, which has been triumphantly put down—

“Ten thousand bold Scots,—two-and-twenty knights,

*Balked* in their own blood, did Sir Walter see  
On Holmedon’s plain.”

For “balked” Steevens conjectured either “bathed” or “baked.” Warton says that *oath* is a ridge, and that therefore “balked in their own blood” means “piled up in a ridge, and in their own blood.” Tollet says, “‘balked in their own blood.’ I believe, means, lay in heaps or hillocks in their own blood.” We propose—

“Ten thousand bold Scots,—two-and-twenty knights,  
*Bark’d* in their own blood, did Sir Walter see  
On Holmedon’s plains.”

“Barked,” that is, coated with dry and hardened blood, as a tree is coated with bark. This is picturesque. To *bark* or *burken* is undoubtedly an old English word; and in Scotland, even at this day, it is not uncommon to hear the country people talk of blood *burken*ing, that is, hardening, upon a wound.

*Act I. Scene 3.*—The following lines present a difficulty which the commentators—and among them our anonymous scholiast—have not been very successful in clearing up. The king, speaking in reference to the revolted Mortimer and his accomplices, says—

“Shall we buy treason, and indent *with fears*,  
When they have lost and forfeited them-  
selves?”

There is no difficulty in regard to the word “indent;” it means, to enter into a compact—to descend, as Johnson says, to a composition. But what is the meaning of “to indent, or enter into a compact, *with fears*”? Johnson suggests “with peers”—that is, with the noblemen who have lost and forfeited themselves. But this is a very unsatisfactory and improbable reading. The MS. corrector proposes “with foes;” and Mr Collier remarks, “It seems strange that, in the course of two hundred and fifty years, nobody should ever have even guessed at *foes* for *fears*.” It is much more strange that Mr Collier should be ignorant that “foes” is the reading of the Oxford editor, Sir Thomas Haumer—a reading which was long ago condemned. Mr Singer adheres rightly to the received text; but he is wrong in his explanation of the word “fears.” He says that it means “objects of fear.” But surely the king can never have regarded Mortimer and his associates as objects of fear. He had a spirit above that. He had no dread of them. Steevens is very nearly right when he says that the word “fears” here means *terrors*: he would have been quite right had he said that it signifies *concordice*, or rather, by a poetical licence, “cowards”—(*fearers*, if there were such a word.) The meaning is, shall we buy treason, and enter into a

composition with cowardice, when they (the traitors and cowards) have lost and forfeited themselves? Treason and cowardice are undoubtedly the two offences which the king intends to brand with his indignation. "Foes" is quite inadmissible.

In *Act II. Scene 1*—Gadshill, talking in a lofty vein of his high acquaintances, says, "I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, six-penny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued maltworms; but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters and great *oneyers*; such as can hold in; such as can strike sooner than speak," &c. The change of "tranquillity" into *sanguinity*, as proposed by the MS. corrector, we dismiss at once as unworthy of any consideration. "*Oneyers*" is the only word about which there is any difficulty; and it has puzzled the big-wigs. Theobald reads "monevers"—that is, officers of the mint—bankers. Sir T. Hamner reads "great owners." Malone reads "oneyers," which, he says, means public accountants. "To settle accounts is still called at the exchequer *to oye*, and hence Shakespeare seems to have formed the word *oneyers*." Johnson has hit upon the right explanation, although he advances it with considerable hesitation. "I know not," says he, "whether any change is necessary; Gadshill tells the chamberlain that he is joined with no mean wretches, but with burgomasters and great ones, or, as he terms them in meritment, by a cant termination, great *oneyers*, or, great *one-overs*—as we say privateer, auctioneer, circuiter. This is, I fancy, the whole of the matter." That this is the true explanation, or very near it, and that no change in the text is necessary, is proved beyond a doubt by the following extract from the writings of one whose genius, while it elevates the noblest subjects, can also illustrate the most small. "Do they often go where glory waits them, and leave you here?" says Mr Swivel-ler, alluding to Brass and his charming sister, in Dickens' *Old Curiosity Shop*. "'O, yes, I believe they do,' returned the marchioness, *alias* the small servant; 'Miss Sally's such a *one-er* for that.' 'Such a what?' said Dick, as much puzzled as a

Shakespearean commentator. Such a *one-er*,' returned the marchioness. After a moment's reflection, Mr Swivel-ler determined to forego his responsible duty of setting her right—[why should he have wished to set her right? she *was* right; she was speaking the language and illustrating the meaning of Shakespeare]—and to suffer her to talk on; as it was evident that her tongue was loosened by the purl, and her opportunities for conversation were not so frequent as to render a momentary check of little consequence. 'They sometimes go to see Mr Quilp,' said the small servant, with a shrewd look: 'they go to a many places, bless you.' 'Is Mr Brass a *wunner*?' said Dick. 'Not half what Miss Sally is, he isn't,' replied the small servant." Here is the very word we want. Shakespeare's "*oneyer*" is Dickens' *one-er* or *wunner*—that is, a *one paces* *lance*, a one with an emphasis—a top-sawyer—and the difficulty is resolved. Set a thief to catch a thief; and leave one great intellectual luminary to throw light upon another. After Mr Dickens' lucid commentary, "*oneyer*" becomes quite a household word, and we suspect that the MS. corrector's emendation will scarcely go down. He reads, "burgomasters and great *ones*,"—*yes* such as can hold in." "This will never do," to quote a favourite aphorism, and literary canon of the late Lord Jeffrey, when speaking of the Lake School of poetry.

*Act II. Scene 1*.—The complacency with which Mr Collier sets the authority of his MS. corrector above that of the other commentators on Shakespeare, is one of the most curious features in his literary character. The following is an instance of his marginotatry. "Rowe," says Mr Collier, "*seems* to have been right (indeed, the emendation hardly admits of doubt) in reading *tristful* for 'trustful' in Falstaff's speech, as we learn from the alteration introduced in the folio 1632. 'For Heaven's sake, lords, convey my *tristful* queen.'" As if the authority of Rowe, or of any other person, was not, to say the least of it, just as good as that of the anonymous corrector, who, by the blunders into which he has fallen, has proved himself signally disqualified for the task

of rectifying Shakespeare where his text may happen to be corrupted.

*Act III. Scene 1.*—Now and then, however, as we have all along admitted, the old corrector makes a good hit. A very excellent emendation, about the best which he has proposed, occurs in the scene where Mortimer says—

“My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.”

The lady then speaks to him in Welsh, being at the same time in tears; whereupon her husband says—

“I understood thy looks, *that* pretty Welsh  
Which thou pourest down from the swelling heavens.”

“The swelling heavens”—her eyes might no doubt be swollen; but that is not a pretty picture. The correction, which is a manifest improvement, and worthy of a place in the text, is “from these welling heavens.” This correction is taken from Mr Collier’s appendix, or “notes,” where it might be easily overlooked.

*Act V. Scene 1.*—The MS. corrector is very fond of eking out imperfect lines with conjectural interpolations, and of curtailing others which present a superfluity of syllables. This is a practice which cannot be permitted even in cases where the alteration improves the verses, as sometimes happens; much less can it be tolerated in cases, which are still more frequent, where the verses are manifestly enfeebled by the change. A conspicuous instance of the latter occurs in these lines. The rebellious Worcester says to the king,

—————“I do protest  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.  
*K. Henry.*—You have not sought it—How comes it then?”

Here the words, “How comes it then?” are vehement and abrupt, and the verse is purposely defective. Its impetuosity is destroyed by the corrector’s stilted and unnatural interpolation—

“You have not sought it—*say*, how comes it then?”

That word *say* takes off the sharp edge of the king’s wrathful interrogative, and converts him from a flesh and blood monarch into a mouthing ranter, a mere tragedy-king.

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.  
—*Act I. Scene 2.*—We agree with Mr Collier and Mr Singer that the substitution of *diseases* for “degrees” in Falstaff’s speech is a good and legitimate emendation, and we willingly place it to the credit of the MS. corrector.

*Act I. Scene 3.*—The MS. corrector attempts to amend the following passage in several places—not very successfully, as we shall endeavour to show. The rebellious lords are talking about their prospects and resources. Bardolph counsels delay, and warns his friends against being over-sanguine.

“*Hastings.*—But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,

To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.  
*Bardolph.*—Yes, in this present quality of war;

Indeed, of instant action. A cause on foot  
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring  
We see the appealing buds; which, to prove fruit,

Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,  
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model;

And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;  
Which, if we find outweighs ability,  
What do we then, but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist  
To build at all: Much more in this great work

(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,  
And set another up), should we survey  
The plot of situation and the model;  
Consent upon a sure foundation;  
Question surveyors; know our own estate,  
How able such a work to undergo,  
To weigh against his opposite; or else  
We fortify in paper and in figures,  
Using the names of men, instead of men.”

In this speech of Bardolph’s we shall confine our attention to the two main points on which the corrector has tied his hand. These are the two first lines, and the verse printed in italics. The two first lines are somewhat obscure; but we are of opinion that a much better sense may be obtained from them than is afforded by the corrector’s emendation, which we shall presently advert to. “Hope,” says Hastings, “never yet did harm.” “Yes,” says Bardolph, “in a state of affairs like the present, where action seems imminent, it *has* done harm to entertain (unfounded) hopes.” He then proceeds to press on his friends, as their only chance of safety, the

necessity of making the war *not* imminent—of postponing it until they have pondered well their resources, and received further supplies. All this is intelligible enough, and may be elicited with perfect ease from the ordinary text which was adjusted by Dr Johnson—the original reading of the two lines in question being obviously disfigured by typographical errors. There is therefore no call whatever for the MS. corrector's amendment, which seems to us infinitely more obscure and perplexing than the received reading. He writes—

"Yes, in this present quality of war ;  
Indeed the instant *act* and cause on foot  
Lives so in hope," &c.

Mr Collier says that this emendation "clears the sense" of the passage. We should have thanked him had he shown us how ; for, if the old reading be obscure, the only merit of the new one seems to be that it lends an additional gloom to darkness. In regard to the other point—the line printed in italics—the MS. corrector breaks the back of the difficulty by means of the following interpolated forgery—

"A careful leader sums what force he brings  
To weigh against his opposite;"

This, and the other similar delinquencies of which the MS. corrector is frequently guilty, are neither more nor less than swindling—and swindling, too, without an object. Nothing is gained by the rascality ; for the sense of the passage may be opened without resorting to the use of such a clumsy crowbar, such a burglarious implement as

"A careful leader sums what force he brings."

It means, before we engage in any great and perilous undertaking, we should know how able we are to undergo such a work—how able we are to weigh against the opposite of such a work ; that is, to contend successfully against the forces of the enemy. Mr Singer says that, if any change is necessary, we should read "*this* opposite," instead of "*his* opposite." With submission we beg to say, that, if any change is necessary, "*its*" and not "*this*" is the word which must be substituted for "*his*." But no change is necessary ; "*his* opposite" means the work's opposite ; and it is no un-

frequent idiom with Shakespeare to use "*his*" for "*its*."

*Act II. Scene 1.*—Hostess Quickly says, according to the old copies—

"A hundred marks is a long *one* for a poor lone woman to bear."

"One" being obviously a misprint, Theobald substituted "*loan*;" and this is the usual reading. The MS. corrector proposes "*score*;" and this, we think, ought to go into the text. But it will be long before the MS. corrector, by means of such small instalments, clears *his* "*score*" with the ghost of Shakespeare. As a help, however, towards that consummation, we are rather inclined to place to his credit the substitution of *high* for *the* in the line—

"Under *th'* canopies of costly state,"

—*Act III. Scene 1.*

Perhaps, also, he ought to get credit for "*shrouds*" instead of "*clouds*"—although the former is now no novelty, having been started long ago by some of the early commentators. The original reading is "*clouds*," but the epithet "*slippery*" renders it highly probable that this is a misprint for *shrouds*—that is, the ship's upper tackling ; and that "*slippery shrouds*" is the genuine reading. It seems probable also that *rags*, the MS. correction, and not *rage*, the ordinary reading, is the right word in the lines where rebellion is spoken of (*Act IV. Scene 1*) as

"Led on by bloody youth, guarded with *rags*,  
And counteranced by boys and beggary."

The MS. corrector seems to be retrieving his character. We are also willing to accept at his hands "*seal*" instead of "*zeal*" in the line—

"Under the counterfeited *seal* of heaven."

We cannot, however, admit that there is any ground for emendation in the following passage (*Act IV. Scene 1*) where the king is spoken of, and where it is said that he will find much difficulty in punishing his enemies without compromising his friends :—

"His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth untasten so, and shake a friend,  
So that this hand, like an offensive wite,  
That hath entangled *him* on to offer strokes ;  
As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
And hangs resolved correction in the arm  
That was uprear'd to execution."

The question is, who is the "him" referred to in the fifth of these lines? It can be no other than the king. *He*, the husband, being excited to chastise his wife—that is, the rebellious country—*she*, as he is striking, holds his infant (that is, certain of his friends) up, and thus stays his arm, and suspends the execution of his vengeance. The MS. corrector substitutes "her man" for the words "him on." Mr Collier approves, and even Mr Singer says that this "is a very plausible correction, and is evidently called for." If these gentlemen will reconsider the passage, they will find that it cannot be construed with the new reading, unless several additional words are inserted; thus, "So that this land (is), like an offensive wife who hath enraged *her man* to offer strokes, (and who) as he is striking, hold his infant up, and hangs resolved correction in the arm that was upreared to execution." This is as intelligible as the ordinary text, though not more so; but the introduction of so many new words—which are absolutely necessary to complete the grammar and the sense—is quite inadmissible; and therefore the MS. correction must be abandoned.

KING HENRY V.—In this play none of the MS. corrector's emendations are entitled to go into the text. First, we shall call attention for a moment to a very small correction of our own, which perhaps may have been made in some of the editions, but not in that which we use, the *variorum* of 1785. In *Act I Scene 2*, the Bishop of Ely says—

"For government, *though* high, and low, and lower,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent  
Congruing to a full and natural close  
Like music."

Surely "though" ought to be *through*. "For government, put into parts, like a piece of music, doth keep in one consent or harmony, *through* high, and low, and lower," &c. In the same Act, same Scene, an emendation is proposed by the MS. corrector, which, though specious, we cannot bring ourselves to endorse. King Henry, in reply to the dauphin's taunting message, says—

"But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state,  
Be like a king, and show my *sail* of greatness,  
When I do rouse me in my throne of France."

The corrector proposes *soul* for "sail." But Shakespeare's is a grand expression—"I will show my *sail* of greatness,"—will set *all* my canvass—will shine,

"Like a proud ship with all her bravery on."

It is a pity that he did not write *hoist* or *spread*, which would have removed all doubt as to the word "sail." "Show," however, is, on some accounts, better than *hoist* or *spread*. Neither do we perceive any necessity for adopting the MS. correction "*seasonable* swiftmess" instead of "*reasonable* swiftmess." Nor is it by any means necessary to change "now *thrive* the armourers" into "now *strive* the armourers." In *Act II. Scene 2*, the king says, in reference to a drunkard who had railed on him—

"It was excess of wine that set him on,  
And on *his* more advice, we pardon him."

The margins read, "on *our* more advice," overturning the authentic language of Shakespeare, who by the words "on *his* more advice," means on his having returned to a more reasonable state of mind, and shown some sorrow for his offence.

*Act II. Scene 3*.—We now come to one of the most memorable corrections—we might say to the most memorable correction ever made on the text of our great dramatist. In Dame Quickly's description of the death of Falstaff she says, as the old copies give it, "for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a *table* of green fields." There is evidently something very wrong here. Theobald gave out as a new reading, "and a' (he) babbled of green fields," the history and character of which emendation he explained as follows: "I have an edition of Shakespeare by me with some marginal conjectures by a gentleman some time deceased, and he is of the mind to correct this passage thus: 'for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' *talked* of green fields.' It is certainly observable of people near death, when they are delirious by a fever, that they talk of

moving, as it is of those in a calenture that their heads run on *green fields*. The variation from *table* to *talked* is not of very great latitude; though we may come still nearer to the traces of the letters by restoring it thus—‘for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and *babled* of green fields.’”—(Vide Singer’s *Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 127.)

This, then, is now the received reading; and there can be no doubt that it is highly ingenious—indeed, singularly felicitous. But the MS. corrector’s emendation is also entitled to a hearing. He reads: ‘for his nose was as sharp as a pen *on a table of green frieze*.’ This, it must be admitted, is a lamentable falling off, in point of sentiment, from the other conjectural amendment. We sympathise most feelingly with the distress of those who protest vehemently against the new reading, and who cling almost with tears to the text to which they have been accustomed. We admit that his babbling of green fields is a touch of poetry, if not of nature, which fills up the measure of our love for Falstaff, and affords the finest atonement that can be imagined for the mixed career—which is now drawing to a close—of the hoary debauchee. It is with the utmost reluctance that we throw a shade of suspicion over Theobald’s delightful emendation. Nevertheless, we are possessed with the persuasion that the MS. corrector’s variation is more likely to have been what Dame Quickly uttered, and what Shakespeare wrote. Our reasons are—*first*, the calenture, which causes people to rave about green fields, is a distemper peculiar to sailors in hot climates; *secondly*, Falstaff’s mind seems to have been running more on sack than on green fields, as Dame Quickly admits further on in the dialogue; *thirdly*, however pleasing the supposition about his babbling of green fields may be, it is still more natural that Dame Quickly, whose attention was fixed on the sharpness of his nose set off against a countenance already darkening with the discoloration of death, should have likened it to the sharpness of a pen relieved against a table, or background, of green frieze. These reasons may be very insufficient: we

are not quite satisfied with them ourselves. But, be they good or bad, we cannot divest ourselves of the impression (as we most willingly would) that the marginal correction, in this instance, comes nearer to the genuine language of Shakespeare than does the ordinary text.

Should, then, the MS. corrector’s emendation be admitted into the text of the poet? That is a very different question; and we answer decidedly—No. Its claim is not so absolutely undoubted as to entitle it to this elevation. It is more probable, we think, than Theobald’s. But Theobald’s has by this time acquired a prescriptive right to the place which it enjoys. Although originally it may have been a usurpation, it is now strong with inveterate occupancy; it is consecrated to the hearts of all mankind, and it ought on no account to be displaced. It is part and parcel of our earliest associations with Falstaff, and its removal would do violence to the feelings of universal Christendom. This consideration, which shows how difficult, indeed how injudicious, it is to eradicate anything which has once fairly taken root in the text of Shakespeare, ought to make us all the more scrupulous in guarding his writings against such innovations as the MS. corrector usually proposes; for, however little these may have to recommend them, succeeding generations may become habituated to their presence, and, on the plea of prescription, may be indisposed to give them up.

“*Principiis obsta, sero medicina paratur.*”

Act III., chorus.

“Behold the threaten sails,  
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea.”

“Borne” is here a far finer and more expressive word than “blown,” the MS. corrector’s prosaic substitution.

Act IV., Scene 1.—In the fine lines on ceremony, the MS. corrector proposes a new reading, which at first sight looks specious, but which a moderate degree of reflection compels us to reject. The common text is as follows:—

“And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?”

What kind of god art thou, that sufferest more



Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?  
What are thy rents?—what are thy com-

O ceremony, show me but thy worth!  
What is thy soul, O, adoration?  
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and

Creating awe and fear in other men?  
Wherein thou art less happy, being feared  
Than they in fearing."

The MS. corrector gives us—

"O, ceremony, show me but thy worth!  
What is thy soul *but adulation!*"

The objection to this reading is that Shakespeare's lines are equivalent to—  
O, ceremony, thou hast *no* worth;  
O, adoration, thou hast *no* soul—  
absolutely none. This reading, which denies to ceremony and adoration *all* soul and substance—*all* worth and reality—is more emphatic than the corrector's, which declares that adulation is the soul of ceremony; and we therefore vote for allowing the text to remain as we found it.

*Act IV. Scene 3.*—In the following lines Shakespeare pays a compliment—not of the most elegant kind we admit—to the English, whose valour, he says, is such that even their dead bodies putrefying in the fields of France will carry death into the ranks of the enemy.

"Mark, then, abounding valour in the English;

That being dead, like to a bullet's grazing,  
Break out into a second course of mischief,  
Killing in relapse of mortality."

The similitude of "the bullet's grazing" has led the MS. corrector into two execrable errors. By way of carrying out the metaphor, he proposes to read "*rebounding* valour," and "*killing in reflex* of mortality." But Shakespeare knew full well what he was about. He has kept his similitude within becoming bounds, while the corrector has driven it over the verge of all propriety. Both of his corrections are wretched, and the latter of them is outrageous. We are surprised that he did not propose "*killing in reflex off* mortality," for this would bring out his meaning much better than the expression which he has suggested. But we may rest assured that "*killing in relapse of mortality*" merely means, killing in their return to the dust from whence they were taken; and that this is the right reading.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.—A difficulty occurs in the last line of *Act II. Scene 5*, where Plau-tagenet says—

"And therefore haste I to the Parliament,  
Either to be restored to my blood,  
*Or make my ill the advantage of my good.*"

This is the common reading, and it means, "or make my ill the *occasion* of my good." The earlier copies have "will" for "ill." The MS. correction is—

"Or make my will *th' advantage* of my good."

But this is no improvement upon the common reading, which ought to remain unaltered.

*Act IV. Scene 1.*—A small but very significant instance, illustrative of what we are convinced is the true theory of these new readings, namely, that they are attempts, not to *restore*, but to *modernise* Shakespeare, comes before us in the following lines, where the knights of the garter are spoken of as

Not fearing death, nor striking from distress,  
But always resolute in *most extremes*."

"Most extremes" does not mean (as one ignorant of Shakespeare's language might be apt to suppose) "in the greater number of extremes;" it means, in *extremest* cases, or dangers. The same idiom occurs in the "*Tempest*," where it is said—

"Some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone, and *most poor* matters  
Point to rich ends;"

which certainly does not mean that the greater number of *poor* matters point to rich ends, but that the poorest matters often do so. It would be well if the two words were always printed as one—*most-extremes*, and *most-poor*. Now, surely Mr Collier either cannot know that this phraseology is peculiarly Shakespearean, or he must be desirous of blotting out from the English language our great poet's favourite forms of speech, when he says, "there is an injurious error of the printer in the second line;" and when he recommends us to accept the MS. marginal correction, by which Shakespeare's archaism is exchanged for this *modernism*—

"But always resolute in *worst* extremes."

Act V. Scene 1.—How much more forcible are Shakespeare's lines—

"See where he lies inheised in the arms—  
Of the *most bloody* nurser of his harms,"

than the MS. substitution—

"Of the *still bleeding* nurser of his harms."

Scene 4.—Four competing readings of the following lines present themselves for adjudication—

"Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,  
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses  
*rough*."

This is the text of the earlier editions, and it evidently requires amendment. Sir T. Hammer reads—

"Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,  
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses  
*crouch*."

Our MS. corrector proposes—

"Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,  
Confounds the tongue, and *mocks the sense of touch*."

Mr Singer, who also, it seems, has a folio with MS. corrections, gives us, as a gleaming from its margins,

"Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,  
Confounds the tongue, and *awakes the sense of touch*."

It may assist us in coming to a decision, if we view this sentiment through the medium of prose. First, according to Sir T. Hammer, the presence of beauty is so commanding that it confounds the tongue, and *overawes the senses*. Secondly, "The princely majesty of beauty," says Mr Collier, expounding his protégé's version, "confounds the power of speech, and *mocks all who would attempt to touch it*. Thirdly, "Beauty," says Mr Singer, taking up the cause of his MS. corrector, "although it confounds the tongue, *awakes desire*. This must have been the meaning of the poet." How peremptory a man becomes in behalf of MS. readings of which he happens to be the sole depositary. We confess that we prefer Sir T. Hammer's to either of the other emendations, as the most intelligible and dignified of the three.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.—Act I. Scene 3. (*Enter three or four petitioners.*)

"First *Petitioner*.—My masters, let us stand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications *in the quill*."

"In the quill"—what does that mean? Nobody can tell us. The margins furnish "in sequel." Mr Singer advances, "in the quail, or coil"—"that is," says he, "in the bustle or tumult which would arise at the time the Protector passed." And this we prefer.

Act II. Scene 3.—Anything viler than the following italicised interpolation, or more out of keeping with the character of the speaker and the dignity of the scene, it is impossible to conceive. Queen Mary says to the Duke of Glo'ster—

"Give up your staff, sir, and the King his  
*reign*.  
Glo'ster. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is  
my staff!  
*To think I can would keep it makes me laugh;*  
As willingly I do the same *reign*  
As e'er thy father, Henry, made it mine."

Yet Mr Collier has the hardihood to place this abominable forgery in the front of his battle, by introducing it into his preface, where he says, "Ought we not to welcome it with thanks as a fortunate recovery and a valuable restoration?" No, indeed, we ought to send it to the right about *instantly*, and order the apartment to be fumigated from which it had been expelled.

Act III. Scene 2.—The MS. corrector seems to be right in his amendment of these lines. Suffolk says to the Queen,

"Live thou to joy in life,  
Myself to joy in nought but that thou liv'st."  
The ordinary reading is "no" for "to." This ought to go into the text; and the same honour ought to be extended to "rebel" for "rabble" in Clifford's speech, Act IV. Scene 8.

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.—In this play two creditable marginal emendations come before us, one of which it might be safe to admit into the text. The safe emendation is *ev'n*, in the lines where the father is lamenting over his slain son, (Act II. Scene 5)—

"And so obsequious will thy father be,  
*Ev'n* for the loss of thee, having no more,  
As Priam was for all his valiant sons."

The ancient copies have "men," and the modern ones "sad." *Ev'n* was also proposed by Mr Dyce some little time ago. The other specious correction is "bitter-flowing" for "water-flowing," in the lines where the king says (*Act IV. Scene 8*),

"My mildness hath allayed their swelling  
griefs,  
My mercy dried their *water-flow*ing tears."

But "water-flowing" may simply mean flowing as plentifully as water, and therefore our opinion is, that the corrector's substitution ought not to be accepted. "Soft carriage" (*Act III. Scene 2*), recommended by the margins, instead of "soft courage," is not by any means so plausible. "Soft courage" may be a Shakespeareanism for soft spirit. The Germans have a word, *sanftmuth*—literally soft courage—i.e., gentleness; and therefore Shakespeare's expression is not what Mr Collier calls it, "a contradiction in terms."

*Act I. Scene 5*.—The young prince having been stabbed by Edward, Clarence, and Gloster, Margaret exclaims—

"O, traitors! murderers!  
They that stabbed Cesar, had no blood at all;  
Did not offend, nor yet are now worthy blame;  
If this foul deed were by to *equal* it!"

which, of course, means that Cesar's murderers would be pronounced comparatively innocent, if this foul deed were set alongside their act. The margins propose,

"If this foul deed were by to *equal* it!"

than which nothing can be more inept.

KING RICHARD III.—*Act I. Scene 3*.—Richard is thus agreeably depicted:

"Thou clivish-marked, abortive, rooting Log,  
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity,  
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!"

The correction here proposed is—

"The *stem* of nature, and the *scorn* of hell."

But the allusion, as Steevens says, is to the ancient custom of masters branding their profligate slaves; and, therefore, "slave" is unquestionably the right word. As for the "scorn of hell," that, in certain cases, might be a compliment, and is no more than what a good man would desire to be.

*Act III. Scene 1*.—Buckingham is endeavouring to persuade the Cardinal to refuse the privilege of sanctuary to

the Duke of York. The Cardinal says—

"God in heaven forbid  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land  
Would I be guilty of so deep a crime.  
*Buckingham*. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,

"Too ceremonious and traditional:  
Weigh it but with the *grossness* of this age,  
You break not sanctuary in seizing him."

That is, do not go to your traditions, but take into account the unrefining character and somewhat licentious practice of *this* age, and you will perceive that you break not sanctuary in seizing him; for common sense declares that a youth of his years cannot claim this privilege. This interpretation renders the MS. corrector's inept substitution, "the *goodness* of his age," quite unnecessary. "Strict and abstinent" for "senseless-obstinate" is still worse.

*Act III. Scene 7*.—To change "his resemblance" into *disresemblance*, is to substitute a very forced and unnatural reading for a very plain and obvious one. Gloster asks Buckingham,

"Touch'd you the battards of Edward's children?"

"I did," answers Buckingham, who then goes on to say, "I also touched upon his own (*i.e.* Edward the Fourth's) battards."

"As being yet your father then in France,  
And less his *abject* not being like the Duke,"

--that is, I also touched upon his resemblance (which is no resemblance) to his (reputed) father the Duke. "Disresemblance" has not a shadow of probability in its favour.

*Act IV. Scene 3*.—Mr Collier seriously advocates the change of "bloody dogs" into "blooded dogs," in the lines about the two ruffians.

"Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs."

"Blooded dogs" means, if it means anything, dogs that have been *let* blood, and not dogs that are about to *draw* blood as *these* dogs are. There seems to be nothing in the other corrections of this play which calls for further notice.

KING HENRY VIII.—*Act I. Scene 1*.—Speaking of Cardinal Wolsey, Buckingham says,

"A beggar's blood

Outworths a noble's blood."

'The margins offer—

"A beggar's blood

Outworths a noble's blood."

This emendation looks plausible; but read Johnson's note, and you will be of a different way of thinking. He says—"that is, the literary qualifications of a *bookish beggar* are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the ancient, unlettered, martial nobility." In scene 2, the change of "trembling contribution" into "*trembling* contribution," where the increase of the taxes is spoken of, is a proper correction, and we set it down to the credit of the MS. corrector as one which ought to go into the text.

*Act II. Scene 3.*—What a fine positivism comes before us in the use of the word *salute* in the lines where Anne Bullen declares that her advancement gives her no satisfaction.

"Would I had no being,

If this *salute* my blood a jot."

—that is, this pretension is not like a peal of bells to my blood: it is not like the firing of cannon; it is not like the huzzing of a great multitude; it rather weighs me down under a load of anxiety and depression; or, as she herself expresses it—

"It lants me

To think what follow."

The MS. corrector, turning, as is his way, poetry into prose, reads—

"Would I had no being,

If this *clack* my blood a jot."

This must go to the *débit* side of the old corrector's account.

In *Scene 4* of the same act, the queen, on her trial, adjures the king; if she be proved guilty—

"In God's name

Furn me away; and let the boldest contempt Shut door upon me, and so give me up To the sharpest *kind* of justice."

The MS. corrector writes—"to the sharpest *knife* of justice." But the queen is here speaking of a *kind* of justice sharper even than the knife—to wit, the contempt and ignominy which she imprecates on her own head if she be a guilty woman; and therefore "kind of justice" is the proper expression for her to use, and the MS.

substitution is unquestionably out of place.

*Act III. Scene 2.*—Mr Singer says, "'Now may all joy trace the conjunction,' instead of, 'Now *all* my joy,' &c. is a good conjecture, and may, I think, be safely adopted." We agree with Mr Singer.

*Act III. Scene 2.*—The following is one of the cases on which Mr Collier most strongly relies as proving the perspicacity and trustworthiness of his corrector. He brings it forward in his introduction (p. xv.), where he says, "When Henry VIII. tells Wolsey—

"You have scarce time

To steal from *pride* *leisure* a brief span

To keep your earthly agent."

he cannot mean that the cardinal has scarcely time to steal from 'leisure,' but from 'labour' (the word was misheard by the scribe); and while 'leisure' makes nonsense of the sentence, *labour* is exactly adapted to the place.

"You scarce have time

To steal from *labour* *leisure* a brief span."

The substituted word is found in the margin of the folio 1632. This instance seems indisputable." Did Mr Collier, we may here ask, never hear of *learned leisure*, when he thus brands as nonsensical the expression "spiritual leisure"? Is it nonsense to say that the study of Shakespeare has been the occupation of Mr Collier's "learned leisure" during the last fifty years, and that he has had little time to spare for any other pursuit? And if that be not nonsense, why should it be absurd to talk of the "spiritual leisure" of Cardinal Wolsey, as that which left him little or no time to attend to his temporal concerns? Spiritual leisure means occupation with religious matters, just as learned leisure means occupation with literary matters. Leisure does not necessarily signify idleness, as boys at *school* (σχολή—leisure) know full well. It is a polite synonym, perhaps slightly tinged with irony, for labour of an unmenial and unprofessional character. It stands opposed, not to every kind of work, but only to the work of "men of business," as they are called. And it is used in this place by Shakespeare with the very finest propriety. In so far, therefore, as this flower of speech is concerned, we must insist on

turning "the weeder-clips aside" of Mr Collier's ruthless spoliator, and on rejecting the vulgar weed which he offers to plant in its place.

*Act IV. Scene 2.*—In the following passage, however, we approve of the spoliator's punctuation, which it seems Mr Singer had adopted in his edition 1826.

"This Cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock undoubtedly,  
Was fashioned to much honour from his  
cradle.  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

All the common copies place a full stop after honour, and represent the cardinal as a scholar "ripe and good from his cradle," as if he had been born with a perfect knowledge of Greek and Latin.

*Act V. Scene 2.*—It is very difficult to say what should be made of the following:—

"But we all are men.  
In our natures frail; and capable  
Of our flesh; few are angels."

Malone proposed—

"In our natures frail; incapable;  
Of our flesh few are angels."

The margins propose "*culpable* of our flesh," which was also recommended by Mr Monck Mason. We venture to suggest—

"In our natures frail; incapable  
Of our flesh."

*i. e.*, incontinent of our flesh. But whatever may be done with this new reading, the next ought certainly to be rigorously excluded from the text. *Loquitur Cramner*—

"Nor is there living  
(I speak it with a single heart, my Lords)  
A man that more detests, *more stirs* against,  
Both in his private conscience and his place,  
Defacers of a public peace, than I do."

"The substitution of *stirres* for 'stirs,'" as Mr Singer very properly remarks, "would be high treason against a nervous Shakespearean expression."

*Scene 3.*—The MS. emendation in the speech of the porter's man (*queen* for "*chine*," and *crown* for "*cow*") is certainly entitled to consideration; but it is quite possible that his language, being that of a clown, may be designedly nonsensical.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—*Act I. Scene 2.*—Cressida says,

"Achievement is, command—ungained, beseech."

This line is probably misprinted. Mr Harness long ago proposed,

"*Achieved, men us command—ungained, beseech.*"

—that is, men *command* us (women) when we are achieved or gained over—they *beseech* us, so long as we are ungained. The MS. corrector's emendation falls very far short of the perspicuity of this amendment. He gives us—

"*Achieved, men still command—ungained, beseech.*"

*Scene 3.*—We may notice, in passing, a "new reading" proposed by Mr Singer, which, though ingenious, we cannot be prevailed upon to accept. It occurs in the following lines, where Ulysses says—

"The heavens themselves, the planets, and  
this centre

Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office, and custom in all line of order;  
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,  
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered  
Amidst the *other*, whose medicinal eye  
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
And posts like the commandment of a king,  
Sans check, to good and bad."

Instead of "*other*," Mr Singer proposes to read "*ether*." But "*other*" is more in harmony with the context, in which the sun is specially described as exercising a dominion over the *other* celestial luminaries. The parallel passage from Cicero, which Mr Singer quotes, tells just as much against him as for him. "*Medium fere regionem sol obtinet, dux, et princeps, et moderater luminum reliquiorum.*" We therefore protest against the established text being disturbed.

To return to Mr Collier. He must have very extraordinary notions of verbal propriety when he can say that "a fine compound epithet appears to have escaped in the hands of the old printer, and a small manuscript correction in the margin converts a poor expression into one of great force and beauty in these lines—

"What the repining enemy commends  
That breaths fame blows; that praise, *sole pure*,  
transcends;"

—that is, praise from an enemy is praise of the highest quality, and is the *only pure* kind of praise. The poor expression here condemned is "*sole pure*,"

and the fine compound epithet which is supposed to have escaped the fingers of the old compositor, is *soul-pure*. We venture to think that Shakespeare used the right words to express his own meaning, and that the MS. corrector's fine compound epithet is one of the most lack-a-daisical of the daisies that peer out upon us from the margins of the folio 1632.

*Act III. Scene 1.*—The words, "my disposer Cressida," have been satisfactorily shown by Mr Singer to mean, my *handmaiden* Cressida. Therefore the change of "disposer" into *dispraiser*, as recommended by the MS. corrector, is quite uncalled for. The speech, however, in which these words occur must be taken from Paris, and given to Helen.

*Act III. Scene 2.*—In the dialogue between Troilus and Cressida, the lady says, that she must take leave of him:

*Troilus.*—What offends you, lady?

*Cressida.*—Sir, mine own company.

*Troilus.*—You cannot shun yourself.

*Cressida.*—Let me go and try.

I have a kind of self resides with you,  
But an unkind self that itself will leave  
To be another's fool."

This conversation is not very clear; yet sense may be made of it. The lady says, that she is offended with her own company: the gentleman rejoins, that she cannot get rid of herself. "Let me try," says the lady; "I have a kind of self which resides with you—an unkind self, because it leaves me to be your fool; of that self I can get rid, because it will remain with you when I leave you." The MS. emendation affords no kind of sense whatsoever.

"I have a *kind self* that resides with you,  
But an unkind self that itself will leave  
To be another's fool."

*Scene 3.*—In the following passage, in which it is said that the eye is unable to see itself except by reflection, these lines occur:

"For speculation turns not to itself  
Till it hath travelled, and is *married* there,  
Where it may see itself."

*Mirrored*, for "married," is certainly a very excellent emendation; but it may reasonably be doubted whether *mirror* was used as a verb in Shakespeare's time. "To mirror" does not occur even in Johnson's Dictionary. This consideration makes us hesitate

to recommend it for the text; for "married," though, perhaps, not so good, still makes sense. On further reflection we are satisfied that "married" was Shakespeare's word. In this Scene Shakespeare says, "that the providence that's in a watchful state" is able to unveil human thoughts "in their dumb *cradles*," in their very *incunabula*—a finer expression certainly than the MS. corrector's substitution "in their dumb *crudities*."

*Act IV. Scene 1.*—Between Mr Collier and his corrector the following passage would be perverted into nonsense, if they were allowed to have their own

we are devils to ourselves  
In the depth of our powers,  
Changeful potency;

—that is, trusting rashly to their potency, which is better than *impotency*, and yet falls far short of *perfect* potency. Mr Collier hazards the opinion, that "unchangeful potency" would be a better reading. We cannot agree with him except to this extent that it would be a better reading than the one which the MS. corrector proposes,

"Presuming on their *changeful* potency,"

which we leave to the approbation of those who can understand it.

*Scene 5.*—The lines in which certain ladies of frail virtue, or, in the stronger language of Johnson, "corrupt wenches," are spoken of, have given rise to much comment.

"Oh! these encounterers so glib of tongue,  
That give a *counting* welcome ere it comes,"  
This is the ordinary reading. The margins propose,

"That give *occasion* welcome ere it comes."

We prefer the emendation suggested by Monck Mason and Coleridge,

"That : *ing* welcome ere it comes;

—that is, who take the initiative, and address before they are addressed.

**CORIOLANUS.**—*Act I. Scene 1.*—In his first emendation, the MS. corrector betrays his ignorance of the right meaning of words. The term "object," which nowadays is employed rather loosely in several acceptations, is used by Shakespeare, in the following passage, in its proper and original signification. One of the Roman citi-

zens, referring to the poverty of the plebeians as contrasted with the wealth of the patricians, remarks, "The leanness that afflicts us, the *object* of our misery, is an inventory to particularise their abundance; our suffering is a gain to them." For "object" we should, nowadays, say *spectacle*. But the corrector cannot have known that this was the meaning of the word, otherwise he surely never would have been so mis-guided as to propose the term *objectness* in its place. "This substitution," says Mr Collier, "could hardly have proceeded from the mere taste or discretion of the old corrector." No, truly; but it proceeded from his want of taste, his want of discretion, and his want of knowledge.

The ink with which these MS. corrections were made, being, as Mr Collier tells us, of various shades, differing sometimes on the same page, he is of opinion that they "must have been introduced from time to time during, perhaps, the course of several years." We think this a highly probable supposition; only, instead of *several* years, we would suggest *sixty or seventy* years. So that, supposing the MS. corrector to have begun his work when he was about thirty, he may have completed it when he was about ninety or a hundred years of age. At any rate, he must have been in the last stage of second childhood when he jotted down the following new reading in the famous fable of the "belly and the members." The belly, speaking of the fool it receives, says—

"I send it through the rivers of the blood,  
Even to the court, the heart, the seat of  
the brain."

And through the cranks and office man."

And so on; upon which one of the citizens asks Menenius, the relator of the fable, "How apply you this?"

"Menenius. The senators of Rome are but  
good belly,

And you the guts and members."

Yet, with this line staring him in the face, the old corrector proposes to read,

"I send it through the rivers of the blood,  
Even to the court, the heart, the senate brain."

The senate brain! when Shakespeare has distinctly told us that the senate is the belly. This indeed is the very point of the fable. Surely nothing ex-

cept the most extreme degree of dotage can account for such a manifest perversion as that; yet Mr Collier says that "it much improves the sense."

The MS. corrector cannot have been nearly so old when he changed "almost" into *all most* in the line,

"Nay, these are *all most* thoroughly persuaded;"

for this is decidedly an improvement, and ought, we think, to get admission into the text.

Scene 3.—Unless we can obtain a better substitute than *condemning*, we are not disposed to alter the received reading of these lines:

"The breast of Hector,  
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not like her  
Then Hector's forehead, when it spit forth  
blood  
At Grecian swords *condemning*."

Scene 6.—In the following passage a small word occasions a great difficulty. Coriolanus, wishing to select a certain number out of a large body of soldiers who have offered him their services, says—

"Please you to march,  
quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd"

But why "four?" Surely four men would not be sufficient for the attack which he meditated. The MS. corrector gives us—

"Please you to march *before*,  
And I shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd"

The second line is unintelligible, and not to be construed on any known principles of grammar. Mr Singer proposes —

"Please you to march,  
And *some* shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd."

We would suggest—

"Please you to march,  
And *those* shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd,"

—that is: And my command shall quickly draw out, or select, those men which (men) are best inclin'd to be of service to me. The construction here is indeed awkward, but less awkward, we think, than that of the other emendations.

Scene 9.—The punctuation of the following passage requires to be put right. Coriolanus is declaring how much disgusted he is with the flatteries, the flourish of trumpets, and other demonstrations of applause with which he is saluted—

‘May these same instruments which you  
praise  
Never sound more! When drums and  
trumpets shall  
In the field prove flatterers, let courts and  
cities be  
Made all of false-faced loathing. When steel  
grows  
Soft as the parasite’s silk, let him be made  
A coverture for the wars!’

But what is the sense of saying, —let courts and cities be made up of hypocrisy, *when* drums and trumpets in the field shall prove flatterers? This has no meaning. We should punctuate the lines thus

‘May these same instruments which you  
praise,  
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets  
shall  
In the field prove flatterers. Let courts and  
cities be  
Made all of false-faced loathing.’ &c.

The meaning is—When drums and trumpets in the field shall prove flatterers (as they are doing at present), may they never sound more! Let courts and cities be as hollow-hearted as they please; but let the *camp* enjoy an immunity from these fulsome observances. When steel grows soft as the parasite’s silk (that is, when the warrior loses his stubborn and unbending character), let silk be made a coverture for the wars, for it will then be quite as useful as steel. The only alteration which the MS. corrector proposes in this passage, is the substitution of *coverture* for the original reading “overture”—a change which was long ago made.

Act II. Scene 1.—The margins make an uncommonly good hit in the speech of Menenius, who says, “I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in’t: said to be something imperfect in favouring the *first* complaint.” No sense can be extracted from this by any process of distillation. The old corrector, brightening up for an instant, writes “*thirst* complaint,” on which Mr Singer remarks, “The

alteration of ‘first’ into *thirst* is not necessary, for it seems that thirst was sometimes provincially pronounced and spelt *first* and *furst*.” Come, come, Mr Singer, that is hardly fair. Let us give the devil his due. What one reader of Shakespeare out of every million was to know that “first” was a provincialism for *thirst*? We ourselves, at least, had not a suspicion of it till the old corrector opened our eyes to the right reading—the meaning of which is, “I am said to have a failing in yielding rather too readily to the *thirst* complaint.” This emendation covers a multitude of sins, and ought, beyond a doubt, to be promoted into the text.

We also willingly accept *empiric* for “*empirick* cuttike,” the ordinary, but unintelligible reading.

A difficulty occurs in the admirable verses in which the whole city is described as turning out in order to get a sight of the triumphant Coriolanus.

“Adieu goes part of him, and the blessed  
sighs  
Are spectacled to see him. Yon prattling  
nurse  
Into a rapture lets her baby cry  
When she sees him. The kitchen malkin  
fin  
Her back to look on him, but her ready neck,  
Clambering the wall, to catch him.”

*Cheers* instead of “*chats*” is proposed by the old corrector. Mr Singer says that cheers “savours too much of modern times,” and suggests *claps*; but a woman with an infant in her arms would find some difficulty, we fancy, in clapping her hands; though, perhaps, this very difficulty and her attempt to overcome it may have been the cause of her baby crying himself “into a rapture.” We are disposed, however, to adhere to the old lesson—“while she chats *him*”—that is, while she makes Coriolanus the subject of her gabble. For it ought to be borne in mind that Coriolanus has not, as yet, made his appearance: and, therefore, both *cheering* and *clapping* would be premature. We observe that, instead of a “rapture”—*i. e.*, a fit—one of the wisacres of the *carminum* proposes to read a *rapture*! The nurse lets the baby cry himself *into a rapture*! This outlanks even the margins. The annotator subscribes himself “S. W.”—which means, we pre-



same, Something Wanting in the upper story.

We accept *touch* for “reach” in the sentence where it is said, “his soaring insolence shall *reach* (the oldest reading is “teach”) the people. This correction had been already proposed by Mr Knight. But we cannot approve of the following change (*prest* for “blest,” *Scene 2*) which has obtained the sanction of Mr Singer. Sicinius has just remarked that the senate has assembled to do honour to Coriolanus, on which Brutus says—

“Which the rather  
We shall be *blest* to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people, than  
He hath hereto prized them at.”

Does not this mean—which honour we shall be *most happy* to do to Coriolanus, if &c.? Why then change “blest” into *prest*? a very unnatural mode of speech.

*Scene 3*.—In the next instance, however, we side most cordially with the margins and Mr Collier, against Mr Singer and the ordinary text. The haughty Coriolanus, who is a candidate for the consulship, says—

“Why in this *wolfish* gown should I stand here,  
To beg of Hob and Dick? ” &c.

Now Shakespeare, in a previous part of the play, has described the candidate’s toga as “the *napless* vesture of humility;” and it is well known that this toga was of a different texture from that usually worn. Is it not probable, therefore—nay certain—that Coriolanus should speak of it as *woolless*, the word *wolfish* being altogether unintelligible? Accordingly, the MS. corrector reads—

“Why in this *woolless* gown should I stand here.”

Mr Singer, defending the old reading, says, it is sufficient that his investiture in this gown “was *simulating*

humility not in his nature, to bring to mind the fable of the *wolf*.” Oh, Mr Singer! but must not the epithet in that case have been *sheepish*? Surely, if Coriolanus had felt himself to be a wolf in sheep’s clothing, he never would have said that he was a sheep in *wolves’* clothing! \*

*Act III. Scene 1*.—In the following speech of Coriolanus several corrections are proposed, one of which, and perhaps two, might be admitted into the text:—

“O, good but most unwise patricians! why,  
You grave but reckless senators, have you  
thus  
Given Hydra *here* to choose an officer  
That with his peremptory ‘shall’ (being but  
The horn and noise of the mousetraps), wants  
not spirit  
To say he’ll turn your current in a ditch,  
And make your channel his? If he have  
power,  
Then vail your ignorance: if none, *arck*!  
Your dangerous lenity.”

*Leave* for “here” is, we think, a good exchange; and *aroke* for “awake,” an improvement which can scarcely be resisted. Further on, Coriolanus asks—

“Well, what then,  
How shall this *bosom multiplied* digest  
The senate’s courtesy?”

There is, it seems, an old word *bisson*, signifying blind; and therefore we see no good reason (although such may exist) against accepting, as entitled to textual advancement, the old corrector’s substitution of *bisson* *multitude* for “bosom multiplied.” The latter, however, is defended, as we learn from Mr Singer, “by one strenuous dissentient voice.” Why did he not tell us by whom and where? One excellent emendation by Mr Singer himself we must here notice. Coriolanus speaks of those who wish

“To *jump* a body with a dangerous physic  
That’s sure of death without it.”

\* The German translators Tieck and Schlegel adopt the reading of the first folio, *tongue*, for “gown,” and translate,

Warum soll hier mit *Wolfsgehend* ich stehen.”

Dr Delius concurs with his countrymen, and remarks that the boldness of Shakespeare’s constructions readily admits of our connecting the words “in this *wolfish* tongue” with the words “to beg.” Now, admirable as we believe Dr Delius’ English scholarship to be, he must permit us to say that this is a point which can be determined only by a native of this country, and that the construction which he proposes is not consistent with the idiom of our language. Even the German idiom requires *with* (mit), and not *in*, a wolf’s cry. We cannot recommend him to introduce *tongue* into his text of our poet.

No sense can be made of this. Some copies have *rump*, which is not a bad reading; but there is an old word *imp*, which signifies to piece or patch. Accordingly, Mr Singer reads—"To *imp* a body," &c. This is the word which ought to stand in the text.

*Scene 2*—Here the old corrector is again at his forging tricks upon a large scale. Volunna says to Coriolanus, her son—

"Pray be counsel'd,  
I have a heart as little apt as yours  
To brook control without the use of anger;  
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger  
To better vantage."

The interpolated line is very unlike the diction of Shakespeare, and is not at all called for. "Apt" here means pliant, accommodating. "I have a heart as stubborn and unaccommodating as your own; but yet," &c. Mr Singer proposes *soft* for "apt;" but this seems unnecessary.

*Act I. Scene 1*.—Although the construction of the latter part of these lines is somewhat involved, it is far more after the manner of Shakespeare than the correction which the margius propose. Coriolanus says to his mother—

"Nay, mother,  
Where is your ancient courage? You were  
used  
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;  
That common chances common men could  
bear,  
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's  
blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,  
craves  
A noble cunning."

*Gentle-minded* is the new reading; but it is quite uncalled for. The meaning is—You were used to say that when fortune's blows were most struck home, to be gentle, though wounded, craves a noble cunning—that is, a high degree of self-command.

*Scene 5*.—It is curious to remark how cleverly Shakespeare has anticipated old Hobbes' theory of human nature and of society, in the scene where the serving-men are discussing the merits of peace and war. "Peace," says one of them, "makes men hate one another." "The reason?" asks another. Answer—"Because they then less need one another." This, in a very few words,

is exactly the doctrine of the old philosopher of Malmesbury.

*Scene 6*.—"God Marcius" for "good Marcius" is a commendable emendation; and perhaps, also, it may be proper to read—

"You have made fair hands,  
You and your *handicrafts* have crafted fair,"  
instead of

You and your crafts, you have crafted fair."

The following passage (*Scene 7*) has given a good deal of trouble to the commentators. Aufidius is describing Coriolanus as a man who, with all his merits, had failed, through some unaccountable perversity of judgment, in attaining the position which his genius entitled him to occupy. He then says—

"So our virtues  
Lie in the interpretation of the time;  
And power, unto itself most commendable,  
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
To extol what it hath done.  
One line drives out one line, one nail one nail,  
Rights by right *for order*, strengths by strength  
do fail."

Our virtues, says Aufidius, consist in our ability to interpret, and turn to good account, the signs of the times. "And power, unto itself most commendable, hath not a tomb so evident as a chair to extol what it hath done;" that is,—and power, which delights to praise itself, is sure to have a downfall, so soon as it blazons forth its pretensions from the *rostrum*. The MS. corrector proposes—

"Hath not a tomb so evident as a *cheer*," &c.

The original text is obscurely enough expressed, but the new reading seems to be utter nonsense. What *can* Mr Singer mean by his reading—

"Hath not a tomb so evident as a *hair*"?

The old corrector also reads, unnecessarily, as we think, *suffer* for "fouler." "Rights by rights *suffer*." There seems to be no necessity for changing the received text. "Right is fouler by right,"—which Steevens thus explains: "what is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proof."

*Act I. Scene 3*.—An emendation,

good so far as it goes, comes before us in the speech of Volunna, the mother of Coriolanus. She, his wife, and young son, are supplicating the triumphant renegade to spare his native country. She says that, instead of his presence being a comfort to them, it is a sight—

"Making the mother, wife, and child to see  
The son, the husband, and the father tearing  
His country's bowels out. And to poor we  
These *enemies*' most capital."

This is the reading of the ordinary copies, but it is neither sense nor grammar. The old corrector removes the full stop after *out*, and reads—

"His country's bowels out, and so poor we  
These *enemies*' most capital."

But if this is the right reading, it must be completed by changing "*we*" into *us*. The meaning will then be—making thy mother, wife, &c.; and so (making) poor *us* (that is, those whom you are bound to love and protect before all others) thy chief enemies.

*Scene*—Aufidius, speaking of Coriolanus, says, I

"Served his designment—  
In mine own person, he *helps to reap* the fame  
Which he did *eat* all his."

The word "*eat*" has been a stum-

bling-block to the commentators. The old corrector reads—

"Help to reap the fame  
Which he did *eat* all his."

On which Mr Singer remarks, with a good deal of pertinency, "The substitution of *eat* for '*end*' is a good emendation of an evident misprint; but the correctors have only half done their work: *eat*—i. e. plough and *reap* should change places; or Aufidius is made to say that he had a share in the harvest, while Coriolanus had all the labour of ploughing, contrary to what is intended to be said. The passage will then run thus—

"Served his designment—  
In mine own person, help to *eat* the fame  
Which he did *reap* all his."

"This," adds Mr Singer, "is the suggestion of a correspondent on *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii. p. 378."

Ten plays, as revised by the old corrector, still remain to be handled. These shall be disposed of in our next Number, when it will appear that the MS. emendations offer no symptoms of improvement, but come out worse and worse the more fully and attentively they are considered.

## THE DUKE'S DILEMMA.

A CHRONICLE OF NISSENSTEIN.

THE close of the theatrical year, which in France occurs in early spring, annually brings to Paris a throng of actors and actresses, the disorganised elements of provincial companies, who repair to the capital to contract engagements for the new season. Paris is the grand centre to which all dramatic stars converge

the great bazaar where managers recruit their troops for the summer campaign. In bad weather the mart for this human merchandise is at an obscure collection-house near the Rue St Honoré; when the sun shines, the place of meeting is in the garden of the Palais Royal. There, pacing to and fro beneath the lime trees, the contracting parties pursue their negotiation and make their bargains.

the theatrical Exchange, the historical *Poussé*. There the conversation and the company are alike curious. They are the fringe-disasters and odd miscellanea that there are and away the odd figures there and there. Tragedians, comedians, actors, men and women, young and old, taller in quest of better engagements. The broad-brimmed hats and the voluminous sleeves of the out-prosperity, but only hear them speak, and you are at once convinced that *they* have no need of broadcloth who are so amply covered with laurels. It is delightful to hear them talk of their triumphs, of the storms of applause, the rapturous bravos, the boundless enthusiasm, of the audiences they lately delighted. Their brows are oppressed with the weight of their bays. The south mourns their loss; if they go west, the north will be envious and inconsolable. As to themselves—north, south, east, or west—they care little to which point of the compass the breeze of their destiny may waft them. Thorough gypsies in their habits, accustomed to make the best of the passing hour, and to take small care for the future so long as the present is provided for, like soldiers they heed not the name of the

towa so long as the quarters be good.

It was a fine morning in April. The sun shone brightly, and, amongst the numerous loungers in the garden of the Palais Royal were several groups of actors. The season was already far advanced; all the companies were formed, and those players who had not secured an engagement had but a poor chance of finding one. Their anxiety was legible upon their countenances. A man of about fifty years of age walked to and fro, a newspaper in his hand, and to him, when he passed near them, the actors bowed respectfully and hopefully. A quick glance was his, acknowledge it of their salutation, and then his eyes reverted to his paper, as if it deeply interested him. When he was out of hearing, the actors, who had assumed their most picturesque attitudes to attract his attention, and who beheld their labour lost, vented their dis-honour.

"Balthasar is mighty proud," said one; "he has not a word to say to us."

"Perhaps he does not want any-bow," remarked another. "I think he has no theatre this year."

"That would be odd. They say he is a clever manager."

"He may best prove his cleverness by keeping aloof. It is so difficult now-a-days to do good in the provinces. The public is so fastidious, the authorities are so shabby, so unwilling to put their hands in their pockets. Ah, my dear fellow, our art is sadly fallen!"

Whilst the discontented actors bemoaned themselves, Balthasar eagerly accosted a young man who just then entered the garden by the passage of the Perron. The coffeehouse-keepers had already begun to put out tables under the tender foliage. The two men sat down at one of them.

"Well, Florival," said the manager, "does my offer suit you? Will you make one of us? I was glad to hear you had broken off with Ricardin.

With your qualifications you ought to have an engagement in Paris, or at least at a first-rate provincial theatre. But you are young, and, as you know, managers prefer actors of greater experience and established reputation. Your parts are generally taken by youths of five-and-forty, with wrinkles and grey hairs, but well versed in the traditions of the stage—with damaged voices but an excellent style. My brother managers are greedy of great names; yours still has to become known—as yet, you have but your talent to recommend you. I will content myself with that; content yourself with what I offer you. Times are bad, the season is advanced, engagements are hard to find. Many of your comrades have gone to try their luck beyond seas. We have not so far to go; we shall scarcely overstep the boundary of our ungrateful country. Germany invites us; it is a pleasant land, and Rhine wine is not to be disdained. I will tell you how the thing came about. For many years past I have managed theatres in the eastern departments, in Alsatia and Lorraine. Last summer, having a little leisure, I made an excursion to Baden-Baden. As usual, it was crowded with fashionables. One rubbed shoulders with princes and trod upon highnesses' toes; one could not walk twenty yards without meeting a sovereign. All these crowned heads, kings, grand-dukes, electors, mingled easily and affably with the throng of visitors. Etiquette is banished from the baths of Baden, where, without laying aside their titles, great personages enjoy the liberty and advantages of an incognito. At the time of my visit, a company of very indifferent German actors were playing, two or three times a-week, in the little theatre. They played to empty benches, and must have starved but for the assistance afforded them by the directors of the gambling-tables. I often went to their performances, and, amongst the scanty spectators, I soon remarked one who was as assiduous as myself. A gentleman, very plainly dressed, but of agreeable countenance and aristocratic appearance, invariably occupied the same stall,

and seemed to enjoy the performance, which proved that he was easily pleased. One night he addressed to me some remark with respect to the play then acting; we got into conversation on the subject of dramatic art; he saw that I was specially competent on that topic, and after the theatre he asked me to take refreshment with him. I accepted. At midnight we parted, and, as I was going home, I met a gambler whom I slightly knew. 'I congratulate you,' he said; 'you have friends in high places!' He alluded to the gentleman with whom I had passed the evening, and whom I now learned was no less a personage than his Serene Highness Prince Leopold, sovereign ruler of the Grand Duchy of Niesenstein. I had had the honour of passing a whole evening in familiar intercourse with a crowned head. Next day, walking in the park, I met his Highness. I made a low bow and kept at a respectful distance, but the Grand Duke came up to me and asked me to walk with him. Before accepting, I thought it right to inform him who I was. 'I guessed as much,' said the Prince. 'From one or two things that last night escaped you, I made no doubt you were a theatrical manager.' And by a gesture he renewed his invitation to accompany him. In a long conversation he informed me of his intention to establish a French theatre in his capital, for the performance of comedy, drama, vaudeville, and comic operas. He was then building a large theatre, which would be ready by the end of the winter, and he offered me its management on very advantageous terms. I had no plans in France for the present year, and the offer was too good to be refused. The Grand Duke guaranteed my expenses and a gratuity, and there was a chance of very large profits. I hesitated not a moment; we exchanged promises, and the affair was concluded.

"According to our agreement, I am to be at Karlstadt, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Niesenstein, in the first week in May. There is no time to lose. My company is almost complete, but there are still some important gaps to fill. Amongst others,

I want a lover, a light comedian, and a first singer. I reckon upon you to fill these important posts."

"I am quite willing," replied the actor, "but there is still an obstacle. You must know, my dear Balthasar, that I am deeply in love—seriously, this time—and I broke off with Ricardin solely because he would not engage her to whom I am attached."

"Oho! she is an actress?"

"Two years upon the stage; a lovely girl, full of grace and talent, and with a charming voice. The Opera Comique has not a singer to compare with her."

"And she is dis-engaged?"

"Yes, my dear fellow; strange though it seems, and by a combination of circumstances which it were tedious to detail, the fascinating Delia is still without an engagement. And I give you notice that henceforward I attach myself to her steps: where she goes, I go: I will perform upon no boards which she does not tread. I am determined to win her heart, and make her my wife."

"Very good!" cried Balthasar, rising from his seat; "tell me the address of this prodigy: I'll fly, I make every sacrifice; and we will start to-morrow."

People were quite right in saying that Balthasar was a clever manager. None better knew how to deal with actors, often capricious and difficult to guide. He possessed skill, taste, and tact. One hour after the conversation in the garden of the Palais Royal, he had obtained the signatures of Delia and Florival, two excellent acquisitions, destined to do him infinite honour in Germany. That night his little company was complete, and the next day, after a good dinner, it started for Strasburg. It was composed as follows:

Balthasar, manager, was to play the old men, and take the heavy business.

Florival was the leading man, the lover, and the first singer.

Rigolet was the low comedian, and took the parts usually played by Arnal and Bouffé.

Similor was to perform the valets in Molière's comedies, and eccentric low comedy characters.

Anselmo was the walking gentleman.

Lebel led the band.

Miss Delia was to display her charms and talents as prima donna, and in genteel comedy.

Miss Foligny was the singing chambermaid.

Miss Alice was the walking lady, and made herself generally useful.

Finally, Madame Pastorale, the duenna of the company, was to perform the old women, and look after the young ones.

Although so few, the company trusted to atone by zeal and industry for numerical deficiency. It would be easy to find, in the capital of the Grand Duchy, persons capable of filling mute parts, and, in most plays, a few unimportant characters might be suppressed.

The travellers reached Strasburg without adventure worthy of note. There Balthasar allowed them six-and-thirty hours' repose, and took advantage of the halt to write to the Grand Duke Leopold, and inform him of his approaching arrival; then they again started, crossed the Rhine at Kehl, and in thirty days, after traversing several small German states, reached the frontier of the Grand Duchy of Niesenstein, and stopped at a little village called Krusthal. From this village to the capital the distance was only four leagues, but means of conveyance were wanting. There was but a single stage-coach on that line of road; it would not leave Krusthal for two days, and it held but six persons. No other vehicles were to be had; it was necessary to wait, and the necessity was anything but pleasant. The actors made wry faces at the prospect of passing forty-eight hours in a wretched village. The only persons who easily made up their minds to the wearisome delay were Delia and Florival. The first singer was desperately in love, and the prima donna was not insensible to his delicate attentions and tender discourse.

Balthasar, the most impatient and persevering of all, went out to explore the village. In an hour's time he returned in triumph to his friends, in a light cart drawn by a strong horse. Unfortunately the cart held but two persons.

"I will set out alone," said Balthasar. "On reaching Karlstadt, I will go to the Grand Duke, explain our position, and I have no doubt he will immediately send carriages to convey you to his capital."

These consolatory words were received with loud cheers by the actors. The driver, a peasant lad, cracked his whip, and the stout Mecklenburg horse set out at a small trot. Upon the way, Balthasar questioned his guide as to the extent, resources, and prosperity of the Grand Duchy, but could obtain no satisfactory reply: the young peasant was profoundly ignorant upon all these subjects. The four leagues were got over in something less than three hours, which is rather rapid travelling for Germany. It was nearly dark when Balthasar entered Karlstadt. The shops were shut, and there were few persons in the streets: people are early in their habits in the happy lands on the Rhine's right bank. Presently the cart stopped before a good-sized house.

"You told me to take you to our prince's palace," said the driver, "and here it is." Balthasar alighted and entered the dwelling, unchallenged and unimpeded by the sentry who passed lazily up and down in its front. In the entrance hall the manager met a porter, who bowed gravely to him as he passed; he walked on and passed through an empty anteroom. In the first apartment, appropriated to gentlemen-in-waiting, aides-de-camp, equeuries, and other dignitaries of various degree, he found nobody; in a second saloon, lighted by a dim and smoky lamp, was an old gentleman, dressed in black, with powdered hair, who rose slowly at his entrance, looked at him with surprise, and inquired his pleasure.

"I wish to see his Serene Highness, the Grand Duke Leopold," replied Balthasar.

"The prince does not grant audiences at this hour," the old gentleman drily answered.

"His Highness expects me," was the confident reply of Balthasar.

"That is another thing. I will inquire if it be his Highness's pleasure to receive you. Whom shall I announce?"

"The manager of the Court theatre."

The gentleman bowed, and left Balthasar alone. The pertinacious manager already began to doubt the success of his audacity, when he heard the Grand Duke's voice, saying, "Show him in."

He entered. The sovereign of Niesenstein was alone, seated in a large arm-chair, at a table covered with a green cloth, upon which were a confused medley of letters and newspapers, an inkstand, a tobacco-bag, two wax-lights, a sugar-basin, a sword, a plate, gloves, a bottle, books, and a goblet of Bohemian glass, artistically engraved. His Highness was engrossed in a thoroughly national occupation; he was smoking one of those long pipes which Germans rarely lay aside except to eat or to sleep.

The manager of the Court theatre bowed thrice, as if he had been advancing to the foot-lights to address the public; then he stood still and silent, awaiting the prince's pleasure. But, although he said nothing, his countenance was so expressive that the Grand Duke answered him.

"Yes," he said, "here you are. I recollect you perfectly, and I have not forgotten our agreement. But you come at a very unfortunate moment, my dear, sir!"

"I crave your Highness's pardon if I have chosen an improper hour to seek an audience," replied Balthasar with another bow.

"It is not the hour that I am thinking of," answered the prince quickly. "Would that were all! See, here is your letter; I was just now reading it, and regretting that, instead of writing to me only three days ago, when you were half-way here, you had not done so two or three weeks before starting."

"I did wrong."

"More so than you think, for, had you sooner warned me, I would have spared you a useless journey."

"Useless!" exclaimed Balthasar aghast. "Has your Highness changed your mind?"

"Not at all; I am still passionately fond of the drama, and should be delighted to have a French theatre here. As far as that goes, my ideas and tastes are in no way altered since last summer; but, unfortunately, I am unable to satisfy them. Look here,"

continued the prince, rising from his arm-chair. He took Balthasar's arm and led him to a window: "I told you, last year, that I was building a magnificent theatre in my capital."

"Your Highness did tell me so."

"Well, look yonder, on the other side of the square; there the theatre is!"

"Your Highness, I see nothing but an open space; a building commenced, and as yet scarcely risen above the foundation."

"Precisely so; that is the theatre."

"Your Highness told me it would be completed before the end of winter."

"I did not then foresee that I should have to stop the works for want of cash to pay the workmen. Such is my present position. If I have no theatre ready to receive you, and if I cannot take you and your company into my pay, it is because I have not the means. The coffers of the State and my privy purse are alike empty. You are astounded!—Adversity respects nobody—not even Grand Dukes. But I support its assaults with philosophy: try to follow my example; and, by way of a beginning, take a chair and a pipe, fill yourself a glass of wine, and drink to the return of my prosperity. Since you suffer for my misfortunes, I owe you an explanation. Although I never had much order in my expenditure, I had every reason, at the time I first met with you, to believe my finances in a flourishing condition. It was not until the commencement of the present year that I discovered the contrary to be the case. Last year was a bad one; hail ruined our crops and money was hard to get in. The salaries of my household were in arrear, and my officers murmured. For the first time I ordered a statement of my affairs to be laid before me, and I found that ever since my accession I had been exceeding my revenue. My first act of sovereignty had been a considerable diminution of the taxes paid to my predecessors. Hence the evil, which had annually augmented, and now I am ruined, loaded with debts, and without means of repairing the disaster. My privy-councillors certainly proposed a way; it was to double the taxes, raise extraordinary contributions—to squeeze

my subjects, in short. A fine plan, indeed! to make the poor pay for my improvidence and disorder! Such things may occur in other States, but they shall not occur in mine. Justice before everything. I prefer enduring my difficulties to making my subjects suffer."

"Excellent prince!" exclaimed Balthasar, touched by these generous sentiments. The Grand Duke smiled.

"Do you turn flatterer?" he said. "Beware! it is an arduous post, and you will have none to help you. I have no longer wherewith to pay flatterers; my courtiers have fled. You have seen the emptiness of my anterooms; you met neither chamberlain nor equerry upon your entrance. All those gentlemen have given in their resignations. The civil and military officers of my house, secretaries, aides-de-camp, and others, left me, because I could no longer pay them their wages. I am alone; a few faithful and patient servants are all that remain, and the most important personage of my court is now honest Sigismund, my old valet-de-chambre."

These last words were spoken in a melancholy tone, which pained Balthasar. The eyes of the honest manager glistened. The Grand Duke detected his sympathy.

"Do not pity me," he said with a smile. "It is no sorrow to me to have got rid of a wearisome etiquette, and, at the same time, of a pack of spies and hypocrites, by whom I was formerly from morning till night beset."

The cheerful frankness of the Grand Duke's manner forbade doubt of his sincerity. Balthasar congratulated him on his courage.

"I need it more than you think!" replied Leopold, "and I cannot answer for having enough to support the blows that threaten me. The desertion of my courtiers would be nothing, did I owe it only to the bad state of my finances: as soon as I found myself in funds again I could buy others or take back the old ones, and amuse myself by putting my foot upon their servile necks. Then they would be as humble as now they are insolent. But their defection is an omen of other dangers. As the diplomatists say, clouds are at the political horizon."



Poverty alone would not have sufficed to clear my palace of men who are as greedy of honours as they are of money; they would have waited for better days; their vanity would have consoled their avarice. If they fled, it was because they felt the ground shake beneath their feet, and because they are in league with my enemies. I cannot shut my eyes to impending dangers. I am on bad terms with Austria; Metternich looks askance at me; at Vienna I am considered too liberal, too popular: they say that I set a bad example; they reproach me with cheap government, and with not making my subjects sufficiently feel the yoke. Thus do they accumulate pretexts for playing me a scurvy trick. One of my cousins, a colonel in the Austrian service, covets my Grand Duchy. Although I say *grand*, it is but ten leagues long and eight leagues broad; but, such as it is, it suits me; I am accustomed to it, I have the habit of ruling it, and I should miss it were I deprived of it. My cousin has the audacity to dispute my incontestible rights; this is a mere pretext for litigation, but he has carried the case before the Aulic Council, and notwithstanding the excellence of my right I still may lose my cause, for I have no money wherewith to enlighten my judges. My enemies are powerful, treason surrounds me; they try to take advantage of my financial embarrassments, first to make me bankrupt and then to depose me. In this critical conjuncture, I should be only too delighted to have a company of players to divert my thoughts from my troubles—but I have neither theatre nor money. So it is impossible for me to keep you, my dear manager, and, believe me, I am as grieved at it as you can be. All I can do is to give you, out of the little I have left, a small indemnity to cover your travelling expenses and take you back to France. Come and see me to-morrow morning; we will settle this matter, and you shall take your leave."

Balthasar's attention and sympathy had been so completely engrossed by the Grand Duke's misfortunes, and by his revelations of his political and financial difficulties, that his own troubles had quite gone out of his thoughts. When he quitted the pal-

ace they came back upon him like a thunder-cloud. How was he to satisfy the actors, whom he had brought two hundred leagues away from Paris? What could he say to them, how appease them? The unhappy manager passed a miserable night. At day-break he rose and went out into the open air, to calm his agitation and seek a mode of extrication from his difficulties. During a two hours' walk he had abundant time to visit every corner of Karlstadt, and to admire the beauties of that celebrated capital. He found it an elegant town, with wide straight streets cutting completely across it, so that he could see through it at a glance. The houses were pretty and uniform, and the windows were provided with small indiscreet mirrors, which reflected the passers-by and transported the street into the drawing-room, so that the worthy Karlstadders could satisfy their curiosity without quitting their easy chairs. An innocent recreation, much affected by German burghers. As regarded trade and manufactures, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Niesenstein did not seem to be very much occupied with either. It was anything but a bustling city; luxury had made but little progress there; and its prosperity was due chiefly to the moderate desires and phlegmatic philosophy of its inhabitants.

In such a country a company of actors had no chance of a livelihood. There is nothing for it but to return to France, thought Balthasar, after making the circuit of the city: then he looked at his watch, and, deeming the hour suitable, he took the road to the palace, which he entered with as little ceremony as upon the preceding evening. The faithful Sigismund, doing duty as gentleman-in-waiting, received him as an old acquaintance, and forthwith ushered him into the Grand Duke's presence. His Highness seemed more depressed than upon the previous day. He was pacing the room with long strides, his eyes cast down, his arms folded. In his hand he held papers, whose perusal it apparently was that had thus discomposed him. For some moments he said nothing; then he suddenly stopped before Balthasar.

"You find me less calm," he said,

"than I was last night. I have just received unpleasant news. I am heartily sick of these perpetual vexations, and gladly would I resign this poor sovereignty, this crown of thorns they seek to snatch from me, did not honour command me to maintain to the last my legitimate rights. Yes," vehemently exclaimed the Grand Duke, "at this moment a tranquil existence is all I covet, and I would willingly give up my Grand Duchy, my title, my crown, to live quietly at Paris, as a private gentleman, upon thirty thousand francs a-year."

"I believe so, indeed!" cried Balthasar, who, in his wildest dreams of fortune, had never dared aspire so high. His artless exclamation made the prince smile. It needed but a trifle to dissipate his vexation, and to restore that upper current of easy good temper which habitually floated upon the surface of his character.

"You think," he gaily cried, "that some, in my place, would be satisfied with less, and that thirty thousand francs a-year, with independence and the pleasures of Paris, compose a lot more enviable than the government of all the Grand Duchies in the world. My own experience tells me that you are right: for, ten years ago, when I was but hereditary prince, I passed six months at Paris, rich, independent, careless; and memory declares those to have been the happiest days of my life."

"Well! if you were to sell all you have, could you not realise that fortune? Besides, the cousin, of whom you did me the honour to speak to me yesterday, would probably gladly insure you an income if you yielded him your place here. But will your Highness permit me to speak plainly?"

"By all means."

"The tranquil existence of a private gentleman would doubtless have many charms for you, and you say so in all sincerity of heart; but, upon the other hand, you set store by your crown, though you may not admit it to yourself. In a moment of annoyance it is easy to exaggerate the charms of tranquillity, and the pleasures of private life; but a throne, however rickety, is a seat which none willingly quit. That is my opinion, formed at the dramatic school: it is perhaps a

reminiscence of some old part, but truth is sometimes found upon the stage. Since, therefore, all things considered, to stay where you are is that which best becomes you, you ought—— But I crave your Highness's pardon, I am perhaps speaking too freely——"

"Speak on, my dear manager, freely and fearlessly; I listen to you with pleasure. 'I ought—you were about to say?——'"

"Instead of abandoning yourself to despair and poetry, instead of contenting yourself with succumbing nobly, like some ancient Roman, you ought boldly to combat the peril. Circumstances are favourable; you have neither ministers nor state-councillors to mislead you, and embarrass your plans. Strong in your good right, and in your subjects' love, it is impossible you should not find means of retrieving your finances and strengthening your position."

"There is but one means, and that is—a good marriage."

"Excellent! I had not thought of it. You are a bachelor! A good marriage is salvation. It is thus that great houses, menaced with ruin, regain their former splendour. You must marry an heiress, the only daughter of some rich broker."

"You forget—it would be derogatory. I am free from such prejudices, but what would Austria say if I thus condescended? It would be another charge to bring against me. And then a banker's millions would not suffice; I must ally myself with a powerful family, whose influence will strengthen mine. Only a few days ago, I thought such an alliance within my grasp. A neighbouring prince, Maximilian of Hanau, who is in high favour at Vienna, has a sister to marry. The Princess Wilhelmina is young, handsome, amiable, and rich; I have already entered upon the preliminaries of a matrimonial negotiation, but two despatches, received this morning, destroy all my hopes. Hence the low spirits in which you find me."

"Perhaps," said Balthasar, "your Highness too easily gives way to discouragement."

"Judge for yourself. I have a rival, the Elector of Saxe-Telpe-

hausen; his territories are less considerable than mine, but he is more solidly established in his little electorate than I am in my grand-duchy."

"Pardon me, your Highness; I saw the Elector of Saxe-Tolpelhausen last year at Baden-Baden, and, without flattery, he cannot for an instant be compared with your Highness. You are hardly thirty, and he is more than forty; you have a good figure, he is heavy, clumsy, and ill-made; your countenance is noble and agreeable, his common and displeasing; your hair is light brown, his bright red. The Princess Wilhelmina is sure to prefer you."

"Perhaps so, if she were asked; but she is in the power of her august brother, who will marry her to whom he pleases."

"That must be prevented."

"How?"

"By winning the young lady's affections. Love has so many resources. Every day one sees marriages for money broken off, and replaced by marriages for love."

"Yes, one sees that in plays ----"

"Which afford excellent lessons."

"For people of a certain class, but not for princes."

"Why not make the attempt? If I dared advise you, it would be to set out to-morrow, and pay a visit to the Prince of Hanau."

"Unnecessary. To see the prince and his sister, I need not stir hence. One of these despatches announces their early arrival at Karlstadt. They are on their way hither. On their return from a journey into Prussia, they pass through my territories and pause in my capital, inviting themselves as my guests for two or three days. Their visit is my ruin. What will they think of me when they find me alone, deserted, in my empty palace? Do you suppose the Princess will be tempted to share my dismal solitude? Last year she went to Saxe-Tolpelhausen. The Elector entertained her well, and made his court agreeable. *He* could place chamberlains and aides-de-camp at her orders, could give concerts, balls, and festivals. But I—what can *I* do? What a humiliation! And, that no affront may be spared to me, my rival proposes negotiating his marriage at

my own court! Nothing less, it seems, will satisfy him! He has just sent me an ambassador, Baron Pippinstir, deputed, he writes, to conclude a commercial treaty which will be extremely advantageous to me. The treaty is but a pretext. The Baron's true mission is to the Prince of Hanau. The meeting is skilfully contrived, for the secret and most ostentatious conclusion of the matrimonial treaty. This is what I am condemned to witness! I must endure this outrage and mortification, and display, before the prince and his sister, my misery and poverty. I would do anything to avoid such shame!"

"Means might, perhaps, be found," said Balthasar, after a moment's reflection.

"Means? Speak, and whatever they be, I adopt them."

"The plan is a bold one!" continued Balthasar, speaking half to the Grand Duke and half to himself, as if pondering and weighing a project.

"No matter! I will risk everything."

"You would like to conceal your real position, to re people this palace, to have a court?"

"Yes."

"Do you think the courtiers who have deserted you would return?"

"Never. Did I not tell you they are sold to my enemies?"

"Could you not select others from the higher class of your subjects?"

"Impossible! There are very few gentlemen amongst my subjects. Ah! if a court could be got up at a day's notice! though! it were to be composed of the humblest citizens of Karlstadt——"

"I have better than that to offer you."

"*You* have? And whom do you offer?" cried Duke Leopold, greatly astonished.

"My actors."

"What! you would have me make up a court of your actors?"

"Yes, your Highness, and you could not do better. Observe that my actors are accustomed to play all manner of parts, and that they will be perfectly at their ease when performing those of noblemen and high officials. I answer for their talent, discretion, and probity. As soon as

your illustrious guests have departed, and you no longer need their services, they shall resign their posts. Bear in mind that you have no other alternative. Time is short, danger at your door, hesitation is destruction."

"But, if such a trick were discovered!—"

"A mere supposition, a chimerical fear. On the other hand, if you do not run the risk I propose, your ruin is certain."

The Grand Duke was easily persuaded. Careless and easy-going, he yet was not wanting in determination, nor in a certain love of hazardous enterprises. He remembered that fortune is said to favour the bold, and his desperate position increased his courage. With joyful intrepidity he accepted and adopted Balthasar's scheme.

"Bravo!" cried the manager; "you shall have no cause to repent. You behold in me a sample of your future courtiers; and since honours and dignities are to be distributed, it is with me, if you please, that we will begin. In this request I act up to the spirit of my part. A courtier should always be asking for something, should lose no opportunity, and should profit by his rival's absence to obtain the best place. I entreat your Highness to have the goodness to name my prime minister."

"Granted!" gaily replied the prince. "Your Excellency may immediately enter upon your functions."

"My Excellency will not fail to do so, and begins by requesting your signature to a few decrees I am about to draw up. But in the first place, your Highness must be so good as to answer two or three questions, that I may understand the position of affairs. A new-comer in a country, and a novice in a minister's office, has need of instruction. If it became necessary to enforce your commands, have you the means of so doing?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Your Highness has soldiers?"

"A regiment."

"How many men?"

"One hundred and twenty, besides the musicians."

"Are they obedient, devoted?"

"Passive obedience, unbounded de-

votion; soldiers and officers would die for me to the last man."

"It is their duty. Another question: Have you a prison in your dominions?"

"Certainly."

"I mean a good prison, strong and well-guarded, with thick walls, solid bars, stern and incorruptible jailors?"

"I have every reason to believe that the Castle of Zwingenberg combines all those requisites. The fact is, I have made very little use of it; but it was built by a man who understood such matters—by my father's great-grandfather, Rudolph the Inflexible."

"A fine surname for a sovereign! Your Inflexible ancestor, I am very sure, never lacked either cash or courtiers. Your Highness has perhaps done wrong to leave the state-prison untenanted. A prison requires to be inhabited, like any other building; and the first act of the authority with which you have been pleased to invest me, will be a salutary measure of incarceration. I presume the Castle of Zwingenberg will accommodate a score of prisoners?"

"What! you are going to imprison twenty persons?"

"More or less. I do not yet know the exact number of the persons who composed your late court. They it is whom I propose lodging within the lofty walls constructed by the Inflexible Rudolph. The measure is indispensable."

"But it is illegal!"

"I crave your Highness's pardon; you use a word I do not understand. It seems to me that, in every good German government, that which is absolutely necessary is necessarily legal. That is my policy. Moreover, as prime minister, I am responsible. What would you have more? It is plain that, if we leave your courtiers their liberty, it will be impossible to perform our comedy; they will betray us. Therefore the welfare of the state imperatively demands their imprisonment. Besides, you yourself have said that they are traitors, and therefore they deserve punishment. For your own safety's sake, for the success of your project—which will insure the happiness of your subjects—write the names, sign the order, and inflict upon

the deserters the lenient chastisement of a week's captivity."

The Grand Duke wrote the names and signed several orders, which were forthwith intrusted to the most active and determined officers of the regiment, with instructions to make the arrests at once, and to take their prisoners to the Castle of Zwingenberg, at three quarters of a league from Karlstadt.

"All that now remains to be done is to send for your new court," said Balthasar. "Has your Highness carriages?"

"Certainly! a berlin, a barouche, and a cabriolet."

"And horses?"

"Six draught and two saddle."

"I take the barouche, the berlin, and four horses; I go to Krusthal, put my actors up to their parts, and bring them here this evening. We instal ourselves in the palace, and shall be at once at your Highness's orders."

"Very good; but, before going, write an answer to Baron Pippinstir, who asks an audience."

"Two lines, very dry and official, putting him off till to-morrow. We must be under arms to receive him."

Here is the note written, but how shall I sign it? The name of Balthasar is not very suitable to a German Excellency."

"True, you must have another name, and a title; I create you Count Lipandorf."

"Thanks, your Highness. I will bear the title nobly, and restore it to you faithfully, with my seals of office, when the comedy is played out."

Count Lipandorf signed the letter, which Sigismund was ordered to take to Baron Pippinstir; then he started for Krusthal.

Next morning, the Grand Duke Leopold held a levee, which was attended by all the officers of his new court. And as soon as he was dressed he received the ladies, with infinite grace and affability.

Ladies and officers were attired in their most elegant theatrical costumes; the Grand Duke appeared greatly satisfied with their bearing and manners. The first compliments over, there came a general distribution of titles and office

The lover, Florival, was appointed aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke, colonel of hussars, and Count Reinsberg.

Rigolet, the low comedian, was named grand chamberlain, and Baron Fidibus.

Similor, who performed the valets, was master of the horse and Baron Kockenburg.

Anselmo, walking gentleman, was promoted to be gentleman-in-waiting and Chevalier Grillenfanger.

The leader of the band, Lebel, was appointed superintendant of the music and amusements of the court, with the title of Chevalier Arpeggio.

The prima donna, Miss Delia, was created Countess of Rosenthal, an interesting orphan, whose dowry was to be the hereditary office of first lady of honour to the future Grand Duchess.

Miss Foligny, the singing chambermaid, was appointed widow of a general and Baroness Allenzau.

Miss Alice, walking lady, became Miss Fidibus, daughter of the chamberlain, and a rich heiress.

Finally, the duenna, Madame Pastorelle, was called to the responsible station of mistress of the robes and governess of the maids of honour, under the imposing title of Baroness Schicklick.

The new dignitaries received decorations in proportion to their rank. Count Balthasar von Lipandorf, prime minister, had two stars and three grand crosses. The aide-de-camp, Florival von Reinsberg, fastened five crosses upon the breast of his hussar jacket.

The parts duly distributed and learned, there was a rehearsal, which went off excellently well. The Grand Duke deigned to superintend the getting up of the piece, and to give the actors a few useful hints.

Prince Maximilian of Hanau and his august sister were expected that evening. Time was precious. Pending their arrival, and by way of practising his court, the Grand Duke gave audience to the ambassador from Saxe-Tolpelhausen.

Baron Pippinstir was ushered into the Hall of the Throne. He had asked permission to present his wife at the same time as his credentials, and that favour had been granted him.

At sight of the diplomatist, the new

courtiers, as yet unaccustomed to rigid decorum, had difficulty in keeping their countenances. The Baron was a man of fifty, prodigiously tall, singularly thin, abundantly powdered, with legs like hop-poles, clad in knee breeches and white silk stockings. A long slender pigtail danced upon his flexible back. He had a face like a bird of prey—little round eyes, a receding chin, and an enormous hooked nose. It was scarcely possible to look at him without laughing, especially when one saw him for the first time. His apple-green coat glittered with a profusion of embroidery. His chest being too narrow to admit of a horizontal development of his decorations, he wore them in two columns, extending from his collar to his waist. When he approached the Grand Duke, with a self-satisfied simper and a jaunty air, his sword by his side, his cocked hat under his arm, nothing was wanting to complete the caricature.

The Baroness Pippinstir was a total contrast to her husband. She was a pretty little woman of five-and-twenty, as plump as a partridge, with a lively eye, a nice figure, and an engaging smile. There was mischief in her glance, seduction in her dimples and the rose's tint upon her cheeks. Her dress was the only ridiculous thing about her. To come to court, the little Baroness had put on all the finery she could muster; she sailed into the hall under a cloud of ribbons, sparkling with jewels and fluttering with plumes—the loftiest of which, however, scarcely reached to the shoulder of her lanky spouse.

Completely identifying himself with his part of prime minister, Balthasar, as soon as this oddly-assorted pair appeared, decided upon his plan of campaign. His natural penetration told him the diplomatist's weak point. He felt that the Baron, who was old and ugly, must be jealous of his wife, who was young and pretty. He was not mistaken. Pippinstir was as jealous as a tiger-cat. Recently married, the meagre diplomatist had not dared to leave his wife at Saxe-Tolpelhausen, for fear of accidents; he would not lose sight of her, and had brought her to Karlstadt in the arrogant belief that danger vanished in his presence.

After exchanging a few diplomatic phrases with the ambassador, Balthasar took Colonel Florival aside and gave him secret instructions. The dashing officer passed his hand through his richly-curling locks, adjusted his splendid pelisse, and approached Baroness Pippinstir. The ambassadress received him graciously; the handsome colonel had already attracted her attention, and soon she was delighted with his wit and gallant speeches. Florival did not lack imagination, and his memory was stored with well-turned phrases and sentimental tirades, borrowed from stage-plays. He spoke half from inspiration, half from memory, and he was listened to with favour.

The conversation was carried on in French—for the best of reasons.

"It is the custom here," said the Grand Duke to the ambassador; "French is the only language spoken in this palace; it is a regulation I had some difficulty in enforcing, and I was at last obliged to decree that a heavy penalty should be paid for every German word spoken by a person attached to my court. That proved effectual, and you will not easily catch any of these ladies and gentlemen tripping. My prime minister, Count Balthasar von Lipendorf, is the only one who is permitted occasionally to speak his native language."

Balthasar, who had long managed theatres in Alsace and Lorraine, spoke German like a Frankfort brewer.

Meanwhile, Baron Pippinstir's uneasiness was extreme. Whilst his wife conversed in a low voice with the young and fascinating aide-de-camp, the pitiless prime minister held his arm tight, and explained at great length his views with respect to the famous commercial treaty. Caught in his own snare, the unlucky diplomatist was in agony; he fidgeted to get away, his countenance expressed grievous uneasiness, his lean legs were convulsively agitated. But in vain did he endeavour to abridge his torments; the remorseless Balthasar relinquished not his prey.

Sigismund, promoted to be steward of the household, announced dinner. The ambassador and his lady had been invited to dine, as well as all the courtiers. The aide-de camp was

placed next to the Baroness, the Baron at the other end of the table. The torture was prolonged. Florival continued to whisper soft nonsense to the fair and well-pleased Pippinstir. The diplomatist could not eat.

There was another person present whom Florival's flirtation annoyed, and that person was Delia, Countess of Rosenthal. After dinner, Balthasar, whom nothing escaped, took her aside.

"You know very well," said the minister, "that he is only acting a part in a comedy. Should you feel hurt if he declared his love upon the stage, to one of your comrades? Here it is the same thing; all this is but a play; when the curtain falls, he will return to you."

A courier announced that the Prince of Hanau and his sister were within a league of Karlstadt. The Grand Duke, attended by Count Reinsberg and some officers, went to meet them. It was dark when the illustrious guests reached the palace; they passed through the great saloon, where the whole court was assembled to receive them, and retired at once to their apartments.

"The game is fairly begun," said the Grand Duke to his prime minister; "and now, may Heaven help us!"

"Fear nothing," replied Balthasar. "The glimpse I caught of Prince Maximilian's physiognomy satisfied me that everything will pass off perfectly well, and without exciting the least suspicion. As to Baron Pippinstir, he is already blind with jealousy, and Florival will give him so much to do, that he will have no time to attend to his master's business. Things look well."

Next morning, the Prince and Princess of Hanau were welcomed, on awakening, by a serenade from the regimental band. The weather was beautiful; the Grand Duke proposed an excursion out of town; he was glad of an opportunity to show his guests the best features of his duchy — a delightful country, and many picturesque points of view, much prized and sketched by German landscape-painters. The proposal agreed to, the party set out, in carriages and on horseback, for the old

Castle of Rauberzell — magnificent ruins, dating from the middle ages, and famous far and wide. At a short distance from the castle, which lifted its grey turrets upon the summit of a wooded hill, the Princess Wilhelmina expressed a wish to walk the remainder of the way. Everybody followed her example. The Grand Duke offered her his arm; the Prince gave his to the Countess Delia von Rosenthal; and, at a sign from Balthasar, Baroness Pastoral von Schicklick took possession of Baron Pippinstir; whilst the smiling Baroness accepted Florival's escort. The young people walked at a brisk pace. The unfortunate Baron would gladly have availed of his long legs to keep up with his coquettish wife; but the duenna, portly and ponderous, hung upon his arm, checked his ardour, and detained him in the rear. Respect for the mistress of the robes forbade rebellion or complaint.

Amidst the ruins of the venerable castle, the distinguished party found a table spread with an elegant collation. It was an agreeable surprise, and the Grand Duke had all the credit of an idea suggested to him by his prime minister.

The whole day was passed in rambling through the beautiful forest of Rauberzell. The Princess was charming; nothing could exceed the high breeding of the courtiers, or the fascination and elegance of the ladies; and Prince Maximilian warmly congratulated the Grand Duke on having a court composed of such agreeable and accomplished persons. Baroness Pippinstir declared, in a moment of enthusiasm, that the court of Saxepolpelhausen was not to compare with that of Niesenstein. She could hardly have said anything more completely at variance with the object of her husband's mission. The Baron was near fainting.

Like not a few of her countrywomen, the Princess Wilhelmina had a strong predilection for Parisian fashions. She admired everything that came from France; she spoke French perfectly, and greatly approved the Grand Duke's decree, forbidding any other language to be spoken at his court. Moreover, there was nothing extraordinary in such a regulation;

French is the language of all the northern courts. But she was greatly tickled at the notion of a fine being inflicted for a single German word. She amused herself by trying to catch some of the Grand Duke's courtiers transgressing in this respect. Her labour was completely lost.

That evening, at the palace, when conversation began to languish, the Chevalier Arpeggio sat down to the piano, and the Countess Delia von Rosenthal sang an air out of the last new opera. The guests were enchanted with her performance. Prince Maximilian had been extremely attentive to the Countess during their excursion; the young actress's grace and beauty had captivated him, and the charm of her voice completed his subjugation. Passionately fond of music, every note she sang went to his very heart. When she had finished one song, he petitioned for another. The amiable prima donna sang a duet with the aide-de-camp Florival von Reinsberg, and then, being further entreated, a trio, in which Similor—master of the horse, barytone, and Baron von Kockenburg—took a part.

Here our actors were at home, and their success was complete. Deviating from his usual reserve, Prince Maximilian did not disguise his delight; and the imprudent little Baroness Pippinstir declared that, with such a beautiful tenor voice, an aide-de-camp might aspire to anything. A cemetery on a wet day is a cheerful sight, compared to the Baron's countenance when he heard these words.

Upon the morrow, a hunting party was the order of the day. In the evening there was a dance. It had been proposed to invite the principal families of the metropolis of Niesenstein, but the Prince and Princess begged that the circle might not be increased.

"We are four ladies," said the Princess, glancing at the prima donna, the singing chambermaid, and the walking lady, "it is enough for a quadrille."

There was no lack of gentlemen. There was the Grand Duke, the aide-de-camp, the grand chamberlain, the master of the horse, the gentleman-in-waiting, and Prince Maximilian's

aide-de-camp, Count Darius von Sturmhaube, who appeared greatly smitten by the charms of the widowed Baroness Allenzau.

"I am sorry my court is not more numerous," said the Grand Duke, "but, within the last three days, I have been compelled to diminish it by one-half."

"How so?" inquired Prince Maximilian.

"A dozen courtiers," replied the Grand Duke Leopold, "whom I had loaded with favours, dared conspire against me, in favour of a certain cousin of mine at Vienna. I discovered the plot, and the plotters are now in the dungeons of my good fortress of Zwingenberg."

"Well done!" cried the Prince; "I like such energy and vigour. And to think that people taxed you with weakness of character! How we princes are deceived and calumniated."

The Grand Duke cast a grateful glance at Balthasar. That able minister by this time felt himself as much at his ease in his new office as if he had held it all his life; he even began to suspect that the government of a grand-duchy is a much easier matter than the management of a company of actors. Incessantly engrossed by his master's interests, he manoeuvred to bring about the marriage which was to give the Grand Duke happiness, wealth, and safety; but, notwithstanding his skill, notwithstanding the torments with which he had filled the jealous soul of Pippinstir, the ambassador devoted the scanty moments of repose his wife left him to furthering the object of his mission. The alliance with the Saxe-Tolpelhau en was pleasing to Prince Maximilian; it offered him various advantages: the extinction of an old lawsuit between the two states, the cession of a large extent of territory, and, finally, the commercial treaty, which the perfidious Baron had brought to the court of Niesenstein, with a view of concluding it in favour of the principality of Hamau. Invested with unlimited powers, the diplomatist was ready to insert in the contract almost any conditions Prince Maximilian chose to dictate to him.



It is necessary here to remark that the Elector of Saxe-Tolpelhausen was desperately in love with the Princess Wilhelmina.

It was evident that the Baron would carry the day, if the prime minister did not hit upon some scheme to destroy his credit or force him to retreat. Balthasar, fertile in expedients, was teaching Florival his part in the palace garden, when Prince Maximilian met him, and requested a moment's private conversation.

"I am at your Highness's orders," respectfully replied the minister.

"I will go straight to the point, Count Lipandorf," the Prince began. "I married my late wife, a princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, from political motives. She has left me three sons. I now intend to marry again; but this time I need not sacrifice myself to state considerations, and I am determined to consult my heart alone."

"If your Highness does me the honour to consult *me*, I have merely to say that you are perfectly justified in acting as you propose. After once sacrificing himself to his people's happiness, a prince has surely a right to think a little of his own."

"Exactly my opinion! Count, I will tell you a secret. I am in love with Miss von Rosenthal."

"Miss Delia?"

"Yes, sir; with Miss Delia, Countess of Rosenthal; and, what is more, I will tell you that *I know everything*."

"What may it be that your Highness knows?"

"I know who she is."

"Ha!"

"It was a great secret!"

"And how came your Highness to discover it?"

"The Grand Duke revealed it to me."

"I might have guessed as much!"

"He alone could do so, and I rejoice that I addressed myself directly to him. At first, when I questioned him concerning the young Countess's family, he ill concealed his embarrassment: her position struck me as strange; young, beautiful, and alone in the world, without relatives or guardians—all that seemed to me singular, if not suspicious. I trembled,

as the possibility of an intrigue flashed upon me; but the Grand Duke, to dissipate my unfounded suspicion, told me all."

"And what is your Highness's decision? . . . After such a revelation?"

"It in no way changes my intentions. I shall marry the lady."

"Marry her? . . . But no; your Highness jests."

"Count Lipandorf, I never jest. What is there, then, so strange in my determination. The Grand Duke's father was romantic, and of a roving disposition; in the course of his life he contracted several left-handed alliances—Miss von Rosenthal is the issue of one of those unions. I care not for the illegitimacy of her birth; she is of noble blood, of a princely race—that is all I require."

"Yes," replied Balthasar, who had concealed his surprise and kept his countenance, as became an experienced statesman and consummate comedian. "Yes, I now understand; and I think as you do. Your Highness has the talent of bringing everybody over to your way of thinking."

"The greatest piece of good fortune," continued the Prince, "is that the mother remained unknown: she is dead, and there is no trace of family on that side."

"As your Highness says, it is very fortunate. And doubtless the Grand Duke is informed of your august intentions with respect to the proposed marriage?"

"No; I have as yet said nothing either to him or to the Countess. I reckon upon you, my dear Count, to make my offer, to whose acceptance I trust there will not be the slightest obstacle. I give you the rest of the day to arrange everything. I will write to Miss von Rosenthal; I hope to receive from her own lips the assurance of my happiness, and I will beg her to bring me her answer herself, this evening, in the summerhouse in the park. Lover-like, you see—a rendezvous, a mysterious interview! But come, Count Lipandorf, lose no time; a double tie shall bind me to your sovereign. We will sign, at one and the same time, my marriage-contract and his. On that condition alone will I grant him my sister's hand; other-

wise I treat, this very evening, with the envoy from Saxo-Tolpelhausen."

A quarter of an hour after Prince Maximilian had made this overture, Balthasar and Delia were closeted with the Grand Duke.

What was to be done? The Prince of Hanau was noted for his obstinacy. He would have excellent reasons to oppose to all objections. To confess the deception that had been practised upon him was equivalent to a total and eternal rupture. But, upon the other hand, to leave him in his error, to suffer him to marry an actress! it was a serious matter. If ever he discovered the truth, it would be enough to raise the entire German Confederation against the Grand Duke of Niesenstein.

"What is my prime minister's opinion?" asked the Grand Duke.

"A prompt retreat. Delia must instantly quit the town; we will devise an explanation of her sudden departure."

"Yes; and this evening Prince Maximilian will sign his sister's marriage-contract with the Elector of Saxo-Tolpelhausen. My opinion is, that we have advanced too far to retreat. If the prince ever discovers the truth, he will be the person most interested to conceal it. Besides, Miss Delia is an orphan—she has neither parents nor family. I adopt her—I acknowledge her as my sister."

"Your Highness's goodness and condescension——" lisped the pretty prima donna.

"You agree with me, do you not, Miss Delia?" continued the Grand Duke. "You are resolved to seize the good fortune thus offered, and to risk the consequences?"

"Yes, your Highness."

The ladies will make allowance for Delia's faithlessness to Florival. How few female heads would not be turned by the prospect of wearing a crown! The heart's voice is sometimes mute in presence of such brilliant temptations. Besides, was not Florival faithless? Who could say whither he might be led in the course of the tender scenes he acted with the Baroness Pippinstir? Prince Maximilian was neither young nor handsome, but he offered a throne. Not only an actress, but many a high-born dame, might

possibly, in such circumstances, forget her love, and think only of her ambition.

To her credit be it said, Delia did not yield without some reluctance to the Grand Duke's arguments, which Balthasar backed with all his eloquence; but she ended by agreeing to the interview with Prince Maximilian.

"I accept," she resolutely exclaimed; "I shall be Sovereign Princess of Hanau."

"And I," cried the Grand Duke, "shall marry Princess Wilhelmina, and, this very evening, poor Pippinstir, disconcerted and defeated, will go back to Saxo-Tolpelhausen."

"He would have done that in any case," said Balthasar; "for, this evening, Florival was to have run away with his wife."

"That is carrying things rather far," Delia remarked.

"Such a scandal is unnecessary," added the Grand Duke.

Whilst awaiting the hour of her rendezvous with the prince, Delia, pensive and agitated, was walking in the park, when she came suddenly upon Florival, who seemed as much discomposed as herself. In spite of her newly-born ideas of grandeur, she felt a pain at her heart. With a forced smile, and in a tone of reproach and irony, she greeted her former lover.

"A pleasant journey to you, Colonel Florival," she said.

"I may wish you the same," replied Florival; "for doubtless you will soon set out for the principality of Hanau!"

"Before long, no doubt."

"You admit it, then?"

"Where is the harm? The wife must follow her husband—a princess must reign in her dominions."

"Princess! What do you mean? Wife! In what ridiculous promises have they induced you to condescend?"

Florival's offensive doubts were dissipated by the formal explanation which Delia took malicious pleasure in giving him. A touching scene ensued; the lovers, who had both gone astray for a moment, felt their former flame burn all the more ardently for its partial and temporary extinction. Pardon was mutually asked and

granted, and ambitious dreams fled before a burst of affection.

"You shall see whether I love you or not," said Florival to Delia. "Yonder comes Baron Pippinstir; I will take him into the summerhouse; a closet is there, where you can hide yourself to hear what passes, and then you shall decide my fate."

Delia went into the summerhouse, and hid herself in the closet. There she overheard the following conversation:—

"What have you to say to me, Colonel?" asked the Baron.

"I wish to speak to your Excellency of an affair that deeply concerns you."

"I am all attention; but I beg you to be brief; I am expected elsewhere."

"So am I."

"I must go to the prime minister, to return him this draught of a commercial treaty, which I cannot accept."

"And I must go to the rendezvous given me in this letter."

"The Baroness's writing!"

"Yes, Baron. Your wife has done me the honour to write to me. We set out together to-night; the Baroness is waiting for me in a post-chaise."

"And it is to me you dare acknowledge this abominable project?"

"I am less generous than you think. You cannot but be aware that, owing to an irregularity in your marriage-contract, nothing would be easier than to get it annulled. This we will have done; we then obtain a divorce, and I marry the Baroness. You will, of course, have to hand me over her dowry—a million of florins—composing, if I do not mistake, your entire fortune."

The Baron, more dead than alive, sank into an arm-chair. He was struck speechless.

"We might, perhaps, make some arrangement, Baron," continued Florival. "I am not particularly bent upon becoming your wife's second husband."

"Ah, sir!" cried the ambassador, "you restore me to life!"

"Yes, but I will not restore you the Baroness, except on certain conditions."

"Speak! What do you demand?"

"First, that treaty of commerce,

which you must sign just as Count Lipaudorf has drawn it up."

"I consent to do so."

"That is not all: you shall take my place at the rendezvous, get into the post-chaise, and run away with your wife; but first you must sit down at this table and write a letter, in due diplomatic form, to Prince Maximilian, informing him that, finding it impossible to accept his stipulations, you are compelled to decline, in your sovereign's name, the honour of his august alliance."

"But, Colonel, remember that my instructions —"

"Very well, fulfil them exactly: be a dutiful ambassador and a miserable husband, ruined, without wife and without dowry. You will never have such another chance, Baron! A pretty wife and a million of florins do not fall to a man's lot twice in his life. But I must take my leave of you. I am keeping the Baroness waiting."

"I will go to her. . . . Give me paper, a pen, and be so good as to dictate. I am so agitated —"

The Baron really was in a dreadful flutter. The letter written, and the treaty signed, Florival told his Excellency where he would find the post-chaise.

"One thing more you must promise me," said the young man, "and that is, that you will behave like a gentleman to your wife, and not scold her over-much. Remember the flaw in the contract. She may find somebody else in whose favour to cancel the document. Suitors will not be wanting."

"What need of a promise?" replied the poor Baron. "You know very well that my wife does what she likes with me? I shall have to explain my conduct, and ask her pardon."

Pippinstir departed. Delia left her hiding-place, and held out her hand to Florival.

"You have behaved well," she said.

"That is more than the Baroness will say."

"She deserves the lesson. It is your turn to go into the closet and listen; the Prince will be here directly."

"I hear his footsteps." And Florival was quickly concealed.

"Charming Countess!" said the prince on entering, "I come to know my fate."

"What does your Highness mean?" said Delia, pretending not to understand him.

"How can you ask? Has not the Grand Duke spoken to you?"

"No, your Highness."

"Nor the prime minister?"

"Not a word. When I received your letter, I was on the point of asking you for a private interview. I have a favour—a service—to implore of your Highness."

"It is granted before it is asked. I place my whole influence and power at your feet, charming Countess!"

"A thousand thanks, illustrious prince. You have already shown me so much kindness, that I venture to ask you to make a communication to my brother, the Grand Duke, which I dare not make myself. I want you to inform him that I have been for three months privately married to Count Reinsberg."

"Good heavens!" cried Maximilian, falling into the arm-chair in which Pippinstir had recently reclined. On recovering from the shock, the prince rose again to his feet.

"'Tis well, madam," he said, in a faint voice. "'Tis well!"

And he left the summerhouse.

After reading Baron Pippinstir's letter, Prince Maximilian fell a-thinking. It was not the Grand Duke's fault if the Countess of Rosenthal did not ascend the throne of Hanau.

There was an insurmountable obstacle. Then the precipitate departure of the ambassador of Saxe-Tolpelhausen was an affront which demanded instant vengeance. And the Grand Duke Leopold was a most estimable sovereign, skilful, energetic, and blessed with wise councillors; the Princess Wilhelmina liked him, and thought nothing could compare, for pleasantness, with his lively court, where all the men were amiable, and all the women charming. These various motives duly weighed, the Prince made up his mind, and next day was signed the marriage-contract of the Grand Duke of Niesenstein and the Princess Wilhelmina of Hanau.

Three days later the marriage itself was celebrated.

The play was played out.

The actors had performed their parts with wit, intelligence, and a noble disinterestedness. They took their leave of the Grand Duke, leaving him with a rich and pretty wife, a powerful brother-in-law, a serviceable alliance, and a commercial treaty which could not fail to replenish his treasury.

Embassies, special missions, banishment, were alleged to the Grand Duchess as the causes of their departure. Then an amnesty was published on the occasion of the marriage, the gates of the fortress of Zwingenberg opened, and the former courtiers resumed their respective posts.

The reviving fortunes of the Grand Duke were a sure guarantee of their fidelity.

## LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD.

## PART IX.—CHAP. XLIII.

A SHORT time after the loss of poor Julius, Bagot had gone to town without seeing Lady Lee in the interval. The night of his arrival he wrote a note to Seager, desiring that gentleman to come to him in the morning.

Seager came about ten o'clock to the lodgings occupied by Bagot, expecting to find him up and dressed. As he was not in the sitting-room, Seager proceeded up-stairs to his bedroom. He was met at the head of the stairs by Wilson, the Colonel's servant, who told him he feared his master was ill. "He had been talking queer," Wilson said,—“very queer.”

Seager entered the bedroom. The Colonel was in bed, and did not look ill, but his friend observed that he cast a peculiar hurried anxious glance at the door as he entered. He went up to him, shook hands, congratulated him on the late event, and then seated himself on the side of the bed.

"What makes you so late in bed?" asked Seager; "keeping it up late last night, eh?"

"No," said Bagot, "no. I want to get up—but how can I, you know, with these people in the room?" (casting a quick nervous glance towards a corner of the apartment.)

"Very odd," thought Seager, following the direction of the Colonel's eyes, and seeing no one. "He hasn't lost his wits, I hope. A little feverish, perhaps. I'm afraid you're out of sorts, Lee," he said. "You don't look well."

"Quite well," said Bagot; "never better. I'll get up in a minute, my good fellow, as soon as they're gone. Couldn't you?"—(in an under tone),—"couldn't you get 'em to go?"

"Who?" inquired Seager, again following the glance the Colonel cast towards the same part of the room.

"Who!" cried Bagot; "why, that tea-party there. They've been drinking tea the whole morning—two women and a man."

"By Jove, he's mad," thought Seager to himself—"mad as a March hare."

"I've asked 'em as civilly as I

could to go away," said Bagot, "but they don't mind that. It's very curious, too, where they got the tea, for I don't take much of it. Fancy them coming to me for tea, eh?" said Bagot. "Absurd, you know."

"Why, 'tis rather a good joke," said Seager, affecting to laugh, but in great consternation. Since reading the accident to the poor little Baronet in the papers, he had counted on Bagot as the source from whence all the funds required for the conduct of the coming trial (without mentioning other more immediate wants) were to be supplied. And here was the Colonel evidently out of his mind—unfit, perhaps, to transact even so simple a business as drawing money.

"Have you got much money in the house, Lee?" asked Seager presently.

"Money," said Bagot, who seemed to answer some questions rationally enough; "no, I don't think I have; I'm going to draw some as soon as I've seen my lawyer."

"Just so," said Seager, "and the sooner the better. Where's your check-book? Just sign your name, and I'll fill it up. We must have some funds to carry on the war. The trial comes on the beginning of next month, and there's a great deal to be done beforehand."

"Ah, that cursed trial!" said the Colonel, grinding his teeth; "but I've been thinking it over, Seager, and it's my belief that, if we bribe the Crown lawyers high enough, we may get 'em to lay the indictment for *man-slaughter*."

"Man-slaughter!" repeated Seager to himself, as he took the check-book from Bagot's writing-desk. "Oh, by Jove, he's stark staring! Now, old fellow," he continued, coming to the bedside with the inkstand and check-book, "here you are. Just take the pen and write your name here. I'll fill it up afterwards."

Bagot took the pen, and tried to write his name as Seager directed; but his hand shook so that he could not, and after an attempt or two, he threw the pen from him.

"Come, try once more, and I'll guide your hand," said Seager. But Bagot refused so testily that he did not press him.

"Do you know," said Seager presently, puzzled at Bagot's extraordinary demeanour, "I don't think you're half awake yet, Lee. You've been dreaming, haven't you?"

"Not a bit," said Bagot; "I didn't sleep a wink all night."

"I wonder if that's true?" thought Seager. "You don't see the tea-party now, do you?"

Bagot, as if suddenly recollecting them, looked quickly towards the corner where he had fancied them seated. "No," said he, with a kind of doubtful pleasure; "they're gone—gone, by Jove!" Then, raising himself on his elbow, he cast a searching glance all round the room, and at last behind his bed, when he started, and, falling back aghast on his pillow, muttered, "There they are behind the curtains, drinking tea as hard as ever, and they've got a little boy with 'em now."

"Ah," said Seager, humouring him. "what's the boy like?"

"I could only see his back," answered Bagot, in a whisper, "but I wouldn't look again for the world," (shuddering, and turning his face away.)

Seager now went to the door, and, calling Wilson, desired him to fetch a physician who lived in the street, to see his master.

The physician, a brisk man, of few years, considering his eminence, and who piqued himself on suiting his tone to that of his patients and their friends, soon arrived. He came in jocosely, asked Bagot how he was, heard all about the intrusive tea-party, felt his pulse, looked at him attentively, and then took Seager aside.

"The Colonel, now, isn't the most abstemious man in the world, is he?" he inquired, with a jocular air.

"No, by Gad," said Mr Seager; "he's a pretty hard liver."

"Drinks pretty freely, eh? Wine?—brandy?"

"More than I should like to," replied Seager. "I've often told him he'd have to pull up some day."

"Ah, yes, he'll have to"—said the other nodding. "He's got delirium tremens."

"Has he, by Jove!" exclaimed Seager—adding, with an oath, "what a fool I was, that it never occurred to me, knowing him as I do."

"The attack's just beginning now, and promises to be violent," said the doctor.

"What—you think 'twill go hard with him, eh?"

The physician said, "Perhaps it might; 'twas impossible to say; however," he added, "you won't be long in suspense—a few days will settle the matter."

"Come, that's a comfort," said Seager, remembering how important it was that Bagot should be able to exert himself before the trial. "Poor devil," he added, "what a pity—just come into a fine property!"

"Well, well, we'll try to keep him in possession," said the doctor. "I'll leave a prescription, and look in again shortly."

"By the by," said Seager, detaining him, "people who've got this complaint sometimes talk confounded stuff, don't they?" The doctor said they did.

"And let out secrets about their own affairs, and other people's?"

"Possibly they might," the doctor said—"then delusions were various, and often mixed strangely with truth. I've heard patients," he added, "in this state talk about private matters, and therefore it may be as well to let no strangers come about him, if you can avoid it."

Seager thought the advice good, and assured the doctor that he would look after him himself. Accordingly, he sent to his own lodgings for a supply of necessaries, and established himself as Bagot's attendant.

In this capacity Mr Seager's energy and vigilant habits enabled him to act with great effect: in fact, if he had been the poor Colonel's warmly-attached brother, he could not have taken better care of him. He administered his medicine, which there was no difficulty in getting him to take, as it consisted principally of large doses of brandy: he held him down, with Wilson's assistance, in his violent fits, and humoured the strange hallucinations which now began to crowd upon him thick and fast.

Some of these Mr Seager found rather diverting, especially an attendant

imp which Bagot conceived was perpetually hovering about the bed, and in whose motions he took vast interest.

"Take care," said Bagot, starting up in bed on one occasion as Seager approached him; "mind, mind! you'll tread on him."

"Tread on what?" said Seager, looking down, deceived by the earnestness of the appeal.

"Why the little devil—poor little fellow, don't hurt him. You've no idea how lively he is. I wouldn't have him injured," added Bagot tenderly, "on any account."

"Certainly not," said Seager; "not while he behaves himself. What's he like, eh?"

"He's about the size," returned Bagot, "of a printer's devil, or perhaps a little smaller; and, considering his inches, he's uncommonly active. He was half-way up the bedpost this morning at one spring."

All this nonsense, delivered with perfect earnestness and gravity, contrasted so oddly with the Colonel's red nose and bristly unshaven face, that it greatly amused Mr Seager, and helped him to pass the time. By and by, however, both the tea-party and the imp disappeared, and their place was taken by spectres of more formidable stamp. In particular, there was a demon disguised as a bailiff in top-boots, who was come, as Bagot firmly believed, to take his soul on execution, he having unfortunately lost it at chicken hazard to the enemy of mankind, which latter personage he paid Mr Seager the compliment of taking him for.

It was now that Seager began to appreciate the soundness of the doctor's advice with respect to excluding strangers from the hearing of Bagot's delusions. He began to talk, sometimes pertinently, sometimes wildly, of the approaching trial, generally ending in absurd ravings: sometimes charging Seager with dreadful crimes, sometimes imagining himself the culprit. On the third day of his attack, Seager remarked that a showman figured largely in his discourse, and, finding the patient in a tractable mood, he questioned him as to who this showman might be.

"I know," said the Colonel, still taking Mr Seager for the distinguished

personage aforesaid—I know it's of no use to try to keep anything a secret from you. But suppose now I tell you all about Holmes, will you let me off what—what I lost, you know?"

"What was that?" asked Seager, forgetting the imaginary forfeit.

"Why the—the soul," said Bagot. "It's of no use to you, you know."

"Oh, ah, I'd forgotten that," said Seager. "Pray, don't mention it; 'tisn't of the least consequence. Yes, we'll cry quits about that."

Then, to his hearer's surprise, Bagot, apparently satisfied with the conditions, related all the particulars of his nocturnal interview with Mr Holmes, comprising what had passed between them inside the caravan.

Seager listened in breathless astonishment. The delusion, if delusion there was in this instance, was the most plausible and coherent of any that had yet haunted Bagot. It had touched, too, on some previous suspicions in Seager's own mind, and he resolved, if Bagot recovered, to sound him on the subject.

Meantime he tried to lead him to talk more freely on the subject. But Bagot now began to wander, talked all kinds of nonsense, and ended, as usual, in violent ravings.

All this time the demon in top-boots and his brethren were in constant attendance. Never for a moment was Bagot free from the horror of their presence; and if all the frightful spectres of romance and superstition had been actually crowded round his bed, the poor Colonel could not have suffered more than from the horrible phantasms that his imagination summoned to attend him.

It was beginning to be doubtful if he could hold out much longer under the disease; but on the third night he fell asleep, and woke the next morning in his right mind.

"Ah, he's pulled through this time," said the doctor, when he saw him. "All right, now: but he mustn't resume his hard drinking, or he'll have another attack."

"I'll look after him myself," said Mr Seager. "I'll lock up the brandy bottle, and put him on short allowance."

"Well, he ought to be very grateful to you, I'm sure," said the doctor.

"for all your attention. Really, I never saw greater kindness, even among near relations." And the doctor having been paid, departed, perfectly convinced that Mr Seager was one of the best fellows that ever breathed, and the sort of person to make any sacrifice to serve his friends.

"Now I'll tell you what it is, Lee," said Seager, when Bagot was on his legs again, and manifested a desire for his customary drama. "You mustn't go on in your old way yet awhile. If you do, you'll go to the devil in no time."

"Never you mind, sir," said Bagot with dignity. "I presume I'm the best judge of what's good for me."

"You never made a greater mistake," retorted Mr Seager. "Just go and look in the glass, and see what your judgment of what's good for you has brought you to, you unfortunate old beggar. You look like a cocktail screw after the third heat, all pulling and trembling. I'll lay you a five-pound note you don't look me straight in the face for a minute together. Here's a sovereign, now—well, I'll put it between your lips, and if you can hold it there for fifty seconds, you shall have it, and if not, you shall give me one. What d'ye say to that?"

"Sir," said Bagot, with his lips trembling, and his eyes rolling more than ever at these delicate allusions to his infirmities. "Sir, you are disagreeably personal."

"Personal!" sneered Mr Seager.

"I wish you could hear the confounded rubbish you talked while in bed. I only wished I'd had a short-hand writer to take it down—all about the bailiffs, and devils, and so forth. And the showman, too—one Holmes. He struck me as a real character; and if all you said was true, you must have had some queer dealings together."

As he spoke he fixed his green eye on Bagot, who started, cast one nervous glance at him, and then, in great agitation, rose and walked to the window, where Seager saw him wipe his forehead with his handkerchief.

Presently he looked stealthily over his shoulder, and, perceiving that Seager still eyed him, he affected to laugh. "Cursed nonsense I must have talked, I daresay," said he husily. "Oh, censored, you know, ha, ha."

"But that about the showman Holmes didn't sound so absurd as the rest," said Seager. "It struck me a more like some real circumstances you were recollecting. Come, suppose you tell me all about it sensibly, now."

"No more of this, sir," said Bagot, waving the handkerchief he had been wiping his forehead with. "The subject is unpleasant. No man, I presume, like to be reminded that he has been talking like a fool. We won't resume the subject now, or at any other time, if you please."

"Ah," said Seager to himself, on observing Bagot's agitation, "I was right—there was some truth in that. I must consider how to turn it to account."

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

In his new circumstances Bagot was, of course, a very different personage from the Colonel Lee known to tradesmen and money-lenders of old. There was no talk now of arresting him for small debts, no hesitation in complying with his orders. The Jews, bill-brokers, and other accommodating persons who had lately been open-mouthed against him, now offered him unlimited credit, of which he did not fail to avail himself. His creditor, Mr Dubbley, seeing the very different position the Colonel would now occupy at the Heroury, and alive to the impolicy of offending so important a neighbour, stopt all proceedings against

him, and, with the most abject apologies and assurances of regard, entreated him to take his own leisure for the payment of the debt. Apparently satisfied with these advantages, the Colonel showed no eagerness to take upon him either the dignity or the emoluments that had now devolved on him in the succession of inheritance.

The first lawyers in the kingdom were retained for him and Seager. A considerable sum was placed at the disposal of the latter, who was to employ it either in bribing that very important witness, Jim the groom, who had charge of Goshawk, to perjure himself, or in getting him to abscond.



As he proved tractable, however, and agreed, for a sum which he named, to swear anything that the gentlemen might wish, it was resolved to produce him; and Seager was very sanguine of a favourable result.

In the mean time Bagot, anxious and gloomy, kept almost entirely in his lodgings, and seldom spoke to anybody except on business. He did not know what reports might be abroad about the coming trial; he did not know how his associates would look upon him; and he feared at present to put the matter to proof by going among them. "This line of conduct Seager thought highly impolitic, and told him so. "Put a good face on the matter," he said. "Go down to the club—play billiards—go to the opera. If you go sneaking about with a hangdog face, as if you didn't dare show yourself, people will bring you in guilty before the trial, and the legal acquittal will hardly serve to set you right again."

So Bagot suffered himself to be persuaded, and went down to his club. Here he had been, in days of yore, a prominent character, and had enjoyed an extensive popularity among the members. He formed a sort of connecting link between the fogies and the youngsters; his experience alluring him with the one class, his tastes and habits with the other. Here he might formerly often have been seen entertaining a knot of immoral old gentlemen with jokes improper for publication, or the centre of an admiring circle of fledglings of the sporting world, who revered him as an old bird of great experience and sagacity.

With doubtful and anxious feelings, he now revisited the scene of his former glory. Putting on as composed a face as possible, he went up-stairs and entered the library. There were several people in it whom he knew. One well-known man-about-town, with whom the Colonel was rather intimate, was seated opposite the door reading a newspaper, and, as Bagot could have sworn, fixed his eye on him as he entered, but it was instantaneously dropt on the paper. Another member—an old gentleman who was strongly suspected of a happy knack of turning up honours at critical movements of the game of whist

—looked round at his entrance, and the Colonel advanced to greet him, in perfect confidence that he, at any rate, was not a likely person to cast the first stone at him; but Bagot was mistaken. The old gentleman shifted his chair so as to place his back towards Bagot, with a loud snort of virtuous indignation, and, leaning forward, whispered to a neighbour some hurried words, of which Bagot could distinguish—"Deuced bad taste!—don't you think so?"

Crimson with rage and shame, Bagot bent down over a newspaper to recover himself, and fumbled with trembling hands at his eye-glasses. He heard a step behind him presently, but he dared not look up.

"Lee, my boy, how are you?" said a stout hearty man about fifty, slapping the Colonel on the shoulder. "I've just come back from a tour, and the first thing I saw in the paper was about you—about your"—the stout gentleman stooped to sneeze, which he did four times, with terrible convulsions of face and figure, during which Bagot was in horrible suspense, while every ear in the room was pricked up—"about your good fortune," said the stout gentleman, after he had blown and wiped his sonorous nose as carefully as if it were some delicate musical instrument that he was going to put by in its case. "I congratulate you with all my heart. Fine property, I'm told. Just wait while I ring the bell, and we'll have a chat together."

He went to the bell and rung it; but, on his way back to Bagot, he was stopped by a friend who had entered the library with him, and who now drew him aside. Bagot stole a glance over his paper at them. He felt they were talking about him. He heard his stout friend say—"God bless me, who would have thought it!" and he perceived that, instead of re-joining him, according to promise, he took a chair at the farther end of the room.

Bagot still kept his own seat a little while, but he could not long endure his position. He fancied every one was looking at him, though, when, with this impression strong on him, he glared defiance around, every eye was averted. He wished—he only

wished—that some one would offer him some gross tangible insult, that he might relieve himself by an outburst—that he might hurl his scorn and defiance at them and the whole world.

No one, however, seemed likely to oblige him with an opportunity of this kind, and, after a minute or two, Bagot rose, and, with as much composure as he could command, quitted the room and the house. As he walked—in no happy frame of mind with himself, with the world, or with Seager, whose advice had entailed upon him this mortification—towards his lodgings, along one of the small streets near St James's, he saw some one wave his hand to him, in a friendly manner, from the opposite side of the way. Bagot was too short-sighted to recognise this acquaintance; but, seeing him prepare to cross the road to him, and reflecting that he could not afford to drop any acquaintances just then, when all seemed deserting him, he stopped to see who it was.

Mr Jack Sharpe, the person who now drew near, had been intended for the Church, but happening to be fast in everything except in his progress in the different branches of university learning, in which he was particularly slow, he never arrived at the dignity of orders. He had hitherto moved in the same circle as Bagot, but had lost his footing there, in consequence of strong suspicions of dishonourable conduct on the turf. These seemed the more likely to be just, as he had never sought to rebut the charge against him; and it was rumoured that, since the occurrence, he had allied himself—taking, at the same time, no great precautions for secrecy—with a certain swindling confederacy. Therefore Bagot had, when last in town, in all the might and majesty of conscious integrity, avoided Mr Jack Sharpe, sternly repelled all his attempts to renew their acquaintance, and returned his greetings, when they chanced to meet, with the most chilling and formal bows. Sharpe appeared to think that late circumstances had bridged over the gulf between them, for he not only saluted Bagot with unwonted familiarity, but took his hand. The Colonel disengaged it, and, intrench-

ing himself behind his dignity, endeavoured to pass on. Jack Sharpe, nothing daunted, walked cheerfully beside him.

"Well, Colonel, how goes the trial?" asked Mr Sharpe, who had managed, notwithstanding his downfall, to preserve the appearance and manners of a gentleman. "You'll get a verdict, I hope."

The Colonel inclined his head stiffly.

"Well, I hope so," said Jack Sharpe. "It was a deuced clever thing, from what I hear of it, and deserves success; and my opinion of the cleverness of the thing will be exactly the same, whether you and Seager get an acquittal or not." And Mr Sharpe looked as if he expected to find Bagot highly gratified by his approbation.

"Do you presume, for a moment, to insinuate a doubt of my innocence of the charge?" asked Bagot sternly.

"Oh, certainly not," returned Jack Sharpe, with a laugh. "Quite right to carry it high, Colonel. Nothing like putting a good face on it."

"Sir," said Bagot, increasing his pace, "your remarks are offensive."

"I didn't mean them to be so," answered the other. "But you're quite right to carry it out this way. You've come into a good property, I hear, and that will keep you fair with the world, however this trial, or a dozen other such, might go. Some people have the devil's own luck. Yes, Colonel, you'll pull through it—you'll never fall among thieves. It's only the *poor* devils," added Jack Sharpe bitterly, "that get pitched into and kicked into outer darkness."

Bagot was perfectly livid. By this time they had reached a corner of the street, and, stopping short, the Colonel said—

"Oblige me by saying which way your road lies."

"Well, well, good morning, Colonel. I'm not offended, for, I dare say, I should do the same myself in your place. Politic, Colonel, politic! I wish you good luck and good morning." And Mr Jack Sharpe took himself off.

This encounter grated on Bagot's feelings more than any other incident that had occurred to him. To be hailed familiarly as a comrade by a

swindler—to be prejudged as one who had forfeited his position in society, and was to retain it only on new and accidental grounds—this sunk deep, and shook that confidence of success which he had hitherto never permitted himself to question.

Just afterwards he met Seager, who came gaily up to ask him how he had got on at the club. Bagot told him something of the unpleasant treatment he had met with, and the disgust and annoyance it had caused him to feel. Seager grinned.

"You're not hard enough, Lee—you think too much of these things. Now, I'm as hard as a nail. I meet with exactly the same treatment as you do, but what do I care for it? It doesn't hurt me—they can't put me down," and Seager smiled at the thought of his own superiority. "What would you do, I wonder, if a thing which just now happened to me were to happen to you? I was looking on at a billiard match, and Crossley, (you know Crossley?) who had been, like the rest of 'em, dented distant and cool to me, offered to bet on the game. I took him up—he declined. 'Oh, you back out, do you?' says I. 'Not at all,' says Crossley; 'but I don't bet with everybody.' Now, what would you have done?"

"I should have desired him to apologise instantly," said the Colonel.

"He'd have refused."

"I'd have kicked him," said the Colonel.

"'Twould have caused a row, and we're quite conspicuous enough already," said Seager. "No; I turned coolly to him, and says I, 'Very good; as we're going to close our accounts, I'll thank you for that ten-pound note I won from you on the Phoebe match.' Crossley, you know, is poor and proud, and he looked cursedly disgusted and cut up at this exposure of his shortcomings. I'll bet, he wishes he'd been civil now. You must take these things coolly. Never mind how they look at you: go back to the club, now, and brave it out—show 'em you don't care for 'em."

"No," muttered Bagot, "I'd die first. I'll go out no more till 'tis over."

In this resolution he shut himself up in his lodgings, only going out in the dusk to walk in such thorough-

fares as were not likely to be frequented by any of his acquaintances. Never had a week passed so dismally with him as this. His nerves were yet unstrung by his late attack, and his anxiety was augmented as the day of the trial approached, until he wondered how he could endure it. In spite of his efforts, his thoughts were impelled into tracks the most repugnant to him. The remembrance of his reception by the members of his club haunted him incessantly, though it was what most of all he wished to forget; for Bagot, being, as we have seen him, a weak-principled man of social habits, though he had found no difficulty in quieting his own conscience, was keenly alive to the horrors of disgrace.

He felt as he remembered to have often felt when a great race was approaching, which was to make or mar him—only the interest now was more painfully strong than ever before. There was an event of some sort in store—why could he not divine it?—ah, if he were only as wise now as he would be this day week, what anxiety would be saved him! He only dared contemplate the possibility of one result—an acquittal. That would lift the weight from his breast and reopen life to him. But a conviction!—that he dared not think of—for that contingency he made no provision.

During this week Harry Noble had come up from the Heronry on some business connected with the stable there, in which the Colonel had been interested; and Bagot, conceiving he might be useful in matters in which he did not choose to trust his own servant Wilson, had desired him to remain in town for the present. This Seager was glad of, for he knew Harry was to be trusted, and he told him in a few words the nature of the predicament the Colonel was in.

"You must have an eye to him," said Seager; "don't let him drink much, if you can help it; and if it should be necessary for him to make a trip to France for a time, you must go with him."

"I'll go with him to the world's end, Mr Seager," said Harry. He was much attached to the Colonel, having known him since the time when Noble, as a boy, entered the Heronry stables;

and though he had then, like the other stable-boys, found Bagot very severe and exacting, yet, having once proved himself a careful and trustworthy servant and excellent groom, the Colonel had honoured him since with a good deal of his confidence.

Harry had the more readily agreed to this since, when leaving the Heronry, he had parted in great wrath from Miss Fillett, who had found time in the midst of her religious zeal to harrow up Noble's soul with fresh jealousies, and to flirt demurely, but effectually, with many brethren who frequented the same chapel.

The day before the trial Seager came, and Bagot prevailed on him to stay and dine, and play *décamé*. Seager was sanguine of the result of the trial, which was to commence on the morrow, in the Court of Queen's Bench—spoke in assured terms of the excellence of their case, their counsel, and their witnesses; and telling him to keep up his spirits, wished him good night, promising to bring him back the earliest intelligence of how the day had gone.

The Colonel's eagerness for, and terror of, the result had now worked him into a state of agitation little short of frenzy. The trial was expected to last two days, but the first would probably show him how the case was likely to terminate. Both Bagot and Seager preferred forfeiting their recognisances to surrendering to take their trial, which would have shut out all hope of escape in the event of an adverse verdict.

Finding it impossible to sit still while in this state, the Colonel started for a long walk, resolving to return at the hour at which Seager might be expected. Arriving a few minutes later than he intended, he went upstairs to his sitting-room, but started back on seeing a person whom he did not recognise there. His first impression was, that it was a man come to arrest him.

This visitor, on seeing his consternation, gave a loud laugh. It was Mr Seager.

"Gad, Lee," said that worthy, "it *must* be well done, if it takes you in. I was in court all-day, and sat next a couple of our set, but they hadn't an idea who I was."

Mr Seager was certainly well disguised, and it was no wonder the Colonel had not recognised him. Low on his forehead came a black wig, and whiskers of the same met under his chin. He had a mustache also; his coat was blue, his waistcoat gorgeous, with two or three chains, evidently plated, meandering over it, and his trousers were of a large and brilliant check. In his elaborate shirt-front appeared several studs, like little watches, and his neck was enveloped in a black satin stock with gold flowers and a great pin.

"What d'ye think, Lee—don't I look the nobbly Israelite, eh?"

Bagot shortly admitted the excellence of his disguise, and then asked, "What news?—is it over?"

"Only the prosecution—that's finished," returned the metamorphosed Seager.

"Well," said Bagot breathlessly, "and how—how did it go?"

"Sir down," said Seager; "give me a cigar, and I'll tell you all about it."

Nothing could be more strongly contrasted than the anxiety of Bagot with the composure of Seager. No one would have imagined them to be both equally concerned in the proceedings; that the latter now proceeded to relate; while Bagot glared at him, gnawing his nails and breathing hard.

"The court," said Seager, throwing himself back in the chair after he had lit his cigar, with his hands in his trousers' pockets, and his feet stretched to the fire—"the court was crowded. Sloperton's counsel opened the ball by giving a sketch of the whole affair—little personal histories of you and me and Sloperton, the sort of things that might be prefixed to our poetical works after we're dead—you know the style of thing, Lee, birth, parentage, breeding, so forth. Then came out Sloperton's meeting with us at the Bush at Doddington—the adjournment to Oates's room—the broiled bones, cards, and betting, and the terms of the wager with Sloperton."

"Our friend Sloperton was the first witness, and had got himself up a most awful swell, as you may suppose, on such a grand occasion, and there wasn't a young lady in court who didn't sympathise with him. I could

see by his way of giving evidence he was as vindictive as the devil. Our fellows went at him, but they didn't damage his evidence much. He told about the bet—how, by your advice, he had sent to me to offer to compromise it—and how he had perfectly depended all was fair till he heard the mare was lame. Oates followed, and corroborated the whole story. Then came one of the vets who attended the mare, and he swore, in his opinion, she'd got navicular disease. Then came a new actor" (Bagot listened more eagerly than ever), "one Mr Chick, who saw us return to the stable that morning we gave Goshawk the trial; and he swore the mare was lame then."

Bagot drew a long breath, and fell back in his chair.

"Against all this," Seager went on, "we've got to-morrow the evidence of Jim, who'll swear the mare never was lame while in his charge, and of the other vet, who'll swear she was and is sound. So cheer up, old boy: it may go all right yet. Never say die."

Seager paused, and looked at Bagot, who had covered his face with his hands. Both were silent for a space.

"By the by," said Seager presently, in an indifferent tone, yet eyeing Bagot with a keenness that showed his interest in the question—"by the by, where's Lady Lee now?"

Bagot did not answer, and Seager repeated the question.

"What's Lady Lee to you, sir?" said Bagot, removing his hands from his face, the colour of which was very livid.

"O, nothing particular; but she might be something to you, you know, in case of the business going against us to-morrow. You said she had left the Heroury, didn't you?"

Bagot did not reply.

"It's no use blinking the matter," said Seager testily. "Things may go against us to-morrow, in which case I'm off, and so are you, I suppose. I've made all my arrange-

ments; but I think we had better take different roads, and appoint a place to meet on the Continent. But I'm short of money for a long trip, and, of course, you'll accommodate me. We row in the same boat, you know. Come, what will you come down with?"

"Not a penny," said Bagot in a low thick voice.

"Eh! what?" said Seager, looking up at him.

"Not a penny," said Bagot, raising his voice. "You devil," he cried, starting from his chair, "don't you know you've ruined me?" and, seizing the astonished Seager by the throat, he shook him violently.

"You cursed old lunatic!" cried Seager, as soon as he had struggled himself free from Bagot's grasp. "You're mad, you old fool. Only raise a finger again, and I'll brain you with the poker. What d'ye mean, ha? We must talk about this, and you shall apologise, or give me satisfaction."

"What, an affair of honour, eh?" sneered Bagot between his ground teeth. "Between two gentlemen? That sounds better than convicted swindlers. Curse you," he added, in a hoarse whisper, "you've been my destruction."

"He's dangerous," thought Seager, as he looked at him. "Come, Lee," said he, "listen to reason; lend me a supply, and we'll say no more about this queer behaviour. I know you've been drinking."

"You have my answer, sir," said Bagot. "Not a penny, I repeat. I wish you may starve - rot in a jail."

Seager looked at him keenly for a minute. "He's been at the brandy bottle," he thought. "Well, let him drink himself mad or dead, if he likes. But, no! - that won't do either—he may be useful yet. The old fool!" he muttered as he departed, "he doesn't know how far he has let me into his secrets. Well, he'll change his note, perhaps;" so saying, he left the room and the house.

#### CHAPTER XLV.

Disguised as before, Seager went to Westminster next day, to hear the

conclusion of the trial. The court was, as on the previous day, crowded

to excess, and Seager recognised a great number of his and Bagot's acquaintances among the spectators.

The counsel for the defendants made an able address to the jury. The prosecutor, he said, had tried to win Seager's money, as Seager had tried to win his; and, nettled at finding he had made a rash bet, he now brought the action. The defendants were men of reputation, who had been engaged in many betting transactions before, and always without blemish or suspicion. There was no proof that the mare was unfit for the feat she had been backed to perform; and, if she had attempted it, she could have done it with ease.

After calling several witnesses to speak to minor points, the other veterinary surgeon who had attended the mare was put in the box. He swore the mare's lameness was trifling and temporary; that he had seen her trot, and believed her certain to win such a match as the one in question; and that he had not detected in her any trace of navicular disease.

This witness having sustained a severe cross-examination unshaken, Mr Seager began to breathe more freely. The last witness was Jim the groom. Jim, though very compliant in respect of any evidence he might be required to give, had obstinately insisted on payment beforehand. It was to no purpose Seager had promised him the money the instant he should come out of court: the cautious Jim was inflexible till the stipulated sum was put in his hands.

Seager watched him as he was being sworn with the greatest attention; but Jim's was not an expressive countenance, and nothing was to be read there. But Mr Seager detected treachery in his manner the moment the examination began. Without attempting to repeat the lesson he had been taught, he prevaricated so much that the counsel for the defendants, finding he was more likely to damage than to assist his clients, abruptly sat down. In the cross-examination he suffered (though with some appearance of unwillingness) the whole truth to be elicited; admitted the mare's lameness—remembered the Colonel and his master trying her, and finding her lame—(an incident he had been

especially desired to erase from his memory)—and also remembered to have heard them talk about “navicular.” He also recollected that Seager cautioned him to keep the circumstance very quiet.

Seager sat grinding his teeth with rage. He had forgotten the incident of the horse-whipping which he had administered to Jim, though the latter had not, and was therefore at a loss to account for his treachery. Jim's revenge happening to coincide with his duty, he had no sooner pocketed the reward for his intended perjury, than he resolved to pursue the paths of rectitude and to speak the truth.

Just at this time Seager caught sight of one he knew standing very near him, and listening as eagerly as himself. This was Harry Noble, who had been there also on the previous day, and who, firmly convinced that his master was wrongfully accused, had heard the evidence of the groom Jim with high indignation, and was now burning to defy that perjured slanderer to abide the ordeal of single combat. Seager, writing a few words on a slip of paper, made his way up to Harry, and pulled his sleeve. Noble turned round and stared at him, without any sign of recognition.

“Look another way,” said Seager, “and listen. 'Tis me—and I want you to run with this note to the Colonel.”

“What! are you Mr Sea—?” began Harry; but Seager squeezed his arm.

“Hush!” he said. “I don't want to be known: and don't mention to anybody but the Colonel that you've seen me. Take this note to him; he'll start for France as soon as he gets it, and you must get him away with all the speed you can. Don't delay a minute.”

Noble nodded and quitted the court. He got a cab, and went with all speed to Bagot's lodgings, and, telling the cabman to wait, immediately ran upstairs with the note. The Colonel, who was pacing the room, snatched it eagerly, read it, and let it fall, sinking back into a chair quite collapsed. “It's all over,” he muttered.

Noble stood near, looking at him in respectful silence for a minute or two.

At length he ventured to say, "Shall I begin to pack up, sir? Mr Seager said we must be quick."

"Don't name him!" thundered Bagot, starting from his chair. "Curse him! I could tear him!"

"I'll never believe 'twas you as did the trick, sir," said Noble. "No more won't anybody else; though, as for Mr Seager, I couldn't say. Shall I begin to pack up, sir?" he repeated.

"Do what you please," returned his master in fierce abstraction.

Noble, thus empowered, entered the bedroom, and began to stow Bagot's clothes away in his portmanteau. Presently he came to the door of the apartment, where the Colonel had again sunk down in his chair. Bagot was now face to face with the event he had so dreaded; no subterfuge could keep it off any longer—no side look rid him of its presence. He would, in a few hours, be a convicted, as he was already a disgraced, man. The averted looks—the whispers—the cold stares of former friends, that had lately driven him almost mad, were now to be his for life. Life! would he bear it? It had no further hope, promise, or cheer for him, and he was resolved to be rid of it and dishonour together.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Noble at length, seeing that Bagot took no notice of him. "Perhaps you'd wish to let my lady know where we're gone, sir?"

Bagot started, and seemed to think for a minute. As soon as Noble, after delivering his suggestion, had vanished, the Colonel drew his chair to the table, and began to write, while Harry, in the next room, went on with the packing.

He finished his letter, directed and sealed it, and laid it down, muttering, "Thank God there's one act of justice done." Then he went to a cupboard in the apartment, filled a large glass of brandy, and drank it off. "Now," he muttered, "one moment's firmness! no delay! Leave that room," he called out to Noble, as he went towards the bedroom. "there's something I wish to pack up myself."

Noble accordingly came out. As he passed the Colonel, he noticed a

wildness in his expression. Before entering the bedroom the Colonel turned and said, "Let that letter be sent to-day," pointing to the one he had just written, "and you can go down stairs for the present," he added.

Noble's suspicions were aroused. Having got as far as the door, he pretended to shut himself out, and came softly back. Listening for a moment, he heard Bagot open some sort of case that creaked. Presently he peeped in—Bagot was in the very act of fumbling, with trembling hands, at the lock of a pistol. He was just raising it towards his head when Noble, with a shout, rushed in and caught his arm.

"Don't ye, sir, don't ye, for God's sake!" he said, as Bagot turned his face with a bewildered stare towards him. "Give it to me, sir."

"Leave me, sir," said Bagot, still looking wildly at him—"leave me to wipe out my dishonour." He struggled for a moment to retain the pistol, but Noble wrested it from him, took off the cap, and returned it to its case. The Colonel sunk down moaning on the bed, and covered his face with his hands.

Noble hastily fastened the portmanteau and carpet-bag, and called to Wilson to help to take them down to the cab in which he had come, and which waited at the door.

"Now, sir," he whispered to Bagot, "don't take on so—we shall be safe to-night. You won't think of doing yourself a mischief, sir, will you? don't ye, sir!"

He took him gently by the arm. The poor Colonel, with his nerves all unstrung, rose mechanically, and stood like a child while Noble put on his hat and wiped his face, which was moist with sweat and tears; then he followed him down stairs unresistingly. Noble whispered to Wilson at the door, that he and the Colonel were going away for a time, and that there was a letter on the table to be sent that night to the post. Then he put the Colonel and the luggage into the cab, mounted himself to the box, and they drove off, Harry frequently turning to look at his master through the front glass.

Meantime Seager sat hearing the

close of the defence. The judge summed up, leaving it to the jury to say whether the defendants knew of the mare's unfitness to perform her engagement at the time they persuaded the plaintiff to pay a sum in compromise. The jury, after a short deliberation, found them both guilty of fraud and conspiracy.

There was some technical objection put in by the defendants' counsel; but this being overruled, the judge proceeded to pass sentence. He was grieved to find men of the defendants' position in society in such a discreditable situation. No one who had heard the evidence could doubt they had conspired to defraud the prosecutor of his money. He did not know whether he was justified in refraining from inflicting the highest punishment allotted to their offence, but, perhaps, the ends of justice might be answered by the lesser penalty. The sentence was, that the defendants should be imprisoned for two years.

Seager, seeing how the case was latterly going, was quite prepared for this. Just waiting to hear the close of the judge's address, he got out of court with all possible speed.

He went to his lodgings, changed his dress, and hurried to Bagot's. There he met Wilson with a letter in his hand which he was about to take to the post. Seager glanced at the direction, and then averting his eye, "That's for Lady Lee," he said—"from the Colonel, is it not?" Wilson said it was.

"Ah," said Seager, "I just met him, and he asked me to call for it; he wants to add something he forgot before it's posted. Give it me."

Wilson, supposing it was all right, gave it to him. Mr Seager, chuckling over the dexterity with which he had obtained the letter, and thus more than accomplished the design of his visit to Bagot's lodgings, which was

to get Lady Lee's address, drove off to his own lodgings, reassumed his disguise, and went straight to the station.

Entering the railway office, he shrunk aside into a corner till the train should be ready to start—he wished to leave as few traces as possible behind him. He was quite unencumbered with baggage, having taken the precaution to send that on to Dover to await him there under a feigned name. As he stood aside in the shade a man passed and looked narrowly at him. Seager thought he recognised his face: again he passed, and Seager this time knew him for a police sergeant in plain clothes. He was rather alarmed, yet he was a little reassured by considering that his disguise was a safe one. But he reflected that it might have caused him to be taken for some other culprit, and it would be as awkward to be arrested as the wrong man, as in his own character.

The last moment before the starting of the train was at hand, and Seager, as the police sergeant turned upon his walk, darted stealthily to the check-taker's box and demanded a ticket not for Frewenham, but for the station beyond it—for his habitual craft did not fail him. Having secured it, he hastened on to the platform and took his place.

At the moment he took his ticket, the sergeant, missing him, turned and saw him. Instantly he went to the box and asked where that last gentleman took his ticket for, and, on being told, took one for the same place. The bell had rung, and he hastened out, but he was too late. The train was already in motion, the last object he caught sight of was Seager's head thrust out of one of the carriages; and the bawled policeman turned back to wait for the next train.

#### CHAPTER XLVI.

Fane had spent some time in diligent pursuit of Onslow; at first with no great promise of success, but latterly with some certainty of being upon his track. Just, however, as his hopes of securing him were strongest,

he had received a letter which had been following him for some time from town to town, summoning him to attend the sick-bed of his uncle, who had been attacked with sudden and dangerous illness.



Of course he set off at once, as in duty bound; but he was surprised and ashamed, knowing the obligations he lay under to his relative, to notice how little anxiety and pain the news occasioned him. Fane was very honest in analysing his own emotions, and on the present occasion laid more blame to the account of his own nature, which he accused of unsympathising callousness, than it by any means deserved. He would have done as much to serve a friend, and was capable of as warm attachment, as most people, but his feelings required a congenial nature to call them forth. He was not one of those who wear their hearts on their sleeve for any daw to peck at, and had none of that incontinence of affability which insures a man so many acquaintances and so few friends. Had he been Lear's eldest son, he would, to a certainty, have been disinherited, along with Cordelia, in favour of those gay deceivers, Goneril and Regan.

Now, Mr Levitt his uncle, though naturally amiable, was in undemonstrative character, full of good impulses which terribly embarrassed him. He would read a poem or romance with keenest enjoyment, yet with affected contempt, turning up his nose and screwing down the corners of his mouth, while his eyes were watering and his heart beating. He would offer two fingers to a parting friend, nod good-bye to him slightly, and turn away, feeling as if a shadow had come upon his world. He had been used to write to his nephews in the spirit of a Roman or Spartan uncle, giving them stern advice, and sending them the most liberal remittances, in the most ungracious manner—throwing checks at their heads, as it were—while all the time he was yearning for their presence. In fact, he was so ashamed of his best points, and so anxious to conceal them, that the rigid mask wherewith he hid his virtues had become habitual, and he was a very sheep in wolf's clothing.

Those, however, who had known him long, rated him at his true value. Fane found the household in great grief. Miss Betsey, an ancient housekeeper, distinguished principally by strong fidelity to the family interests,

a passion for gin-and-water, and a most extraordinary cap, wrung her hands with great decorum; and Mr Payne the banker, Orelia's father, at the first news of his old friend's illness, had left a great money transaction unfinished to rush to his bedside, where Fane found him on his arrival. Indeed, it was from him he had received intelligence of his uncle's illness.

Mr Payne's temperament had suffered foul wrong when they made him a banker. He had naturally an intense dislike to matters of calculation, his bent being towards *belles lettres*, foreign travel, and the like pleasant paths. Somehow or other he had got rich, and flourished in spite of his want of talent for money-making. His worldly pursuits, perhaps, made his tastes keener, for he fell upon all manner of light reading with wonderful zest after a busy day at the bank. As for his taste for travelling, it was whispered among his acquaintances that its development was not so much owing to an erratic and inquiring spirit, as to the fact that in the second Mrs Payne he had caught a Tartar, and availed himself of any plausible excuse to escape from her domestic tyranny. Orelia, coming home from school one vacation, and finding her stepmother in full exercise of authority, not only, as a matter of course, rebelled herself, but tried to stir up her father to join in the mutiny. Finding him averse to open war, she proclaimed her intention forthwith of quitting the paternal mansion, and living in the house which had become hers by the death of her godmother, as before related; and Mr Payne, coming down on Saturdays after the bank was closed, would spend one-half of his weekly visit in lamenting the ill-temper of his spouse, and the other in his favourite studies.

Fane found his uncle slowly recovering from the effects of the attack which had prostrated him, and by no means secure from a relapse. Mr Levitt caught the sound of his step on the stair, and recognised it; and Mr Payne, seated by the bedside, saw the invalid glance eagerly at the door. Nevertheless, he received his nephew almost coldly, though the latter testified warm interest in his state.

"You've been some time finding me out, Durham," said his uncle, after shortly answering his inquiries. "I'm afraid you've been summoned to this uninteresting scene from some more agreeable pursuit."

"It was an important one, at any rate, sir," returned Fane; "yet even that did not prevent me hastening hither the moment Mr Payne's letter reached me. I only got it this morning."

"An important one, hey, Durham!" said Mr Levitt, with the cynical air under which he was accustomed to veil his interest in his nephew's proceedings. "We may judge of its importance," Payne, by his hurrying away from it to look after the ailments of a stupid old fellow like me. Some nonsense, I'll be bound."

Mr Payne, a bald benevolent man of fifty, in spectacles, came round the bed to shake Fane's hand.

"Without the pleasure of knowing the Captain, I'll answer for his holding you in due consideration," said Mr Payne. "And your uncle knows that, too; he's only joking," he said to Fane.

"Well, but the important business, Durham?" said the invalid, as Fane seated himself beside his pillow.

Fane, remembering that his cousin's was a prohibited name, and fearing the effect it might produce, attempted to laugh off the inquiry.

"Love!" said Mr Levitt, with another cynical glance at Mr Payne, who had resumed his station at the other side of the bed. "A charmer for fifty pounds; why, I grow quite curious—don't you, Payne? It's exactly what you suggested as the cause of his delay. Come, let's hear about her—begin with the eyes—that's the rule, isn't it?"

"Wrong, sir, quite wrong," said Fane, with another disclaiming laugh.

"Poor, bashful fellow!" persisted his uncle. "But we won't spare his blushes Payne. And how far did you pursue the nymph, Durham?—and why did she fly you? Is she at length propitious? I hope so!—you know my wishes."

"There's no lady in the case, sir, I assure you," said Fane earnestly.

"Ah! it's always the way with your sensitive lovers," pursued his

questioner, addressing Mr Payne. "They're as shy of the subject which occupies their thoughts as if they didn't like it. Come, if you're afraid to speak out before my friend Payne (though I'm sure you needn't be—he's discretion itself), he'll go away, I daresay. What is she like? and when is it to be?"

"When is what to be, sir?" asked Fane, trying to humour the old gentleman, but getting impatient, nevertheless.

"Why, the wedding, of course. Seriously, Durham, I'm all impatience. Your last letter seemed to point at something of the kind; and it was written long enough ago to have settled half-a-dozen love affairs since. I'm more earnest than ever on the subject, now that my admonitions seem likely to be cut short; and this matrimony question may affect the dispositions of my will, Durham."

"Consider it settled, then, I beg, sir," said Fane seriously. "I shall never marry."

"I shall be sorry to find you serious, Durham. A bachelor's life is but a dreary one. Just look at the difference between me and my friend Payne—he is rosy and happy, and, if he were lying here, he would have quite a family meeting assembled round him—while I should be alone, but for a nephew who has no great reason to care about me, and a friend whose good-nature brings him to see what may, perhaps, be the last of an old acquaintance. My opinions on the subject I've so often spoken to you of, haven't changed, you see, in the least—and perhaps I shall act upon them."

"As you please, sir," said Fane. "I speak my deliberate thought when I say I don't intend to marry."

Here Miss Betsey tapped at the door, to say that Mr Durham's supper was ready.

"Go down with him, Payne," said Mr Levitt. "I'll go on with this story here—a silly thing; but sick people mustn't be too critical."

"An excellent novel!" exclaimed Mr Payne—"full of feeling."

"Ay, ay," well enough for that kind of trumpery," said the invalid, who was secretly burning to know how the hero and heroine were to be

brought together through such a sea of difficulties; and his friend and his nephew, after making a few arrangements for his comfort, went down stairs together.

Fane dismissed the servant who waited at table. He wished to open what he intended to be, and what proved, a very interesting conversation.

"You're a very old friend of my uncle's, Mr Payne," he said. "I've so often heard him speak of you, that I seem almost familiar with you, though this is our first meeting."

"A school friendship," said Mr Payne; "and it has continued unbroken ever since."

"I will tell you," said Fane, "what the pursuit was I was really engaged in, and you will perceive I could not mention it to my uncle. The fact is, I believe I was on the point of discovering my cousin Langley."

Mr Payne dropt his knife and fork, and leant back in his chair. "You don't say so!" cried he. "Poor Langley—poor, poor Langley!"

Fane told the grounds he had for suspecting Langley and the ex-draughtsman Onslow to be one and the same person.

"Following some faint traces," said Fane, "I reached a town where, exposed for sale in a shop window, I saw some drawings which I recognised for his. You know his gift that way."

"Ay, a first-rate draughtsman, poor fellow," said Mr Payne.

"He had sold these for a trifle far below their value, and, as I found, had left the town only the day before. I therefore felt secure of him when your letter diverted me from the pursuit."

"Poor Langley!" repeated the sympathetic Mr Payne. "Such a clever fellow! Draw, sir! he had the making of half-a-dozen academicians in him—and ride!—but you've seen him ride, of course. And such an actor!—nothing like him off the London boards, and not many on them equal to him, in my opinion. And to end that way, I don't know if I should like to see him again."

"You can perhaps enlighten me on a point I've long been curious about," said Fane. "I mean the real cause of

my uncle's displeasure towards him—the extravagance attributed to Langley doesn't sufficiently account for it."

"No," said Mr Payne, "your uncle would have forgiven that readily enough. He pretended, as his way is, to be angrier at it than he was. But the real cause of estrangement was more serious."

"Your uncle finding, by his frequent applications for money, that accounts which had reached him of Langley's gambling were but too true, at length replied to a request for a hundred pounds by enclosing a check to that amount, at the same time saying it was the last he must expect, and expressing his displeasure very harshly. The check was brought to our bank the next day, and it was not till after it had been cashed that it was suspected that the original amount, both in words and figures, had been altered. Four hundred pounds it now stood, and that sum had been paid on it. The 1 had easily been made into 4, and the words altered to correspond—neatly enough, but not so like your uncle's as to pass with a close scrutiny. While we were examining it, your uncle came in, his anxiety on Langley's account he had brought him to town. He took the check, looked at it, and then drew me aside. 'Tis forged,' said he; 'mine was for a hundred, but not a word of this, Payne—let it pass as regular—tell the clerks 'tis all right.' This was a terrible blow to him. From that day to this we have heard nothing of Langley, nor does your uncle ever mention his name; and no one but an intimate friend like me would guess how much he felt the dishonour."

"But Langley must have known 'twould be discovered immediately," said Fane, who listened with deep attention.

"Ay, but meantime his end was answered. The money was paid, and he doubtless calculated that your uncle would rather lose the sum than suffer the disgrace of exposure—and he was right."

"I can't believe him guilty," said Fane.

"He must have been severely tempted, poor boy," said Mr Payne—"always so open and upright; but there can, I'm afraid, be no doubt of

his guilt. Consider, he has never showed his face since."

Fane thought for a minute or two. "No," he said—"no, not guilty, I hope and believe. No guilty man could have borne himself as he has done since. But there is now more reason than ever for resuming my search for him. Yes, yes—I must see and question him myself."

"Where do you believe him to be?" asked Mr Payne.

"I traced him to Frewenham, in —shire," answered Fane.

"Frewenham! God bless me! Why, my daughter's place. Larches, is close to that. I'm going down there in a day or two to see Orelia."

"Orelia!" exclaimed Fane; "then Miss Payne is your daughter."

"Oh, you have met, then, perhaps?" said Mr Payne, with interest: "where and when?"

"At the Herons," said Fane. "My troop is at Dodington, the town nearest to where Miss Payne was staying."

"Oh! ho! this is fortunate," said Mr Payne. "As soon as your uncle gets better, we will go down together to Frewenham. My friend Levitt," he resumed presently, "as I see, much disappointed to find his surmise; as to your matrimonial prospects incorrect. He had set his heart on their fulfilment; and some expressions of admiration for some lady, in a late letter of yours, prepared him to expect something of the kind."

Fane coloured deeply. He remembered, indeed, that, writing to his uncle one evening, after a delightful afternoon passed with Lady Lee, he had suffered his admiration to overflow in expressions which, though they seemed to him slight compared with the merits of the subject, were yet, perhaps, sufficiently warm to warrant his uncle's inferences. It was some comfort to remember that he had not mentioned her name in this premature effusion.

"My uncle seems to have quite a monomania on the subject of my becoming a Benedict," he said presently, by way of breaking an awkward silence. "His doctrine would have seemed more consistent had he inculcated it by example as well as by

precept. One doesn't often see a more determined bachelor."

"A love affair was the turning-point of your uncle's life," said Mr Payne. "He knows and feels that a different, and how much happier man he might have been, but for an early disappointment, and that makes him so desirous to see you comfortably established."

"Now, do you know," said Fane, "I can't, by any effort of imagination, fancy my uncle in love. His proposals, if he ever reached that point, must have been conveyed in an epigram."

"Your uncle is a good deal changed in every respect, within the last few years, especially since that sad business of poor Lancelot," said Mr Payne. "but I so rarely recognise in him now my old (or rather, I should say, my young) friend Levitt. However, you may take my word for it, Captain Durham, that your uncle knew what it was, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be desperately in love. He seemed, too, to be progressing favourably with the object of his affections, till a gay young captain in the Guards turned her head with his attentions. Captain, afterwards Colonel Lee."

"What! Bigot!" said Fane.

"Ah! you know him, then," said Mr Payne; "then you also know it was no great alleviation to your uncle's disappointment to find a man like Colonel Lee preferred to him. Lee, it seems, had no serious intentions, and jilted her—and your uncle disdained to renew his suit."

This account seemed to Fane to throw a good deal of light upon parts of his uncle's character which he had hitherto been unable to fathom.

"Yes," resumed Mr Payne, "yes; your uncle is a great advocate for marriage, and certainly 'tis all very well in its way, though, perhaps," he added dubiously, in an under tone, to himself—"perhaps it may be done once too often."

Here Mr Payne left Durham while he went up-stairs to visit his sick friend, and presently returned to say he had found him asleep, and thought he had better not be disturbed again. Shortly afterwards, finding Durham more disposed to ruminate over what

he had heard than to converse, he bid him good night, and went to bed.

Fane's meditations were interrupted by Miss Betsey, who came in, not altogether free from an odour of gin-and-water, to express her gratification at seeing him well. Miss Betsey was a thin old lady, with an unsteady eye, and a nose streaked with little veins, like a schoolboy's marble. She wore on her head the most wonderful structure, in the shape of a cap, ever seen. It was a kind of tower of muslin, consisting of several stories ornamented with ribbons, and was fastened under her chin with a broad band like a helmet. Her aged arms protruded through her sleeves, which were tight as far as the elbow, and sloped out whiter till they terminated half-way to her wrist, where a pair of black mittens commenced.

"Your dear uncle's been bad, indeed," said Miss Betsey, taking a pinch of snuff. "I a'most thought we should have lost him, Mr Durham; but he's better now, poor dear. But there's no knowing what might happen yet," said Miss Betsey, shaking her head; "and I've had a thought concerning you, and him, and another, Mr Durham." Here Miss Betsey closed her snuff-box -- which was round, black, and shining, and held about a quarter of a pound of prince's mixture -- and, putting it in her ample pocket, laid the hand not occupied with snuff on Fane's shoulder with amiable frankness, which gin-and-water generates in old ladies. "Mr Durham, your dear uncle's never forgot your cousin, Master Langley -- and 'twould be a grievous thing if he was to leave us" (a mild form of hinting at Mr Levitt's decease) "without forgiving him. Couldn't you put in a word, Mr Durham, for your dear cousin?"

"The very thing I intend, Miss Betsey," returned Fane, "as soon as it can be done effectually."

"Ah, Mr Durham," the old lady went on, waxing more confidential, "your dear uncle's fond of you, and well he may be, but you're not to him what Master Langley was; -- no," repeated the old lady, shaking her forefinger, and looking sideways at him, "not what Master Langley was;

and your dear uncle's never been like the same man since that poor dear boy left us."

"You seem to be quite as fond of him as my uncle ever could have been, Miss Betsey," Fane remarked.

"Fond!" said Miss Betsey, "who wasn't? He had that coaxing way with him that he could" -- she completed the sentence by flourishing her forefinger in the air, as if turning an imaginary person round it. "Everybody was fond of him; -- the maids (the pretty ones in particular) was a'most too fond of him -- so much so, that it rather interfered with their work."

Fane's smile at this proof of his cousin's irresistibility called forth a playful tap on the shoulder from the old virgin, who presently afterwards dived down into her pocket for her snuff-box, and, screwing off the lid, which creaked like the axle of a stage waggon, stimulated her reminiscences with a pinch.

"Well-a-day! your uncle's never been the same man since. You don't know, perhaps" (whispering in a tone that tanned Fane's cheek with a zephyr combined of gin-and-water and prince's mixture), "that he keeps Master Langley's room locked up the same as the poor boy last left it, do you? There now, I said so," giving him a gentle slap on the back, and retreating a pace, as he answered in the negative; "for all you lived here weeks together, on and off, you never knew that. Come with me," added the old lady; "I've got the key, and we'll go in there together."

Fane willingly followed her, taking deep interest in all fragments of his cousin's history. Arriving at the door of a room looking out on the lawn, Miss Betsey stopped, and, after some protracted fumbling at the keyhole, opened it. "Once or twice, when he thought nobody was watching him, I've seen your uncle coming out of this door with tears in his blessed eyes," said she, as she entered, preceding him with the candle.

The rooms were, as Miss Betsey had said, just as their former occupant had left them. The pieces of a fishing-rod, with their bag lying beside them, were scattered on the table, together with hackles, coloured worst-

eds, peacocks' herls, and other materials for fly-making. An open book was on the window-seat, and an unfinished sketch in oils stood on an easel.

"There," said Miss Betsey, holding the candle up to a painting over the mantelpiece, "there you see the dear fellow taking a leap that none of the others would face. Your uncle was so proud of that deed that he got it painted, as you see—and a pretty penny it cost him. There were other likenesses of him here, but your uncle put 'em all away before you came from Ludy."

Fane approached to look at the picture, which set at rest any uncertainty that might remain as to his cousin's identity with the rough-riding corporal. There was the same handsome face, only younger, and without the mustache. The same gay air and easy seat that distinguished the dragoon Onslow on horseback appeared in the sportsman there represented, who rode a gallant bay at a formidable brook, with a rail on the farther side. The work was highly artistic, being the production of a famous animal-painter.

At this stage of the proceedings Miss Betsey's feelings seemed to overpower her. She wept copiously, and even hiccupped with emotion; and, setting the candle on the table, abruptly retired.

Fane lingered round the room, looking at the backs of the books, and turning over portfolios of drawings, which would, of themselves, have identified the hand that produced them with Onslow's, as exhibited in the sketch-book of Orelia. Among these was a coloured drawing of his uncle—a good likeness—and another of the artist himself. Fane, looking at the bold frank lineaments, internally pronounced it impossible that their possessor could have been guilty of the mean and criminal action imputed to him. He pictured to himself, and contrasted his cousin's condition before he lost his uncle's favour, with his life as a soldier, and decided it to be contrary to experience that any one could, under such a startling change of circumstances, have be-

haved so well, had he been conscious of guilt.

After some time spent in these and similar meditations, suggested by the objects around him, he went out and locked the door. Passing the house-keeper's room, he went in to leave the key. Miss Betsey appeared to have been soothing her emotions with more gin-and-water, for she sat still in her elbow-chair, with her wonderful structure of cap fallen over one eye, in a manner that rather impaired her dignity, while she winked the remaining one at him with a somewhat imbecile smile.

"Come, Miss Betsey," said Fane, "let me see you to bed."

Miss Betsey rose, and, taking his offered arm, they proceeded slowly along the passage together. "By Jove," thought Fane, "if those youngsters, Bruce and Oates, could see me now, what a story they'd make of it!"

"You must make haste and get a wife, Mr Durham," said Miss Betsey, whose thoughts seemed to be taking a tender hue—"though, to be sure, you're not such a one for the ladies as Mr Langley was"—and here the old lady commenced the relation of an anecdote, in which a certain house-maid, whom she stigmatised as a hussy, bore a prominent part, but which we will not rescue from the obscurity in which her somewhat indistinct utterance veiled it.

Fane opened the old lady's bedroom door, and, putting the candle on the table, left her, not without a misgiving that she might possibly set fire to her cap, and consequently to the ceiling. This fear impressed him so much that he went back and removed it from her head, and with it a row of magnificent brown curls, which formed its basis, and, depositing the edifice, not without wonder, on the drawers, he wished her good night, and retreated; but, hearing her door open when he had got half-way along the passage, he looked back, and saw Miss Betsey's head, deprived of the meretricious advantages of hair, gauze, and ribbon, protruded shiningly into the passage, as she smiled, with the utmost blandness, a supplementary good-night.

## CORAL RINGS.

MONTGOMERY's well-known lines in praise of the coral polyps have given these animals a tolerable share of poetical celebrity. Mr Darwin's ingenious researches have invested them with a degree of importance which elevates them to the rank of a great geological power. These minute creatures are now entitled to a larger share of consideration than the greatest and most skilful of quadrupeds can claim. All the elephants and lions which have been quartered in this world since its creation—all the whales and sharks which have prowled about in its waters—have done much less to affect its physical features, and have left far slighter evidences of their existence, than the zoophytes by whose labours the coral formations have been reared. For the most colossal specimens of industry we are indebted to one of the least promising of animated things. Comparing their humble organisation with that of other tribes, we feel pretty much the same sort of surprise as a man might express were he told that the pyramids and temples of antiquity had not been constructed by Egyptians or Romans, but by a race like the Earthmen of Africa, or by a set of pigmies like the Aztecs now exhibiting in London.

Though the works now before us have been long in the hands of the public, the substance of their contents is far from being generally known. Yet the beauty of the results at which their authors have arrived, and the interest with which they have invested the coral reefs, may well recommend these volumes to universal perusal. While Dana, more than all his predecessors, has illustrated the natural history of the little gelatinous creatures by which the coral is secreted, Darwin has described the growth and consolidation of their labours into lofty and extended reefs, and connected these with the broadest and most striking phenomena of physical geology. The toiling of the minute

zoophytes in the production of vast masses of coral rock which wall round whole islands, and stretch their mural barriers across deep and stormy seas, he has shown to be successful only through the conjoined operation of those wonderful physical forces which are now lifting and now lowering large areas of the earth's surface.

Mr Darwin's views not only exhibit a charming sample of scientific induction, but carry with them such an air of probability, that the most cautious investigators may subscribe to them without any particular demur. Being the result of very extensive inquiries, and confirmed by collating the peculiarities of many reefs, they are grounded upon a sufficient quantity of data to entitle them to reasonable confidence. We propose, in the present article, to indicate some of the principle steps in the theory which this gentleman has propounded; and that the reader may examine them consecutively, we shall imagine an intelligent voyager visiting the Pacific for the first occasion in his life. As he sails across that noble sheet of water, observing with a philosophic eye every object which presents itself to his view, he suddenly perceives in the midst of the sea a long low range of rock against which the surf is breaking with a tremendous roar. He is told that this is a coral reef; and having read a little respecting these curious productions, he resolves to investigate them carefully, in order to fathom, as far as possible, the mystery of their origin. As he approaches, the spectacle grows more interesting at every step. Trees seem to start up from the bosom of the ocean, and to flourish on a beach which is strewn with glistening sand, and washed by the spray of enormous billows. When sufficiently near to survey the phenomenon as a whole, he perceives that he has before him an extensive ring of stone, set in an expanse of waters, and exhibiting the singular form of an annular island. Launching a boat,

*The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs.* By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1842.

*The Structure and Classification of Zoophytes.* By JAMES D. DANA, A.M. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. 1846.

and following the curve of the shore for some distance, he finds at length an opening through which he penetrates into the interior of the ring. Once entered, he floats smoothly on a transparent lake of bright green water, which seems to have been walled in from the rest of the ocean, as if it were a preserve for some sort of nautical game, or a retreat for the more delicate class of marine divinities. Its bed is partially covered with pure white sand, but partly also with a gay growth of coral—the stems of this zoophyte branching out like a plant, and exhibiting the most brilliant diversities of colour, so that the floor of the lake glows like a sunken grove. All the hues of the spectrum may be seen gleaming below, whilst fishes scarcely less splendid in their tints glide to and fro in search of food amidst this shrubbery of stone. A fringe of trees, consisting principally of graceful palms, decorates the inner portion of the ring, and when surveyed from the centre of the lagoon, this edging of verdure springing up in the midst of the Pacific presents one of the most picturesque sights the voyager can conceive. Indeed, as he contemplates the tranquil lake within, and listens to the dash of the surf without—as he runs over the features of this beautiful oasis in the wilderness of waters, we may pardon him if he almost expects to be accosted by ocean nymphs or startled mermaids, and indignantly expelled from their private retreat.

The whole structure is so striking, that the most careless observer must feel some little curiosity to ascertain its origin. Our voyager regards it with much the same sort of interest as an intelligent wanderer would display, were he to stumble upon a ring of blocks like those at Abury or Stonehenge in some distant desert. In order to pursue his inquiries systematically, he proceeds to note down the principal characteristics of the scene. The first peculiarity which arrests his consideration, is the circular form which the rock assumes. Though far from constituting a smooth and perfect ring, its outline is sufficiently definite to rivet the attention at once. Then he observes that the outer portion of the annulus scarcely rises above the level of the sea, whilst the inner

portion—the bank on which the belt of trees is mounted—is not more than ten or twelve feet in height at the utmost. From this he infers that the agency concerned in the formation of the structure was probably restricted in its upward range. Next he notices that the ring itself—that is, the wall of rock enveloping the lake, though by no means uniform in breadth—is not more, perhaps, than three or four hundred yards across in any part of its extent: this seems to say, that the agency was also restrained by circumstances in its lateral expansion. Again, as he runs his eye along the whole sweep of the reef, he remarks that it is not quite continuous, the ring being broken here and there by openings, through one of which he himself passed into the lagoon. If he then endeavours to estimate the size of the whole formation with its included lake, he may find it in this particular case to be eight or ten miles in circumference. Should he stoop down to examine the material of which the reef is composed, he will discover it to be dead coral rock mixed with sand where it is not washed by the sea; but on breaking off a fragment where it is covered with water, he may observe multitudes of little worms, or curiously shaped polyps, which, incompetent as they seem, are in reality the architects of the pile. But perhaps the most significant circumstance to be noticed is the difference in depth between the internal lagoon and the external ocean. If he takes soundings within the reef, he ascertains that the water is comparatively shallow, the slope of the rock beneath the lake being tolerably gentle, and the depth rarely more than thirty or forty fathoms. Let him cross the ring, however, pushing his way through the belt of trees; and on trying the experiment in the contrary direction, seawards, he finds that the ground shelves downwards gradually under the water, until it reaches a depth of five-and-twenty fathoms, after which it plunges precipitously into the abyss. So abrupt, indeed, does the descent become when this point has been attained, that at the distance of a hundred yards from the reef he cannot reach the bottom of the sea with a line of two hundred fathoms. If, then, our explorer were capable of



existing under water for a while, and could be lowered to the bed of the ocean, he would see before him an enormous cone or mound of rock shooting upwards through the liquid to a prodigious height, its summit being hollowed into a kind of cup or shallow basin, the rim of this lofty vase just peering above the level of the waves, and its interior being partially inlaid with a gorgeous and flower-like growth of coral.

Now, without glancing at minor details, it must be admitted that our voyager has stumbled upon a fine physical problem. As the Round Towers of Ireland have constituted one of the most perplexing questions on shore, so these coral towers of the tropics seem to present an equally perplexing mystery for the sea. In the course of his researches, however, he detects a circumstance which appears to be perfectly paradoxical. Climbing the cliff from the bottom of the ocean, he perceives that the creatures which produce the coral cannot exist at any greater depths below the surface than from twenty to five-and-twenty fathoms. Within that limit, upwards, the rock is covered with life; below, it is tenantless and dead. Yet, descending as the structure of coral does to immeasurably greater depths, the question naturally arises—how could the animal ever toil where it cannot even live? How has that part of the edifice, which lies buried in a region where no sunbeam ever pierces, been built by architects whose range of activity is comparatively so restricted?

Brooding over an inquiry, which only adds fuel to his curiosity, he proceeds on his cruise. He has already noted the prominent features of one particular reef, which exhibits a coral construction in its simplest shape—namely, as a ring enclosing a lagoon. He now falls in with specimen after specimen of a similar class, and carefully observes the differences in character they present. In point of shape, he finds that some are oval, others greatly elongated, and many very jagged and irregular in their form. Here is one like a bow, and there another like a horse shoe, whilst none can be said to be geometrically round. In regard to size, he meets with reefs which are a single mile only in dia-

meter, and then with others, which amount to as many as fifty, sixty, or even more. If he compares the various rings, he observes that some are perforated by few openings, and in rare cases there are none—the fissures having apparently been filled up with sand or detritus, so as to form a continuous girdle round the lake. But, in other instances, the reef is so freely intersected by these openings, that the ring itself may be said to consist of a series of small islands arranged upon an extensive curve. In general, however, he perceives that the channels connecting the ocean with the lagoon are confined more especially to that side of the structure which is least exposed to the action of the wind; and as he is sailing within the region of the trade-winds, the portion of the reef which fronts the breeze and the billow perpetually, appears to be more lofty and substantial than the other. Glancing, too, at the bank which carries the fringe of trees, he observes that it never seems to rise higher than a certain level in any case whatever; and as he finds that it consists chiefly of sand and sediment, he concludes that it has been heaped up by the waves themselves. The vegetation, indeed, which frequently gives such a gay and graceful aspect to coral rocks, does not always gladden the eye; but where it is wanting, he infers that the circumstances which favour the dissemination of seeds or the growth of plants, have failed to operate as yet, but may, perhaps, in process of time produce their accustomed effects. Comparing also the depth of the lagoons with that of the surrounding ocean, he ascertains that the striking discrepancy which attracted his attention in the first reef he examined, obtains to a considerable degree in every subsequent instance: however shallow the sea may be within the ring, its depth rapidly increases, and frequently becomes quite unfathomable at no great distance without. Finding, then, that though certain differences exist in the formations he has already inspected, yet certain general features of resemblance invariably prevail, he concludes that all of these structures are due to the operation of a kindred agency. But here there arises another perplexing question.

If he must admit—and the admission is inevitable—that the coral polyps have been the builders of these piles, how can he suppose that a number of small animals, each labouring separately, as it were, could erect an immense wall of rock, leagues in circumference, which, though far from regular in its composition, shall yet exhibit any marked approach to a circle, an oval, a horse-shoe, or any other symmetrical form? Still more, how could they build, not one, but innumerable reefs, differing in various particulars, but all indicating some common principle of construction? How is he to explain the appearance of co-operation, where, from the nature of the creatures, he cannot imagine any intentional co-operation to exist? A troop of moles working beneath a field will never cast up a succession of hillocks in such a way that they will all combine to form a spacious circle, or any other regular and definite figure. If, therefore, he is compelled to believe that a number of insignificant creatures like the coral polyps are capable of executing such prodigious undertakings, wanting, as they do, the intelligence which enables higher beings to carry out a coherent scheme, he must look for an explanation, not in the *instincts* of the animals, but in the *conditions* under which they pursue their toils.

Hitherto, however, our voyager has only encountered reefs of one class—namely, “atolls,” or lagoon islands. He looks anxiously, therefore, in the hope of falling in with a specimen of a different description. He knows that if a process is too slow in its action to admit of direct observation, yet its character may probably be ascertained by comparing several cases where the same agency is employed—that is, by criticising the phenomenon in distinct stages of development. He proceeds on his voyage, and at length is fortunate enough to meet with a coral formation which varies in type from those already inspected. There is the same sort of ring springing hastily from the sea; but instead of an internal lagoon, the central space is occupied by a beautiful and populous island, leaving only a belt of water between the reef

and the shore. Where all the elements of such a scene are sufficiently defined, a more charming spectacle can hardly be conceived. The land appears like a pleasant picture framed in coral. Round a group of mountains, forming the nucleus of the isle, there runs a verdant zone of soil—next comes a girdle of tranquil water—then a ring of coral—and last, a band of snowy breakers, where the swell of the ocean is shattered into surf. The island of Tahiti, whose mountains rise to the height of seven thousand feet, and whose greatest breadth is about thirty-six miles, is almost encompassed by a reef of this description. When this spot is approached so as to make the separate objects visible, the appearance becomes quite striking. “Even upon the steep surface of the cliff, vegetation abounds; the belt of low land is covered with the tropical trees peculiar to Polynesia, while the high peaks and wall-faced mountains in the rear are covered with vines and creeping plants. This verdure is seen to rise from a quiet girdle of water, which is again surrounded by a line of breakers dashing in snow-white foam on the encircling reefs of coral.”\* Perhaps, however, the descent of the waves upon the ring—curling and chafing like coursers suddenly curbed—constitutes the most magnificent feature of the scene. “The long rolling billows of the Pacific, arrested by this natural barrier, often rise ten, twelve, or fourteen feet above its surface, and then, bending over it, their foaming tops form a graceful liquid arch, glittering in the rays of a tropical sun, as if studded with brilliants; but before the eyes of the spectator can follow the splendid aqueous gallery which they appear to have reared, with loud and hollow roar they fall in magnificent desolation, and spread the gigantic fabric in froth and spray upon the horizontal and gently broken surface of the coral.”†

With a reef like this before him our explorer may now collect some additional data which will help him a few steps onward in his inquiry. The distinction between a formation of this class and those of the former description, consists principally in the sub-

\* WILKES'S *United States Exploring Expedition*, vol. ii. p. 130, (ed. 1852.)

† ELIS'S *Polynesian Researches*, vol. ii. p. 2.

stitution of an internal island for a lagoon. Were that island pared away or dug out, a simple lake surrounded by a ring of coral rock would be left. The one structure would pass into the other by the crasure of the central land. But here again he has stumbled over a difficulty apparently as great as any he has previously encountered; for it would be preposterous to suppose that large areas or lofty hills could be readily expunged from the surface of the earth. There is a stage, however—call it rather a pause—in the reasoning process, when the great master of inductive logic recommends that, after having arranged all our available facts, and extracted from them all the inferences they can legitimately supply, we should allow the mind to take a little leap forward, just by way of venture, and see what conclusions it will suggest. In short, we are to send for the imagination, yoke it to the materials we have accumulated, and observe in what direction it will conduct us. Our explorer does this. He sets that faculty to work—with due discretion, however—and in a short time it hints to him that islands may possibly *sink down slowly* in the ocean by the action of the subterranean forces. And if so, would not that explain everything?

He proceeds, therefore, to inquire how this supposition will work; for there are many conditions which it must satisfy, and many puzzles which it must solve, before its probability can be affirmed. In the first place, the coral polyps, as we have seen, can only operate within a limited depth of water, which has been roughly fixed at twenty or five-and-twenty fathoms. Mr Dana, indeed, considers that sixteen fathoms will perhaps measure the whole extent of the region assigned to the principal artificers. Consequently, when the creatures laid the foundation of any particular reef, they must have done so in shoal water, or in the neighbourhood of land. Next, where a small isle issues from a profound sea, it will in general be tolerably regular in shape; because, with relation to the bed of that sea, it must in reality be a kind of mountain: therefore, as the coral builders find the requisite range of water in the zone which encircles the shore, the reef they

form will be tolerably regular too. Hence the circular or curvilinear outline which these structures generally assume. Then, if, after the basement of such a ring has been laid, the land should begin to descend slowly, the polyps must proceed to raise the edifice storey after storey, for thus alone can they keep themselves within the region of vitality; and here we have an explanation of the singular fact, that the reef, where it constitutes a true atoll, or coral-lagoon, usually ascends to the level of the sea. A singular fact we call it; because, if we consider how variable are the heights of any series of mountains on land, the equality of stature which distinguishes these marine elevations is certainly a remarkable result. If it were possible for some great giant to run the palm of his hand along the tops of the Andes or Himalayas, it would describe a very irregular sweep, rising or falling with every peak it visited; but were he to draw it over the summits of a succession of atolls, though these might stretch through a space thousands of miles in length, he would scarcely perceive any difference whatever in point of altitude. It will be seen, therefore, that the uniformity characterising these Alps of the ocean is a circumstance which our explorer's hypothesis readily solves. But in raising their embankment higher, it is clear that the animals must build up vertically, and hence the abrupt or precipitous face which it presents externally towards the deep water. Landwards, again—that is, within the reef—the pigmy architects will labour more feebly, because it is found that the kind of polyps which exist in smooth still water are more delicate in their productions than their gallant little brethren who flourish amongst the breakers. This serves to explain, again, why there is an interval of fluid left between the rising reef and the sinking shore; but as the land subsides, the space which it occupies within the magic ring will obviously diminish, whilst the space covered by water will proportionately increase. The girdle of coral will not maintain its original dimensions, because the polyps will probably incline inwards, instead of building directly upwards; but the contraction of the ring will proceed slowly, because the wall is

invariably steep seawards, even if it should not be altogether precipitous. Finally, when the island is fairly drowned, when we have got its whole body well under water, we shall have an enormous mass of coral raised by successive additions of coral skeletons, and resting upon a basis which may be hundreds of feet below the level of the sea. A zone of rock, constituting the rim of the structure, will just show itself above the waves, whilst within this zone sleeps a shallow lake, where the polyps, for various reasons, have not followed the growth of the ring with equal rapidity, or where the sediment deposited has not accumulated in sufficient quantities to fill up the interior. And when the lake is obliterated, as ultimately it may be, either by the labours of the feeble animals, or by the deposition of detritus from the reef, we shall have the platform of a new country where tropical forests may some day flourish, where towns and villages may hereafter arise, and where man may exhibit the strange and mingled play of virtue and vice, which has marked his footsteps from the first. "The calcareous sand lies undisturbed, and offers, to the seeds of trees and plants cast upon it by the waves, a soil upon which they rapidly grow, to overshadow its dazzling white surface. Entire trunks of trees, which are carried by the rivers from other countries and islands, find here, at length, a resting-place, after many wanderings: with these come some small animals, such as insects and lizards, as the first inhabitants. Even before the trees form a wood, the sea-birds nestle here; stray land-birds take refuge in the bushes; and at a much later period, when the work has been long since completed, man appears, and builds his hut on the fruitful soil."\*

Thus, it will be seen that the supposition of a slow descent of the land appears to meet the prominent requirements of the case; and however startling the assumption might seem when first suggested, yet the pressure of certain conditions, which this theory alone can sustain, renders its adoption almost, if not altogether, inevitable. But, says the explorer, if this hypothesis be correct, it should follow that,

as the sinking isle may vary in altitude in different parts—as it may have several peaks or elevated districts—all these higher portions must be left projecting out of the water for some time after the lower lands have been entirely submerged. Accordingly, we may expect to discover coral reefs, containing within their circuit several small islands, the relics of some larger district which has died a watery death. And this is just what frequently occurs. The two isles of Raiatea and Tahaa, for example, are included in one reef. The group known as Gambier's Islands consists of four large and a few smaller islets encircled by a single ring. The reef of Hogoleu, which is one hundred and thirty-five miles in circuit, contains ten or eleven islands in its spacious lagoon.

So, again, says our explorer, as islands are frequently arranged in clusters, it should follow that, if the areas whereon any of these groups were stationed, have subsided, whole *archipelagoes* of coral reefs ought to exist. And some of these archipelagoes may be expected to exhibit a series of perfect lagoons, where the land has been fairly submerged; whilst others, where the process is less advanced, or the ground more elevated, ought to present a series of reef-encircled islands merely. Here also the theory is fully corroborated by facts. Low Archipelago is composed of about eighty atolls; and of the thirty-two groups examined by Captain Beechy, twenty-nine then possessed the internal lakes which we have seen are characteristic of this class; the remaining three having passed, as he believed, from the same condition originally to the dignity of closed or consolidated reefs. The Society Archipelago, again, consists of tolerably elevated islands, encircled by coral ledges, and lying in a direction almost parallel to the last.

Indeed, it will be readily imagined that the shape and character of the coral formations must be considerably influenced by the nature of the site upon which they are reared. They will assume different aspects according to the physical configuration of the land to be entombed. They must be interrupted where the water is too

deep, or the shore too precipitous to permit the artificers to acquire a proper footing. They will exhibit breaches where the descent of cold streams from the mountain heights, or the presence of mud carried down by rivers, rendered it impracticable for the creatures to pursue their avocations. They may also adopt peculiar forms where the lowering of the ground may not have taken place gradually, or where, from some eccentric action of the subterranean force, one portion may have sunk under different circumstances from the rest. A reef may, therefore, be submerged in part, or, as in some instances, throughout its whole extent. Thus, in the Peros Banhos Atoll, forming a member of the Chagos group in the Indian Ocean, a portion of the ring dips under water for a distance of about nine miles. This sunken segment consists of a wall of dead coral rock, lying at an average depth of five fathoms below the surface, but corresponding in breadth and curve with the exposed reef, of which it is obviously the complement. Or a ring may be wholly submarine. The same group affords, amongst others, an admirable example of this in the Speaker's Bank, which is described as a well-defined annulus of dead coral, let down into the sea to a depth of six or eight fathoms, with a lagoon twenty-two fathoms deep and twenty-four miles across. It is apparently a drowned atoll. Hence from these, or from other causes, such as the action of the sea, the killing of the zoophytes by exposure or otherwise, we may have several modifications of the model reef.

As yet we have only mentioned two principal types of structure—first, the *atolls* or coral-lagoons; and, second, the *encircling reefs*. But we may here refer, in a sentence or two, to a third and an important class—namely, the *barrier reefs*. These are extensive lines of coral masonry, which pursue their course at a considerable distance from the shore, but with a degree of conformity to its outline, sufficient to prove that some relationship subsists between them. They do not, however, surround an island like the encircling reefs. The West Coast of New Caledonia is armed with a reef of this character, 400 miles in length; but in some parts it is sixteen miles

distant from the shore, and seldom approaches it nearer than eight miles in any other quarter. This great ledge of coral rock is, moreover, prolonged for 150 miles at the northern extremity of the island; and then, returning in the form of a loop, and terminating on the opposite shore, seems to intimate that, in ancient days, New Caledonia was of much greater extent in this direction than it is at present. There is a still more magnificent specimen of the barrier reef on the north-east of Australia. This noble coral ridge is a thousand miles in length. Its distance from the coast is generally between twenty and thirty miles, but occasionally as much as seventy. The depth of the sea within the barrier is from ten to twenty-five fathoms, but at the southern extremity it increases to forty, or even sixty. On the other side, without the barrier, the ocean is almost unfathomable. The breadth of this embankment varies from a few hundred yards to a mile, and it is only at distant intervals that it is intersected by channels through which vessels may enter. It is a causeway for giants, and yet the architects were mere polyps!

It is time, however, that our voyager should proceed to verify the supposition his fancy suggested. As yet he has adduced no proof that subsidence is, or has been, the order of the day where its results are supposed to appear. He knows that mountains and islands must not be sunk by a mere assumption, however plausibly that assumption may seem to solve the mystery of the reefs. Now, it is an admitted fact that, in certain parts of the globe, extensive regions have been hoisted up, some suddenly, some slowly; whilst others have gone down in the world just as suddenly or as slowly. The coast of Chili and the adjoining district, as is well known, were once elevated several feet, throughout an area of perhaps 100,000 square miles, in the course of a single night. Sweden has long been rising in its northern portion, and sinking in its southern, as if it were playing at see-saw on a magnificent scale. But we want evidence from the coral localities themselves. Of course, from the nature of the case, the testimony must necessarily be somewhat limited; because the question relates to a tardy

movement, operating through ages, and occurring in regions which may be wholly uninhabited, or else peopled by tattooed and unphilosophical savages. But there seems to be tolerable proof for the purpose in hand. For instance, in an island called Pouynipate, in the Caroline Archipelago, one voyager describes the ruins of a town which is now accessible only by boats, the waves reaching to the steps of the houses. Of course, it is not likely that the founders of that place would build their habitations in the water; and, therefore, it must be inferred that this spot is in course of depression. Such, according to theory, should be its condition, because it consists of land encircled by a reef—that is, of land which must all vanish before the formation can be converted into a true coral-lagoon. At Keeling Island, again, Mr Darwin observed a storehouse, the basement of which was originally above high-water, but which was then daily washed by the tide. Many other instances of the same sort might be advanced; but there is still more striking evidence on this point, perhaps, in the existence of certain reefs which may now be introduced as links in the theory, or rather as tests by which its validity may be tried. These have been styled “shore” or “fringing” reefs. They differ from the other classes in the shallowness of the foundation on which they rest, and in the closeness of their approach to the land—either lining the shore itself, or, if separated, leaving a channel of no great depth between the coral bank and the coast. Wherever these exist, it is clear that the soil is stationary, or that it must be in course of elevation. It cannot be undergoing depression, because the coral beds would increase in thickness, and graduate into another class of structure. And in many instances where these fringes abound, there is the clearest proof, derived from organic remains, and other geological evidences, that the land has been actually upraised. A resident at Oahu, one of the Sandwich Islands (which are all fringed), stated that, from changes effected within a period of sixteen years only, he was satisfied that the work of elevation was proceeding at a very perceptible rate. Indeed, in numerous

cases of this kind, coral deposits are found at a height where it is as certain that the polyps could never have toiled, as it is certain that fishes could never have lived. But elevation in one quarter implies depression in another. And, accordingly, it has been shown that the Pacific and Indian Oceans might almost be divided into a series of great bands, where the bed of the sea has alternately risen and sunk—just as if in one band the crust of the earth had been heaped up into a great solid wave, and in the next had subsided into a huge submarine trough or valley. For it happens that the reefs abounding over one of these areas belong almost universally to the class of formation which, according to theory, indicates that the ground is subsiding, whilst those which distinguish the next area are quite of the opposite description, and intimate that the crust is rising. Thus, for example, if we select the broadest illustration available, it will be seen, on referring to a map of the Pacific, that there is an extensive chain of islands, beginning to the west of the Caroline Archipelago, and running through Low Archipelago—a distance of several thousand miles—the whole family of which belong to the type denoting depression; whilst there is another long chain of islands, corresponding or parallel, in some measure, with the first, and extending, say from Sumatra to the south-east of the Friendly Isles, most of which indicate, by their reefs, that they belong to the type denoting elevation.

The general coincidence, therefore, of fringing reefs with raised or stationary districts, and of atolls or lagoons with regions which appear to be subsiding, affords considerable support to the theory our voyager is maturing. But there is another remarkable criterion, which in due time he contrives to discover. In the districts where fringing reefs occur, or where the coral has been plainly uplifted, active volcanoes are frequently established. But where reefs of the contrary character prevail, these agents are rarely, if ever, to be found. Of course, where a volcano presents itself in any particular locality, and especially if it happens to be a volcano in a state of activity, this shows that the subterranean forces are dis-

posed to upheave the soil above them; whereas, if volcanoes are wanting in another quarter, or if, being there, their activity has ceased, the conclusion is, that in this region no upward tendency at present exists. Now, this test, too, is in striking accordance with geographical fact. The two great chains of reefs already mentioned may again be adduced. In the series of atolls or subsiding islands extending from Caroline Archipelago to Low Archipelago, not a single working volcano is to be detected within several hundred miles of any moderate cluster; whereas, in the band or series of isles which are characterised by fringes, numbers of these powerful agents are busily engaged; and in some of them, as, for instance, in Java, the subterranean forces are known to be intensely energetic. In fact, it may be stated as a pretty authentic conclusion, that whilst volcanoes frequently appear in those areas where the crust of the earth is now, or has recently been, in upward motion, "they are invariably absent in those where the surface has lately subsided, or is still subsiding."\*

At the same time, it may be interesting to remark, that whilst busy volcanoes are thus shown to be irreconcilable with the presence of true atolls, yet at one period the theory most in fashion assumed that all coral-lagoons were mere submarine craters, whose rims had been coated with calcareous matter by the coral polyps. However plausible this hypothesis might seem when applied to a few particular cases, its insufficiency was soon discovered when a considerable number of reefs had been compared, and when the order of transition from one type to another was clearly understood. The vast size of some of these atolls—the elongated shape which many assume—the mode in which they are frequently clustered—the precipitousness of their flanks, rendered it difficult, if not impossible, to treat them as drowned Etnas or Heclas. Then, the equal altitudes they must have attained as submarine

mounts, is totally inexplicable, if the fact of the limited operations of the polyps be admitted; for it would be preposterous to imagine that thousands of volcanic cones could all rise to the surface of the sea, or within a range of five-and-twenty fathoms, and yet never overtop the waves to a greater height than a dozen feet. But, above all, the existence of coral rings, with land in the interior—where, if the theory were correct, a large cavity should have taken the place of primitive rocks, exhibiting no signs of volcanic action—has proved utterly fatal to the theory. It is manifest that Tahiti, for example, with its lofty mountains, could never have been the centre-piece of a huge crater; and it is certain that a volcanic vent would not assume the shape of a mere moat, like the girdle of water which encompasses an ancient castle.

Combining, then, the various data already adduced, and observing that there is a general harmony in the results, our voyager may reasonably conclude that his theory has now been mounted upon a tolerably fair basis of facts. He has explained the seeming paradoxes which thrust themselves upon his view at the earlier stages of the inquiry. He has brought all the different varieties of coral formations under the grasp of one law, and shown how, by the continued operation of a subsiding force and the continued addition of coral skeletons, the "fringing" reef would pass into an "encircling" reef, and this again would graduate into a perfect "atoll." It is true that in doing this he has been compelled to draw a pretty picture of the fluctuations to which the earth's crust is exposed. Large areas are supposed to sink in one quarter, and to rise in another. Here and there a spot which has once been lowered may again be uplifted; and this fitful movement may, in the course of ages, be repeated, as if to show what "ups-and-downs" a poor island may be called upon to endure. He knows, indeed, that his theory trenches

\* Mr DARWIN'S *Coral Reefs*, p. 142. The only supposed exception to this remarkable coincidence, at the time when Mr Darwin wrote, in 1842, was the volcano of Torres Strait, at the northern point of Australia, placed on the borders of an area of subsidence; but it has been since proved that this volcano has no existence. Sir CHARLES LYELL'S *Principles of Geology*. 8th edit. p. 767.

upon the marvellous. Were it not for the light which geology has latterly thrown upon the pranks played by the Earth in its youthful days, he is aware that his hypothesis would be condemned as a thing far too romantic for belief.

But perhaps the most surprising circumstance, after all, is, that such stupendous structures should really be fashioned by such puny artificers. When he turns his attention to the builders themselves, he finds that they are little better than lumps of jelly.\* The workmen, who far surpass, in the vastness of their erections, all the proud masonry of man, belong to the lowest classes of animated things. They are half-plant, half-animal. Until the commencement of the last century, indeed, their pretensions to a higher dignity than that of marine vegetables was denied; and when a certain M. Peyssonel interested himself on their behalf, and endeavoured to raise them to a higher position in the scale of organisation, his proposal was treated with much the same sort of derision as if he had demanded the admission of monkeys into the ranks of humanity. These zoophytes consist, in the main, of a mere visceral cavity, containing no distinct system of vessels, exhibiting no decided appearance of nerves, possessing no other senses than an imperfect touch and taste, and certainly manifesting no distinction of sex. They are simply digestive sacs, for which a troop of tentacles are continually foraging: they eat, drink, secrete coral, throw off young polyps, and die, without in general wandering an inch from the place where they were produced.

Of all living things we should least expect that creatures so imbecile as these would be able to run up great embankments capable of repelling billows which sometimes roll along in an unbroken ridge of a mile or two in length, or of resisting a surf whose roar may be heard at the distance of eight or nine miles. That a feeble zoophyte should have the power of breasting the waves of the Pacific, did we not know it to be a fact, would appear a more preposterous notion than that of the memorable lady who at-

tempted to keep the Atlantic out of her dwelling with a mop. No other animals seem to possess a faculty at all approaching to this: none exhibit a constructive propensity which leads to such massive results. The bee, for example, produces more geometrical works, but we cannot conceive of a honeycomb as large as a county, or a mountain of cells as tall as Skiddaw or Snowdon. It would be absurd to dream of fabricating a reef of sponge, though, if its animal character be admitted, this creature will almost hold as high a rank in life as the coral polyp; nor would it be pardonable to imagine that such a miserable material could ever become the basis of a new island. The beaver, it is true, executes very extensive dams; he is an excellent carpenter—perhaps the most skilful four-footed artisan with which we are acquainted; but put him in the midst of a boisterous sea, to erect a great circular rampart fifty or a hundred miles in diameter, with the billows tumbling about his ears continually, and he might just as well have contracted to build the Plymouth Breakwater, or the Eddystone Lighthouse. In fact, if we consider what difficulty men have in achieving their simplest specimens of marine architecture, it may be said that, were a whole nation of human beings set to work in the Pacific, they could not accomplish one of the colossal enterprises which these morsels of pulp silently effect.

What renders the undertaking more surprising is, that these soft-bodied things have to *make rock* for themselves; they have to provide the very stone which constitutes the edifice they build; they have not only to find straw to produce their bricks, as it were, but to procure the clay itself. The hard coral composing their edifices is the internal skeleton of the animals, and appears to be a secretion from their own tissues. Chemical analysis has shown that it consists principally of carbonate of lime—upwards of 95 parts out of every 100—including also small quantities of silica, alumina, magnesia, iron, fluorine, and phosphoric acid. It is remarkable, however, that this secreted mat-

\* This expression, as applied to many of the coral polyps, must be taken in a somewhat qualified sense. Many of them are of a fleshy consistence.



ter is harder than calcareous spar or common marble—much harder, indeed, says Mr Dana, than its peculiar chemical composition will explain. "Using an iron mortar," observes Mr B. Silliman, junior, "in the earlier trials, the iron pestle was roughened and cut under the resistance of the angular masses of coral, to a degree quite remarkable, considering the nature of the substance operated on. So much iron was communicated to the powder from this source, that recourse was had to a mortar of porcelain; and even this was not proof against wear, the porcelain pestle being pitted by the repeated blows. The more porous species, of course, were crushed with less difficulty." Whence, then, do the animals procure the materials which they fashion into such dense and enormous piles? Here are millions of tons of calcareous matter heaped up by their agency, and yet there is no visible storehouse from which they can obtain any solid supplies. For as the land subsides, the builders of the reef are cut off from the shore: there is little but coral beneath them—there is nothing but water around them. It must therefore be from the billows of the ocean that the creatures possess the power of picking out the small quantity of carbonate of lime which the fluid contains. Their food may, of course, contribute to the supply; but from what source again did the minute animals they devour procure their stock of salts and earths?

It is singular, too, to observe how limited is the sphere of activity assigned to these creatures. In order to complete a reef, it is not sufficient that one tribe or species alone should be employed; the Madreporæ, Astræas, and Gemmipores are the principal masons engaged; but each structure exhibits considerable diversity of workmen. There are some polyps, as we have seen, which love the contention of the surf, and thrive only when exposed to the play of the waves; there are others which love a more tranquil life, and prosper only in the peaceful lagoon. Neither could change places with safety, any more than the reindeer could barter climates with the camel. A reef might almost be divided into a number of zones, in each of which a particular sort of coral

polyp finds its appropriate habitat. The sea-front of the ring appears to be partitioned into belts, like the vegetable regions on the slope of a mountain. "The corals on the margin of Keeling Island," says Mr Darwin, "occurred in zones: thus the *Porites* and *Millepora complanata* grow to a large size only where they are washed by a heavy sea, and are killed by a short exposure to the air; whereas three species of *Nullipora* also live amidst the breakers, but are able to survive uncovered for a part of each tide. At greater depths a strong *Madrepora* and *Millepora alcicornis* are the commonest kinds, the former appearing to be confined to this part. Beneath the zone of massive corals, minute encrusting corallines and other organic bodies live." Thus, even in the limited range allotted to these zoophytes, we have a minute illustration of the law which has been so admirably developed by Professor Edward Forbes—that the bed of the sea exhibits a series of regions, each peopled, according to its depth, by its peculiar inhabitants.

But if the creatures which are employed in the erection of the reefs are restricted to so narrow a field of exertion, a very peculiar provision has fitted them for the work they have to perform. This consists in what is called their *acrogenous* mode of increase. If, for example, the zoophytes assume the form of a plant, it is not the whole mass which is alive, but only a very small portion at the summit and at the extremities of the branches. All the remainder of the stem and boughs has been converted into dead coral. To grow, with them, is therefore to mount. The skeleton of the young animal is hoisted upon that of its defunct predecessor. Some zoophytes, like the Goniopores, spring up in columns to the height of two or three feet; and to each of these coral pillars a capital of live polyps, two or three inches in extent, is affixed. Or if the creatures assume a more clustered or globular form, as is the case with many of the Astræas, *Porites*, and others, the depth of life in the mass is extremely small. A dome of Astræas, twelve feet in diameter, is supposed to consist of a thin film of living polyps, extending not more than half or three-quarters of an inch

below the surface—a solid nucleus of coral being, in fact, merely coated with vitality. It is to this property of upward and outward growth that we must ascribe the prodigious power these animals possess. Their labours are *cumulative*; and hence, though in themselves the most insignificant of creatures, they are enabled to heap up tier after tier of skeletons, until the mountain which has sunk in the waters is rivalled by the monument they erect upon its site.

If we wish, however, to form some conception of the marvels which these zoophytes accomplish, we have only to remember that the coral formations in the Pacific occupy an area of four or five thousand miles in length, and then to imagine what a picture that ocean would exhibit were it suddenly drained. We should walk amongst huge mounds which had been cased and capped with the stone these animals had secreted. Prodigious cones would rise from the ground, all towering to the same altitude, and reflecting the light of the sun from their white summits with dazzling intensity. Here and there we should come to a huge platform, once a large island, whose peaks, as they sank, were clothed in coral, and then prolonged upwards until they rose before us like the columns of some huge temple which had been commenced by the Anakims of an antediluvian world. If, as Champollion has said, the edifices of ancient Egypt seem to have been designed by men fifty feet

high, here, whilst wandering amongst these strange monuments, we might almost fancy that beings hundreds of yards in stature had been planting the pillars of some colossal city, which they never lived to complete. But the builders, as we have seen, were mere worms; the quarry from which they dug their masonry was the limpid wave; and the vast structures which have been calmly upreared in the midst of a tempestuous sea, are the workmanship of creatures which possess neither bodily strength nor high animal instinct. That duties so important should have been assigned to beings so lowly, is one of the finest moral facts science has unfolded. It is the function of the coral polyp, under the present geological dispensation, to counteract the distant volcano, and to repair in some degree the ravages of the subterranean fires. Its task is to fasten upon a sinking island, and keep its top on a level with the sea. The laughtiest of physical forces—that which sometimes shakes great continents—which lifts or lowers whole regions in a night—is often kept in check by the industry of these diminutive things. When the earth's crust is collapsing, and it becomes necessary to fill up the vacancy, the commission is not given to any gigantic workmen, but a number of mere polyps are bid to labour upon the subsiding soil, as if to show that the Creator could employ the humblest of His creatures in executing the largest of physical undertakings.

• THE AGED DISCIPLE COMFORTING.

FEAR not, my son; these terrors are from GOD.  
Hast thou not heard how, when Elijah stood  
On Horeb, waiting while the LORD passed by,  
Before the still small voice, there came a blast  
That rent those ancient mountains? after the wind  
An earthquake, after that again a fire?  
Aye, when Christ visits first a sinful heart,  
The devils that abide there shake with fear;  
Who can abide his coming?

I remember,  
(How could I not?) that, in his days of flesh,  
We—even we, who called ourselves his friends—  
As little knew him as dost thou to-day.

In a dark night we sailed upon the lake,  
Alone, not knowing where our Master was.  
The night was dark, and dark our lonely hearts;  
A moon there was, but low, and blurred with clouds;

Only upon the horizon lay a line,  
A level line of light, which, near and far,  
Marked the black outline of the eastern hills.

Stern was our toil, with every art we had  
To speed our vessel; for the breeze had sunk,  
Or only came by snatches—till the rain—  
Then flashed the incessant lightnings, then the hills  
Rang, roared, as though the thunder shattered them;  
Then surged the waves against the opposite wind,  
Rattled our useless cordage, rent our sail,  
Rent, flapping in the tempest, and his might  
Seized on our boat, and drove it at his will.

No man was free from fear; we know too well  
Those treacherous waves; and He, whose master voice  
Had laid them cowering at his feet, like dogs,  
Where was He now?—In some lone mountain wood  
He communed with his Father and the angels,  
And knew not that we perished there alone.  
Alas! far otherwise when in the stern  
He slept, amid the hubbub of the storm,  
As if on priceless couches, in the pomp  
Of Herod's palace; now He was afar,  
Each of us felt the terror of the night,  
And each one acted as his nature was.

One fell to prayer; one muttered instant vows;  
Another lay and wept aloud; some few  
Deemed that the gale was transient, and sate still  
Watching their idle nets; some, bolder, strove  
To save the canvass, and the labouring mast.

Amongst the band were two, forever first;  
One was a reverend man, of ripening years,  
Whose steel-grey beard fell on his fisher's coat,  
Even to his belt; the other was a youth,  
Whose face, made ruddy by the genial suns  
Of five-and-twenty summers, always shone.  
A God-wove banner of celestial love.

These two were working still, to save the ship,  
When the cry rose, "A spirit!" There it walked,  
Or seemed to walk, the waters, and drew near.  
Then he that wore the fisher's coat cried out;  
"If not to be afraid be brave," he said,  
"When fear were preservation, be not bold;  
What men could do we have done; now let be,  
Lest haply we be found to fight with God."  
Thus spake he; but we lay down, motionless,  
Struck by despair, and waited for our end:  
Only the young man bared his trusting brow.

Then spake the Form majestic:

"It is I;  
Be of good cheer;" and then we knew our Lord,  
And took him up into the ship with us,  
And fell before him worshipping, and said,  
"Ah, doubt is dead; ah, blessed Son of God!"

Thus scant of faith were we, and ignorant  
That he was with us, when we saw him not,  
Or deemed him but some spirit of evil, sent  
To make complete the horrors of the night.

Our hearts calmed with the waters, we were saved,  
And knew our Master's power, and blessed his love,  
And, lo! were lauded at the wished-for shore.

## THE EXTENT AND THE CAUSES OF OUR PROSPERITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE majority of the Legislature and of the great Conservative party throughout the country have declared, either openly or tacitly, that our present commercial policy cannot be reversed; and, in the present temper of the people, such submission was almost inevitable. Whatever might be the convictions of Conservative statesmen as to the working and tendency of Free Trade, the expression of those convictions, and evidence, however strong, in support of them, would have fallen idly upon the ear of the masses, taught as they have been—and, indeed, are predisposed—to jump to the nearest conclusion, when tracing effects to their causes. They see the outward and visible marks of prosperity accumulating around them on every side. Blue books and merchants' and brokers' circulars at length speak the same language and tell the same story of a widely-spread prosperity, which every man hears boasted of in his daily avocations, whilst exulting Liberalism continually proclaims to the world the coexisting fact of free imports. It is of no avail to remind those men that the prosperity in question is not that which they predicted or anticipated; that it is not the prosperity meant by the men whose most loudly-urged inquiry was, "How can we compete with the foreigner, whilst food is at war prices?" It is of no avail to remind them that the foreigner has not, as was promised us, reciprocated our generous policy, and that the tariffs of the world are still maintained in their restrictive character; or to point to the palpable fact that we have not even that "cheapness" of all the necessaries and comforts of life, which was held up as the great boon to be achieved by Free Trade legislation. The arguments, assumed to be conclusive, brought to bear against those who still adhere to the principles which they have all along maintained, are that the commercial and industrial enterprise of the country is extending—

that our population is fully employed—that the revenue increases in elasticity—that property of every description maintains its value—and that, through the length and breadth of the land, there is scarcely a cry of suffering raised which is not at once drowned by counter acclamations of satisfaction with the existing condition and prospects of the great masses of the community.

Whilst statesmen, however, are forbearing, and refrain from active opposition to the conclusions, be they founded on delusion or not, drawn by the advocates of onward policy in the direction of Free Trade, it is the legitimate province of the political essayist to investigate *facts*, which lie below the surface from which ordinary inquirers derive their arguments, and to take care that such facts are brought with sufficient prominence before the public. The *suppressio veri* has ever been a favourite weapon of casuists; and when we see that a precisely opposite result is admitted by all parties to have followed the adoption of a given policy, it is reasonable to conclude that some suppression of the truth has taken place as to the facts, or that they do not legitimately lead to the conclusions drawn from them. We see at the present moment high prices of every commodity prevailing, whereas we were assured that low prices would bring them within the reach of the mass of consumers. We have dear labour in every department of industry, instead of the cheap labour which the capitalist made no secret of expecting as the result of free imports of foreign food. We have high freights for our shipping, both inwards and outwards, yet both Free-Traders and Protectionists prophesied low freights as the result of the repeal of the Navigation Laws. We have well-employed artisans, notwithstanding the anticipated displacement of their labour by the introduction of foreign manufactured articles. Lastly, the British farmer is not ruined; a good Providence has pro-

tected the tiller of the soil from the annihilation which was predicted for him; and he is enabled indirectly, by high prices of certain portions of his produce, to wring an ample reward for his industry from the consuming classes. The obvious inference to be drawn from such a state of things is that some circumstance or circumstances, previously unforeseen, have interfered to derange and falsify the calculations of both the great opposing parties in the country; and it is most desirable to know what are those circumstances, and what their past and probable future operation.

To arrive at the solution of these questions, we may be excused if we refer to a notice of the industrial and commercial condition of the country given in this Magazine in June 1851, or a little more than two years ago. At that period, as admitted by the circulars of our leading merchants, brokers, and manufacturers, we were in anything rather than a condition of general prosperity. Importation of foreign produce was unattended with profit, the export trade to foreign markets was equally unprofitable, and the home demand, both for produce and manufactures, was seriously restricted. With respect to the latter, an eminent Manchester firm, Messrs M'Nair, Greenhow, and Irvine, reported in their circular of March 31, 1851—"The market is far from satisfactory. Complaints to this effect are very frequent, and determined resolutions in favour of *reducing the production of cloth of certain descriptions are becoming general on the part of manufacturers, who assign, with reason, their inability to render their manufactures remunerative. Vitality is wanted, and the absence of anything approaching to a demand for the country trade contributes necessarily to aggravate and deepen the dissatisfaction.*" The Shipping Interest was at that time in a most disastrous condition, freights being reduced in many cases fully 50 per cent, and far below the remunerative point. Such was the condition of the country five years after the repeal of the Corn Laws, and two years after the repeal of the Navigation Laws. With respect to the latter interest, it is important to bear in mind that the

low freights in 1851—particularly for long voyages—were very generally attributed to the competition of the American shipowner, who, having a valuable passenger and carrying trade secured to him by the new conquests of his countrymen in California, could afford to bring return cargoes from India, China, and the markets of the Pacific, at much lower rates than British shipowners. The changed fortunes of the latter class afford striking testimony of the fact that *their* prosperous position, at all events, is not attributable to Free-Trade measures, or to legislation of any kind. A few months after the ruinous period to which we have referred, the country was electrified by intelligence of the discovery in our Australian possessions of wealth equal in amount, if not even superior, to that which was being gathered by the adventurers in California; and although at first doubts were expressed of the correctness of the intelligence, a large emigration to those colonies at once set in, which has continued to increase up to the present time. We ceased to hear of shipping lying idle in the docks of our leading seaports. We ceased to hear of our seamen entering into the service of rival countries. Our building-yards, both at home and in the American colonies, became scenes of unprecedented activity; and every branch of industry connected directly or indirectly with shipping, was placed in a prosperous condition. To enable the reader to form an idea of the amount of tonnage employed in this new trade, it may be stated that the amount of shipping which sailed from the port of Liverpool for Australia, since the first of January 1852, to the end of July 1853, was 175 ships of 138,500 tons register. These were exclusively passenger-ships. If we add 40 more as the number taking cargo or cabin passengers alone, which are not mentioned in the Government officer's returns, we have in round numbers 215 ships with a tonnage of 170,000 tons, from the port of Liverpool, engaged in this new trade. The departures from London and other ports, of which we have not at hand correct returns, but which very materially exceed those of Liverpool, will swell the amount of tonnage

to about 500,000 tons. Of the shipping from Liverpool, 52 vessels—in all, 46,000 tons—have been chartered by Government for the conveyance of Irish and Scotch emigrants chiefly, sent out by the Emigration Board. There were loading in Liverpool, on the 8th inst., 48 ships, with an aggregate tonnage of 33,369 tons. Moreover, from the nature of the trade, and the peculiar temptations which present themselves to our seamen to desert when they arrive in the colony, and proceed to the diggings, the wages paid them have been nearly double the average paid for other voyages.

Here, then, we have the prosperity of one great interest in the country distinctly accounted for, with which Free Trade has manifestly no connexion. Australia has saved the British shipowner from ruin; and it has done more. An increasing population, attracted to the colony from every quarter of the globe, have become large consumers of British products, and promise at no distant date to be still larger consumers. In the first six months of 1851 we exported to Australia 3,003,699 yards of plain calicoes, and 3,611,751 yards of printed and dyed calicoes. In the corresponding period of 1852 the exports were 1,453,079 yards of plain, and 5,683,822 yards of printed and dyed calicoes; and in the six months just ended they have increased to 6,856,010 yards of plain, and 5,751,431 yards of printed and dyed. This is in addition to the large quantity of these goods taken as outfits by emigrants, and the stocks which may have gone from our Indian and other markets. The hardware trade of Birmingham has been largely benefited by the consumption of Australia; and, in fact, there is scarcely a branch of industry in this country which it has not stimulated. Even the farmer owes to it much of his present position.

The absorption of agricultural labour by the diggings of Australia, from which colony we derive the finest wools used in the manufacture of broadcloth, has, by raising the price of those wools, encouraged the substitution of an inferior article. This cause, and the great increase in the home consumption, a portion of which increase has been taken by emigrants in the shape of slops, blankets, &c., has contributed materially to raise the value of our own produce. The extent of this advance is thus stated by a leading firm in the wool trade in Liverpool—"The advance in the value of the various kinds of British sheep's wool, from August 1851 to August 1853, varies from 30 to 40 per cent. Production has not decreased, but perhaps the contrary, while consumption is very much increased." Farm produce of all kinds—butter, cheese, bacon, &c.—have found in the colony a new market, which has greatly contributed to produce the high prices existing at home.

If we turn to the manufacturing interest, we suspect it will be found that much of its present boasted prosperity is attributable to other causes than our Free-Trade policy. We have had a considerable increase in our exports of cotton manufactures during the first six months of the present year; but when we inquire to what countries this increase has gone, we find that nearly the whole has gone to four—viz., the United States, China, Australia, and the coast of Africa. The three last we may certainly exclude from the countries whose increased dealings with us are at all distinctly traceable to Free Trade. We have therefore to examine how far those of America can properly be so considered. The exports of cotton goods to that country, as given in *Burn's Monthly Colonial Circular* for the first six months of 1851, 1852, and 1853, were as follows:—

	Plain Calicoes.	Printed and Dyed.
First six months of 1851, .	6,580,713 yds.	21,078,837 yds.
" " 1852, .	8,928,610 "	22,144,002 "
" " 1853, .	26,428,896 "	49,178,800 "

The shipments to that country are still being made on so extended a scale that, whilst every sailing vessel which can be secured is promptly filled up at

high rates of freight, the steamers are actually compelled to shut out goods, although the rates have lately been advanced to £5 per ton for these

chiefly of the class called "fine," which they are in the habit of carrying. It is calculated that there are at present lying in Liverpool for shipment by the "Cunard" line of mail boats, more cargo of this description than can go for three weeks to come; and the consignees of the American or "Collins" line had recently a lottery in their office, to decide whose goods were to go by the steamer then loading. To what cause, then, can we attribute this amazing increase of our exports to America? It cannot be the operation of Free-Trade measures in this country which has enabled America to take from us, in the first six months of 1853, twenty million yards of plain, and nearly twenty-eight and a half million yards of printed and dyed calicoes, more than in 1851. We have not extended to her, in particular, any material concessions since the latter year. We have not been greater importers of her bread-stuffs, or of any other article of her production, with the exception of cotton. Of this great staple the clearances from all the ports of the Union to this country, from 1st September 1852 to 5th July 1853, were 1,617,000 bales, against 1,577,160 bales in the corresponding period of 1851-2, and 1,285,173 bales in that of 1850-51; showing an excess this year of 39,840 bales over last, and 331,827 bales over 1851. This may account in part for the increased purchases of America from the British manufacturer; but, on the same grounds, she must also have increased her purchases from other countries; for we find that, whilst her excess of exports to Great Britain was 331,827 bales last year, as compared with 1851, the excess to "all countries" was 533,386 bales, showing that other countries had also received increased

supplies to the extent of 201,559 bales: and we are not aware that any of those countries have been legislating of late in the direction of Free Trade: The conclusion which it strikes us as most likely to be correct, as to the cause of our increased exports to America, is that something has occurred to improve the condition and enlarge the consuming power of that country. Such, on inquiry, we find to have been the case; for with the comparatively light import of British fabrics in 1851, what was the state of the American market for those fabrics? We have it thus stated by the *New York Courier and Enquirer* of the 16th of April in that year, as quoted in the article to which we have before referred—"The very heavy sales made of domestic light prints have put an end to all inquiry for the foreign article; and we do not know a case of English prints that will bring prime cost, whilst the majority must suffer a heavy loss. . . . Nor is the prospect better for ginghams; few, if any, bring cost and charges."

It is true that reference was made by the American writer to accidental causes, which were alleged to have produced this unprofitable state of business in 1851; but it is tolerably clear that there must have been besides a want of the power to buy—and it is the fact that there was such a want—compared with that which exists at present. The American planters have had, since 1851, two crops of cotton, in succession, larger than were ever raised before, which have been sold, especially the last, at higher prices than those which prevailed in 1851—a year of short crop, as will be seen from the following table, made up to the 30th ult. :—

	Mobile Fair.
1853, . . .	6½d. to 6¾d.
1852, . . .	5¾d. to 5½d.
1851, . . .	5¼d. to 5½d.

Orleans Fair.	Crop to July 5.
6½d. to 7d.	3,172,000 bales.
6¾d. to 6½d.	2,963,324 "
5¾d. to 5½d.	2,273,106 "

The American farmer also has had this year considerably enhanced prices of grain of all kinds—cheese, butter, pork, beef, and other produce—for which large markets have been opened in California and Australia. Emigration has greatly swelled the num-

ber of the population, and thus increased domestic consumption. Employment throughout the Union is ample, every fresh body of labourers, as soon as they are landed, being sought out and engaged at good wages for the various railways, canals, and

other public works, which are constructing in almost every state. California, with its vast mineral wealth, is exercising an almost inconceivable influence throughout the entire continent, enlarging and rendering more secure its monetary resources, stimulating domestic enterprise, and furnishing that which a new country most urgently requires—the means of extending its foreign commerce. It is not the Free-Trade policy of Great Britain *per se*, if indeed at all, which has rendered the United States better customers of Great Britain, but mainly the increased and unparalleled prosperity of the American people—a prosperity which, it should ever be borne in mind by the statesman, is coexistent with a strictly protected domestic industry.

In addition to the effect produced upon the industrial portion of the community in our own country by the increased demand for British productions to supply the wants of America and Australia, we must not omit to notice some other important circumstances which have been in operation during the past three or four years. We have recently been sending away to our North American Colonies, to the United States, and, for two years past, to Australia, large numbers of our population, and particularly of that portion of them whose position at home may be termed one of struggling for the means of living. Large tracts of land in Ireland, once thronged with this class, are at present almost literally unpeopled; and from England and Scotland many thousands of able-bodied labourers, skilled artisans, and small farmers, have swelled the tide of emigration. It may be said, with truth, that this is not a sign of prosperity at home. These classes confessedly left their native soil because it no longer afforded remunerative employment for their industry. Yet, indirectly, an increased prosperity has been the result of their departure, especially in our large towns and in the manufacturing districts. We feel no longer the pressure upon the labour market of continual immigration from Ireland to this country of a semi-pauper class, ready to accept employment at the very lowest rate of wages upon which

life can be supported by the coarsest description of food. The visits of Irish agricultural labourers are now decreasing year by year; and although many still come to settle amongst us, and to partake with our own working classes of the advantages of continuous employment, they are no longer satisfied with that low scale of remuneration for which they were formerly content to labour.

The comparative dearness of what used to be their staple article of food—the potato—has driven them, during the past few years, to the adoption of a higher scale of living. They have imbibed, even in their own work-houses, the taste for aliments similar to those upon which the English labourer is fed. In proof of this change, which has been taking place in Ireland during the past few years, we may point to the fact of that country having ceased almost entirely to supply the British markets with cereal productions, and to its diminished exports of other descriptions of farm produce; for it is not true that this has been altogether caused by diminished production. The result is felt upon their arrival in this country, by the Irish emigrants speedily falling into the scale of living, and demanding the same wages, as our own labouring classes. To the causes referred to is, in a great measure, to be attributed the improved condition of those classes generally in every department of industry. Labour is no longer in excess of the demand for it, and commands a higher rate of remuneration. An additional portion of the working masses, too, have become consumers of both foreign and domestic produce and manufactures, and hence some of those marks of prosperity which political economists see in increased imports and customs, and excise receipts, and attribute exclusively to the operation of Free Trade. We have got rid of the surplus portion of our labouring masses; and, as the result, those who remain to us are better employed at better wages.

The operation of this change, so far as regards the revenue, the importing merchant, and the manufacturer, is much greater than is generally supposed. Below a certain scale of wages the working classes contribute almost



nothing to the revenue, or to the profits of the importer, and comparatively little to those of the manufacturer; and the bulk of the population of Ireland had ever been hitherto below that scale, where they were in receipt of wages at all. Any addition to such wages, half of which at least is expended upon customable or excisable commodities, tells immediately upon revenue and upon the profits of imports; whilst the remainder is probably expended upon the consumption of home productions, and thus further stimulates the prosperity of the producing classes. The comforts of life are sought for, instead of the mere necessities being endured; and, virtually, an improvement in the condition of the labourer becomes a real increase in the numbers of the population. The United States are experiencing this fact in the immense consumption of every description of produce and manufactures by her prosperous gold miners in California; and Great Britain is experiencing it also in the consumption of the settlers in the gold regions of Australia. Our merchants had paused in their shipments to that colony. They feared that they might have glutted its markets. In doing this they had simply overlooked the fact, that a highly prosperous community consumes ten times the quantity of commodities of all kinds, which suffices for the wants of the same number of individuals prohibited by their position from indulging the tastes and desires natural to them. A few hundred thousand of diggers in Australia, with Anglo-Saxon habits, gathering each their ounce of gold per day, are equal to as many millions of rice-eating Hindoos in India, or opium-smokers in the Celestial Empire.

Since these remarks were written, they have received a very striking confirmation from the circular of Messrs W. Murray, Ross, and Co., commission merchants of Melbourne, dated 20th May. After referring to the high prices existing in Melbourne, and the rapidity with which the supplies of goods which had arrived up to that date had been taken off, the writer proceeds, with respect to the apprehended glut to be created by the large shipments known to be on the

way — “Great though the quantity of goods to come forward may be, it is yet equally evident that consumption will keep pace with, if it do not exceed, the import. The fact, moreover, must not be omitted out of the calculations of operators at foreign ports, that the exorbitant rates current in Melbourne have attracted such large importations from all the other Australian colonies, that the markets of every one of them are more bare of commodities than our own. The consequence will be, that as Melbourne and Sydney will be the principal recipient ports for foreign merchandise, large transshipments must be made to fill up the vacuum which our extraordinary demand has created. *The European population of the Australias is estimated at 600,000, the consuming power of whom is equal to at least three times as many in England. Therefore, the wants of a population, equivalent to 1,500,000 at home, have to be provided for.* The immense addition which will also be made to these numbers by the rapid immigration which is, and will continue flowing from the mother country and elsewhere, must also be taken into account. The average immigration has latterly been about 3000 souls per week. No diminution is expected; on the contrary, an increase is expected. Some idea of the probable increase of the population during this year may be formed from knowing the increase which took place during the last year in Victoria alone, namely, 100,000. *As respects our power of consumption, nothing need be feared by the foreign shippers; all the goods that come forward will be wanted.*” When it is borne in mind that the bulk of the population, described to be thus rapidly increasing, have Anglo-Saxon tastes, and consume principally British articles of the best description, we need scarcely be surprised if present prices at home, especially of agricultural produce, are not only maintained, but very materially enhanced. We find, from the same circular, that Australia is diverting from this country a large portion of our usual supplies of flour, cheese, &c., which we should otherwise have received from the United States, thus accounting for the advance in prices in the

British market already experienced. All other commodities, whether of British, colonial, or purely foreign production, are bringing enormous rates in that country. English products, however, such as butter, cheese, hams, bacon, &c., are those most materially increased in value; and large quantities must go out to meet the demand, thus trenching still more upon the amount of the necessities and comforts of life which are at present within the reach of our consuming classes.

That, under all these circumstances combined, we have a high range of prices of produce existing, is scarcely to be wondered at; but, whilst we must decline to admit that such high prices are attributable to our adoption of a Free-Trade policy, we are rather doubtful of the fact that they are altogether the result of the undeniably-increased consumption of our population. Other causes are operating, which account, in part, for such high prices, irrespective of those which are urged by the advocates of that policy, and of those who attribute them to the prosperous condition of the country. We have had, during the present year and a portion of the last, decreased imports of some of the leading articles of foreign produce. Thus we have received in the ports of London, Liverpool, Bristol, and the Clyde, during the first seven months of 1853, only 100,080 hhds. and 13,065 tierces of West India sugar against an import of 122,300 hhds. and 15,685 tierces during the corresponding months of 1852. We have received of Bengal and Madras sugar 401,970 bags, &c. against 526,345 last year. From the Mauritius our receipts have been 777,900 against 708,730 mats, &c.; and from Java, and our other East Indian possessions 62,360 bags, &c. against 88,915 last year. Decreased stocks and advanced prices naturally follow such a state of things. On the other hand, we have both increased imports and stocks of Havana, Brazil, and other foreign sugar—which, however, being chiefly used for refining purposes and for export, is not so correct an index of the consuming power of our home population. We have a slightly increased import of colonial molasses, and a considerable decrease

of stocks. Our imports of colonial rum have been 19,330 puncheons only against 23,450 puncheons last year, whilst the stocks are only 15,530 against 25,695 last year. The causes of this decline in the productiveness of our West Indian possessions, as well as in our imports from the East Indies, need scarcely be glanced at; and, as a just retribution, we find that the exports of cotton manufactures to the most important of the former—Jamaica—have fallen off from 2,413,611 yards of plain cottons, and 2,036,598 yards of printed and dyed, in the first six months of 1851, to 874,382 yards of plain, and 888,565 yards of printed and dyed in the corresponding period of 1853. Of another important article—tea—our imports during the first seven months of the present year have been less than in the corresponding months of last year, viz. 30,086,000 lb. in 1853 against 32,867,000 in 1852; and prices have been enhanced in part by the civil war going on in China, and by the effect of the reduction made in the duty by Mr Gladstone's Budget. Dried fruit, which was cheapened by the Tariff of 1841-2, has advanced enormously in price; but the principal cause of such increase has been a blight, which has occurred during the past two years. The supply of many articles of home produce, too,—such as butchers' meat, butter, bacon, &c.—has been limited by the wet season at the beginning of this year, which was unfavourable to every description of agricultural produce. All these are distinctly exceptional causes of apparent prosperity, as shown by high prices of commodities, and have nothing whatever to do with the question of Free Trade *v.* Protection.

It is not our intention here to enter into an inquiry as to the effect which the increased production of gold in California and Australia has produced, in inflating prices by enlarging the basis of our monetary circulation. Political economists of our modern school persist in treating the question of the currency as a bugbear; and in maintaining that the price of gold, irrespective of its increased supply, must remain, unlike that of all other commodities, *fixed*. It is useless to direct their attention to the effect upon prices which an enlarged currency,

sustained by the golden treasures of California, has produced throughout the length and breadth of the American continent. It is useless to attempt to show them, although such is the fact, that the increased banking facilities gained by that country during the past two or three years have enabled her growers of grain, of cotton, and other produce, to maintain prices above what European and other countries could afford to pay, and to liquidate an almost continually adverse balance of trade. This much, however, the most strenuous advocate of the bullionist theory will perhaps admit: The mercantile community of this country, notwithstanding their imports have in the aggregate very largely exceeded their exports—thus inducing of necessity large exports of specie—have not during the present year, as we might have expected, been incapacitated by the position of the bank from holding their stock of produce. Money for commercial, and even for speculative purposes, has been abundantly afforded; and even in the face of a somewhat high rate of interest, advances on mortgage and for permanent investment have been readily procurable at reasonable rates. But for this circumstance, we could certainly not have sustained prices of imported produce; and our merchants, having been compelled to submit to the inflated ones of foreign countries, must have been utterly prostrated. The same reasoning applies to the internal industry of the country. Had money not been cheap, and easily procurable on *bona fide* security and for investment, the vast amount of enterprise which has recently been manifested in the erection of new buildings, and new works of every description, in the drainage of our soil, in the beautifying of our large towns, and the health-producing improvement of their sanitary regulations, must have been checked, until, by a restriction of our imports, and something approaching to a general commercial bankruptcy, we had wrung back the limited amount of truant specie, upon which our currency is based, from the hands of the foreigner. We are not at all certain, however, for what period this pleasant state of things may last. For many weeks successively we have seen the

stock of bullion in the Bank of England decreasing, notwithstanding the large arrivals from Australia and other quarters; and although this may in part be accounted for by the increased amount required to conduct the enlarged internal trade of the country, there can be no denial of the fact, that we are experiencing a serious external drain, required to meet our increased imports. For three or four months past the fear of a considerably tightened money market, as the result of such drain, has very greatly tended to repress speculation, which would otherwise have run into excess; and at the present moment anticipations of an advance in the rate of interest by the Bank of England and the large discounting houses are beginning to be seriously entertained.

We have, then, the following facts established with tolerable clearness—viz., first, that nearly all the most important commercial interests of the country have been placed during the past two years in a condition of great prosperity; and, in the second place, that our industrious classes are now fully employed, at good wages. But it cannot be admitted that the cause of such a beneficial change is altogether, or even mainly, the Free-Trade policy which we have recently adopted. Notwithstanding this fact, we are perfectly ready to admit that we cannot at present disturb that policy, or retrace our steps. A large majority of the public believe that the change in question has been produced by Free Trade. They cannot perceive the exceptional causes which have been in existence, or these are sedulously kept from their eyes. A large portion of our working masses, during the temporary cheapness which followed the first adoption of the system, which cheapness was increased by the commercial sacrifices caused by monetary paralysis in 1817, 1818, and 1819, became acquainted with luxuries to which they had ever previously been strangers. A population, whose staple food had been oatmeal in its various forms of preparation, became acquainted with wheaten bread, with tea, coffee, &c., and were enabled to resort more frequently to butchers' meat. They found themselves enabled to be better housed and better clothed,

as well as better fed. The change in this respect, which took place throughout the manufacturing districts especially, was most striking, and was dwelt upon as affording ample proof of the successful results of Free Trade policy, so far as regarded these classes, at a period when it was manifest that they were consuming every description of foreign and domestic commodities at prices which were ruinous alike to the importer and the home producer. It was only reasonable to expect that those classes, thus substantially benefited, would resolutely refuse to listen to any proposal for the reversal of measures to which they were taught to attribute the increased comforts they were enjoying; and the same indisposition to do so continues to prevail now, with prices of all the necessaries of life materially enhanced. Any return to protection, however modified, is regarded by them as, so far, a return to their old diet, and to the discomforts of their previous condition. For any party to insist upon such a retrograde policy, would be to throw them once more into the hands of the political demagogues, from which they have, during the past few years, happily emancipated themselves. Without any legislative interference with Free Trade, however, the position of these masses is just now becoming materially changed for the worse; and notwithstanding the fact, which we have admitted, that employment is more abundant than at any former period, it is very questionable whether we are not threatened with serious difficulties and social disorganisation, arising from the efforts of the labouring classes to maintain themselves in that position which they have been taught was their right, and was the natural result of Free Trade. For some months past the temper of these classes has been in a state of almost universal ferment. With continuous employment superseding the intermittent employment of a large portion of them, demands have been made for increased wages, and have in most cases been conceded. We have had strikes of our dock labourers and porters for rates which were never heard of previously, even when three or four days' work in a week was considered as affording a

fair amount of the means of living. The same classes, on our railways and other public works, have given evidence of dissatisfaction with their position by similar proceedings. Handicraftsmen of every description have joined in the movement; and even the police of our large towns have shown a disposition to seek other avocations than those of wielding a truncheon for from 18s. to 21s. per week, with a livery. Throughout the manufacturing districts there has been, during the past three months, a large suspension of labour, the hands in one branch after another seeking advances of from 5 to 10 per cent, and in some instances attempting to impose conditions upon their employers. Turn-outs, of short duration, resulting in concessions to their demands, have served to show the operatives that they are now the most powerful body, and to lay the foundation of further aggressive efforts. Next only in importance to the increase thus caused in the cost of manual labour, the manufacturer has had to submit to a large increase in the cost of his fuel, to the extent, in some districts, of 15 to 20 per cent—the miners in most of the small-seam collieries, and in several of the deep pits, having successfully stood out for higher rates of remuneration. The iron-miners, especially in Wales, have followed the example of their brother operatives in other branches of industry; and in one district in South Wales it is expected that upwards of 20,000 of the working population will shortly be deprived of the means of living by the blowing out of furnaces by the masters, in the endeavour to resist the demands of their men.

There are two or three rather important questions which offer themselves for solution connected with these aggressive movements of the working classes. Are they the result of a confidence, on their parts, of power to coerce their employers? Is capital being compelled to relax its gripe upon industry? Or are these movements merely the defensive ones of men who feel that the comforts, which they have been recently enjoying through a factitious cheapness, are being withdrawn by high prices of the various articles of consumption? We believe that we must attribute them

to all these causes combined. To this important part of our subject we entreat the earnest attention of our readers.

It is natural to conclude that the working classes must feel somewhat confident of the fact that, to a great extent, the pressure upon the labour market, caused by immigration of fresh hands into the large manufacturing and other towns, has been withdrawn. The surplus population of the agriculturists have either sought, or are seeking, new spheres for the exercise of their industry in other lands, which offer to them a surer prospect of permanent prosperity; but there is this striking difference between the present movement of our operatives and those of former years, that the opportunity for it has not been seized upon in a pressing emergency of the masters—that it is not confined to a particular class, or a particular district. It is, in fact, universal, and apparently unprompted. No demagoguism has been required to bring it about; and, with a few rare exceptions, we have observed characterising every conflict for higher wages the best possible feeling between the employers and the employed. So long as the latter remained in the enjoyment of cheap food, they were quiescent; and in the majority of the strikes which have recently occurred, the plea most prominently put forward has been the advanced price of all the necessaries of life. In some few cases only has a scarcity of labourers appeared to warrant a demand for advanced

wages; and it is a remarkable fact that these have resulted from causes distinctly unconnected with Free-Trade policy. The carpenters in our ship-building yards, and other branches of industry connected with the shipping interest, have been enabled, by the increased demand for ships for the Australian trade, to command higher rates of remuneration, irrespective of the advance in the prices of food. The men employed in building trades generally—masons, house-joiners, bricklayers, &c.—have been placed in a similar position by the internal improvements, and the increase of public and private works, which a more plentiful currency has stimulated throughout the country. But the main inducing cause of the aggressive attitude of the industrious classes, as a body, has been the fact that employment, at the wages paid from 1815 up to within the past few months, was insufficient to enable them to keep up to the standard of living which the cheapness prevailing in the greater portion of those years had given them a taste for. The following comparison of the present prices of a few of the leading articles, which form the consumption of the working classes, with those existing in the corresponding period of 1851, will enable the reader to draw a tolerably accurate conclusion with respect to their condition in the respective years. We take the prices from the authorised Liverpool data, as this port may be said to regulate those of the manufacturing districts:—

	1st August 1851.				1st August 1853.			
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Good beef, per lb. (carcase),	0	4½	to	0 5	0	5½	to	0 6
„ mutton, „	0	5½	to	0 6	0	6½	to	0 6
„ American flour, per barrel,	20	0	to	21 0	28	0	to	29 0
Wheat, imp. average, per qr.,				40 0	52	7		
Butter (best brand-), per cwt.,				74 0	93	0	to	95 0
„ low qualities, „	65	0	to	65 0	81	0	to	86 0
„ American, duty paid,	32	0	to	40 0	80	0	to	87 0
Bacon, best Irish, per cwt.,				41 0	60	6	to	63 0
„ American, „	38	0	to	44 0	46	0	to	52 0
Pork, „ per 200 lb.,	55	0	to	63 0	72	0	to	85 0
Cheese, „ middling, 200 lb.,	34	0	to	39 0	40	0	to	48 0
„ Cheshire, „				50 0	65	0		
Sugar, good dry brown colonial, „	36	0	to	37 0	36	0	to	37 0
Tea, good congou, in bond, per lb.,				0 11	1	0½	to	1 1
Tallow, per cwt.,	37	9	to	38 0	52	0		
Coffee, fine ord. to good mid., per cwt.,	44	0	to	58 0	45	0	to	84 0
Oatmeal, Irish, per sack,	25	0	to	26 0	23	6	to	24 6

A reduction of duty of 2s. on foreign has taken place during these periods.

There has obviously been upon the bulk of these articles an advance of from 25 to 30 per cent; and this advance has been most signal upon the articles which the working man's family chiefly consumes—bread, butchers' meat, cheese, bacon and pork, butter, &c. With respect to tea, which has recently formed an important item in their expenditure, we have had within the past few weeks a reduction of the duty. This, however, has been nearly met by the increase in price which it now commands in bond. We had in July last a reduction of 1s. per cwt. in the duty upon sugar, and since 1851 the total reduction is 2s. This also has been more than met by increased price,

in the average, at least, of the period between 1851 to 1853, for we find that the price of "good dry brown" was, in 1852, only 35s. 6d. per cwt. The reduction of duty on soap is neutralised by the high price of the materials. In order to ascertain, or at all events to approximate to, an idea of the extent to which the working classes have been affected by the changes of the past two years, we shall take the instance of an average family, composed say of a man and wife and three children, earning the advanced wages of 21s. a-week. Such a family would consume at present, according to the scale of living enjoyed by them two years ago, when commodities were cheap, as follows:—

Bread, produce of 21 lb. flour, . . . . .	3s. 0d.
Tea, 2 oz., . . . . .	0s. 6d.
Coffee, 4 oz., . . . . .	0s. 4d.
Sugar, 2 lb., . . . . .	0s. 9d.
Butter, 1½ lb., . . . . .	1s. 3d.
Candles, 1 lb., . . . . .	0s. 7d.
Coals, 1½ cwt., . . . . .	0s. 10½d.
Soap, 1½ lb., . . . . .	0s. 3d.
Butchers' meat, 5 lb., . . . . .	2s. 11d.
Bacon, 1 lb., . . . . .	0s. 8d.
Cheese, 1 lb., . . . . .	0s. 8d.
Currants, &c., 1 lb., . . . . .	0s. 3d.
Potatoes, 20 lb. (average price of 1853), . . . . .	1s. 3d.
Sundries, . . . . .	0s. 2d.
Rent, water, &c., . . . . .	3s. 6d.
	<hr/>
	17s. 9d.

We have thus an expenditure of 17s. 9d. a-week for food and rent out of an income of 21s., leaving only a balance of 6s. 3d. for clothing, malt and other liquors, medical attendance and casualties. Such a scale of living may appear a high one to some parties, who have been in the habit of gauging the human appetite for the purpose of getting up statistics for union workhouses, model prisons, or model conditions of society. It will

be found, nevertheless, to be pretty nearly that into the enjoyment of which our able-bodied working classes, pursuing moderately healthful though laborious avocations, rushed with eagerness during the period of cheapness resulting from the early operation of Free Trade. The cost of such a scale in 1851, calculated according to the prices of that period, would be about as follows:—

Bread, produce of 21 lb. flour, . . . . .	2s. 0d.
Sugar, 2 lb., . . . . .	0s. 8d.
Butter, 1½ lb., . . . . .	1s. 0d.
Candles, 1 lb., . . . . .	0s. 5½d.
Coals, 1½ cwt., . . . . .	0s. 9d.
Butchers' meat, 5 lb., . . . . .	2s. 3½d.
Bacon, 1 lb., . . . . .	0s. 6d.
Cheese, 1 lb., . . . . .	0s. 5½d.
Currants, &c., 1 lb., . . . . .	0s. 4½d.
Potatoes, . . . . .	1s. 0d.
Articles in which no material reduction has taken place, including rent, . . . . .	5s. 1½d.
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Total week's consumption, . . . . .	14s. 1½d.

Thus the working man's family in 1851 were enjoying the same scale of living for 3s. 1½d. less than it now costs them; and would have had 9s. 4½d. left for clothing, &c., out of 24s. per week, if the same range of prices which were then existing had continued. Their present wages, however, have only been gained by them during the last few months. The utmost advance realised by any class of workmen has been 6d. per day; and such a family as we have instanced were called upon, by the increased prices to which their food has risen since 1851, to adopt one of these alternatives: Their wages of a guinea a-week, with 17s. 9d. of expenditure for food and lodging, leaving them only the insufficient margin of 3s. 3d. for clothing, medical attendance, malt liquor, &c., they must either have gone back to their old scale of living, or insisted upon an advance of wages. The allowance of wheaten bread must have been curtailed and oatmeal substituted; a less comfortable dwelling must have been submitted to; their consumption of butchers' meat must have been stinted; and they must have resigned altogether the whole, or a portion at least, of the luxuries contained in their dietary—tea, sugar, currants, &c., to the serious loss of the revenue. They preferred, and happily for them they have been able to obtain, the latter alternative, an increased remuneration for their labour. It is clear, however, that large as this increase has been, it has not placed the working man's family in any better position than they occupied in 1851. They have at present 3s. per week more to live upon; but their living costs them 3s. 2d. more.

This, however, it will be said, is only the position of a family provided with constant work both in 1851 and at present. We readily admit that there is a class below this who are very materially better off now than they were in the former year. The condition of the working man who has now four or five days per week of employment, where he had formerly only three days, is materially improved, notwithstanding the recent advance in prices of commodities. But this is precisely the class which has been most materially benefited by

the emigration of their competitors in the labour market, and by the activity which has been imparted to the internal enterprise of the country by our discoveries in Australia, and the enlargement of the currency resulting from them.

It must be tolerably clear to most men that no portion of our working classes will readily submit to a reduced scale of living, either as the result, or the fancied result, of legislation, or from known ordinary causes. There is a further source of social danger in the circumstance that, having been taught that legislation had realised whatever benefits have accrued to them since the adoption of Free-Trade policy, they will be inclined to look to further legislation in the same direction for a remedy, whenever, through an advance in the price of the necessaries and comforts of life, or circumstances at present unforeseen, anything may occur to injure their position. They have tasted of those comforts; and they will insist upon enjoying them whatever other interests or institutions may have to be prostrated in order to bring about that result. Indeed, the Ministry of Lord Aberdeen, as shown by their policy during the whole of the past session, have impressed upon the minds of the working classes the fact that nothing will be permitted to stand in the way of further progress of the policy upon which the country has entered, or of cheapness for the consuming classes. With a view to relieve those classes, we have just witnessed an impost, which may be almost called one of spoliation, authorised to be levied upon the owners of our soil; and, ludicrous though its failure has been, the operation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer upon the interest of the National Debt may be only a prelude to what the fundholder may expect from a more unprincipled minister. We are not at all assured that even the national honour will be permitted, without a struggle, to stand in the way of cheapness of the necessaries of life. Happily society is at present undisturbed by the efforts of the political demagogue. Our Brights and Cobdens, and their "peace progress" associates, are at present too small a minority to dare embarking

in an attempt to persuade the highest-souled nation on earth to embrace degradation. But signs and portents have not been wanting during the past two months, whilst we have been upon the verge of a collision with Russia, which, combined with the temporising course of her Majesty's Ministers, ought to be seriously weighed by every patriotic man. The world at large, reading the tenor of our trade circulars, and looking at the same time at our tedious protocolling and negotiations with an aggressive power, may well draw the conclusion that England is more anxious for uninterrupted supplies of grain from the Black Sea than for the maintenance of her prestige as the leading power in Europe; and reflecting men may seriously ask the question—how long, in the present temper of the consuming masses, would a state of warfare be tolerated with patience? Unprincipled persons there are sufficient amongst us, who, although at present their bad passions are without a profitable sphere for their exercise, would willingly emerge from obscurity to undertake the task of inflaming the minds of our working masses, and who might probably do so successfully if they could point to dear food as the result of a manly and consistent foreign policy.

Whatever may be the future price of food—and we are satisfied that it must maintain its present, if not a higher value, as measured in gold—there is another reason why we may look for a prematurely advanced rate of wages in this country. The great American continent is now bridged over, as it were, by a constant succession of passenger-ships—"clippers," whose voyages rarely average above eighteen to twenty days, and of which eight or ten sail every week from the port of Liverpool, in addition to those which go from other ports of the United Kingdom. The postal arrangements between the two countries are as regular as those between London and Edinburgh. A month's time suffices to exchange communications between this country and the Far West of the United States; and £5 or £6 will suffice to convey the British labourer or artisan to the prairies of the Mississippi, the Ohio, or the Western States of our North

American colonies. Moreover, it is no longer to a new land, or amongst strangers, that the Celt and the Saxon now go to push their fortunes, and find new scope for their industry and enterprise. A hearty welcome awaits them in these countries from friends and relatives who have preceded them; and, in a majority of cases, it is the success of these pioneers which furnishes their connexions at home with the means of emigrating. Whilst high wages and prosperity prevail in new countries situated as the United States and Canada are, and must continue for years to be with respect to the old countries of Europe, it is sheer folly to imagine that low wages in those old countries can ever be secured. The cost of a passage across the Atlantic for an adult operative is insignificant, compared with that of a strike of even a few weeks' duration; and the dangers and hardships of the voyage are regarded now, as compared with those contemplated by the emigrant a few years ago, very much like those attending modern railway travelling as compared with that by "the heavy stage," which our great-grandfathers patronised, when the journey from Edinburgh to London was advertised to be performed in a fortnight "God willing." To a far greater extent than our statesmen imagined we are committed to the fortunes, and bound by the rate of labour, enjoyed by the working classes of the American Republic. If Free Trade, as was boasted, has placed Manchester alongside the valleys of the Mississippi, the increased facilities now afforded for emigration have also placed our operatives in closer proximity to their highly-paid American brethren. Those classes in Great Britain will never again succumb to the dictation of the capitalist, whilst there is afforded to them a way to the prosperity enjoyed by their fellow-labourers in the United States and Canada. And here a serious question arises for the consideration of those politico-economical schemers who have built up their expectations of manufacturing prosperity and enlarged foreign trade upon the basis of cheap production in this country. Great Britain cannot spin and weave for the world whilst her labouring



population have the wages of new countries thus easily open, as we have seen, to their acceptance. We may command for a time the trade with our own colonies. The abundant capital of our merchants may maintain our commercial predominance for a time. But colonies situated as Australia and Canada are—the resort of the enterprise of every nation—will seek to be independent. Capital, the Free-Traders reminded us, owes no allegiance, and may command the cheap labour of countries differently situated to our own. It is worth the while of our manufacturing interest, whose selfishness has been manifested in our Free-Trade policy, to ponder upon the probable future operation of those signal events, which Providence seems to have thrown in the way of the realisation of their ambitious designs.

But the middle classes—the men who exercise the franchise—surely these, it will be urged, are, and have been for some time past, in a condition of unqualified prosperity. The retailers in our large towns and boroughs, as distributors of commodities between the merchant, or the producer, and the consumer, must have been benefited materially by the enlarged consumption of the country. The assumption is a natural one, and yet it may be only partially true. The business of the retailer is one of which we possess no statistics. We have no means of gauging the results of his dealings. A larger amount of money may be passing through his hands now than formerly. Enhanced prices of every article in which he deals, independently of increased consumption of those articles, will account for his receipts being larger. But the great question to be solved is—are his profits increasing in the same ratio? It would be a healthy sign if we could find that the increased consumption of the country had operated to put an end to that ruinous competition which has for years past been going on amongst these classes;—a sign that the consumers, being in possession of increased means to buy, were willing to afford to those from whom they buy a fair remuneration for their industry and their capital. It would be most gratifying to find that

puffery and clap-trap were declining amongst our shopkeepers; that frauds were less rife than formerly; that adulteration was no longer practised, and just weight and measure were universally meted out. We observe, however, none of these healthy signs of a profitable trade. On the contrary, we have evidence around us on every side, that the retailer has for some months past been placed, as it were, in a vice between two opposing conditions of the community, by whose custom he has to live. He has to fight against rising markets and dear labour on the one hand, and the determination of the consumer to insist upon cheapness on the other. For every purchase which he makes, he has to pay higher prices; and he can only extort these from the community after a severe struggle. He is, in fact, in the position of the traveller, who has no sooner surmounted one hill than he sees another on the path before him. It is notorious that this is always the case in rising markets. Every advance in the price of raw materials or other commodities is followed by a period of business without profits. Traders are withheld, by mutual jealousy and the fear of competition, from the necessary efforts for self-protection. Doubts intervene as to the permanency of such advanced prices. And when at length the step is resolved upon of demanding a corresponding advance from the consumer, it is frequently found that a further upward movement has taken place in the wholesale markets, which once more compels the retailer to resign the gain which he ought to derive from his industry. This has been the position of these classes during the whole of the past twelve months; and it is one in which capital is rapidly exhausted, especially in the case of men whose dealings are from hand to mouth, and whose means are limited. The tradesman of large means and extensive credit may buy a stock in advance of his consumption; and thus for a time protect himself from the loss which rising wholesale markets, unattended with higher retail prices, would occasion; but the small capitalist has no such resource. He is continually reversing the principle extolled by the

Free-Trader, by buying in the dearest market and selling in the cheapest.

The severity of this operation of rising markets has been very greatly increased on the present occasion by the prevailing temper and opinions of the consuming classes, especially throughout the manufacturing districts. They have been taught that free imports were to bring about a permanently low range of the prices of all commodities; and they are disposed to regard and to resist high prices, as the result of speculation on the part of the capitalist, or undue extortion on the part of the retailer. When being charged 8d. for a pound of beef or bacon, which a year ago was only worth 6d., or 10d. for a pound of butter, which a year ago was sold at only 7d., they have regarded the extra charge as something approaching to a fraud. It is of no use reminding those persons that they are themselves demanding from the community a higher price for their labour; and that dear labour involves dearness of every product of labour. They are deaf to such appeals to their reason, and resolutely ignore every fact which tends to account for the high prices of which they complain. The prosperity which they contemplated, and believed that they had secured by free imports, was one which the consumer could monopolise. Each class seems to have imagined that the remainder were to be prostrated for their own particular benefit.

It is perfectly natural that, during such a struggle between the distributors and the consumers of commodities, and whilst competition was unabated amongst the former, no effort would be left untried by them to secure business and profit. The great object to be achieved was to induce a belief on the part of the consumer that he was not paying advanced prices, and was still in the enjoyment of the idol "cheapness." This could only be done by the aid of adulteration, and deception of every kind; and never were these dishonest practices of traders more rife, throughout the manufacturing districts especially, than they have been of late. The price of flour began to rise towards the close of last year. From an average of

about 21s. for the best quality of American, it has gradually risen to 28s. Was the price of bread advanced, in proportion, to the consumer? It was not—at least apparently. A less profit was submitted to by the baker and retailer; and wherever it was possible, just weight was withheld. For example, the small loaves, nominally of two pounds weight, with which the small shopkeepers are supplied for retailing amongst that portion of the working classes in the manufacturing districts whose payments are usually weekly ones, were not very perceptibly advanced in price, but decreased in weight. Twenty pounds of bread contained in such loaves were manufactured into twelve or thirteen, nominally of two pounds each, instead of ten. The price to the consumer of each loaf remained the same. Although tallow has risen in price at least thirty per cent, the price of the candles principally consumed by the working classes remained mysteriously almost the same. We have had this accounted for by the fact that dishonest manufacturers have been supplying equally dishonest tradesmen with the article in quantities, purporting to be pounds in weight, but, in reality, two or three ounces less. Thus, candles sold as twelve, fourteen, or sixteen to the pound, contain still *the number* represented; but, as the buyer never asks to have them weighed, as he does beef or mutton, they are short of the proper *weight*. This practice has lately been shown to prevail throughout a great portion of the manufacturing districts, especially of the north of Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire. The adulteration of coffee with chicory, it is well known, has prevailed so long, and the tastes of the consuming classes have become so accustomed to the mixed article, that the Legislature has had to submit to its permanent practice. Cheateries of every description, in short, has been resorted to by the dishonest trader, to disguise from the consumer the fact of dearness, and to wring a profit from the low range of prices which alone the public are disposed to tolerate; whilst the honest trader, who is not willing to descend to such arts, has been carrying on a continually losing

business, and contemplating in despair the gradual absorption of his capital.

Unfortunately there are not in existence the requisite data to enable us to arrive at the precise position of these classes as compared with that which they formerly occupied. The humbler portions of them—the small retailers in our large towns and manufacturing districts—were never in the habit of attaining a place in that truth-telling and widely-read record, the *London Gazette*. They embark in their petty course of ambition, trusting to the enterprise which they feel stirring within them for a successful result; and when the reverse comes, and disappointment is their lot, they retire from the struggle, disappear amongst the classes from which they rose, and are forgotten. The other sources of information, with respect to the condition of these classes, have been so altered recently, since the extension of increased powers to the County Courts, that the means of an accurate comparison of any two periods are wanting. Moreover, the resort to legal proceedings, in cases of insolvency, is less now than in former years. Compositions and amicable private arrangements between creditors and debtors are found to be cheaper, and more satisfactory in their results, than the ordinary formal modes of proceeding. Hence the statistician, who would fain persuade mankind that nothing of ill exists in the world save that which such records reveal, can prate glibly of prosperity to classes, who, knowing the reality of their own position, must feel such prating to be a bitter mockery. The facts which we have shown above, as to the tendency of rising markets to decrease the profits of the retailer's trade, are sufficient of themselves to prove that he cannot, at the present moment, be in the enjoyment of a satisfactory position; and we have the further fact to adduce, that at no previous period was credit more reluctantly extended to that class than at present. The merchant and the wholesale dealer are well aware, and watch well when the retailing classes are doing business without profit. They are aware when these classes are living upon their capital. And that a large portion of

them are doing so at this moment, and have been so for many months past, is clear, not only from the increased jealousy of the wholesale dealer, but also from their almost general exclusion from the benefits of a money market which, up to within the last few weeks, might be fairly described as "easy" to most other classes. The extensive merchant who has produce in his hands to pledge, or the speculator who can raise capital of his own equal to cover the probable margin of loss to arise from his temporary investment, can command almost unlimited pecuniary accommodation, on tolerably reasonable terms. But the same facilities are not open to the retailer, who may for a time require an increase of his means. To this class money is always dear. It is to be had by the bulk of them only upon usurious terms. The retailer cannot command a capital by paying in to his banker small bills drawn upon his customers. He must resort to the Loan Society, to the Insurance Office, or to the money-lender, whose terms are even more ruinous than those of the previously mentioned parties; and it is a sad fact that such modes of raising money are more practised amongst tradesmen of the present day than formerly. We can scarcely glance over the columns of a newspaper published in any of our large commercial towns, without observing one or more advertisements of societies professing to lend money on personal security, repayable by instalments, the interest of which is seldom less than ten per cent; or of insurance companies, whose directors hold out to parties in want of money the inducement that life policies may be pledged, and the provision which might have been made, through the beneficial medium of insurance, for a widow or an orphan family, anticipated, for the purpose of bolstering up perhaps unprofitable speculations. There is known to be existing amongst the trading classes an underground ramification of involvements of this description, which would startle the world if it could be brought to light, as it is seen occasionally in the schedules of insolvents in our Bankruptcy and our County Courts. The most profitable business

would not suffice to maintain a man who is paying ten to twenty per cent for every money accommodation which he may require in temporary emergencies, and is besides compelled from time to time to make up the defalcations of friends, between whom and himself a mutual system of guarantee for loans is constantly existing. The evil is not by any means confined to the small trading classes, but prevails as well amongst our working classes. We have loan societies whose accommodations range from £3 to £10 or £15, which the working man too frequently avails himself of to enable him to expend upon excursion trips, and other extravagancies scarcely justified by his station in life. We have, too, modes of anticipating the incomes of the working classes even less legitimate than the legalised loan societies. During this very week we find recorded, in a Manchester paper, the existence, throughout a large portion of the manufacturing districts, of clubs, the parties engaged in which pay small weekly instalments, as low even as a shilling or sixpence, and gamble with the dice, or draw lots for the privilege of having the whole sum—say of forty shillings or five pounds, for which they are responsible—advanced on personal guarantee. Another festering sore in the body politic is the present amazing increase, especially in the manufacturing districts, of what in the metropolis is called the “tally system,” but is elsewhere better known as dealing with “Scotchmen,” or “weekly men.” It argues little in favour of the provident character of our manufacturing operatives, that thousands of hard-working and industrious families amongst them purchase the bulk of their clothing from these men, at prices ranging from 40 to 60 per cent above the fair value of the articles, not only to their own manifest injury, but also to that of the legitimate trader. These men are to be seen in every manufacturing town and village, yard-stick in hand, and parcels of patterns and collecting-books protruding from their capacious pockets, perambulating the small streets and courts inhabited by our working classes, too often to wring their gains from simple-minded wives,

whose husbands are unconscious of the indebtedness incurred, until made aware of the fact by a summons from the county or some other petty court of law. Not above twelve months ago one of these Scotchmen in a manufacturing borough in Lancashire had no fewer than fifty cases for hearing in a single fortnightly session of the County Court there; and it is not uncommon to find upwards of one-half of the cases tried at these courts, in the manufacturing districts, to consist of actions for debts incurred in the manner we have described. So largely has the number of this class of traders increased of late, that they have become a distinct power, and, in some of our boroughs, can determine the result of an election—in favour of Whig-Radicalism, by the by; for your travelling Scotch draper is invariably attached to “liberal” politics. In one borough in Lancashire with which we are acquainted, it is computed that they possess, amongst their own body, no less than eighty or ninety votes; and at the last two elections those votes decided the results of the contests.

Under such circumstances it would be most rash, at any time, to assert the existence of great prosperity, either of the retail traders or of our manufacturing operatives, merely from external appearances, or from the ordinary tests of employment and increased consumption of the necessaries of life. We know that at present there do exist all the external appearances of such prosperity; but we know also that there is a restlessness being manifested amongst those classes, which is incompatible with a perfect satisfaction with their real position. We have to bear in mind always, whilst speculating upon the state of the small traders in particular, that they form a class whose numbers are readily recruited during a period of actual or apparent prosperity. Little encouragement suffices to induce the well-to-do operative, disgusted with the arduous toil required from him in his legitimate sphere, to embark in the apparently more easy avocations of the small dealer; and since we have placed so large a share of the political power of the country in the hands of these classes, it is most important

that we should not be misled as to their social condition, and the amount of prosperity which they are enjoying. We have taught them to believe that it is within the power of legislation alone to command that prosperity for them; we have taught the working classes, too, that it is in the power of legislation to bring about cheapness contemporaneously with highly remunerated labour; yet we see abundant elements at work, which point to dearness in prospect as the result. We see the prices of raw materials and produce rising in every foreign market as the result, in part at least, of an increase of the precious metals throughout the world. We see foreign enterprise and industry everywhere stimulated by increased monetary facilities afforded to the masses of the people, whilst such increased facilities at home never extend below the privileged classes, who are permitted to negotiate directly with the banker and the capitalist. We see the bulk of the transactions of the country, and especially the distribution of food and other necessities, falling day by day more extensively into the hands of those classes who can avail themselves of cheap money; whilst all below them the very nature of our existing banking system drives into the hands of the usurious lender, unless they are contented to restrict their dealings to little beyond the supply of their daily wants. What must be the course of the great masses of our population, should their present doubtful prosperity altogether disappear; or should high prices and reduced profits press them further than at present towards the necessity of curtailing their enjoyment of material comforts? It is not difficult to perceive that a demand must arise for continual further reductions of taxation, and consequent reductions of the public expenditure.

We have gone almost as far as we can go in dealing with those duties whose removal is followed by such an amount of increased consumption as will protect our customs' revenue from exhaustion. The numerous small items the taxation of which was well-nigh unfelt, although, in the aggregate, it was productive, are being rapidly swept away; and there remain none for the financier to operate upon save the few large imposts, the removal of any one of which would be almost equivalent to national bankruptcy. If interference with these is denied, a demand must arise either for such a diminution of the public expenditure as is incompatible with the maintenance of the national honour and security, or for a decrease in the interest of the public debt. Mr Gladstone's financial abortions have shown us, with tolerable distinctness, that, in the existing state of our monetary laws, a permanently reduced rate of interest is inconsistent with increased imports and an enlarged trade. Whilst the specie, which regulates the quantity of money which is permitted to circulate, is constantly liable to be drawn away to meet adverse balances of trade, such as we have now with almost every country of the globe, a reduction in the pressure of our indebtedness is impracticable, except by a stretch of power on the part of the legislature, which must for ever stamp us as an unprincipled people. With the important question of the currency, however, we repeat that we have no intention of meddling in this article. Our object has been simply to examine carefully the actual condition of our industrious classes, and to endeavour to trace that condition to its true causes; we leave to others to draw conclusions, and to point the way to a remedy, should further experience prove that a remedy is required.

LIVERPOOL, 13th August 1853.

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VOL. LXX.

## THE DRAMAS OF HENRY TAYLOR.

THERE is no living writer whose rank in literature appears to be more accurately determined, or more permanently secured to him, than the author of *Philip Van Artevelde*. Not gifted with the ardent temperament, the very vivid imagination, or the warmth of passion which are supposed necessary to carry a poet to the highest eminences of his art, he has, nevertheless, that intense reflection, that large insight into human life, that severe taste, binding him always to a most select, accurate, and admirable style, which must secure him a lofty and impregnable position amongst the class of writers who come next in order to the very highest.

There have been greater poems, but in modern times we do not think there has appeared any dramatic composition which can be pronounced superior to the masterpiece of Henry Taylor. Neither of the *Sardanapalus* of Lord Byron, nor the *Remorse* of Coleridge, nor the *Cenci* of Shelley, could this be said. We are far from asserting that Taylor is a greater poet than Byron, or Coleridge, or Shelley; but we say that no dramatic composition of these poets surpasses, as a whole, *Philip Van Artevelde*. These writers have displayed, on

various occasions, more passion and more pathos, and a command of more beautiful imagery, but they have none of them produced a more complete dramatic work; nor do any of them manifest a profounder insight, or a wider view of human nature, or more frequently enunciate that *pathetic wisdom*, that mixture of feeling and sagacity, which we look upon as holding the highest place in eloquence of every description, whether prose or verse. The last act of Shelley's drama of the *Cenci* has left a more vivid impression upon our mind than any single portion of the modern drama; but one act does not constitute a play, and this drama of the *Cenci* is so odious from its plot, and the chief character portrayed in it is, in every sense of the word, so utterly monstrous, (for Shelley has combined, for purposes of his own, a spirit of piety with the other ingredients of that diabolical character, which could not have co-existed with them,) that, notwithstanding all its beauty, we would willingly efface this poem from English literature. If one of those creatures, half beautiful woman and half scaly fish, which artists seem, with a traditional depravity of taste, to delight in, were really to be alive, and to present

*Philip Van Artevelde*; *A Dramatic Romance*. — *Edwin the Fair*: *An Historical Drama*; and *Isaac Commensal*. *A Play*. — *The Eve of the Conquest*, and other Poems. By HENRY TAYLOR.

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itself before us, it would hardly excite greater disgust than this beautifully foul drama of the *Cenci*.

The very fact of our author having won so distinct and undisputed a place in public estimation, must be accepted as an excuse for our prolonged delay in noticing his writings. The public very rapidly passed its verdict upon them: it was a sound one. The voice of encouragement was not needed to the author; nor did the reading world require to be informed of the fresh accession made to its stores. If we now propose to ourselves some critical observations on the dramas of Mr Taylor, we enter upon the task in exactly the same spirit that we should bring to the examination of any old writer, any veritable ancient, of established celebrity. We are too late to assist in creating a reputation for these dramas, but we may possibly throw out some critical suggestions which may contribute to their more accurate appreciation.

In *Philip Van Artevelde*, the great object of the author appears to have been to exhibit, in perfect union, the man of thought and the man of action. The hero is meditative as Hamlet, and as swift to act as Coriolanus. He is pensive as the Dane, and with something of the like cause for his melancholy; but so far from wasting all his energies in moody reflection, he has an equal share for a most enterprising career of real life. He throws his glance as freely and as widely over all this perplexing world, but every footstep of his own is planted with a sure and certain knowledge, and with a firm will. His thoughts may seem to play as loose as the air above him, but his standing-place is always stable as the rock. Such a character, we need not say, could hardly have been selected, and certainly could not have been portrayed with success, by any but a deeply meditative mind.

It is often remarked that the hero is the refraction of the writer. This could not be very correctly said in instances like the present. A writer still lives only in his writings, lives only in his thoughts, whatever martial feats or bold enterprises he may depict. We could not prophesy how

the poet himself would act if he had been the citizen of Ghent. It is more accurate to content ourselves with saying that the delineation of his hero has given full scope to the intellectual character of the author, and to his own peculiar habits of thought. For if the great citizen of Ghent combines in an extraordinary degree the reflective and the energetic character, our author unites, in a manner almost as peculiar, two modes of thinking which at first appear to be opposed: he unites that practical sagacity which gives grave, and serious, and useful counsels upon human conduct, with that sad and profound irony—that reasoned despondency—which so generally besets the speculative mind. All life is—vanity. Yet it will not do to resign ourselves to this general conclusion, from which so little, it is plain, can be extracted. From nothing, nothing comes. We must go back, and estimate by comparison each form and department of this human life—which, as a whole, is so nugatory. Thus, practical sagacity is reinstated in full vigour, and has its fair scope of action, though ever and anon a philosophic despondency will throw its shadow over the scene.

As it is a complete man, so it is a whole life, that we have portrayed in the drama of *Philip Van Artevelde*. The second part is not what is understood by a "continuation" of the first, but an essential portion of the work. In the one we watch the hero rise to his culminating point; in the other we see him sink—not in crime, and not in glory, but in a sort of dim and disastrous twilight. We take up the hero from his student days; we take him from his philosophy and his fishing-line, and that obstinate pondering on unsolvable problems, which is as much a characteristic of youth as the ardent passions with which it is more generally accredited; we take him from the quiet stream which he torments, far more by the thoughts he throws upon it, than by his rod and line.

"He is a man of singular address  
In catching river-fish,"

says a sarcastic enemy, who knew nothing of the trains of thought for

which that angling was often a convenient disguise. A hint given in the drama will go far to explain what their hue and complexion must have been. The father of Philip had headed the patriotic cause of the citizens of Ghent; it had triumphed in his person; the same citizens of Ghent had murdered him on the threshold of his door. When he was a boy, the stains of his father's blood were still visible on that threshold: the widowed mother would not suffer them to be removed, and, nursing her revenge, loved to show them to the child. There was something here to colour the thoughts of the young fisherman.

But passion and the world are now knocking at the heart of the meditative student. Love and ambition are there, and, moreover, the turbulent condition of the city of Ghent seems to forbid the continuance of this life of quietude. The passions of the world crave admittance. Shall he admit them? The great theatre of life claims its new actor. Shall he go? Shall he commit himself once and for ever to the turmoil and delusions of that scene—delusions that will not delude, but which will exercise as great a tyranny over him as if they did? Yes; he will go. As well do battle with the world without, as eternally with his own thoughts; for this is the only alternative youth presents to us. Yes, he will go; but deliberately: he will not be borne along, he will govern his own footsteps, and, come what may, will be always master of himself.

Launoy, one of Ghent's bravest patriots, has been killed. The first reflection we hear from the lips of Artevelde is called forth by this intelligence. It does not surprise him.

"I never looked that he should live so long. He was a man of that unsleeping spirit, He seemed to live by miracle: his food Was glory, which was poison to his mind And peril to his body. He was one Of many thousand such that die betimes, Whose story is a fragment, known to few. Then comes the man who has the luck to live, And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances, And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times

Who wins the race of glory; but than him A thousand men more gloriously endowed Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others

Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,  
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add  
A smaller tally, of the singular few  
Who, gifted with predominating powers,  
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.  
The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

If ambition wears this ambiguous aspect to his mind, it is not because he is disposed to regard the love of woman too enthusiastically.

"It may be I have deemed or dreamed of such.  
But what know I? We figure to ourselves  
The thing we like, and then we build it up  
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand:  
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,  
And home-bound fancy runs her bark ashore."

Yet Artevelde is at this time on his way to Adriana to make that declaration which the Lady Adriana is so solicitous to hear. This a lover! Yes: only one of that order who hang over and count the beatings of their own heart.

Launoy being destroyed, and the people of Ghent having lost others of their leaders, and growing discontented with the stern rule of Van Den Bosch, some new captain or ruler of the town is looked for. The eyes of men are turned to Philip Van Artevelde. He shall be captain of the Whitehoods, and come to the rescue of the falling cause; for, of late, the Earl of Flanders has been everywhere victorious. Van Den Bosch himself makes the proposal. It is evident, from hints that follow, that Artevelde had already made his choice; he saw that the time was come when, even if he desired it, there was no maintaining a peaceful neutrality. But Van Den Bosch meets with no eager spirit ready to snatch at the perilous prize held out to him. He is no dupe to the nature of the offer, nor very willing that others should fancy him to be one—

"Not so fast.  
Your vessel, Van Den Bosch, hath felt the storm:  
She rolls dismayed in an ugly swell,  
And you would make a jury-mast of me,  
Whereon to spread the tatters of your canvas."

It is worth noticing how the passion of revenge, like the others, is



admitted to its post; admitted, yet coldly looked upon. He will revenge his father. Two knights, Sir Guisebert Grutt and Simon Bette, (we wish they had better names,) were mainly instrumental in his murder. These men have been playing false, by making treacherous overtures to the Earl of Flanders; they will be in his power. But they cannot, he reflects, render back the life they have destroyed—

—— “Life for life, vile bankrupts as they are,  
Their worthless lives for his of countless price,  
Is their whole wherewithal to pay the debt.  
*Yet retribution is a goodly thing,*  
And it were well to wring the payment from them,  
Even to the utmost drop of their heart's blood.”

Still less does the patriotic harangue of Van Den Bosch find an enthusiastic response. He was already too much a statesman to be a demagogue; not to mention that his father's career had taught him a bitter estimate of popularity, and of all tumultuary enthusiasm:—

*Van Den Bosch.* Times are sore changed, I see. There's none in Ghent  
That answers to the name of Artevelde.  
Thy father did not carp or question thus  
When Ghent invoked his aid. The days  
have been  
When not a citizen drew breath in Ghent  
But freely would have died in Freedom's cause.  
*Artevelde.* With a good name thou christenest  
the cause.  
True, to make choice of despots is some freedom,  
The only freedom for this turbulent town,  
Rule her who may. And in my father's time  
We still were independent, if not free;  
And wealth from independence, and from wealth  
Enfranchisement will partially proceed.  
The cause, I grant thee, *Van Den Bosch*, is good;  
And were I linked to earth no otherwise  
But that my whole heart centred in myself,  
I could have tossed you this poor life to play with,  
Taking no second thought. But as things are,  
I will resolve the matter warily,  
And send thee word betimes of my conclusion.  
*Van Den Bosch.* Betimes it must be; for some two hours hence  
I meet the Deana, and ere we separate  
Our course must be determined.  
*Artevelde.* In two hours,  
If I be for you, I will send this ring  
In token I have so resolved.”

He had already resolved. Such a man would not have suffered himself to be hemmed in within the space of two hours to make so great a decision; but he would not rush precipitately forward; he would feel his own *will* at each step. He had already resolved; but his love to Adriana troubles him at heart: he must first make all plain and intelligible there, before he becomes captain of the Whitehoods. From this interview he goes to Adriana, and then follows a dialogue, every sentence of which, if we were looking out for admirable passages for quotation, would offer itself as a candidate. We quote only, from a drama so well known, for the purpose of illustrating the analytic view we would present of its chief hero; but the passages selected for this purpose can hardly fail of being also amongst the most beautiful in themselves. Artevelde is alone, waiting for the appearance of Adriana

“There is but one thing that still harks me back.

To bring a cloud upon the summer day  
Of one so happy and so beautiful,—  
It is a hard condition. For myself,  
I know not that the circumstance of life  
In all its changes can so far afflict me  
As makes anticipation much worth while  
Oh she is far!

As far as Heaven to look upon! as far  
As ever vision of the Virgin blest  
That weary pilgrim, resting by the fount  
Beneath the palm, and dreaming to the tune  
Of flowing waters, doped his soul withal.  
It was permitted in my pilgrimage  
To rest beside the fount, beneath the tree,  
Beholding there no vision, but a mad  
Whose form was light and graceful as the palm,  
Whose heart was pure and jocund as the fount,  
And spread a freshness and a verdure round.”

Adriana appears, and in the course of the dialogue he addresses her thus:—

“Be calm;  
And let me warn thee, ere thy choice be fixed,  
What fate thou may'st be wedded to with me.  
Thou hast beheld me living heretofore  
As one retired in stud tranquillity.  
The dweller in the mountains, on whose ear  
The accustomed cataract thunders unobserved;  
The seaman, who sleeps sound upon the deck,  
Nor hears the loud lamenting of the blast,  
Nor heeds the weltering of the plangent wave,—  
These have not lived more undisturbed than I:

But build not upon this; the swollen stream  
May shake the cottage of the mountaineer,  
And drive him forth; the seaman, roused at  
length,  
Leaps from his slumber on the wave-washed  
deck;

And now the time comes fast when here, in  
Ghent,

He who would live exempt from injuries

Of armed men, must be himself in arms.

This time is near for all;—nearer for me:

I will not wait upon necessity,

And leave myself no choice of vantage-  
ground,

But rather meet the times where best I  
may,

And mould and lash on them as best I can.

Reflect then that I soon may be embarked  
In all the hazards of the trouble-ome  
times,

And in your own free choice take or resign  
me.

*Art.* Oh, Artevelde, my choice is free no  
more.

And now he is open to hear Van  
Den Bosch. That veteran in war and  
insurrection brings him news that the  
people are ready to elect him for their  
captain or ruler.

*Art.* Good! when they come I'll speak  
to them.

*Van Den B.* 'Twere well.

Can't learn to be a high amongst the  
commons?

Must then be cruel? To be esteemed of  
them.

Then must not yet more store by lives of men  
Than lives of larks in season.

*Art.* Be it so.

*Van den Bosch.* I can do what is needful.

The time of action is at hand. We  
now see Van Artevelde in a suit of  
armour; he is reclining on a window-  
seat in his own house, looking out  
upon the street. There is treason in  
the town; of those who flock to the  
market-place, some have already de-  
serted his cause.

*Art.* Not to be feared—Give me my  
sword! Go forth,

And see what folk be these that throng the  
street. [Exit the page.]

Not to be feared is to be nothing here.

And wherefore have I taken up this office,

If I be nothing in it? There they go.

[Shouts are heard.]

Of them that pass my house some shout my  
name,

But the most part pass silently; and once  
I heard the cry of Flanders and the Lion!

That cry again!

Sir knights, ye drive me close upon the  
rocks,

And of my cargo you're the vilest bales,

So overboard with you! What, men of  
blood!

Can the son better auspicate his arms

Than by the slaying of who slew the father?

Some blood may flow because that it needs  
must,

But yours by choice—I'll slay you, and thank  
God.

[Enter Van Den Bosch.]

*Van Den B.* The common bell has rung!  
the knights are there;

Thou must come instantly.

*Art.* I come, I come.

*Van Den B.* Now, Master Philip, if thou  
mies thy way

Through this affair we're lost. For Jesus'  
sake

Be counselled now by me; have thou in  
mind—

*Art.* Go to, I need not counsel; I'm re-  
solved.

Take thou thy stand beside Sir Simon Bette,  
As I by Gruit; take note of all I do,

And do thyself accordingly. Come on.

They join the assembly; they take  
their stand each by one of the traitor  
knights; the debate on the proposal  
of the Earl proceeds; three hundred  
citizens are to be given up to him,  
and on this, and other conditions,  
peace is to be granted. Artevelde  
addresses the assembly, and then  
turning to these knights, he con-  
tinues:—

“Your pardon, sirs, again!

[To Gruit and Bette.]

You are the pickers and the choosers here,

And doubtless you're all safe, ye think—  
ha! ha!

But we have picked and chosen, too, sir  
knights.

What was the law for I made yesterday—

What 'tis it you that would deliver up

Three hundred citizens to certain death?

Ho! Van Den Bosch! have at these traitors  
—ha!—

[Stabs Gruit, who falls.]

*Van Den B.* Die, treasonable dog!—

[Stabs Bette.]

He can do “what is needful.” It is  
admirable; everything that is said  
and done is admirable; but an in-  
voluntary suspicion at times creeps  
into the mind, that such a man as  
Philip Van Artevelde never lived, or  
could live. No man could move along  
such a line of enterprise with such a  
weight of reflection on all the springs  
of action. We see the calm states-  
man at the head of a tumultuary  
movement; and the meditative man,  
to whom revenge is the poorest of our  
passions, striking a blow from which  
an old warrior might shrink. Could  
a man be really impelled along a path

of life like this by passions that are admitted, indeed, into the bosom, but watched like prisoners? The suspicion, we say, creeps involuntarily into the mind; but we will not entertain it—we will not yield to it. That the reflective and energetic characters are, in certain degrees, combined together, we all know; and who shall say within what degrees only this is possible? And why may not an ideal perfection of this kind be portrayed as well as an ideal patriot, or an ideal monk, or an ideal warrior? We throw the suspicion aside, and continue our analysis.

There is a passage which is often quoted for its great beauty: we quote it also for its great appropriateness. Philip Van Artevelde is master of the city; he is contemplating it at night-time from the tower of St Nicholas. The reflection here put into the mouth of the anxious captain brings back to us, in the midst of war and the cares of government, the meditative man:—

“There lies a sleeping city. God of dreams!  
What an unreal and fantastic world  
Is going on below!  
Within the sweep of yon encircling wall  
How many a large creation of the night,  
Wide wilderness and mountain, rock and  
sea,  
Peopled with busy transitory groups,  
Finds room to rise, and never feels the  
crowd!”

The famous scene, which has for its place the summit of this tower, between Artevelde and Van Den Bosch, is fresh in the recollection of every reader: we must pass it by, and the admirable and pathetic description of the famine that is raging in Ghent, and proceed to the last act of this part of the drama. Artevelde has stimulated the citizens to make one brave effort more—to sally from the walls, and meet the Earl in battle before Bruges. He has arranged in order of battle his lean and famine-stricken, but desperate little army. He knows the extreme peril in which they stand: no food in the camp; fearful odds to be encountered; yet the only hope lying in immediate battle. He does not delude himself for a moment; he sees the danger clear, and entertains it with a certain sarcastic levity. He does not hope, but he acts as if he did. He is not a man given to hope, but he has a

tempered despondency, which sits with him at the council-board, and rides with him to the field, and which he compels to do the services of hope.

“*Arten.* I would to God  
The sun might not go down upon us here  
Without a battle fought!  
*Van Den B.* If so it should,  
We pass a perilous night,  
And wake a wasted few the morrow morn.  
*Van Muck.* We have a supper left.  
*Arten.* My lady’s page,  
If he got ne’er a better, would be wroth,  
And burn in elligy my lady’s steward.”

*Van Den B.* We’ll hope the best;  
But if there be a knave in power unchanged,  
And in his head a grain of sense undrowned,  
He’ll be their caution not to —  
*Arten.* Van Den Bosch,  
Talk we of battle and survey the field,  
For I will fight.”

We like this last expression. What in another man would have been a mere petulance, is in Artevelde an assumed confidence—consciously assumed, as the only tone of mind in which to pass through the present crisis. Nor can we omit to notice the following passage, which, to our apprehension, is very characteristic of our contemplative politician and warrior; it shows the sardonic vein running through his grave and serious thoughts:—

*Art. (to Van Ryk.)* I tell thee, eat,  
Eat and be flesh. I’ll send a crust to shrink  
thee.  
*Van Muck, then tak’st small comfort in thy  
prayers,  
Put thou thy muzzle to yon tub of wine.”*

The battle is fought and a victory won. Justice is executed with stern and considerate resolve on the villains of the piece, and we leave Van Artevelde triumphant in his great contest, and happy in the love of Adriana.

The subordinate characters who are introduced into this first part of the drama, we have no space to examine minutely. The canvass is well filled, though the chief figure stands forward with due prominence. Adriana is all that an amiable and loving woman should be. The lighter-hearted Clara is intended as a sort of contrast and relief. Her levity and wit are not always graceful; they are not so in the early scene where she jests with the page: afterwards, when in presence of her lover, she has a fitter and more genial subject

for her playful wit, and succeeds much better. In the course of the drama, when the famine is raging in Ghent, she appears as the true sister of Philip Van Artevelde. At her first introduction she is somewhat too boydenish for the mistress of the noble D'Arlon. D'Arlon is all that a knight should be, and Gilbert Matthew is a consummate villain.

Between the first and second parts is a poem in rhyme, called "The Lay of Elena." This introduces us to the lady who is to be the heroine of the second part of the drama. All the information it gives, might, we think, have been better conveyed in a few lines of blank verse, added to that vindication of herself which Elena pours forth in the first act, when Sir Fleureant of Heurlee comes to reclaim her on the part of the Duke of Bourbon. This poem is no favourite of ours; but the worst compliment we would pay it implies, in one point of view, a certain fitness and propriety—we were glad to return to the blank verse of our author, in which we find both more music and more pathos than in these rhymes.

If we are tempted to suspect, whilst reading the first part of this drama, that the character of Philip Van Artevelde combines in a quite ideal perfection the man of thought with the man of action, we, at all events, cannot accuse the author, in this second part, of representing an ideal or superhuman happiness as the result of this perfect combination. It is a very truthful sad-coloured destiny that he portrays. The gloomy passionate sunset of life has been a favourite subject with poets; but what other author has chosen the clouded afternoon of life, the cheerless twilight, and the sun setting behind cold and dark clouds? It was a bold attempt. It has been successfully achieved. But no amount of talent legitimately expended on it could make this second part as attractive as the first. When the heroic man has accomplished his heroic action, life assumes to him, more than to any other, a most ordinary aspect: his later years bring dwarfish hopes and projects, or none at all; they bring desires no longer "gay," and welcomed only for such poor life as they may have in them.

Philip Van Artevelde is now the Regent of Flanders, and, like other regents, has to hold his own: Adriana he has lost; her place is supplied by one still fair but faded, and who, though she deserved a better fate, must still be described as lately the mistress of the Duke of Bourbon. It is the hero still, but he has descended into the commonplace of courts and politics.

That it is the same Philip Van Artevelde we are in company with, the manner in which he enters into this new love will abundantly testify. He has been describing to Elena his former wife, Adriana. The description is very beautiful and touching. He then proceeds with his wooing thus:—

*Arter.* . . . Well, well—he's gone,  
And I have tamed my sorrow. Pain and grief  
Are transitory things no less than joy,  
And though they leave us not the men we  
were,  
Yet they do leave us. You behold me here  
A man bereaved, with something of a blight  
Upon the early blossoms of his life  
And its first verdure, having not the less  
A living root, drawing from the earth  
Its vital juices, from the air its powers;  
And surely as man's health and strength are  
whole,  
His appetites regenerate, his heart  
Reopens, and his objects and desires  
Shoot up renewed. What blank I found  
before me,  
From what is said you partly may surmise;  
How I have hoped to fill it, may I tell?  
*Elena.* I fear, my lord, that cannot be.  
*Arter.* Indeed! Indeed!  
Then am I doubly hopeless. . . .  
*Elena.* I said I feared another could not fill  
The place of her you lost, being so fair  
And perfect as you give her out."

In fine, Elena is conquered, or rather led to confess a conquest already achieved.

*Elena.* I cannot—no—  
I cannot give you what you've had so long;  
Nor need I tell you what you know so well.  
I must be gone.  
*Arter.* Nay, sweetest, why these tears?  
*Elena.* No, let me go—I cannot tell—no—  
no—  
I want to be alone—  
Oh! Artevelde, for G—t's love let me go!

[*Exit.*  
*Arter.* (after a pause.) The night is far  
advanced upon the morrow.  
—Yes, I have wasted half a summer's night.  
Was it well spent? Successfully it was.  
How little flattering is a woman's love!  
Worth to the heart, come how it may, a  
world;  
Worth to men's measures of their own deserts,

If weighed in wisdom's balance, merely nothing.

The few hours left are precious—who is there ?  
Ho ! Nieuwerkerchen !—when we think upon it,

How little flattering is a woman's love !  
(Given commonly to whoso'er is nearest  
And propped with most advantage ; outward  
grace

Nor inward light is needful ; day by day  
Men wanting both are mated with the best  
And loftiest of God's feminine creation.  
Ho ! Nieuwerkerchen !—what, then, do we  
sleep ?

Are none of you awake ?—and as for me,  
The world says Philip is a famous man—  
What is there woman will not love, so  
taught ?

Ho ! Ellert ! by your leave though, you  
must wake.

(Enter an officer.)

Have me a gallows built upon the mound,  
And let Van Kortz be hung at break of  
day."

It is worth noticing, as a characteristic trait, that Philip Van Artevelde speaks more like the patriot, harangues more on the cause of freedom, now that he is Regent of Flanders, opposed to the feudal nobility, and to the monarchy of France, and soliciting aid from England, than when he headed the people of Ghent, strong only in their own love of independence. "Bear in mind," he says, answering the herald who brings a hostile message from France and Burgundy—

"Bear in mind

Against what rule my father and myself  
Have been insurgent, whom did we supplant ?  
There was a time, so ancient records tell,  
There were communities, scarce known by  
name

In these degenerate days, but once famed,  
Where liberty and justice, hand in hand,  
Ordered the common weal ; where great men  
grew

Up to their natural eminence, and none,  
Saving the wise, just, eloquent, were great.

But now, I ask,  
Where is there on God's earth that polity  
Which it is not, by consequence, converse,  
A treason against nature to uphold ?

Whom may we now call free ? whom great ?  
whom wise ?

Whom innocent ?—the free are only they  
Whom power makes free to execute all ill  
Their hearts imagine ; they alone are great  
Whose passions nurse them from their cradles  
up

In luxury and lewdness,—whom to see  
Is to despise, whose aspects put to scorn  
Their station's eminence.

What then remains  
But in the cause of nature to stand forth,  
And turn this frame of things the right side  
up ?

For this the hour is come, the sword is drawn,  
And tell your masters vainly they resist."

We regret to be compelled to garble in our extract so fine a passage of writing. Meanwhile our patriot Regent sends Father John to England to solicit aid—most assuredly not to overthrow feudalism, but to support the Regent against France. His ambition is dragging, willingly or unwillingly, in the old rut of politics. When Father John returns from this embassy, he is scandalised at the union formed between Artevelde and Elena. Here, too, is another sad descent. Our hero has to hear rebuke, and, with a half-confession, submit to be told by the good friar of his "sins." He answers bravely, yet with a consciousness that he stands not where he did, and cannot challenge the same respect from the friar that he could formerly have done.

"Arlev. You, Father John,  
I blame not, nor myself will justify ;  
But call my weakness what you will, the  
time

Is past for reparation. Now to cast off  
The partner of my sin were further sin ;  
'Twere with her first to sin, and then against  
her.

And for the army, if their trust in me  
Be sliding, let it go : I know my course ;  
And be it armies, cities, people, priests,  
That quarrel with my love—wise men or  
fools,

Friends, foes, or factions—they may swear  
their oaths,

And make their murmur—rave and fret and  
tear,

Suspect, admonish—they but waste their  
rage,

Their wit, their words, their counsel—here  
I stand,

Upon the deep foundations of my faith  
To this far outpost plighted ; and the storm  
That princes, cities, people, shake out,  
Though it should turn and head me, should  
not strain

The seeming silken texture of this tie."

And now disaster follows disaster ; town after town manifests symptoms of treachery to his cause. His temper no longer retains its wonted calmness, and the quick glance and rapid government of affairs seems about to desert him. Note this little trait :—

"Arlev. Whither away, Vanclaire ?  
Vanclaire. You'll wish, my lord, to have the  
scouts, and others

That are informed, before you.  
Arlev. "Twere well."

It is something new that another should anticipate the necessary orders to be given. The decisive battle approaches, and is fought. This time it is lost. Our hero does not even fall in the field; an assassin stabs him in the back. The career of Artevelde ends thus; and that public cause with which his life was connected has at the same time an inglorious termination: "the wheel has come full circle."

The catastrophe is brought about by Sir Fleureant of Henricée. This man's character undergoes, in the course of the drama, a complete transformation. We do not say that the change is unnatural, or that it is not accounted for; but the circumstances which bring it about are only vaguely and incidentally narrated, so that the reader is not prepared for this change. A gay, thoughtless, reckless young knight, who rather gains upon us at his first introduction, is converted into a dark, revengeful assassin. It would, we think, have improved the effect of the *plot*, if we had been able to trace out more distinctly the workings of the mind of one who was destined to take so prominent a part in the drama.

The character of *Lestort* is admirably sustained, and is manifestly a favourite with the author. But we must now break away from *Philip Van Artevelde*, to notice the other dramas of Mr Taylor. *Edwin the Fair* next claims our attention. Here also we shall make no quotations merely for the sake of their beauty; and we shall limit ourselves to an analysis of the principal character, Dunstan, on which, perhaps, a word or two of explanation may not be superfluous.

Let us suppose a dramatic writer sitting down before such a character as this of Dunstan, and contemplating the various aspects it assumes, with the view of selecting one for the subject of his portraiture. In the first place, he is aware that, although, as a historical student, he may, and perhaps must, continue to doubt as to the real character of this man—how much is to be given to pride, to folly, to fanaticism, to genuine piety, or to the love of power—yet that, the moment he assumes the office of dra-

matic poet, he must throw all doubt entirely aside. The student of history may hesitate to the last; the poet is presumed to have from the beginning the clearest insight into the recesses of the mind, and the most unquestionable authority for all that he asserts. A sort of mimic omniscience is ascribed to the poet. Has he not been gifted, from of old, with an *inspiration*, by means of which he sees the whole character and every thought of his hero, and depicts and reveals them to the world? To him doubt would be fatal. If he carries into his drama the spirit of historical criticism, he will raise the same spirit in his reader, and all faith in the imaginary creation he offers them is gone for ever. Manifest an error as this may be, we think we could mention some instances, both in the drama and the novel, in which it has been committed.

But such a character as Dunstan's is left uncertain in the light of history, and our dramatist has to choose between uncertainties. He will be guided in his selection partly by what he esteems the preponderating weight of evidence, and partly, and perhaps still more, by the superior fitness of any one phase of the character for the purpose he has in view, or the development of his own peculiar powers. In this case, three interpretations present themselves. The first, which has little historical or moral probability, and offers little attraction to the artist, is, that Dunstan was a hypocrite, seeking by show of piety to compass some ambitious end, or win the applause of the vulgar. Undoubted hypocrites history assuredly presents us with—as where the ecclesiastical magnate degenerates into the merely secular prince. There have been luxurious and criminal popes and cardinals, intriguing bishops and lordly abbots, whom the most charitable of men, and the most pious of Catholics, must pronounce to have been utterly insincere in their professions of piety. But a hypocrite who starves and scourges himself—who digs a damp hole in the earth, and lives in it—seems to us a mere creature of the imagination. Such men, at all events, either begin or end with fanaticism. The second and

more usual interpretation is, that Dunstan was a veritable enthusiast, and a genuine churchman after the order of Hildebrand, capable, perhaps, of practising deceit or cruelty for his great purpose, but entirely devoted to that purpose—one of those men who sincerely believe that the salvation of the world and the predominance of their order are inseparably combined. There would be no error in supposing a certain mixture of pride and ambition. Nor, in following this interpretation, would there be any great violation of probability in attributing to Dunstan, though he lived in so rude an age, all those arguments by which the philosophical priest is accustomed to uphold the domination of his order. The thinking men of every age more nearly resemble each other in these great lines of thought and argument, than is generally supposed. The third interpretation is that which the historical student would probably favour. It is that Dunstan was, in truth, *partially insane*—a man of fervent zeal, and of great natural powers, but of diseased mind. The very ability and knowledge which he possessed, combined with the strange forms which his asceticism took, lead to this supposition. Such men, we know, exist, and sometimes pass through a long career before they are accurately understood. Exhibiting itself in the form of fanaticism, and in a most ignorant and superstitious age, a partial insanity might easily escape detection, or even add to the reputation of the saint.

This last is the rendering of the character which Mr Taylor has selected. It is evidently the most difficult to treat. Perhaps the difficulty and novelty of the task it presented, as well as its greater fidelity to history, induced him to accept this interpretation. That second and more popular one which we have mentioned would appear, to a mind like Mr Taylor's, too facile and too trite. Any high-churchman of almost any age—any bishop, if you inflate the lawn sleeves, or even any young curate, whose mind dwells too intensely on the *power of the keys*—would present the rudiments of the character. However that may be,

Mr Taylor undertook the bold and difficult task of depicting the strong, shrewd, fervent mind, saint and politician both, but acting with the wild and irregular force of insanity. How, we may ask ourselves, would such a mind display itself? Not, we may be sure, in a tissue of weakness or of wildness. We should often see the ingenious reasoner, more cunning than wise, the subtle politician, or even the deep moraliser upon human life; but whenever the fatal chords were touched—the priestly power, the priestly mission, the intercourse with the world of spirits—there we should see symptoms of insanity and delusion. Such is the character which Mr Taylor has portrayed.

Earl Leolf, calm and intelligent, and the perfect *gentleman* (those who remember the play will feel the truth of this last expression,) gives us at the very commencement the necessary explanation—

“*Leolf.* How found you the mid counties?  
*Albolf.* Oh! monk-ridden;  
 Raving of Dunstan.  
*Leolf.* ’Tis a raving time;  
 Mad monks, mad peasants; *Dunstan is not*  
*sound,*  
*And madmen that doth least declare itself*  
*Endanger most, and ever most infects*  
*The unsound many.* See where stands the  
 man,  
 And where this people: thus compute the  
 peril  
 To one and all. *When force and cunning*  
*meet*  
*Upon the confines of one cloudy mind,*  
 When ignorance and knowledge halve the  
 mass,  
 When night and day stand at an equinox,  
 Then storms are rife.”

No justice, it is plain, can be done to Mr Taylor's drama, unless the intimation here given us be kept in view. Yet we suspect, from the remarks sometimes made upon this play, that it has been overlooked, or not sufficiently attended to. Passages have been censured as crude or extravagant which, in themselves, could be no otherwise, since they were intended to portray this half-latent and half-revealed insanity. The arrogance of Dunstan, and his communications with the spiritual world, not often have the air of sublimity, for they arise from the disorder and hallucination of his mind. When he tells the Queen Mother not to sit in

his presence, as well as when he boasts of his intercourse with angels and demons, we see the workings of a perturbed spirit:—

*Queen Mother.* Father, I am faint,  
For a strange terror seized me by the way.  
I pray you let me sit.

*Dunstan.* I say, forbear!  
Thou art in a Presence that thou wot'st not  
of,  
Wherein no mortal may presume to sit.  
If stand thou canst not, kneel.

(*She falls on her knees.*)

*Queen Mother.* Oh, merciful Heaven!  
Oh, sinner that I am!

*Dunstan.* Dismiss thy fears:  
Thine errand is acceptable to Him  
Who rules the hour, and thou art safer here  
Than in thy palace. Quake not, but be calm,  
And tell me of the wretched king, thy son.  
This black, incestuous, unnatural love  
Of his blood-relative—yea, worse, a seed  
That ever was at enmity with God—  
His cousin of the house of Antichrist!  
It is as I surmised?

*Queen Mother.* Alas! lost boy!  
*Dunstan.* Yes, lost for time and for eternity,  
If he should wed her. But that shall not be.  
Something more lofty than a boy's wild love  
Governs the course of kingdoms. From be-  
neath

This arching umbrage step aside; look up;  
The alphabet of Heaven is o'er thy head,  
The starry interlaid multitude. *To few,  
And not in mercy, is it given to read  
The mixed celestial ephebe.*

How skilfully the last passage awakes in the reader a feeling of sympathy with Dunstan! When he has given his instructions to the Queen Mother, the scene closes thus:—

*Queen Mother.* Oh, man of God!  
Command me always.

*Dunstan.* Hiss! I hear a spirit!  
Another—and a third. They're trooping up.

*Queen Mother.* St Magnus shield us!

*Dunstan.* Thou art safe; but go;  
The wood will soon be populous with spirits.  
The path thou canst retreat. Who laughs  
in the air?

Dunstan believes all along that he is marked out from the ordinary roll of men—that he has a peculiar intercourse with, and a peculiar mission from, Heaven; but he nevertheless practises on the credulity of others. This mixture of superstition and cunning does not need insanity to explain, but it is seen here in very appropriate company. He says to Grumo—

"Go, get thee to the hollow of you tree,  
And bellow there as is thy wont."  
*Grumo.* How long?

*Dunstan.* Till thy lungs crack. Get hence.  
[*Exit Grumo.*]

And if thou bellowest otherwise than Satan,  
It is not for the lack of Satan's sway  
'Stablished within thee.

(*Strange howls are heard from the tree.*)

With the same crafty spirit, and by a trick as gross, he imposes on the Synod, contriving that a voice shall appear to issue from the crucifix. These frauds, however, would have availed nothing of themselves; it is the spirit of fanaticism bearing down all opposition by which he works his way. This spirit sustains him in his solitude—

"I hear your call!

A radiance and a resonance from Heaven  
Surrounds me, and my soul is breaking forth  
In strength, as did the new-created Sun  
When Earth beheld it first on the fourth day.  
God spake not then more plainly to that orb  
Than to my spirit now."

It sustains him in his solitude, and mark how triumphantly it carries him through in the hour of action. Odo the archbishop, Ricola the king's chaplain, as well as king and courtiers, all give way before this inexorable, unreasoning fanaticism, a fanaticism which is as complete a stranger to fear as it is to reason—

*Dunstan (to Elgiva.)* Fly hence,  
Pale prostitute! Avast, rebellious fiend,  
Which speakest through her.

*Elgiva.* I am thy sovereign mistress and thy queen.

*Dunstan.* . . . . Who art thou?  
I see thee, and I know thee yea, I smell  
thee!

Again, 'tis Satan meets me front to front;  
Again I triumph! Where, and by what rite,  
And by what miscreant minister of God,  
And rotten member, was this mockery,  
That was no marriage, made to seem a mar-  
riage?

*Ricola.* Lord Abbot, be no—

*Dunstan.* What then, was it thou?  
The Church doth cut thee off and pluck thee  
out!

A Synod shall be summoned! *Chains for  
both!*

*Chains for that harlot, and for this dog priest!*  
Oh wall of Jezebel!"

And forthwith Elgiva, in spite of the king's resistance, is carried out a captive. The king, too, is imprisoned in the Tower, and here ensues a scene which brings out another aspect of the mind of Dunstan. It was the object of the crafty priest to induce Edwin to resign the crown: he had, therefore, made his imprisonment as painful as possible. He now visits



him in the Tower, and in this interview we see, underneath the mad zealot and the subtle politician, something of the genuine *man*. Dunstan had not been always, and only, the priest; he understood the human life he trampled on—

*Dunstan*. What makes you weak? Do you not like your food?

Or have you not enough?

*Edwin*. Enough is brought; But he that brings it drops what seems to say That it is mixed with poison—some slow drug;

So that I scarce dare eat, and hunger always.  
*Dunstan*. Your food is poisoned by your own suspicions.

'Tis your own fault.—

But thus it is with kings; suspicious haunts, And dangers press around them all their days;

Ambition galls them, luxury corrupts, And wars and treasoms are their talk at table.

*Edwin*. This homily you should read to prosperous kings;

It is not needed for a king like me.

*Dunstan*. Who shall read homilies to a prosperous king?

To thy credulous ears  
The world, or what is to a king the world,  
The triflers of thy court, have imaged me  
As cruel, and in-ensurable to joy,  
Austere, and ignorant of all delights  
That arts can minister. Far from the truth  
They wander who say thus. I but denounce  
Loves on a throne, and pleasures out of place.  
I am not old; not twenty years have fled  
Since I was young as thou; and in my youth  
I was not by those pleasures unapproached  
Which youth converses with.

*Edwin*. No! wast thou not?  
How came they in thy sight?

*Dunstan*. When Satan first  
Attempted me, 'twas in a woman's shape,  
Such shape as may have erst misled mankind,  
When Greece or Rome appeared with Pagan  
rites

Temples to Venus. . . .  
. . . . 'Twas Satan sang,  
Because 'twas sung to me, whom God had  
called

To other pastime and severer joys.  
But were it not for this, God's strict behest  
Enjoined upon me—had I not been vowed  
To holiest service rigorously required,  
I should have owned it for an angel's voice,  
Nor ever could an earthly crown, or toys  
And childishness of vain ambition, gauds  
And tinsels of the world, have lured my heart  
Into the tangle of those mortal cares  
That gather round a throne. What call is  
thine

From God or man, what voice within bids  
thee

Such pleasures to forego, such cares confront?

. . . . Unless thou by an instant act  
Renounce the crown, Elgiva shall not live.  
The deed is ready, to which thy name affixed

Discharges from restraint both her and thee.  
Say wilt thou sign?

*Edwin*.

I will not.

*Dunstan*.

Be advised.

What hast thou to surrender? I look round;  
This chamber is thy palace court, and realm.  
I do not see the crown—where is it hidden?  
Is that thy throne? why, 'tis a base joint-  
stool;

Or this thy sceptre?—'tis an ashen stick  
Notched with the days of thy captivity.  
Such royalties to abdicate, methinks,  
Should hardly hold thee long. Nay, I myself,  
That love not ladies greatly, would give these  
To ransom whom I loved."

These feelings of humanity, in part indeed simulated, do not long keep at bay the cruelty and insane rage of the priest. Edwin persists in his refusal; Dunstan leaves him for a moment, but shortly after returns holding the deed in his hand, and followed by his tool Grimmo.

*Dunstan*. The signature to this.

*Edwin*. I will not sign.

*Dunstan*. Thou wilt not? wilt thou that thy mistress die?

*Edwin*. Insulting abbot! she is not my mistress;

She is my wife, my queen.

*Dunstan*. Predestinate pair!  
He knoweth who is the Searcher of our hearts,  
That I was ever backward to take life,  
Albeit at His command. Still have I striven  
To put aside that service, seeking still  
All ways and shifts that wit of man could  
scheme,

To spare the cutting off your wretched souls  
In unrepented sin. But tend me here  
Terms of redemption, it is thou, not I,  
The sentence that deliverest.

*Edwin*. Our lives

Are in God's hands.

*Dunstan*. Set, liar, miscreant, No!  
God puts them into mine! and may my soul  
In tortures howl away eternally,  
If ever again it yield to that false fear  
That turned me from the shedding of thy  
blood!

Thy blood, rash traitor to thy God, thy blood!  
Thou debase Agag, I will spill thy blood!"

We believe we have done justice to all the aspects in which the character of Dunstan is here represented to us, but it would require a much larger space than we have at command to do justice to the whole drama of *Edwin the Fair*. The canvass is crowded with figures, almost every one of which has been a careful study, and will repay the study of a critical reader; and if the passages of eloquent writing are not so numerous as in his previous work, there is no deficiency of them, and many are the

pungent, if not witty sayings, that might be extracted. The chief fault which seems to us to preclude this drama, is, indeed, that there is too much apparent study—that too much is seen of the artist. Speaking generally of Mr Taylor, and regarding him as a dramatic poet, we could desire more life and passion, more abandonment of himself to the characters he is portraying. But we feel this more particularly in *Edwin the Fair*. We seem to see the artist sorting and putting together again the elements of human nature. His Wulfstan, the ever absent sage, his tricky Emma, and her very silly lover, Ernway, are dramatic creations which may probably be defended point by point; but, for all that, they do not look like real men and women. As to his monks, the satellites of Dunstan, it may be said that they could not have been correctly drawn if they had borne the appearance of being real men. We do not like them notwithstanding.

In the edition which lies before us, bound up with *Edwin the Fair* is the republication of an early drama, *Isaac Comnenus*. It excited, we are told in the preface, little attention in its first appearance. We ourselves never saw it till very lately. Though inferior to his subsequent productions, it is not without considerable merit, but it will probably gather its chief interest as the forerunner of *Philip Van Artevelde*, and from the place it will occupy in the history of the author's mind. A first performance, which was allowed to pass unnoticed by the public, might be expected to be altogether different in kind from its fortunate successors. The author, in his advance out of obscurity into the full light of success, might be supposed to have thrown aside his first habits of thought and expression. It is not so here. We have much the same style, and there is the same combination of shrewd observation with a philosophic melancholy, the same gravity, and the same sarcasm. It is curious to notice how plainly there is the germ of *Philip Van Artevelde* in *Isaac Comnenus*. The hero of Ghent is far more sagacious, more serious, and more tender; but he looks on life with a lingering irony, and a calm cyni-

cism: to him it is a sad and disenchanted vision. In *Isaac Comnenus* the same elements are combined in a somewhat different proportion: there is more of the irony and a more bitter cynicism; less of the grave tenderness and the practical sagacity. Artevelde is Isaac Comnenus living over life again—the same man, but with the advantage of a life's experience. Indeed Artevelde, if we may venture to jest with so grave a personage, has something of the air of one who had been in the world before, who was not walking along its paths for the first time: he treads with so sure a foot-step, and seems to have no questions to ask, and nothing to learn of experience.

Happily it has not been necessary hitherto to say a word about the plot of Mr Taylor's dramas. This of *Isaac Comnenus*, being less known, may require a word of preliminary introduction. The scene is laid at Constantinople, at the close of the eleventh century: Nicephorus is the reigning emperor. We may call to mind that the government of the Byzantine monarchy, for a long time, maintained this honourable peculiarity, that, though in form a despotism, the emperor was expected to administer the law as it had descended to it from the genius of Rome. Dynasties changed, but the government remained substantially the same. It was an Oriental despotism with a European administration. Whilst, therefore, we have in the play before us a prince dethroned, and a revolution accomplished, we hear nothing of liberty and oppression, the cause of freedom, and the usual topics of patriotic conspiracy. The brothers Isaac and Alexius Comnenus are simply too powerful to be trusted as subjects; an attempt has been already made to poison the elder brother Isaac, the hero of the drama. He finds himself in a manner constrained to push forward to the throne, as his only place of safety. This ambitious course is thrust upon him. Meanwhile he enters on it with no soft-heartedness. He takes up his part, and goes bravely through with it; bravely, but coldly—with a sneer on his lip. With the church, too, he has contrived to make himself extremely unpopular,

and the Patriarch is still more rancorously opposed to him than the Emperor.

Before we become acquainted with him, he has loved and lost by death his gentle *Irene*. This renders the game of ambition still more contemptible in his eyes. It renders him cold also to the love of a certain fair cousin, Anna Comnena. Love, or ambition, approaches him also in the person of Theodora, the daughter of the emperor. She is willing to desert her father's cause, and ally herself and all her hopes to Isaac Comnenus. Comnenus declines her love. The rejected Theodora brings about the catastrophe of the piece. The Emperor Nicephorus is deposed; Isaac is conqueror in the strife, but he gives over the crown he has won to his brother Alexius. Then does Theodora present herself disguised as some humble petitioner to Isaac Comnenus. Armed with a dagger, she forces her way into an inner chamber where he is; a groan is heard, and the following stage direction closes the play—*"All rush into the inner chamber, whilst Theodora, passing out from it, crosses the stage, holding in her hand a dagger covered with blood. The curtain falls."*

This scanty outline will be sufficient to make the following characteristic quotations intelligible to those who may not have read the play. Eudocia, his sister, thus describes Comnenus:—

—*"If I*

*Is nothing new to dangers nor to life—  
His thirty years on him have nigh told double,  
Being doubly laden with the unlightsome  
stuff  
That life is made of. I have often thought  
How nature cheats this world in keeping  
count:  
There's some men pass for old men who  
ne'er lived—  
These monks, to wit: they count the time,  
not spend it;  
They reckon moments by the tick of beads,  
And ring the hours with psalmody: clocks,  
clocks;  
If one of these had gone a century,  
I would not say he'd lived. My brother's age  
Has spanned the matter of too many lives;  
He's full of years though young."*

Comnenus, we have said, is on ill terms with the church. Speaking of the sanctuary he says:—

*"I have a safer refuge. Mother church  
Hath no such holy precinct that my blood*

*Would not redeem all sin and sacrilege  
Of slaughter therewithin. But there's a spot  
Within the circle my good sword describes,  
Which by God's grace is sanctified for me."*

On quitting his cousin Anna, she says:—

*"Go, and good angels guard thee is my  
prayer."*

*Comnenus.*—Good soldiers, Anna. In the arm of flesh

*Are we to trust. The Mother of the God,  
Prolific Mother, holiest Mother church,  
Hath banded heaven upon the side opposed.  
No matter; when such supplicants as thou  
Pray for us, other angels need we none."*

It is plain that we have no dutiful son of the Church here; and that her hostility, in this instance, is not altogether without cause. We find that his scepticism has gone farther than to dispute the miraculous virtues of the holy image of St Basil, the eye of which he is reputed to have knocked out with his lance:—

*"Just as you came  
I moralised the matter of that charge  
Which theologians call how aptly, say—  
The quitting of a timent."*

And his moralising is overcast with the shadow of doubt. The addresses, for such they are, of Theodora, the daughter of the emperor, he receives and declines with the greatest calmness, though they are of that order which it is manifestly as dangerous to reject as to accept.

*"Germanus.* My noble lord, the Cæsars  
waits

*With infinite impatience to behold you:  
She bid me say so. Ah! most noble count!  
A fortunate man the sunshine is upon you  
Comnenus. Ay, sir, and wonderfully warm  
it makes me.*

*Tell her I'm coming sir, with speed."*

With speed, however, he does not go, nor makes a better excuse for his delay than that he was "sleeping out the noontide." In the first interview he escapes from her confidence, and when subsequently she will not be misunderstood, he says—

*"Nor now, nor ever,  
Will I make bargains for a lady's love."*

In a dialogue with his brother Alexius, his temper and way of thinking, and the circumstance which has mainly produced them, are more fully developed. We make a few extracts without attempting very closely to connect them. Alexius has been

remarking the change in Comnenus since they last met.

*Comnenus.* Change is youth's wonder :  
Such transmutations have I seen on man  
That fortune seemed a slow and steadfast power  
Compared with nature.

*Alexius.* There is nought thou'st seen  
More altered than art thou.  
I speak not of thy change in outward favour,  
But thou art changed in heart.

*Comnenus.* Ay, hearts change too :  
Mine has grown sprightly, has it not, and  
hard ?

I ride it now with spurs ; else, else, Alexius—  
Well is it said the best of life is childhood.  
Life is a banquet where the best's first served,  
And when the guest is cloyed comes oil and  
garlick.

*Alexius.* Hast thou forgotten how it was thy  
wont

To muse the hours away along this shore—  
These very rippled sands ?

*Comnenus.* The sands are here,  
But not the foot-prints. Wouldst thou trace  
them now ?

A thou-and tides and storms have dashed  
them out.

. . . . . I have no care for beauty.  
Seest thou yon rainbow based and glassed on  
ocean ?

I look on that as on a lovely thing,  
But not a thing of promise."

Comnenus has wandered with his  
brother unawares to a spot which of  
all others on earth was the most dear  
or the most painful to him—the spot  
where his Irene had been buried.  
He recognises it whilst he is in the  
full tide of his cynicism :—

*Alexius.* What is this carved upon the  
rock ?

*Comnenus.* I know not :  
But Time has ta'en it for a lover's scrawl ;  
He's razed it, razed it.

*Alexius.* No, not quite ; look here,  
I take it for a lover's.

*Comnenus.* What ! there's some talk  
Of balmy breath, and hearts pierced through  
and through

With eyes' miraculous brightness—vows ne'er  
broken,

Until the church had sealed them—chains  
loved madly,

Until it be a sin to love them not—  
And kisses ever sweet, till they be innocent --

But that your lover's not put down ?  
*Alexius.* No, none of it.

There are but two words.  
*Comnenus.* That's succinct ; what are they ?

*Alexius.* 'Alas, Irene !' Why thy looks  
are now --

Comnenus parries the question of  
his brother, contrives to dismiss him,  
and remains alone upon the spot.

"This is the very earth that covers her,  
And lo ! we trample it like common clay !

. . . . . When I last stood here  
Disguised, to see a lowly girl laid down  
Into her early grave, there was such light  
As now doth show it, but a bleaker air,  
Seeing it was December. 'Tis most strange ;  
I can remember now each circumstance  
Which then I scarce was conscious of ; *like*  
*words*

*That leave upon the still susceptible sense*

*A message undelivered till the mind*

*Awakes to apprehensiveness and takes it.*

'Twas o'er—the muttered unattended rite,  
And the few friends she had beside myself  
Had risen and gone ; I had not knelt, but  
stood

With a dull gaze of stupor as the mould  
Was shovelled over, and the broken sods  
Pitted together. Then some idle boys,  
Who had assisted at the covering in,  
Ran off in sport, trailing the shovels with  
them.

Rattling upon the gravel ; and the sexton  
Flattened the last sods down, and knocked  
his spade

Against a neighbouring tombstone to shake off  
The clinging soil,—with a contented air,  
Even as a ditcher who has done his work.

. . . . . Oh Christ !  
How that which was the life's life of our  
being

Can pass away, and we recall it thus ! "

Whilst reading this play of *Isaac Comnenus* we seemed to perceive a certain *Byronic* vein, which came upon us rather unexpectedly. Not that there is any very close resemblance between Comnenus and the heroes of Lord Byron : but there is a desperate wilfulness, a tone of scepticism, and a caustic view of human life, which occasionally recall them to mind. We turned to the preface to *Philip Van Artevelde*, where there is a criticism upon the poetry of Byron, not unjust in the faults it detects, but cold and severe, as it seems to us, in the praise that it awards ; and we found there an intimation which confirmed our suspicion that *Isaac Comnenus* had been written whilst still partially under the influence of that poetry—written in what we may describe as a transition state. He says there of Lord Byron's poetry, "It will always produce a powerful impression upon very young readers, and I scarcely think that it can have been more admired by any than myself, when I was included in that category." And have we not here some explanation of the severity and coldness of that criticism itself ? Did not the maturer intellect a little resent in that critical judgment the hallucinations of the youth ?

Perhaps we are hardly correct in calling the temper and spirit we have here alluded to *Byronic*; they are common to all ages and to many minds, though signally developed by that poet, and in our own epoch. Probably the future historian of this period of our literature will attribute much of this peculiar exhibition of bitterness and despondency to the sanguine hopes first excited and then disappointed by the French Revolution. He will probably say of certain regions of our literature, that the whole bears manifest traces of volcanic origin. Pointing to some noble eminence, which seems to have been eternally calm, he will conjecture that it owed its elevation to the same force which raised the neighbouring *Ætna*. Applying the not very happy language of geology, he may describe it as "a crater of elevation;" which, being interpreted, means no crater at all, but an elevation produced by the like volcanic agency: the crater itself is higher up in the same mountain range.

There still remains one other small volume of Mr Taylor's poetry, which we must not pass over entirely without mentioning. *The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems*. The chief piece here is of the nature of a dramatic scene. Harold, the night before the battle of Hastings, converses with his daughter, unfolds some passages of his past life, and vindicates himself in his quarrel with that William the Norman who, on the morrow, was to add the title of Conqueror to his name. But as it will be more agreeable to vary the nature of our quotations, we shall make the few extracts we have space for from the lyric poems which follow.

The "Lago Varese" will be, we suspect, the favourite with most readers. The image of the Italian girl is almost as distinctly reflected in the verse as it would have been in her own native lake.

"And sauntering up a circling cove,  
I found upon the strand  
A shallop, and a girl who strove  
To drag it to dry land.  
I stood to see—the girl looked round—her  
face,  
Had all her country's clear and definite graces.

"She rested with the air of rest  
So seldom seen, of those  
Whose toil remitted gives a zest,  
Not languor, to repose.  
Her form was poised, yet buoyant, firm,  
though free,  
And liberal of her bright black eyes was she.

"The sunshine of the Southern face,  
At home we have it not;  
And if they be a reckless race,  
These Southerners, yet a lot  
More favoured, on the chequered earth is  
theirs;  
They have life's sorrows, but escape its cares.

"There is a smile which wit extorts  
From grave and learned men,  
In whose austere and servile sports  
The plaything is a pen;  
And there are smiles by shallow worldlings  
worn,  
To grace a lie or laugh a truth to scorn:

"And there are smiles with less alloy  
Of those who, for the sake  
Of some they loved, would kindle joy  
Which they cannot partake;  
But hers was of the kind which simply says,  
They came from hearts ungovernably gay."

The "Lago Lugano" is a companion picture, written "sixteen summers" after, and on a second visit to Italy. One thing we notice, that in this second poem almost all that is beautiful is brought from the social or political reflections of the writer: it is not the outward scene that lies reflected in the verse. He is thinking more of England than of Italy.

"Sore pains  
They take to set Ambition free, and bind  
The heart of man in c

And the best stanza in the poem is that which is directly devoted to his own country:—

"Oh, England! Merry England, styled of  
Yore!  
Where is thy mirth? Thy jocund  
laughter, wh  
The sweat of labour on the brow of care  
Make a mute answer—driven from every  
door!  
The May-pole cheers the village green no  
more,  
Nor harvest-home, nor Christmas mum-  
mers rare.  
The tired mechanic at his lecture sighs;  
And of the learned, which, with all his lore,  
Has leisure to be wise?"

With some verses from a poem called "St Helen's-Auckland" we close our extracts. The author revisits the home of his boyhood:—

"How much is changed of what I see,  
How much more changed am I,  
And yet how much is left—to me  
*How is the distant night!*"

"The walks are overgrown and wild,  
The terrace flags are green—  
But I am once again a child,  
I am what I have been."

"The sounds that round about me rise  
Are what none other hear;  
I see what meets no other eyes,  
Though mine are dim with tears."

"In every change of man's estate  
Are lights and guides allowed;  
The holy pillar will not wait,  
But, pointing, sends the cloud."

"Nor mourn I the less manly part  
Of life to leave behind  
My loss; but the lighter heart,  
My gain the greater find."

Poetry is no longer the most popular form of literature amongst us, and the drama is understood to be the least popular form of poetry. If this be the case, Mr Taylor has the additional merit of having won his way to celebrity under singular disadvantages. But, in truth, such poetry as Mr Taylor's could never appeal to the multitude. Literature of any kind which requires of the reader himself *to think in order to enjoy*, can never be popular. It is impossible to deny that the dramas we have been reviewing demand no effort, in the first instance, on the part of the reader; he must sit down to them with something of the spirit of the student. But, having done this, he will find himself amply repaid. As he advances in the work, he will read with increased pleasure; he will read it the second time with greater delight than the first; and if he were to live twenty years, and were to read such a drama as *Philip Van Artevelde* every year of his life, he would find in it some fresh source of interest to the last.

As we have not contented ourselves with selecting beautiful passages of writing from Mr Taylor's dramas, but have attempted such an analysis of the three principal characters they portray

as may send the reader to their reperusal with additional zest, so neither have we paused to dispute the propriety of particular parts, or to notice blemishes and defects. We would not have it understood that we admire all that Mr Taylor has written. Of whom could we say this? We think, for instance, that, throughout his dramas, from the first to the last, he treats the monks too coarsely. His portraiture borders upon farce. His Father John shows that he can do justice to the character of the intelligent and pious monk. Admitting that this character is rare, we believe that the extremely gross portraiture which we have elsewhere is almost equally rare. This last, however, is so frequently introduced, that it will pass with the reader as Mr Taylor's type of the monkish order. The monks could never have been more ignorant than the surrounding laity, and they were always something better in morals and in true piety. We are quite at a loss, too, to understand Mr Taylor's fondness for the introduction into his dramas of certain songs or ballads, which are not even intended to be poetical. To have made them so, he would probably contend, would have been a dramatic impropriety. Very well; but let us have as few of such things as may be, and as short as possible. In *Edwin the Fair* they are very numerous; and those which are introduced in *Philip Van Artevelde* we could gladly dispense with. We could also very willingly have dispensed with the conversation of those burghesses of Bruges who entertained the Earl of Flanders with some of these ballads. We agree with the Earl, that their hospitalities are a sore affliction. Tediousness may be very dramatic, but it is tediousness still—a truth which our writer, intent on the delineations of his character, sometimes forgets. But defects like these it is sufficient merely to have hinted at. That criticism must be very long and ample indeed, of the dramas of Mr Taylor, in which they ought to occupy any considerable space.

## A LEGEND OF GIBRALTAR.

## CHAPTER I.

THE Governor's residence at Gibraltar was, in days of Spanish domination, a religious house, and still retains the name of the Convent. Two sides of a long quadrangular gallery, traversing the interior of the building, are hung with portraits of officers present at the great siege in 1779-83, executed in a style which proves that Pre-Raphaelite painters existed in those days. One of these portraits represents my grandfather. To judge from a painting of him by Sir Joshua, and a small miniature likeness, both still in possession of the family, he must have been rather a good-looking old gentleman, with an affable, soldier-like air, and very respectable features. The portrait at the Convent is doubtless a strong likeness, but by no means so flattering; it represents him much as he might have appeared in life, if looked at through a cheap opera-glass. A full inch has been abstracted from his forehead, and added to his chin; the bold nose has become a great promontory in the midst of the level countenance; the eyes have gained in ferocity what they have lost in speculation, and would, indeed, go far to convey a disagreeable impression of my ancestor's character, but for the inflexible smile of the mouth. Altogether, the grimness of the air, the buckram rigidity of figure, and the uncompromising hardness of his shirt-frill and the curls of his wig, are such as are to be met with in few works of art, besides the figure-heads of vessels, the signboards of country inns, and the happiest efforts of Messrs Millais and Hunt.

However, my grandfather is no worse off than his compeers. Not far from this one is another larger painting, representing a council of officers held during the siege, where, notwithstanding the gravity of the occasion and the imminence of the danger, not a single face in the intrepid assembly wears the slightest expression of anxiety or fear, or, indeed, of

anything else; and though my progenitor, in addition to the graces of the other portrait, is here depicted with a squint, yet he is by no means the most ill-looking individual present. But the illustrious governor, Elliott, has suffered more than anybody at the hands of the artist. Besides figuring in the production aforesaid, a statue of him stands in the Alameda, carved in some sort of wood, unluckily for him, of a durable nature. The features are of a very elevated cast, especially the nose; the little legs seem by no means equal to the task of sustaining the enormous cocked-hat; and the bearing is so excessively military, that it has been found necessary to prop the great commander from behind to prevent him from falling backwards.

My grandfather, John Flinders, joined the garrison of Gibraltar as a major of infantry a few years before the siege. He was then forty-seven years of age, and up to that time had remained one of the most determined old bachelors that ever existed. Not that he ever declaimed against matrimony in the style of some of our young moderns, who fancy themselves too strong-minded to marry; the truth being that they remain single either because they have not been gifted by nature with tastes sufficiently strong to Eke one woman better than another, or else, because no woman ever took the trouble to lay siege to them. My grandfather had never married, simply, I believe, because matrimony had never entered his head. He seldom ventured, of his own choice, into ladies' society, but, when he did, no man was more emphatically gallant to the sex. One after one, he saw his old friends abandoning the irresponsible ease of bachelorhood for the cares of wedded life; but while he duly congratulated them on their felicity, and officiated as godfather to their progeny, he never seemed to anticipate a similar destiny for himself. All his habits showed that he had been too long

accustomed to single harness to go cleverly as one of a pair. He had particular hours of rising, and going to bed; of riding out and returning; of settling himself down for the evening to a book and pipe, which the presence of a helpmate would have materially deranged. And therefore, without holding any Malthusian tenets, without pitying his Benedick acquaintances, or entertaining a thought of the sex which would have been in the least degree derogatory to the character of a De Coverley, his castles in the air were never tenanted by any of his own posterity.

It was fortunate for my grandfather that in his time people did not suffer so much as now from that chronic inflammation of the conscience, which renders them perfectly miserable unless they are engaged in some tangible pursuit—"improving their minds," or "adding to the general stock of information." A more useless, contented person never existed. He never made even a show of employing himself profitably, and never complained of weariness in maintaining the monotonous jog-trot of his simple daily life. He read a good deal, certainly, but it was not to improve his mind, only to amuse himself. Strong-minded books, to stimulate his thinking faculties, would have had no charms for him; he would as soon have thought of getting galvanised for the pleasure of looking at his muscles. And I don't know whether it was not just as well. In systematically cultivating his mind, he would merely have been laying a top-dressing on a thin soil manuring where there would never have been a crop—and some pleasant old weeds would have been pulled up in the process. A green thistle common, even though a goose could hardly find sustenance there, is nature still, which can hardly be said of a patch of earth covered with guano.

So my grandfather went on enjoying himself without remorse after his own fashion, and never troubled himself to think—an operation that would have been inconvenient to himself, and productive of no great results to the world. He transplanted his English habits to Gibraltar; and, after being two years there, knew nothing

more of Spain or Spaniards than the view of the Adalucian hills from the Rock, and a short constitutional daily ride along the beach beyond the Spanish lines, to promote appetite and digestion, afforded him. And so he might have continued to vegetate during the remainder of his service there, but for a new acquaintance that he made about this time.

Frank Owen, commonly called Garry Owen by his familiars, was one of those joyous spirits whose pleasant faces and engaging manners serve as a perpetual act of indemnity for all breaches of decorum, and trespasses over social and conventional fences, committed by them in the gaiety of their hearts. In reproofing his many derelictions of military duty, the grim colonel of the regiment would insensibly exchange his habitual tone of severe displeasure for one of mild remonstrance—influenced, probably, quite as much, in secret, by the popularity of the unrepentant offender, as by any personal regard for him. Captain Hedgehog, who had shot a man through the heart for corking his face one night when he was drunk, and all contact with whose detonating points of honour was as carefully avoided by his acquaintance as if they had been the wires of a spring-gun, sustained Garry's reckless personalities with a sort of warning growl utterly thrown away upon the imperturbable wag, who would still persist, in the innocence of his heart, in playing round the den of this military cockatrice. And three months after his arrival in Gibraltar, being one day detected by a fierce old Spanish lady in the very act of kissing her daughter behind the little señorita's great painted fan, his good-humoured impudence converted the impending storm into a mild drizzle of reproof, ending in his complete restoration to favour.

This youth had brought with him from England a letter from his mother, a widow lady, an old friend of my grandfather, who had some thirty years before held with her a juvenile flirtation. It recommended to his protection her son Frank, about to join the regiment as an ensign, pathetically enlarging on the various excellencies, domestic and religious, which



shone forth conspicuously in the youth's character, and of the comfort of contemplating and superintending which she was about to be deprived. In fact, it had led my grandfather to expect a youth of extreme docility and modesty, requiring a protector rather to embolden than to restrain him. After in vain attempting to espy in his young acquaintance any of the characteristics ascribed to him in his mother's letter, the Major, naturally good-natured and accessible to his youthful comrades, very soon suffered himself to be influenced by the good-humour, vigorous vitality, and careless cleverness of the Ensign, to an extent that caused him sometimes to wonder secretly at his own transformation. His retired habits were broken in upon, one after the other, till he had scarcely a secluded hour in his sixteen waking ones to enjoy alone his book and his pipe. His peaceful quarters, silent, in general, as a monk's cell, would now be invaded at all sorts of hours by the jovial Garry, followed by the admiring satellites who usually revolved around him; and the Major, with a sound between a groan and a chuckle, would close his well-beloved volume to listen to the facetious details of, and sometimes to participate in, the ungenerous freaks of the humorous subaltern. Once he had actually consented, at about the hour he usually went to bed, to accompany the youth to a Carnival ball—one of a series of entertainments at which the Catholic youth of the city are wont to indemnify themselves for the mortifications of Lent, and where masks, dominoes, and fancy dresses lend their aid to defeat the vigilance of the lynx-eyed duennas and mammas who look anxiously on, perfectly aware, in general, that their own watchfulness is more to be relied on for nipping in the bud an indiscreet amour, than any innate iciness of temperament or austere propriety in the objects of their care. Not only did the Major mingle in the scene, but he actually, about midnight, found himself figuring in a cotillon with a well-developed señorita of thirteen years, whose glances and deportment showed a precocious proficiency in the arts of flirtation. At this ball Garry had become enamoured

beyond all former passions (and they were numerous and inconstant, in general, as if he had been a Grand Turk) of one of his partners, a young Spanish lady. Her graceful figure and motions in the dance had at first captivated him—and when, after dancing with her himself, his eloquent entreaties, delivered in indifferent Spanish, had prevailed on her to lift her mask for one coy moment, the vision of eyes and eyebrows, the common beauties of a Spanish countenance, and the clear rosy complexion, a much more rare perfection, then revealed, had accomplished the utter subjugation of his errant fancy. She had vanished from the ball silently and irremediably, as a houri of Paradise from the awakening eyes of an opium-eating Pacha; and all his attempts to trace her, continued unceasingly for a couple of months afterwards, had proved in vain.

One morning my grandfather was seated at breakfast in the verandah of his quarters, situated high up the rock above the town. Below him lay the roofs, terraced and balconied, and populous with cats, for whose convenience the little flat stone squares at the top of most of the houses appeared to have been devised. Tall towers called mirandas shot up at intervals, from whose summits the half-baked inhabitants, pent within close walls and streets, might catch refreshing glimpses of the blue sea and the hills of Spain—conveniences destined soon afterwards to be ruined by the enemy's fire, or pulled down to avoid attracting it, and never rebuilt. Beyond the white sunny ridge of the line wall came the sharp edge of the bay, rising in high perspective to the purple coast of Spain opposite, which was sprinkled with buildings white as the sails that dotted the water. My grandfather was in a state of great sensual enjoyment, sniffing up the odour of the large geranium bushes that grew in clumps in the little garden in front, and the roses that twined thickly round the trellis of the vine-roofed verandah; sipping thick creamy Spanish chocolate between the mouthfuls of red mullet, broiled in white paper, the flavour of which he was diligently comparing with that of some specimens of the same fish which

he remembered to have eaten in his youth in Devonshire; and glancing sideways over the cup at an open volume of Shakspeare, leaned slopingly on the edge of a plate of black figs bursting with ripeness, like trunk hose slashed with crimson. The Major was none of your skimming readers, who glance through a work of art as if it were a newspaper—measure, weigh it, and deliver a critical opinion on it, before the more reverential student has extricated himself from the toils of the first act or opening chapter: not he; he read every word, and affixed a meaning, right or wrong, to all the hard, obsolete ones. The dramatic fitness of the characters was not to be questioned by him, any more than that of the authentic personages of history. He would reason on their acts and proceedings as on those of his own intimate acquaintances. He never could account for Hamlet's madness otherwise than by supposing the Prince must have, some time or other, got an ugly rap on the head—let fall, perhaps, when a baby, by a gin-drinking nurse—producing, as in some persons he had himself from time to time been acquainted with, a temporary aberration of the wits • a piece of original criticism that has not occurred to any of the other commentators on this much-discussed point. Of Iago he has recorded an opinion in an old note-book still extant, where his observations appear in indifferent orthography, and ink yellow with age, that he was a cursed scoundrel—an opinion delivered with all the emphasis of an original detector of crime, anxious that full though tardy justice should be done to the delinquent's memory. But his great favourite was Falstaff: "A wonderful clever fellow, sir," he would say, "and no more a coward than you or I, sir."

My grandfather proceeded slowly with his meal, holding the cup to his lips with one hand and turning a leaf with the other—an operation which he was delaying till a great mosquito-hawk, (a beautiful brown moth mottled like a pheasant,) that had settled on the page, should think proper to take flight. He had lately come from a parade, as was evidenced by his regimental leather breeches and laced red waistcoat; but a chintz dressing-gown

and a pair of yellow Moorish slippers softened down the warlike tone of these garments to one more congenial with his peaceable and festive pursuits. Presently the garden door opened, and a well-known step ascended to the verandah. Frank Owen, dressed in a cool Spanish costume, advanced, and stopping three paces from the Major, took off his tufted *sombrero* and made a low bow.

"You are the picture, my dear sir," he said, "of serene enjoyment slightly tinged with sensuality. But how long, may I ask, have you taken to breakfasting on spiders?"—pointing, as he took a chair opposite the Major, at an immense red-spotted one that had dropt from the ceiling on the morsel my grandfather was in the act of conveying to his mouth.

The Major tenderly removed the insect by a leg.

"'Tis the worst of these *al-fresco* meals, Frank," said he. "Yesterday I cut a green lizard in two that had got on my plate, mistaking him for a bit of salad—being, as usual, more intent on my book than my food—and had very near swallowed the tail-half of the unfortunate animal."

"There are worse things than lizards in the world," quoth Garry. "Ants, I should say, were certainly less wholesome"—and he directed the Major's attention to a long black line of those interesting creatures issuing from a hole in the pavement, passing in an unbroken series up my ancestor's left leg, the foot of which rested on the ground, then traversing the cloth, and terminating at the loaf, the object of their expedition.

"Bless me," said the Major, as he rose and shook his breeches gently free from the marauders, "I must be more careful, or I shall chance to do myself a mischief. But they're worst at night. I've been obliged to leave off reading here in the evenings, for it went to my heart to see the moths scorching their pretty gauzy wings in the candle till the wicks were half-choked with them."

"Do you know, Major," said Owen, gravely, "that either this insect diet, or the sedentary life you lead, is making you quite fat, and utterly destroying the symmetry of your figure? In another week there will be one

unbroken line of rotundity from your chin to your knees."

My grandfather glanced downward at his waistcoat. "No, my boy, no," said he; "if there had been any difference, I should have known it by my clothes. I don't think I've gained a pound this twelvemonth."

"More than a stone," quoth Garry. "We all remarked it on parade to-day—and remarked it with sorrow. Now, look you, a sea voyage is the very thing to restore your true proportions, and I propose that we shall take a short one together."

"A sea voyage!" quoth my grandfather; "the boy is mad! Not if all the wonders seen by Sinbad the Sailor lay within a day's sail. Did I not suffer enough coming here from England? I don't think," said my grandfather with considerable pathos, "that my digestion has ever been quite right to this day."

"'Sick of a calm,' eh?—Like your friend Mistress Tearsheet," said the youngster. "But I've settled it all, and count on you. Look here," he continued, drawing from his pocket a large printed bill, and unfolding it before my ancestor. At the top appeared in large capitals the words, "Plaza de Toros;" and underneath was a woodcut representing a bull, of whose sex there could be no doubt, gazing, with his tail in the air, and an approving smile on his countenance, on the matadore about to transfix him. Then followed a glowing account in Spanish of the delights of a great bull-fight shortly to take place at Cadiz, setting forth the ferocity of the bulls, the number of horses that might be expected to die in the arena, and the fame of the picadores and espadas who were then and there to exhibit.

The Major shook his head—the captivizing prospectus had no charms for him: he had not, as I have before said, an inquiring mind, and habit was so strong in him that a change was like the dislocation of a joint. The Ensign proceeded to paint the delights of the excursion in the brightest colours he could command. They were to go to Cadiz in a boat which he had lately bought—she was a capital sailer—there was a half-deck forward, under which the Major might sleep as comfortably as

in his own bed—a cooking apparatus, (and here, as he expatiated on the grills and stews and devils that were to be cooked and eaten, with the additional stimulus to appetite afforded by sea air, there was a spark of relenting in my grandfather's eye.) "You shall return," said the tempter, "with a digestion so completely renovated, that my name shall rise to your tongue at each meal as a grace before meat, and a thanksgiving after it; and as to sea-sickness, why, this Levanter will take us there in twelve hours, so smoothly that you may balance a straw upon your nose the whole way." Finally, the cunning Ensign laid before him an application for leave already made out, and only awaiting his signature.

My grandfather made some feeble objections, which Owen pooh-poohed in his usual off-hand fashion. "There was no standing against the youngster's strong will, that, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all opposition, and at five o'clock that same evening the Major found himself proceeding through the town towards the Waterport for embarkation, by no means fully reconciled to the abandonment of his beloved Lares. My luckless grandfather! did no presentiment warn you of a consequence then hanging in the clouds, that was to change utterly for you the untroubled aspect of those household gods?"

Owen had attired himself for the trip in a half-nautical costume—a shirt of light-blue flannel, fastened at the collar with a smart bandana, a blue jacket, loose duck trousers, and a montero cap, which costume became the puppy well enough. He seemed of this opinion himself, as he walked gaily along beside the Major: so did the black-eyed occupants of many houses on each side, who peeped forth smilingly from behind their green lattices, sometimes nodding and kissing their hands—for the Ensign had an incredible acquaintance with the budding and full-blown portion of the population of Gibraltar. The Major had stuck to his buckskins, (which stuck to him in return,) over which he had drawn a pair of jack-boots, and wore his red-laced coat and regimental hat—for in those days that passion for mufti, now so

prevalent in the army, did not exist. Whenever he caught sight of any of the greetings bestowed from the windows, he would take off his laced hat, and, fixing his eyes on the tittering señorita, who generally let fall the lattice with a slam, would make her a low bow—and, after each of these acts of courtesy, my grandfather walked on more elated than before.

They passed the drawbridge at Waterport, and, struggling through the crowd of Turks, Jews, infidels, and heretics, who usually throng the quay, entered a shore-boat that was to row them out to where Owen's vessel—the *Fair Unknown*, as he had christened her, in memory of his un-forgotten partner at the Carnival ball—lay moored. In her they found a sailor who was to accompany them on their voyage—a noted contrabandista, called Francisco, whose friendship Owen had lately acquired, and who acted as his lieutenant on his marine excursions. The boat was a neat affair—a small cutter, smartly painted, well found, and capable of holding several persons comfortably; and Francisco was a ruddy, portly, dark-skinned, large-whiskered son of the sea, the picture of good-humour. My grandfather stepped in, in his jack-boots. There was much settling of carpet-bags and stowing of provisions in the lockers, and then they hoisted sail, and glided smoothly out from among the shipping into the bay.

The breeze was light and fair, and they went on, as Frank had promised, pleasantly enough. My grandfather for the first time surveyed the scene of his two years' residence from the sea. The grey old rock looked mellow in the evening light, as an elderly gentleman over his wine—the window-panes glanced ruddily, the walls gleamed whitely, and the trees were tinted with a yellower green; behind, in the eastern sky, floated one single purple cloud. As the objects became confused in the distance, the sharp rugged outline of the rock assumed the appearance that has caused the Spaniards to call it *El Cuerpo*—the appearance of a vast human body laid out on its back, and covered with a winding-sheet, like a dead Titan on his funeral pile—the head towards Spain, the chest arched at Middle

Hill, the legs rising gently upward to the knees at O'Hara's Tower, and then sloping down till the feet rest on Europa. The sun went down as they rounded Cabrita Point, and the breeze, freshening, took them swiftly along under the huge hills that rise abruptly upward from the Spanish coast. Then Francisco, lighting a charcoal fire, placed thereon, in a frying-pan, tender steaks thickly strewn with sliced tomatas and onions, from whence arose a steam that brought tears of gratitude and delight into my grandfather's eyes. He anxiously watched the cooking—even threw out slight suggestions, such as another pinch of pepper, an additional onion, a slight dash of cayenne, and the like; and then, settling a plate firmly on the knees of his jack-boots, with a piece of bread and a cup by his side, and a knife and fork pointing upwards in his hands like lightning conductors, gazed cheerfully around him. And when Francisco, rising from his knees, where he had been blowing the charcoal fire, removed the hissing pan towards my grandfather's plate, transferring to it a liberal portion of the contents, the good man, gazing on the white and red streaks of vegetable relieved by the brown background of steak, and the whole picture swimming in a juicy atmosphere of gravy, felt sentiments of positive friendship towards that lawless individual, and, filling a bumper of Xerez, drank success to the voyage.

Three times was my grandfather's plate replenished from the thrice-filled pan. Afterwards he dallied a little with a cold pie, followed by a bit of cheese for digestion. Then, folding his hands across his stomach, he expressed his sincere opinion, that he had never tasted anything so good as that steak; and when Owen placed in his hand a smoking can of grog, he looked on the young man with a truly paternal eye. He talked complacently and benevolently, as men do who have dined well—praised the weather, the boat, the scene—and wondered where a man was going who rode slowly along a mountain-path above them, within hail, following him, in imagination, to his home, in a sort of dreamy contentment.

After a second can he began to grow drowsy, and, just aware that Owen said the breeze was still freshening, retired to the soft mattress spread for him under the half-deck, and replacing his cocked hat by a red nightcap, slept till morning.

It was broad daylight when he woke, conscious that for an hour or two past he had been sleeping most uneasily. There was a violent swinging motion, a rushing of wind and of water, that confused him extremely; and, forgetting where he was, he nearly fractured his skull by rising suddenly into a sitting posture. Steadying himself on his hands, in the posture of the Dying Gladiator, he slewed himself round on the pivot of his stern, and protruded his powdered head, like an old beaver, out of his hole. Owen and Francisco were sitting in a pool of water, trying to shelter themselves under the weather-side of the boat—dripping wet, and breakfasting on cold potatoes and fragments of meat left from last night's meal. My grandfather did not like the appearance of things at all. Rent in twain by horrible quads, he inquired feebly of Owen if they were near Cadiz? Frank, in reply, shook his head, and said they were at anchor. Then my grandfather, making a vigorous effort, emerged completely from his place of repose, and, rising to his feet, looked over the gunwale. The scene he beheld was in dreary contrast to that of the evening before. Ridges of white foam were all around—ahead was a long low line of sandy coast, terminating in a point of rock whereon stood a lighthouse; and to leeward the bay was enclosed by steep hills. Over the low coast-line the wind blew with steady violence. A bright sun rather increased the dreariness of the prospect, which was suddenly closed to my grandfather by a shower of spray, that blinded him, and drenched him to the skin, converting his jack-boots into buckets. The wind had increased to a gale during the night, and they had been forced to take precarious shelter in the harbour of Tarifa. The Major did not venture on a second peep, but sat, dismally wet and sea-sick, the whole morning, trying to shelter himself as he best could. Once, a man came down to the beach,

and gesticulated like a scaramouch, screaming also at the same time; but what his gestures and screams signified nobody on board could tell. At length, as the gale did not moderate, while their position increased in discomfort, and was also becoming precarious, (for one of their anchors was gone, and great fears were entertained for the other,) Owen and Francisco decided to weigh, and stand in for the shore, trusting to the smuggler's seamanship for a safe run. The Major, in spite of his sickness, stood up and pulled gallantly at the cable, the wind blowing his pigtail and skirts perpendicularly out from his person. At last, after tremendous tugging, the anchor came up. The jib was hoisted with a reef in it, Owen holding the sheet, while the smuggler ran aft and took the helm. They bent over to the gale, till the Major stood almost perpendicularly on the lee gunwale, with his back against the weather-side, and ran in till he thought they were going to bump ashore; then tacking, they stood up along the coast, close to the wind, till Francisco gave the word. Owen let go the sheet, and the jib fluttered loosely out as they ran through a narrow passage into smooth water behind the sea-wall, and made fast to a flight of steps.

Presently some functionary appertaining to the harbour appeared, and with him an emissary from the Governor of the place, who, aware of their plight, had civilly sent to offer assistance. The messenger was the same man who had made signals to them from the beach in the morning; and he seemed to think it advisable that they should wait on the Governor in person, saying that he was always disposed to be civil to British officers. This advice they resolved to act upon at once, before it should grow dark, foreseeing that, in case of their detention from bad weather in Tarifa, the Governor might prove a potent auxiliary. The Major would have wished to make some little alterations in his toilette, after his late disasters; but, after trying in vain to pull off his jack-boots, which clung to him like his skin, he was obliged to abandon the idea, and contented himself with standing on his head to let the water run out of them. As they advanced

along the causeway leading to the town, (the point where they landed is connected with the town by a long narrow sandy isthmus,) the gale swept over them volumes of sand, which, sticking to my grandfather's wet uniform, gave him somewhat the appearance of a brick-wall partially rough-cast. His beard was of two days' growth—his hair-powder was converted into green paste by the seawater—and his whole appearance travel-stained and deplorable. Nevertheless his dignity by no means forsook him, as they traversed the narrow alleys of the ancient town of Tarifa, on their way to the approaching interview.

His excellency Don Pablo Dotto, a wonderfully fat little man, received them very courteously. He was a Spaniard of the old school, and returned the stately greeting of my grandfather, and the easy one of the Ensign, with such a profusion of bows, that for the space of a minute they saw little more of his person than the shining baldness on the top of his head. Then they were presented to his wife, a good-natured, motherly sort of old lady, who seemed to compassionate them much. But, while Owen was explaining to her the object of their trip, and its disastrous interruption, he suddenly stopped, open-mouthed, and blushing violently, with his gaze directed towards the open door of a neighbouring apartment. There he beheld, advancing towards him, the Beauty of the Carnival ball.

The Governor's lady named her as "her daughter, the Señorita Juana." Spite of the different dress and circumstances, she, too, recognised Frank, and coloured slightly as she came forward to receive his greeting. The Ensign, an impudent scamp enough in general, was, however, the more confused of the two; and his embarrassed salutation was entirely thrown

into the shade by the magnificence of my grandfather's bow. However, he presently recovered his assurance, and explained to the elder lady how he had previously enjoyed the pleasure (with a great stress upon the word) of making her daughter's acquaintance. Then he recounted to Juana the manner in which they had been driven in here, when on their way to Cadiz to see the bull-fight.

"We also are going to ride thither to-morrow," said the Señorita, softly.

"Ah, then, we shall meet there," said Frank, who presently after was seized with a fit of absence, and made incoherent replies. He was considering how they might travel together, and had almost resolved to offer to take the whole family to Cadiz in his boat—a proposal that would probably have somewhat astonished the little Governor, especially if he had seen the dimensions of the craft thus destined to accommodate himself and retinue. But Garry was an adept in manœuvring, and marched skillfully upon the point he had in view. He drew such a pathetic picture of the hardships they had endured on the voyage—their probable detention here for most of their short leave—their friendless condition, and their desire to see something of the country—that the little Governor was in a manner impelled (concealing all the time that the impulse sprang altogether from his own native benevolence,) to desire that the two forlorn Englishmen would travel to Cadiz under his escort. So it being settled entirely to Garry's satisfaction that they were to start next morning at break of day on horseback—an arrangement which my grandfather's total ignorance of Spanish prevented him from knowing anything about—they retired to the principal *fonda*, where the Major speedily forgot, over a tolerable dinner, the toils and perils of the voyage.

#### CHAPTER II.

Daybreak the next morning found them issuing forth from the ancient city of Tarifa on a couple of respectable-looking hacks, hired from the innkeeper. Frank had, with his accustomed generalship, managed to secure a position

at the off-rein of the Señorita Juana, who was mounted on a beautiful little white barb. Under her side-saddle, of green velvet saddled with gilt nails, was a Moorish saddle-cloth, striped with vivid red and white, and fringed

deeply. From the throat-lash of the bridle hung a long tassel, as an artificial auxiliary to the barb's tail in the task of keeping the flies off, further assisted by a tuft of white horse-hair attached to the butt of her whip. She wore a looped hat and white plume, a riding-skirt, and an embroidered jacket of blue cloth, fastened, as was the wrought bosom of her chemise, with small gold buttons. Frank could not keep his eyes off her, now riding off to the further side of the road to take in at once the whole of the beautiful vision, now coming close up to study it in its delightful details.

In front of the pair rode the little Governor, side by side with a Spaniard of about thirty, the long-betrothed lover of Juana—so long, in fact, that he did not trouble himself to secure his authority in a territory so undeniably his own, but smoked his cigar as coolly as if there were no good-looking Englishman within fifty miles of his mistress. He wore garments of the Spanish cut, made of nankeen—the jacket frogged with silver cords, tagged with little silver fishes—the latter appended, perhaps, as suitable companions to the frogs. A hundred yards ahead was an escort of four horse-soldiers with carbines on their thighs, their steel accoutrements flashing ruddily in the level sunlight. Behind Frank came Major Flinders, clean shaved, and with jack-boots and regimental coat restored to something like their pristine splendour; by his side rode another lady, the Señorita Carlota, Juana's aunt, somewhere about thirty years old, plump and merry, her upper lip fringed at the corners with a line of dark down, quite decided enough for a coronet of eighteen to be proud of—a feminine embellishment too common for remark in these southern regions, and, in the opinion of some connoisseurs, rather enhancing the beauty of the fair wearers. She talked incessantly, at first, to my grandfather, who did not understand a word she said, but whose native politeness prompted him to say, "Si, Señorita," to everything—sometimes laying at the same moment his hand on his heart, and bowing with considerable grace. Behind this pair came another interesting couple—viz., two servants on mules, with great

saddle-bags stuffed to extreme corpulence with provisions.

It was a glorious morning—a gentle breeze sweeping on their faces as they mounted the hills, but dying into silence in the deep valleys, fresh, and glistening with dew. Sometimes they rode along a rocky common, yellowed with a flowering shrub like furze—sometimes through unfenced fields—sometimes along broad plains, where patches of blossoming beans made the air rich with scent, and along which they galloped full speed, the Governor standing high in the stirrups of his demi-pique, the Señorita's white barb arching his neck till his muzzle touched his chest under the pressure of the long bit, and my grandfather prancing somewhat uneasily on his hard-mouthed Spanish entero, whose nose was, for the most part, projected horizontally in the air. The Major was not a first-rate seat—he rode with a long stirrup, his heel well down, his leg straight, and slanting a little forward, body upright, and elbows back, as may be seen in the plates to ancient works on equitation—a posture imposing enough, but not safe across country: galloping deranged it materially, for the steed was hard mouthed, and required a long, strong pull, with the body back; and a good purchase on the stirrups. The animal had a most voracious appetite, quite overcoming his sense of what was due to his rider; and, on seeing a tuft of juicy grass, down went his nose, drawing my grandfather, by means of the tight reins, well over the pommel. On these occasions, the Major, feeling resistance to be in vain, would sit looking easily about him, feigning to be absorbed in admiration of the prospect—which was all very well, where there was a prospect to look at, but wore a less plausible appearance when the animal paused in a hollow between two hedges, or ran his nose into a barn-door. But whenever this happened, Carlota, instead of half-smothering a laugh, as a mischievous English girl would, ten to one, have done, sat most patiently till the Major and his steed came to an understanding, and would greet him, as they moved on again, with a good-natured smile, that won her, each time, a higher place in his estimation.

Thus they proceeded till the sun rose high in the heavens, when, on reaching a grove on the edge of one of the plains, they halted under a huge cork-tree, near which ran a rivulet. The cavalcade dismounted—the horses were tethered, the mules disburthened of the saddle-bags, and the contents displayed under the tree; horse-cloths and cloaks were spread around on the ground and a fire of dry sticks was lit on the edge of the stream with such marvellous celerity that, before my grandfather had time to take more than a hasty survey of the catables, after seating himself on the root of a tree, a cup of steaming chocolate was placed in his hand.

"Confess, Major," said Garry, speaking with his mouth full of sausage, "that a man may lose some of the pleasures of existence by leading the life of a hermit. Don't you feel grateful to me for dragging you out of your cobweb to such a pleasant place as this?"

"'Tis an excellent breakfast," said my grandfather, who had just assisted the Señorita Carlota to a slice of turkey's breast, and him-self to an entire leg and thigh—dividing with her, at the same time, a crisp white loaf, having a handle like a teapot or smoothing-iron—"and my appetite is really very good. I should be perfectly easy if I could only understand the remarks of this very agreeable lady, and make suitable replies."

"Let me interpret your sentiments," said Garry; "and though I may not succeed in conveying them in their original force and poetry, yet they shall lose as little as possible in transmission. Just try me—what would you wish to say?"

"Why, really," said my grandfather, pondering, "I had a great many things to say as we came along, but they've gone out of my head. Do you think she ever read Shakspeare?"

"Not a chance of it," said Owen.

Here the Señorita laughingly appealed to Frank to know what my grandfather was saying about her.

"Ah," quoth my grandfather, quoting his friend Shakspeare—

"I understand thy looks—the pretty Spanish  
Which thou pourest down from these swelling  
beavens  
I am *not* perfect in —"

She's an extremely agreeable woman, Frank, I'll be sworn, if one only understood her," quoth my grandfather, casting on her a glance full of gallantry.

The Ensign was not so entirely occupied in prosecuting his own love affair as to be insensible to the facilities afforded him for amusing himself at the Major's expense. Accordingly, he made a speech in Spanish to Carlota, purporting to be a faithful translation of my grandfather's, but seeming, in fact, with the most romantic expressions of chivalrous admiration, as was apparent from the frequent recurrence of the words "ojos," (eyes,) "corazon," (heart,) and the like amatory currency.

"There, Major," said the interpreter, as he finished: "I've told her what you said of her."

The Major endorsed the compliments by laying his hand upon his heart, and bowing with a tender air. Whereupon Carlota, laughing, and blushing a deeper red, made her acknowledgments.

"She says," quoth Frank, "that she knew the English before to be a gallant nation; but that if all the caballeros (that's gentlemen) of that favoured race are equal to the present specimen, her own countrymen must be thrown entirely into the shade."

"Delightful!" cried my grandfather; but it is doubtful whether this expression of pleasure was called forth by the sentiments attributed to the Señorita, or by the crisp succulent tenderness of a mouthful of sucking-pig which was at that moment spreading itself over his palate.

Following up his idea, the mischievous Ensign continued to diversify the graver pursuit of prosecuting his own suit with Juana, by impressing Carlota and the Major with the idea that each was favourably impressed with the other. In this he was tolerably successful—the speeches he made to Carlota, supposed to originate with my grandfather, had a very genuine warmth about them, being, in fact, very often identical with those he had just been making, under immediate inspiration, to his own divinity; while as for the Major, it would have been an insult to the simplicity of that worthy man's nature to exert any



great ingenuity in deceiving him; it would have been like setting a trap for a snail. So they journeyed on, highly pleased with each other, and occasionally, in the absence of their faithful interpreter, conversed by

means of smiles and courteous gesticulations, till my grandfather felt entirely at his ease, and was almost sorry when on the evening of the second day they got to Cadiz.

A whole city full of people condensed into one broad amphitheatre, all bearing a national resemblance to each other in countenance and costume, all apparently animated by the same spirit—for nothing could be more unanimous than the applause which greeted a favourite smilingly crossing the arena, the abuse which overwhelmed an object offensive to the eye of the many-headed, or the ridicule which descended in a joyous uproarious flood on the hapless individual in whose appearance, dress, or manner, anything was detected calculated to appeal to the highly-sensitive risible faculty of a Spanish assembly:—a gay and picturesque mixture of colours, waving and tossing like a garden in a breeze, as the masses of white mantillas, heads black as coal, decorated with flowers and green leaves, red sashes, tufted sombreros, and yellow garters, with here and there a blue-and-white soldier standing stiffly up, were agitated by each new emotion—such was the scene that met the eyes of our travellers on entering the bull-ring at Cadiz before the sport commenced.

My grandfather had made his entry in spectacles—appendages highly provocative of the public mirth—and had looked wonderingly for a minute or two through the obnoxious glasses on a sea of faces upturned, sideturned, and downturned, all looking at him, and all shouting some indistinguishable chorus; while the men beat time, each with the long, forked, painted stick, without which no Spaniard possessing sentiments of propriety ever comes to a bull-fight, in a manner most embarrassing to a somewhat bashful stranger, till their attention was luckily diverted to an unhappy man in a white hat, in derision of whom they immediately sang a song, the burden of which was "*El de sombrero blanco*," (he of the white

hat.) the multitude conducting itself throughout like one man.

My grandfather and his friends occupied a distinguished position in a box high above the multitude, and near that of the *alcalde*. The *Señorita Juana* looked more lovely than ever in a white dress, over which flowed a white gauzy mantilla, giving a kind of misty indistinctness to the wavy outlines of her figure, and the warm tint of her neck and arms. From her masses of black hair peeped one spot of vivid white, a rosebud; and a green plummy leaf, a favourite ornament with Spanish girls, drooped, bending, and soft as a feather, on one side of her gold-and-tortoiseshell comb. The Major sat beside *Carlota*, who, naturally frank, and looking upon him now as an old acquaintance, would tap his arm most bewitchingly with her fan, when she wanted to direct his attention to any object of interest. So the Major sat by her, all gallantry and smiles, gazing about him with wonder through the double gold eyeglass, which still, in spite of the late expression of popular feeling, bestrid his nose. He looked with the interest of a child at everything—at the faces and cresces around him, distinct in their proximity, and at those, confused in their details by distance, on the opposite side of the arena. He shared in the distress of an unfortunate person (a contractor for bulls, who had palmed some bad ones on the public) who tried, as he walked conspicuously across the ring, to smile off a torrent of popular execration about as successfully as a lady might attempt to ward off Niagara with her parasol, and who was, as it were, washed out at an opposite door, drenched and sodden with jeers. And when the folding-gates were opened, and the gay procession entered, my grandfather gazed on it with delight, and shouted

"Bravo!" as enthusiastically as if he had been a habitual frequenter of bull-rings from his earliest youth. First came the *espadas* or *mata-dores*, their hair clubbed behind like a woman's, dressed in bright-coloured jackets, and breeches seamed with broad silver lace, white stockings, shoes fastened with immense rosettes, and having their waists girt with silk sashes, bearing on their arms the blood-coloured cloaks that were to lure the bull upon the sword-point. Next followed the *chulos*, similarly attired; then the *picadores*, riding stilly, with padded legs, on their doomed steeds; and mules, whose office it was to drag off the dead bulls and horses, harnessed three abreast as in classic chariots, and almost hidden under a mass of gay housings, closed the procession. Marching across the middle of the ring to the alcázar's box, they requested permission to begin, and, it being granted, the *picadores* stationed themselves at equal distances from each other round the circumference of the arena. Then, at a signal from the alcázar, two trumpeters in scarlet, behind him, stood up and sounded—a man, standing with his hand ready on a bolt in a door underneath, drew it, and pulled the door swiftly back, shutting himself into a niche, as the dark space thus opened was filled by the formidable figure of a bull, who, with glancing horns and tail erect, bounded out, and, looking around during one fierce brief pause, made straight at the first *picador*. The cavalier, standing straight in his stirrups, his lance tucked firmly under his arm, fixed the point fairly in the shoulder of the brute, who, never pausing for that, straightway up-et man and horse. Then my grandfather might be seen stretching far over the front of his box, his eyes staring on the prostrate *picador*, and his hands clenched above his head, while he shouted, "By the Lord, sir, he'll be killed!" And when a *chulo*, darting alongside, waved his cloak before the bull's eyes and lured him away, the Major, drawing a long breath, turned to a calm Spaniard beside him, and said, "By heaven, sir, 'twas the mercy of Providence!"—but the Spaniard, taking his cigar from his mouth, and expel-

ling the smoke through his nostrils, merely said, "*Bien está*," ('tis very well.) Meanwhile, the bull (who, like his predecessor in the china-shop, seemed to have it all his own way) had run his horn into the heart of a second horse, and the *picador*, perceiving from the shivering of the wounded creature that the hurt was mortal, dismounted in all haste, while the horse, giving one long, blundering stagger, fell over and died, and was immediately stript of his accoutrements. This my grandfather didn't like at all; but, seeing no kindred disgust in the faces round him, he nerved himself, considering that it was a soldier's business to look on wounds and death. He even beheld, with tolerable firmness, the spectacle of a horse dashing blindfold and riderless, and mad with fear and pain, against the barrier—rebounding whence to the earth with a broken shoulder, it was forced again on its three legs, and led stumbling from the ring. But when he saw another horse raised to its feet, and, all ript open as it was, spurred to a second assault, the Major, who hadn't the heart himself to hunt a fly, could stand it no longer, but, feeling unwell, retired precipitately from the scene. On reaching the door, he wrote over the sume, with a bit of chalk, part of the speech of Henry V., "the royal imp of fame," to his soldiers at Agincourt:—

"He that hath not stomach for the fight,  
Let him depart - -"

to the great astonishment of the two Spanish sentries, who gazed on the words as if they contained a magical spell.

Frank sat till it was over—"played out the play." Not that he saw much of the fight, however; he had eyes and speech for nothing but Juana, and was able to indulge his *penchant* without interruption, as the little Governor took great interest in the fight, and the lover with the silver fishes was a connoisseur in the sport, and laid bets on the number of horses that each particular bull would kill with great accuracy. So the Ensign had it all his own way, and, being by no means the sort of person to throw away this or any other opportunity with which fortune might favour him,

got on quite as well, probably, as you or I might have done in his place.

Leaving Cadiz next morning, they resumed the order of march they had adopted in coming—Don Pablo riding, as before, in front with the knight of the silver fishes, discussing with him the incidents of the bull-ringing. The old gentleman, though very courteous when addressing the two Englishmen, had but little to say to them—neither did he trouble himself to talk much to the ladies; and when he did, a sharp expression would sometimes slip out, convincing Owen that he was something of a domestic tyrant in private—a character by no means inconsistent with the blandest demeanour in public. The Ensign was at great pains to encourage the Major to be gracious to Carlota. “Get a little more tropical in your looks, Major,” he would say; “these Spanish ladies are not accustomed to frigid glances. She’s desperately in love with you—pity she can’t express what she feels; and she mightn’t like to trust an interpreter with her sentiments.”

“Pooh, nonsense, boy,” said the Major, colouring with pleasure, “she doesn’t care for an old fellow like me.”

“Doesn’t she?—see what her eyes say—that’s what I call ocular demonstration,” quoth the Ensign. “If you don’t return it, you’re a stock, a stone.” Then he would say something to Carlota, causing her eyes to sparkle, and canter on to rejoin Juana.

It was genial summer-time with Carlota—she had passed the age of maiden diffidence, without having attained that of soured and faded spinsterhood. She had a sort of jovial confidence in herself, and an easy demeanour towards the male sex, such as is seen in widows. These supposed advances of the Major were accordingly met by her rather more than half-way. None but the Major was permitted to assist her into the saddle, or to receive her plump form descending from it. None but the Major was beckoned to her rein when the path was broken and perilous, or caught on his protecting arm the pressure of her outstretched hand, when her steed stumbled over the loose pebbles. None was repaid for a slight courtesy by so many warm, confiding smiles as he.

These, following fast one on another, began to penetrate the rusty casing of the Major’s heart. On his own ground—that is, in his own quarters—he could have given battle, successfully, to a score of such insidious enemies: his books, his flowers, his pipe, his slippers, and a hundred other Penates would have encircled him; but here, with all his strong palisading of habit torn up and scattered, all his wonted trains of ideas upset and routed by the novelty of situation and scenery, he lay totally defenceless, and open to attack. The circumstance of himself and Carlota being ignorant of each other’s language, far from being an obstacle to their mutual good-will, rather favoured its progress. In company with an Englishwoman, in similar circumstances, my grandfather would have considered himself bound to entertain her with his conversation, and, perhaps, have spoiled all by trying to make himself agreeable—it would have been a tax on the patience of both: but being absolved from any such duty in the present instance, he could without awkwardness ride onward in full and silent communion with his own thoughts, and enjoy the pleasure of being smiled upon without being at any pains to earn it.

His note-book, containing an account of the expedition, which I have seen—and whence, indeed, the greater part of this chronicle is gathered—exhibits, at this period of the journey, sufficient proof that the Major enjoyed this new state of being extremely, and felt his intellect, his heart, and his stomach at once stimulated.

“Spain,” says my grandfather, in a compendious descriptive sentence, “is a country of garlicky odours, of dirty contentment, of overburthened donkeys, and of excellent pork; but a fine air in the hills, and the country much sweeter than the towns. The people don’t seem to know what comfort is, or cleanliness, but are nevertheless very contented in their ignorance. My saddle is bad, I think, for I dismounted very sore to-day. The Señorita mighty pleasant and gracious. I entertain a great regard for her—no doubt a sensible woman, as well as a handsome. A pig to-day at breakfast, the best I have tasted in Spain.”

The desultory style of the composition of these notes prevents me from quoting largely from them. Statistics, incidents of travel, philosophic reflections, and the state of his digestive organs, are all chronicled indiscriminately. But, from the above mixture of sentiments, it will be perceived that the Major's admiration for Carlota was of a sober nature, by no means ardent or Quixotic, and pretty much on a par with his passion for pig.

This was far from being the case with Garry, who became more and more enamoured every hour. The Spanish lover continued to conduct himself as if he had been married to Juana for twenty years, never troubling himself to be particularly agreeable or attentive, for which obliging conduct Garry felt very grateful to him. The Major had been too long accustomed to witness Owen's philanderings to see anything peculiar in the present case, till his attention was attracted by a little incident he accidentally witnessed. After the last halt they made before reaching Tarifa, Garry was, as usual,

at hand, to assist Juana to her saddle. The strings of her hat were untied, and he volunteered to fasten them; and, having done so, still retaining his hold of the strings, he glanced quickly around, and then drew her blooming face towards his own till their lips met—for which piece of impudence he only suffered the slight penalty of a gentle tap with her whip. My grandfather discreetly and modestly withdrew his eyes, but he was not the only observer. He of the silver fishes was regarding them with a fixed look from among some neighbouring trees, where he had tethered his horse. Probably the Spaniard, with all his indifference, thought this was carrying matters a little too far, for, after conversing a moment with the Governor, he took his place at Juana's side, and did not again quit it till they arrived at Tarifa. Then both he and the Governor took leave of our travellers with a cold civility, defying all Garry's attempts to thaw it, and seeming to forbid all prospect of a speedy renewal of the acquaintance.

#### CHAPTER IV.

At the inn, that night, the Major betook himself to rest early, that he might be ready to start for Gibraltar betimes in the morning, for on the following day their leave was to expire.

He had slept soundly for several hours, when he was awoken by Owen, who entered with a candle in his hand. The Major sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes.

"Time's up, my boy, eh?" said he, with a cavernous yawn. "I should have liked another hour of it, but it can't be helped," (preparing to turn out.)

"I don't want to spoil your rest last night," said Owen, seating himself on the edge of the bed, "so I said nothing about a mishap that has occurred. That smuggling villain, Francisco, took advantage of our absence to fetch a contraband cargo in the boat from Gibraltar, and has been caught in attempting to run it here."

"God bless me," said my grandfather, "who would have thought it!—and he such a capital cook! But what's to be done? where's the boat?"

"The boat is, for the present, confiscated," said Garry; "but I daresay the Governor would let us have it in the morning, on explaining, and perhaps release Francisco, with the loss of his cargo; but—in fact, Major, I don't want the Governor to know anything about our departure."

My grandfather stared at him, awaiting further explanation.

"Juana looked pale last night," said the Ensign after a pause.

The Major did not dispute the fact, though he could not, for the life of him, see what it had to do with the subject.

"She never liked that dingy Spanish lover of hers," said the Ensign, "and her father intends she shall marry him in a month. 'Twould make her miserable for life."

"Dear me," said my grandfather, "how do you know that?"

"She told me so. You see," said Owen, shading the candle with his hand, so that my grandfather couldn't see his face, and speaking hurriedly,

"I didn't intend we should start alone—in fact—that is—Juana has agreed to fly with me to Gibraltar."

"Agreed!—fly!"—gasped my grandsire: "what an extraordinary young fellow!"

"She's waiting for us now," resumed Garry, gathering courage after the first plunge into the subject; "we ought to be off before daylight. Oblige me, my dear sir," (smiling irresistibly,) "by getting up immediately."

"And how are we to get away," asked my grandfather, "supposing this insane scheme of yours to be attempted?"

"I've bribed the sentry at Francisco's place of durance," returned the Ensign. "We shall get out of the town the instant the gates are opened; and the boat is tied to the steps, as before, only under the charge of a sentry whom we can easily evade. Every guarda costa in the place was sent out last night to blockade a noted smuggler who has taken refuge in Tangier: so, once out, we are safe from pursuit: I found it all out after you had gone to bed."

The disposition of Major Flinders, as the reader knows, was the reverse of enterprising—he wouldn't have given a straw to be concerned in the finest adventure that ever happened in romance. He paused with one stocking on, inclined, like the little woman whose garments had been curtailed by the licentious shears of the pedlar, to doubt his own identity, and wondering if it could be really he, John Flinders, to whom such a proposition was broached, requiring him to assist in invading the peace of a family. As soon as he recovered his powers of speech, of which astonishment had for a moment deprived him, he began earnestly to dissuade the Ensign from the enterprise; but Owen knew his man too well, and had too much youthful vivacity of will to allow much time for remonstrance.

"Look you, Major," said he, "I'm positive I can't live without Juana. I'll make a bold stroke for a wife. The thing's settled—no going back now for me; and I shall go through with it with or without you. But you're not the man, I'm sure, to desert a fellow in extremity, at a time, too, when the ad-

vantages of your experience and coolness are so peculiarly needed. 'Call you that backing of your friends?'"

The compliment, or the quotation, or both, softened the Major. "'Would it were night, Hal, and all well,'" said he, half mechanically following the Falstaffian train of ideas Owen had artfully conjured up, and at the same time drawing on the breeches which that astute youth obsequiously handed to him.

It was still dark when they issued forth into the narrow and dingy streets of Tarifa. My grandfather, totally unaccustomed to visit the glimpses of the moon in this adventurous fashion, was full of strange fears—heard as many imaginary suspicious noises and voices as Bunyan's Pilgrim in the dark valley—and once or twice stopt abruptly and grasped Owen's arm, while he pointed to a spy dogging them in the distant gloom, who turned out to be a door-post. But Owen was now in his element: no town-cat in Tarifa was more familiar with house-tops and balconies at the witching hour than he, and he stepped gaily on. Presently they were challenged by a sentry, to whom Owen promptly advanced and slipped into his itching palm a doubloon, when the trust-worthy warrior immediately turned upon his heel, and, walking to the extremity of his post, looked with great vigilance in the opposite direction.

Owen advanced to a grated window and tapped. Immediately the burly face of Francisco showed itself thereat, his white teeth glancing merrily in a glimmer of moonshine. A bar, previously filed through, was removed from the window, and Owen, taking him by the collar to assist his egress, drew him through as far as the third button of his waistcoat, where he stuck for a moment; but the substance was elastic, and a lusty tug landed him in the middle of the narrow street. Receiving Frank's instructions, given in a hurried whisper, to go at once to where the boat lay, and cast her off, ready to shove off on the instant, he nodded and disappeared in the darkness, while Owen and the Major made for the Governor's house.

Arrived near it, Owen gave a low whistle—a peculiar one, that my grandfather remembered to have

heard him practising to Juana on the previous day—when, to the unutterable surprise of the Major, two veiled figures appeared on the balcony.

"Why, Owen, boy, d'yc see!" quoth the Major, stuttering with anxiety, "who can the other be?—her maid, eh?"—indistinct stage recollections of intriguing waiting-women dawning on him.

"Ahem!—why, you see, Major," whispered Owen, "she wouldn't come alone—couldn't manage it at all, in fact, without the knowledge of her aunt, who sleeps in the next room; so I persuaded Carlota to come too, and gave her a sort of half promise that *you would take care of her.*" Here, wishing to cut short a rather awkward explanation, he ran under the balcony—--one of the ladies dropped a cord—and Owen producing from under his coat a rope ladder, (he had sat up all night making it,) attached it, and, as soon as it was drawn up, ascended, motioning to my astounded grandfather to keep it steady below. The Major, after a moment's desperate half-resolve to make a hasty retreat from the perilous incidents which seemed momentarily to thicken round him, and leave his reckless friend to his fate, yielded to the force of circumstances, and did what was required of him. Then Owen lifted the ladies, one after the other, over the railing of the balcony, and they swiftly descended. First came Juana, who, scarcely touching the Major's offered hand, lit on the pavement like gossamer; then Carlota descended, and making, in her trepidation, a false step near the bottom, came so heavily on the Major, that they rolled together on the stones. By the time they were on their feet again, Owen had slipped down the ladder, and, taking Juana under his arm, set off rapidly towards the bay.

If anything could have added to the Major's discomfiture and embarrassment, it would have been the pressure of Carlota's arm on his, as she hung confidently on him—a pressure not proceeding from her weight only, but active, and with a meaning in it; but he was in that state of mental numbness from the successive shocks of astonishment, that, as with a soldier after the first two dozen, any

additional laceration passed unheeded. He was embarked in an adventure of which he could by no means see the end; all was strange and dark in the foreground of his future; and if he had been at that moment tried, cast, and condemned for an imaginary crime, he would have been too apathetic to say anything in arrest of judgment.

Silently and swiftly, as a forlorn hope, they passed through the town and along the sandy causeway. The succession of white rolling waves on their left, where extended the full breadth of the Straits, while the bay on their right was almost smooth, showed the wind to be still against them; but it was now so moderate that they might safely beat up for the Rock. Arrived at the head of the stairs leading to the water, they paused in the angle of the wall to reconnoitre. Francisco was lying coiled up in the head of the boat, his hand on the rope, ready to cast her loose, and the boat-hook projecting over the bow. Above them, and behind the wall, at a little distance, they could hear the measured tread of the sentry, and catch the gleam of his bayonet as he turned upon his walk: a few vigorous shoves would carry them outside the sea-wall and beyond his ken. All depended on their silence: and like two stealthy cats did Owen and Juana descend to the boat—the Major and Carlota watching the success of their attempt with protruded necks. Cautiously did Owen stride from the last stair to the deck—cautiously did he transfer Juana to the bark, and guide her aft. The Major was just preparing to follow, when a noise from the boat startled him: Juana had upset an unlucky wine-jar which Francisco had left there. The sentry put his head over the wall, and challenged; Francisco, starting up, shoved hastily off; the sentry fired his piece, his bullet shattering the wine-jar that had caused the mischief. Juana screamed, Owen swore in English, and Francisco surpassed him in Spanish. There was no time to return or wait for the other pair, for the guard was alarmed by the sentry's shot, and their accoutrements might be heard rattling near at hand, as they turned hastily out. Before they reached the

wall, however, the boat had disappeared.

Major Flinders watched it till it was out of sight, and, at first, experienced a feeling of despair at being thus deprived of the aid of Garry's boldness and promptitude, and left to his own resources. Presently, however, a gleam of comfort dawned upon him — perhaps Carlota would now abandon the enterprise, and he should thus, at any rate, be freed from the embarrassment her presence occasioned him. In this hope he was shortly undeceived. To have added the shame of failure and exposure to her present disappointment, while an opening to persevere still remained, did not suit that lady's ardent spirit; and whether it was that the unscrupulous Garry had really represented the Major as very much in love, or whether such an impression resulted from her own lively imagination, she certainly thought her companion would be as much chagrined at such a denouement as herself. She displayed a prompt decision in this emergency, being, indeed, as remarkable for presence as the Major was for absence of mind. Taking the Major's arm, she caused him swiftly to retrace his steps with her to the inn where he had slept. As they retreated, they heard the boom of a gun behind them, fired, doubtless, from the Point, at the Fair Unknown. At Carlota's orders, a couple of horses, one with a side-saddle, were speedily at the inn-door; they mounted, and, before the sun was yet risen, had issued forth from the gate of Tarifa, on the road to Gibraltar.

The Major rode beside her like a man in a dream—in fact, he was partly asleep, having been deprived of a large portion of his natural and accustomed rest, and partly bewildered. A few days before he had been the most methodical, unromantic, not to say humdrum, old bachelor in his Majesty's service; and here he was, how or why he did not well know, galloping away at daybreak with a foreign lady, of whose existence he had been ignorant a week before, with the prospect of being apprehended by her relatives for her abduction, and by the Government for assisting in the escape of, a smuggler.

When at length roused to complete consciousness by the rapidity of their motion, he positively groaned in anguish of spirit, and vowed internally that, once within the shelter of his own quiet quarters, nothing on earth should again tempt him forth on such *harum-scarum* expeditions.

It was near noon when they reached Algeciras, where they stopped to breakfast, both of them rather exhausted with fatigue and hunger. This town stands just opposite Gibraltar, across the bay—the road they had come by forms the base of a triangle, of which Cabrita Point is the apex, the bay washing one side of the projecting coast, the Straits the other. The Major was reserved and embarrassed; there was a tenderness about Carlota's manner that frightened him out of his usual gallantry, and, to avoid meeting her glance, he looked steadily out of the window at the rock of Gibraltar, casting wistful glances at the spot where his quarters lay hidden in a little clump of foliage. Immediately after the meal he quitted the room, on pretence of looking after the horses. He determined to protract their stay in Algeciras till late in the afternoon, that they might enter Gibraltar in the dusk, and thus avoid awkward meetings with equestrian parties from the garrison, who would then be hastening homewards, in order to be in before gun-fire, when the gates are shut.

On returning, still out of temper, to the room where he had left Carlota, he found her, quite overcome with fatigue, asleep on the sofa. Her head was thrown a little back on the cushion; her lips were just parted, and she looked in her sleep like a weary child. The Major approached on tiptoe, and stood regarding her. His ill-humour melted fast into pity. He thought of all her kindness to him, and, by a sudden soft-hearted impulse, took gently one of her hands projecting over the side of the sofa. Carlota opened her eyes, and squeezed the hand that held hers; whereupon the Major suddenly quitted his hold, and, retreating with great discomposure to the window, did not venture to look at her again till it was time to resume their journey.

At a little distance from Algeciras

is the river Palmones, called by the English the Second River. This was crossed by a floating bridge, pulled from shore to shore by a ferryman warping on a rope extended across. They had just reached the opposite bank of the stream, when Carlota noticed two horsemen galloping fast along the road they had just traversed. A second glance showed them to be Don Pablo and the lover of Juana. The first inquiries of the Governor had led him to suppose that all had escaped in the boat, and it was not till some time after that he had learned the true state of affairs.

The fugitives now hastened on in earnest, and roused their horses to a steady gallop, never pausing till they reached the Guadarranque, or First River, about a mile nearer Gibraltar than the other, and furnished with a similar bridge. The delay of the pursuers at the former ferry had thrown them far in rear; and my grandfather, inspired by the imminence of the peril, now conceived a bright idea—the brightest, probably, that ever flashed upon him—by executing which they might effectually distance their pursuers. Dropping his glove at a little distance from the shore, he sent the ferryman to fetch it, and then pushed off, (Carlota having already embarked,) and warped the bridge to the opposite bank, heedless of the frantic gesticulations of the proprietor, who screamed furiously after them to stop. When he reached the opposite side, he took out his pocket-knife and deliberately cut the rope. Having thus, as it were, blown up the communication in his rear, my grand-

father, without the loss of his baggage, continued his retreat to the fortress; while the little Governor, who galloped up just as they were disappearing, was, like Lord Ullin, left lamenting.

The sun was already declining, and threw their shadows far before them on the sands, as they rode along the beach close to the water. The bay at this inner extremity makes a great circular sweep—radii drawn from the rock to different distant points of the arc would be almost equal; and for half an hour they continued to see Gibraltar at nearly the same distance to the right and in front of them, holding itself aloof most provokingly. Twilight descended as they passed the Spanish lines and entered on the Neutral Ground. The Major glanced anxiously at his watch—in a few minutes the gun from Middle Hill would give the signal for shutting the gates, and doom them irretrievably to return into Spain for the night. For the first time in his life Major Flinders really punished his horse, lifting the tired beast along with whip and rein. Carlota's kept easily beside him under her lighter weight, and they rapidly neared the barrier. Just as they passed it, a stream of flame shot from the rock, illumining objects like a flash of lightning;—then came the heavy report of the gun—another minute and the drawbridge at Landport would be lifted; but they were upon it. They dashed across somewhat in the style of Marmion quitting Douglas's castle, "just as it trembled on the rise," and were safe in Gibraltar.

#### CHAPTER V.

After life's fitful fever, the Major did not sleep well. He had left Carlota comfortably established at the inn; and he now lay nervously thinking how his embarrassment with regard to her was to terminate, especially if Owen did not shortly make his appearance. Then he was worried by doubts as to the fate of the Fair Unknown and her passengers. They might have been recaptured, as escaped smugglers, by a guarda costa—they might be detained in the

Straits by adverse winds or calms—they might have run ashore into some bay, and come on overland. This last supposition haunted him most pertinaciously, and he resolved to go up the rock as soon as it should be daylight to look out for them along the road from Spain. He lay tossing restlessly till the morning gun gave the signal of the approach of dawn, and before the echoes died away he had his breeches on.

Night was at odds with morning



when my grandfather, with a telescope under his arm, sallied forth and began the ascent. Silence was over the rock, except an occasional sighing of a remnant of night wind that had lost itself among the crags. At first, the only clear outline visible was that of the rugged edge of the rock above against the colourless sky; but as he toiled up the steep zig-zag path, the day kept pace with him—each moment threw a broader light on the scene—blots of shadow became bushes or deep fissures, and new shapes of stone glided into view. The only symptoms of animal life that he beheld were a rabbit that fled silently to his hole, and a great white vulture that, startled from his perch on a grey crag, sailed slowly upward on his black-tipped wings, circling higher and higher, till his breast was crimsoned by the yet unrisen sun.

The path led diagonally to the summit; and, turning a sharp level corner, my grandfather looked perpendicularly down on the Mediterranean, whose lazy waves, sending up a gentle murmur, rippled far below him. On his left, also steep down below him, was the Neutral Ground, level as the sea itself, extending northward into sandy plains, abruptly crossed by tumbled heaps of brown mountains. A reddening of the sky showed that the sun was at hand; and presently the glowing disk came swiftly up from behind the eastern hills; the pale earth shared in the ruddiness of the sky, and a long rosy gleam swept gradually over the breadth of the grey sea, like an unwilling smile spreading itself from a man's lips to his eyes and forehead.

Conspicuous on the highest point in the landscape stood my grandfather, panting with his exertions as he wiped his forehead. After standing for a moment, bronzed in front like a smith at the furnace, face to face with the sun, he turned and swept with his telescope the road into Spain. Early peasants, microscopic as ants, were bringing their fruits and vegetables into the fortress—a laden mule or two advanced along the beach over which the Major had last night galloped—but nothing resembling what he sought was in sight. Then turning completely round, with his face to the

path he had just ascended, he gave a long look towards the Straits; and as he did so, the wind, which had shifted to the south-west towards morning, blew gently on his face. A sail or two was discernible in the distance, outward bound, but nothing resembling the cutter. As the Major looked, a signal was made from Cabrita, and directly two feluccas left their station at Algeciras, and swooped out, like two white birds, as if to intercept some bark yet hidden by the Point. Again my grandfather looked out to the Strait, and presently a small white sail came in sight near Cabrita. For a quarter of an hour he stood steadily, with levelled telescope, and then he was almost sure—yes, he could swear—that he saw the small English ensign relieved against the sail; and above, at the mast-head, the yellow-striped flag that Francisco hoisted before as the mark of a yacht. It was the *Fair Unknown*—and my grandfather at once comprehended that the pursuers, whom he had escaped the night before, had, on returning to Algeciras, made arrangements for her capture as soon as she should appear.

The breeze was on her beam, and much fresher with her than farther in the bay, so that the feluccas steered slantingly across her course as she made for the rock. They held on thus, the pursuers and pursued, till within a mile of each other, when the cutter suddenly altered her course to one nearly parallel with that of the feluccas. The latter, however, now gained fast upon her, and presently a puff of smoke from the bow of the foremost was followed by the report of a gun. My grandfather could look no longer through his glass, for his hand shook like a reed, but began, with huge strides more resembling those of a kangaroo than a quiet middle aged gentleman, to descend the rock. Breathless, he reached his quarters, had his horse saddled and brought out, and galloped off towards Europa.

Europa Point is at the southern extremity of the rock, and commands at once the entrance of the bay and the passage of the Straits. The road to it from the north, where the Major was quartered, affords, for the most

part, a view of the bay. Many an anxious glance did he cast, as he sped along, at the state of affairs on the water. The feluccas fired several shots, but all seemed to fall wide, and were probably intended only to frighten the chase, out of consideration for her fair freight. Still, however, the English colours floated, and still the cutter held her course.

Some artillerymen and an officer were assembled at the Point as the Major galloped up.

"Can't you fire at 'em," said he, as he drew up beside the battery.

"Too far off," said the Lieutenant, rising from the parapet on which he was leaning, and showing a drowsy unshaven countenance; "we should only frighten them."

"By heavens!" said my grandfather, "'tis horrible. I shall see the boy taken before my eyes!"

"Boy!" quoth the Lieutenant, wondering what particular interest the Major could take in the smuggler. "What boy?"

"Why, Owen of ours—he's running away with a Spanish lady."

"The devil!" cried the Lieutenant, jumping down. "What, Garry Owen!—we must try a long shot. Pull those quoins out," (to a gunner.) "Corporal, lay that gun; a dollar if you hit the felucca. I'll try a shot with this one." So saying, he laid the thirty-two pounder next him with great care.

"Fire!" said he, jumping on the parapet to see the effect of the shot. At the second rebound it splashed under the bows of the leading felucca, which still held on. She was now scarcely three hundred yards from the cutter.

"Why, d—n their impudence!" muttered the Lieutenant, on seeing his warning pass unheeded, "they won't take a hint. Corporal, let drive at 'em."

The Corporal earned his dollar. The shot went through the side of the felucca, on board of which all was presently confusion; in a few minutes it was apparent she was sinking. The other, abandoning the chase, went to the assistance of her consort, lifting the crew out, some of whom were evidently hurt.

"A blessed shot!" cried my grand-

father, giving he lucky Corporal a bit of gold; "but I'm glad they're picking up the crew."

The cutter instantly stood in for the harbour, and half an hour afterwards the Major bade his young friend and Juana welcome to Gibraltar.

Carlota was beside herself with joy at seeing the wanderers safe. She first cast herself upon Juana, and cried over her; then embraced the Ensign, who made no scruple of kissing her; lastly, threw herself tenderly upon the Major, who gazed over her head as it lay on his shoulder with a dismayed expression, moving his arms uneasily, as if he didn't know what he was expected to do with them. Every moment it was becoming clearer to him that he was a compromised man, no longer his own property. On his way through the streets that morning he had passed a knot of officers, one of whom he overheard describing "Old Flinders" as "a sly old boy," for that he "had run away with a devilish handsome Spaniard—who would have thought it?" "Ay, who indeed!" groaned the Major, internally. But the seal was put to his doom by the Colonel, who, when he went to report himself, slapped him on the shoulder, and congratulated him on his happiness. "Fine woman, I hear, Flinders—didn't give you credit for such spirit—hope you'll be happy together." The Major, muttering an inarticulate denial, hastily retreated, and from that moment surrendered himself to his fate an unresisting victim.

About dusk that night, Owen came to him.

"By heavens!" the Ensign began, throwing himself into a chair, "I'm the most unlucky scoundrel! Nothing goes right with me. I promised myself that this should be my wedding-night— and here I am, as forlorn a bachelor as ever."

"What has gone wrong?" inquired my grandfather, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"I pressed her with all my eloquence," said Owen; "reminded her of her promise to marry me the day we should arrive here—of the necessity of caring for her reputation, after leaving her father's house and coming here under my protection," (here my

grandfather winced;) "talked, in fact, like an angel who had been bred a special pleader—yet it was all of no use."

"Deliberating about marriage!" said the Major, "after leaving her father and lover for you! What guat can she be straining at, after swallowing a camel of such magnitude?"

"A piece of female Quixotry," returned Owen. "She says she can't think of such selfishness as being comfortably married herself, while Carlota is so unhappy, and her fate so unsettled." Here he made a significant pause; but my grandfather was immovably silent, only glancing nervously at him, and smoking very hard.

"In fact, she protests she won't hear of marrying me, till you have settled when you will marry Carlota."

"Marry Carlota!" gasped the Major in an agonised whisper.

"Why, you don't mean to say you're not going to marry her!" exclaimed the Ensign, throwing a vast quantity of surprise into his expressive countenance.

"Why—why, what should I marry her for?" stammered the Major.

"Oh, Lord!" said Garry, "here will be pleasant news for her! Curse me if I break it to her."

"But really, now, Frank," the Major repeated—"marriage, you know—why, I never thought of such a thing."

"You're the only person that hasn't then," rejoined Owen. "Why, what can the garrison think, after the way you muddled her in; what can she herself think, after all your attentions?"

"Attentions, my dear boy;—the merest civility."

"Oh,—ah! 'twas civility, I suppose, to squeeze her hand in the inn at Algeciras, in the way she told Juana of—and heaven knows what else you may have done during the flight. Juana is outrageous against you—actually called you a vile deceiver; but Carlota's feeling is more of sorrow than of anger. She is persuaded that nothing but your ignorance of Spanish has prevented your tongue from confirming what your looks have so faithfully promised. I was really quite affected to-day at the appealing look she cast on me

after you left the room; she evidently expected me to communicate her destiny."

My grandfather smoked hard.

"Lots of fellows would give their ears for such a wife," pursued the Ensign. "Lovelace, the Governor's aide-de-camp, bribed the waiter of the hotel to lend him his apron to day, at dinner, that he might come in and look at her—swears she's a splendid woman, and that he'd run away with such another to-morrow."

Still my grandfather smoked hard, but said nothing, though there was a slight gleam of pride in his countenance.

"Poor thing!" sighed Garry. "All her prospects blighted for ever. Swears she never can love another."

At this my grandfather's eyes grew moist, and he coughed as if he had swallowed some tobacco-smoke.

"And as for me, to have Juana at my lips, as it were, and yet not mine—for she's as inflexible as if she'd been born a Mede and Persian—to know that you are coming between me and happiness as surely as if you were an inexorable father or a cruel guardian—worse, indeed; for those might be evaded. Major, major, have you no compassion!—two days of this will drive me crazy."

The Major changed his pipe from his right hand to his left, and, stretching the former across the table, sympathetically pressed that of the Ensign.

"Do, Major," quoth Garry, changing his flank movement for a direct attack—"do consent to make yourself and me happy; do empower me to negotiate for our all going to church to-morrow." (My grandfather gave a little jump in his chair at this, as if he were sitting on a pin.) "I'll manage it all; you shan't have the least trouble in the matter."

My grandfather spoke not.

"Silence gives consent," said the Ensign, rising. "Come, now, if you don't forbid me, I'll depart on my embassy at once; you needn't speak, I'll spare your blushes. I see this delay has only been from modesty, or perhaps a little ruse on your part. Once, twice, thrice,—I go." And he vanished.

The Major remained in his chair, in the same posture. His pipe was

smoked out, but he continued to suck absently at the empty tube. His bewilderment and perturbation were so great that, though he sat up till two in the morning, during which time he smoked eleven pipes, and increased the two glasses of grog with which he was accustomed to prepare for his pillow to four, he was still, when he went to bed, as agitated as ever.

In this state of mind he went to the altar, for next day a double ceremony was performed, making Owen happy with Juana, and giving Carlota a husband and me a grandfather. The Major was more like a proxy than a principal in the affair; for Owen, taking the entire management upon himself, left him little more to do than to make the necessary responses.

Carlota made a very good-tempered, quiet, inobtrusive helpmate, and continued to be fond of her spouse even after he was a gray-headed colonel. My grandfather, though credulous in most matters, could with difficulty be brought to consider himself married. He would sometimes seem to forget the circumstance for a whole day together, till it came to be forced on his recollection at bed-time. And when, about a year after his marriage, a new-born female Plunders (now my venerable aunt) was brought one morning by the nurse for his inspection and approval, he gazed at it with

a puzzled air, and could not be convinced that he was actually in the presence of his own flesh and blood, till he had touched the cheek of his first-born with the point of his tobacco-pipe, removed from his mouth for that purpose, making on the infant's countenance a small indentation.

The little Governor, Don Pablo, was subsequently induced to forgive his relatives, and frequent visits and attentions were interchanged, till the commencement of the siege put a stop to all intercourse between Gibraltar and Spain.

I have often, on a summer's evening, sat looking across the bay at a gorgeous sunset, and retracing in imagination the incidents I have related. My grandfather's establishment was broken up during the siege by the enemy's shells, but a similar one now stands on what I think must have been about the site of it. The world has changed since then; but Spain is no land of change: and, looking on the imperishable outline of the Andalusian hills, unaltered, probably, since a time to which the period of my tale is but as yesterday, it is easy for me to "daff aside" the noisy world without, and, dropping quietly behind the age, to picture to myself my old-fashioned grandfather issuing forth from yonder white-walled town of Algeciras with his future bride.

#### GERMAN LETTERS FROM PARIS.

GERMAN Professors are altered men since those joyous days when we drank chopines and swang the schlaeger in the thirsty and venerable University of Saxesaufenberg. We remember them studious bookworms, uneasy when removed from library and lecture-room, their meerschau their only passion, knowledge their sole ambition, beholding the external world through "the loopholes of retreat,"—the said embrasures being considerably obscured by tobacco-smoke and misty philosophy. Such is the portrait our memory has preserved of them: and we doubt not

that its fidelity will be recognised by our brother-*burschen* of bygone days. But great has been the change. The quality of a German professor now suggests the idea of a red-hot democrat, fanning revolution, pining in prison, or fugitive in foreign lands. The smoking-cap is exchanged for the *bonnet rouge*, and the silence of the sage for the clamour of the demagogue. This may not be true of all, perhaps not even of a majority, but it is true of a pretentious and prominent minority. The busy, bustling multitude knows nothing of the others.

Professor Stahr, of the University of Oldenburg, is a gentleman chiefly remarkable for his democratic tendencies, and for the fluent correctness of his literary style. Few men write better German, or profess doctrines more revolutionary. His reputation as a literary man rests principally upon a work on Italy, published after a twelvemonth's residence in that country.\* As a critic of fine art, he is not without merit. As a politician he is wild and speculative. The revolutionary coterie to which he belongs reckons amongst its members Fanny Lewald, the lively Hebrew socialist, and Moritz Hartmann, the bitter radical. Both of these, especially the former, are his intimate friends, and appear to have been his constant companions during two months of last autumn, spent by him in Paris, and which have given occasion and a title to his latest book. With Mr Hartmann he forgathered at Brussels, early in the month of September, and together they proceeded southwards. In consideration of Professor Stahr's acknowledged abilities, we will not apply to him a common rule, and judge him by the company he keeps. But, in spite of his well-turned periods and general moderation of expression, his book is not pleasant to read. There is an ill-conditioned tone about writers of his political class, extremely trying to the patience and temper of the reader. Convinced of the general unfitness of existing human institutions, and of the necessity for radical changes, they inevitably fall into a cavilling and censorious strain. Viewing the condition of society with a jaundiced eye, they adopt the maxim that whatever is, is wrong. Mr Stahr has hardly entered the railway carriage that is to transport him to Paris, when he shows himself querulous and a grumbler. He hoisted his colours before leaving Brussels. Had we never before heard either of him or his principles, we yet should have been at no loss to discover the latter by certain passages in his very first chapter. Sitting in his inn at eventide, after visiting the monument to the slain of 1830, he reads an

account of the Belgian revolution. The Dutch troops, he finds, made but one hundred and twenty-two prisoners, whilst the insurgents captured four hundred and ninety-five. On the other hand, the Belgian killed and wounded exceeded by three hundred those of their opponents. Mr Stahr is ready with an inference from these statistics. It takes the form of a slur upon the soldiers who were doing their duty to their king and country. "The inequality in the number of prisoners may well arise from the circumstance that the Dutch, as fighters for loyal tranquillity and order, were least disposed to give quarter. And soldiers against men without uniform—one knows that!" Then he falls foul of the writer of the narrative, for attributing to Providence the preservation of the royal palace, and other public buildings, to which the Dutch attempted to set fire; and, gliding thence into religious speculations, he gets very profound, and rather profligate, so that we are not sorry when the current of his ideas is diverted into a more commonplace channel, by the visit, at Valenciennes, of the French customhouse officers, on the look-out for Belgian cigars and reprints. He is sore at this irksome visitation—wonders that powerful France so long endures the literary piracies of her little neighbour—and finally prophesies the abolition of all customhouses. "A time will come," he says, "when this system of legally privileged waylaying will appear just as fabulous to the people of Europe, as do now to us the highway depredations of the robber-knights." Pending the advent of that desirable state of things, he revenges himself on a fellow-traveller for his customhouse annoyances. A German book which he had left in the carriage on alighting had disappeared, and could not be recovered. A *douanier* had perhaps taken it for a contraband commodity. He should have declared it, opined a fat Frenchman in the same carriage. Mr Stahr was indignant. It was a German book, he tartly replied, and was not printed at Brussels, but at Leipzig—a place, he added, which must still be pretty well re-

membered in France! A polite and tasteful allusion which did the German radical infinite credit, and to which the fat Frenchman might fairly have retorted, "Jena," and half a dozen other significant names, instead of holding his tongue, and leaving his fellow-traveller to digest at leisure his loss and his ill-humour.

Mr Stahr's volumes, composed of letters to friends, are desultory, and for the most part slight. Picture galleries are favourite haunts of his: now he criticises a pamphlet, now a play; he moralises, after his own peculiar fashion, in deserted palaces, assists at a banquet of workmen, witnesses extravagant dances at Mabilly, sits by the bedside of the infirm and suffering Heine. His first walk in Paris was to the Palais Royal, after nightfall. "Stahr," said his companion to him suddenly, on the way, "this is the Place de Greve!"—"Were I to live a century," exclaims the impressionable professor, "I should never forget the shudder that came over me at these words." And he breaks into a tumid rhapsody about the lava-streams of the great European volcano, talks of the guillotine, tells the well-known story of Favras, and proceeds to the Palais Royal, where, at ten o'clock at night, he is unable to obtain a beef steak for supper, and whose glory he accordingly declares departed. Returning to their quarters, at a hotel beyond the Seine, the two Germans get bewildered in the labyrinth of the Quartier Latin, and are indebted for guidance to some artisans, whose "Good night, *adieu*!" at parting, again thrills the sensitive Stahr. The historical and fanciful associations that crowd upon his mind are of a less practical nature than the reflection suggested to his companion by the Republican mode of address—"We must exchange our grey Calabrian hats" (the sort of bandit sombreros affected by travelling students and red republicans) "for the loyal hats of order, or soon we shall have Louis Napoleon's police at our heels." Thus spoke Mr Hartmann—who has a natural aversion to all police, and who gladly sneers at the party of Order, and at Louis Napoleon as its representative. Mr Stahr professes

no great liking or tenderness for the chief of the Republic—the first gendarme in France, as he calls him, meaning thereby to cast opprobrium on the President, gentlemen of his political complexion having an instinctive detestation of gendarmes. He saw him for the first time at the celebrated review held at Satory, on the 10th October 1850. On his way thither, Mr Stahr joined in conversation with peasants, who were flocking from all the country round to see the President and the military pageant. Many of them had sons in the regiments that were to be reviewed. They made no mystery of their political creed. It was simple enough: "Peace and moderate taxation," said they, "is what we want. He who gives us those two things is our man, whether as King or President matters not." The review over, the throng of spectators drew up to see Louis Napoleon. After the Minister of War, d'Hautepoul, and the then-all-powerful Changarnier, had passed, each with his staff, "there came by, mounted on a tall gray horse, the elect of six millions of voters. Judiciously-distributed adherents waved their hats and shouted, at the top of their voices, 'Long live the Emperor! Vive Napoleon!' The people were mute. It was a laughable farce. The hero of Strasburg and Boulogne, mounted on a tall charger, in a brilliant general's uniform, the broad riband of the Legion of Honour over his shoulder, in plumed hat and jackboots, was the very model of a circus equestrian." An air of helplessness and exhaustion, according to Mr Stahr, was the main characteristic of the President's appearance. "I stood near enough," he continues, "to see him well, and never did I behold a more unmeaning countenance. An unwholesome grey-brown is its prevailing tint. Of likeness to the great Emperor there is scarcely a trace." There is no chance, Mr Stahr declares, of such a person as Louis Napoleon putting the republic in his pocket. Having given his opinion of the President's exterior, he proceeds in the next chapter to sketch his character, as described by a person who had known him from his youth. "He is naturally goodtempered and harmless," said

this anonymous informant, "and by no means without ability. But he is tainted with the moral corruption of all European societies, Italian, French, and English. He has the *pourriture* of the drawing-room education of all nations. Still he is not devoid of sense, nor of a certain goodness of disposition. He can weep, unaffectedly weep, over a touching case of wretchedness and misery, and he willingly shows clemency, when asked, even to political opponents. But no reliance can be placed in him. In a word, his character is that of a woman. As a result of his wandering and adventurous existence, he appears to-day as a German, to-morrow as a Frenchman, and the day after to-morrow as an Englishman or Italian. He is wholly without fixed principles, and without moral stay. If one represents to him the immorality of an act, he will laugh and say, '*Bah!* what is that to me?' But the very next day you shall find him as much oppressed with moral scruples as any German candidate. He has the physical courage of his unusual bodily strength—*corporis robore stolidè ferax*—supported by a fatalist belief in his star; and this belief, which has lately acquired increased strength by his extraordinary vicissitude of fortune, blinds him to his real position, and renders him deaf to the warning voices of his few honest friends. In this respect his mother, who unceasingly stimulated his ambition, did him much harm. Personally he is modest and unassuming, but he is madly vain of his name and of his legitimate claims. That he has done and continues to do himself grievous harm, as it is universally said, by excesses of the most unrefined description, and by opium-smoking, seems unfortunately to be only too true. For the change in him since his youth has been altogether too great. Nevertheless, he is much less the tool of others than might be supposed. He has a way of half-closing his inexpressive light-blue eyes, which he has adopted to prevent persons from reading his thoughts. His chief delusion is that the army is unconditionally devoted to him. This is by no means the case." We give this

curious sketch, in which truth and malignity are ingeniously blended, for no more than it is worth. The reader will have little difficulty in sifting the grain from the chaff, the idle or malicious gossip from the well-founded observations. Mr Stahr supports the assertion of the indifference of the French army to the commonplace nephew of their great idol, by anecdotes derived from personal experience. After the review, he dined for some days in company with three hussar officers, quartered in the house he lived in. His account of them hardly agrees with the popular notion of French officers. "They are modest, reserved, and serious in manner. Nowhere in Paris have I found a trace of that overweening presumption by which German officers, especially cavalymen, seek to give themselves importance at *tables d'hôte* and other public places. We spoke of yesterday's manoeuvres, and I paid them a compliment on the really splendid bearing of the troops and the capital equipments. There are no longer grounds to depreciate the French cavalry. Africa has been an excellent school for them. 'But there was one thing wanting,' I remarked—'namely, enthusiasm.' 'You are quite right, sir,' replied one of the officers; 'but there is not much to be enthusiastic about in the position in which we are.' The speaker was a thorough soldier, and anything but an upholder of revolutionary or socialist-democratic ideas. The supporters of the latter he invariably spoke of as '*les Voraces*,' and bitterly complained that for years past he and his comrades had had nothing else to do than to '*faire la chasse aux voraces*!' But with the 'Nephew of the Uncle' none of the officers showed the least sympathy. Concerning him they all observed a very eloquent silence." In contrast to the ridicule and censure levelled by Mr Stahr at the more recent portion of Louis Napoleon's career, are some anecdotes he tells us of his earlier years. "In his youth," he says, "he must have been very amiable. I have had opportunity to look through a collection of letters written by him to a friend of his family, and extending over more than twenty years. It included even notes

written when he was a boy of eleven, some of them in the German language and character. Louis Napoleon is known to be a perfect master of German. The most pleasing and amiable of these letters were a series written from his prison at Ham. Good feeling, hearty gratitude for proofs of faithful adherence and for affectionate little services, and a deep dejection at his lot, were the characteristics of these letters. He read and studied a great deal at Ham, especially military science, but also poetry and literature. Within those prison-walls he now and then began to distrust the 'star' of his destiny." These letters were doubtless the same spoken of elsewhere by Mr Stahr as filling several volumes, and as having been addressed to Madame Hortense Cornu, a well-known writer on fine art, who was long attached to the household of Queen Hortense. She had known Louis Napoleon from his childhood, and retained sufficient influence over him to obtain the rescue from the hands of the Roman priesthood of the Italian republican Cernuschi. The letters, says Mr Stahr, abound in evidence of the esteem and gratitude entertained by the French President for the staunch and trusty friend of his youth. "This correspondence, fragments of which I was favoured with permission to read, includes all the epochs of his adventurous life. It ceases with the day when the infatuated man, having attained to power, laid hands upon the right of universal suffrage which had raised him from the dust. Madame Cornu's last letter was a solemn exhortation to abstain from that step. She laboured in vain, for fate is stronger than humanity. But it is an honourable testimony to the originally good disposition of the blinded man that he did not withdraw his favour from his tried friend. A proof of this is to be found in Cernuschi's deliverance."

During a visit paid by Mr Stahr to Alexander Dumas, the French romance-writer told the German professor an anecdote of Louis Napoleon and the late Duke of Orleans, which is curious, if true. Perhaps it is as well to bear in mind, whilst reading it, that its narrator is a story-teller by profession, and the most imaginative

and decorative of historians. Dumas, it appears, had been long acquainted with the imperial pretender and his mother; was aware of the rash schemes of the Prince, then meditating the Strasburg expedition; and advised him, by letter, to abandon them, or at least to adopt a totally different mode of carrying them out. If he would uproot (*deraciner*) the dynasty of Louis Philippe, wrote Dumas, he must try very different means. He must endeavour to obtain the revocation of his sentence of exile, get himself elected member of the French Chamber of Deputies, and so follow up his plans in opposition to the ruling dynasty. Deaf to this advice, which was certainly sensible enough, Louis Napoleon made his ridiculous attempt at Strasburg, and was taken prisoner. Thereupon his mother, Queen Hortense, hurried to the neighbourhood of Paris under an assumed name, and with one confidential attendant. This person she sent to Dumas, to entreat him to apply to his patron, the Duke of Orleans, to know what the Court had decided with respect to the prisoner's fate. Dumas wrote forthwith for an audience: the Duke received him with a smile. "Well!" he said, "so your *protégé* has not succeeded in uprooting us?" "Prince, you know —?" stammered the terrified novelist. "Do you suppose we are so badly served for our money as not to know what brings you here, and where Queen Hortense is at this very moment?" After a short pause, during which he enjoyed the embarrassment of Dumas, the Duke continued, "Tell Madame Hortense," he said, "that the Orleans do not yet feel themselves strong enough to have their *Duke d'Enghien*."

"It is a bitter answer, your royal highness," replied Dumas, taking his leave, "but still it will console the mother's heart."

"And now," muses Mr Stahr, "the shattered bones of the unfortunate young Duke of Orleans have long been mouldering in the grave, his statue in the court of the Louvre has been dragged down and stowed away in a corner of the Versailles Museum, and the Adventurer of Strasburg rules France as a republic, with power



more unlimited than the wily Louis Philippe ever possessed over it as a monarchy! For so long as it lasts, that is to say; for methinks the feet of those who shall carry him out are already before the door. But how did he ever get in? How was it that even his candidature for the presidency was not overwhelmed and rendered impossible by that most dangerous of all opponents in France, the curse of the Ridiculous, which had already decorated with cap and bells the hero of the blunders of Strasburg and Boulogne, the trainer of the tame eagle, the special constable of London?" It has puzzled acuter politicians than Mr Stahr to reply to this question, which millions have asked. The riddle interests him, and he runs about on all sides seeking its solution. He has little success, and evidently himself mistrusts the ingenious and original conclusion to which he at last comes, that the election of Louis Napoleon was a homage to the hereditary principle. "When I recently, on my way across the plain of Satory, asked a countryman if he had given his vote to the President, his reply was, 'Of course! was he not the rightful heir, his uncle's legitimate successor?' This may sound ill for the republican education of the people of the French republic; but it is the truth. The principle of hereditary rule may be perfectly incompatible with that of 'liberty and equality,' but it is, or was, (at the time of Louis Napoleon's election,) the prevailing principle in the heads of the French rural population. 'One must know the French peasantry as I know them, who have grown up amongst them,' lately said to me the representative De Flotte, 'to find their conduct in this matter quite natural. The French peasant has only one fundamental idea in politics, and that is derived from his own family relations. That fundamental idea is the sacredness and necessity of hereditary right. That the territorial property of the father should descend to the son, or next of kin, seems to him the main condition of all human existence.'" Admitting, for argument's sake, the soundness of this statement, and that the French peasant is thus devoted to the hereditary principle,

the natural inference is that, when he perceived his country to be in a state of transition, ruled by provisional intruders, and anxiously looking out for a more permanent chief of the state, he should have hoisted the white cockade, and tossed up his beaver for the Fifth Henry. Messrs Stahr and De Flotte explain why he did not do this. "The French peasant has no longer any sort of sympathy with the elder Bourbons. For him the glory of Louis XIV. is far too remote. What else he knows of them is, that they brought the foreigner into his country, and on that account he curses them." In this there is some truth. The old royalist spirit still lingers in certain departments of France, but in the country generally the Count de Chambord's partisans are rather intelligent and influential than numerous. Should he ascend the throne, it will not be in virtue of zeal for the principle of legitimacy or of personal attachment to himself, but because the nation will see in his accession the best guarantee of order and economical administration. These two things are the real wants and desires of the mass of the population. The peasant who told Mr Stahr he wished for peace and light taxation, spoke the feeling of a great majority of Frenchmen. "The dynasty of Orleans," says the professor's informant, continuing his explanation of the concurrence of circumstances which raised Louis Napoleon to the president's chair, "never enjoyed much prestige amongst the rural population, who did not forgive old Louis Philippe for having violated the principle of hereditary right." This is rather far-fetched. If the provinces cared little for Louis Philippe, it was because he had troubled himself little about them. True to his system of centralisation, Paris, to him, was France, and ungrateful Paris it was that finally abandoned and expelled him. It is unnecessary to go out of one's way to seek reasons for the fact, that when, in December 1848, the French, exhausted by nine months' anarchy and misery, and ashamed of those February follies into which a few deluded and designing men had led them, cast about for a ruler under whom they might hope for respite and breathing

time, none turned a wishful or expectant eye to any member of the house of Orleans. The family had been weighed and found wanting. From the astute politician, "whose word no man relied on," and who reaped in his latter days those bitter fruits of usurpation and anarchy whose seeds he had sown in his prime, down to the youngest of the sons to whose advancement he had sacrificed his conscience and his country, and who, in the supreme hour of peril and confusion, were found utterly deficient in princely and manly qualities, in self-possession, energy, and resource, there was not one of the line whom France would trust. The time was too short that had elapsed since the picture of selfishness and incapacity had been exhibited to wondering Europe: the cause had been unable to revive from the grievous and self-inflicted shock; it lay supine and seemingly dead, awaiting the day when intrigue and hypocrisy should galvanise it into a precarious vitality. When the crisis of May 1852 arrives, we shall see what has been the effect of the complicated manœuvres of the house of Orleans, which, in December 1848, stood so low in public estimation. Then, according to Mr Stahl, Buonapartism was the only political creed that appealed to the prejudices and feelings of the French peasant, and it required no great skill to get him to write upon his election-ticket the name of the prince whom he looked upon as the rightful heir of the Emperor. "He did it of his own accord, out of a conviction that he was performing an act of justice, and that hereditary right demanded it. Other motives concurred. The forty-five-centime impost had embittered the countryman against the Republic, which had increased instead of lightening his load. Upon the Democrat-Socialists he looked distrustfully. He would have nought to say to those '*partageux*' (dividers.) He cared nothing for the fine speeches of parliamentary orators. The peasant is by nature taciturn, and has little confidence in assemblies of great talkers. He was not disposed to make a stir about the freedom of the press, of which he makes no use. His political understanding did not extend beyond one wish, and that

wish was, a strong government, which should secure to him the enjoyment and inheritance of his property. And who could do that better than a Napoleon—Napoleon himself, the Emperor of Béranger?—for there are many places where the country people have never believed the Emperor dead." The clever author of *Jerome Paturot* has expressed a similar opinion as regards the prevalence of this scarcely credible delusion amongst the uneducated classes in certain districts of France. It does not appear to be entirely confined to that country. "I myself am witness," says Mr Stahl, "that, in the year 1848, a peasant of a province of Northern Germany, on hearing of the new French revolution, and of its first consequences in Germany, remarked that, 'without doubt old Buonaparte had a finger in the pie.'" It is Mr Stahl's belief that Louis Napoleon is destined to dispel, by his inability to fulfil the expectations of the ignorant portion of his constituents, that Buonapartist prestige to which he partly owed his election, and that attachment to the hereditary principle which the professor assumes still to exist in France. "The nephew of the great Emperor," he says, "is selected by fate to disturb, if not to destroy, the idolatry with which a large portion of the French nation has hitherto regarded the name and memory of its greatest tyrant. Napoleon the Second throws a grey shadow over Napoleon the First."

If the French President receives but rude handling from the German republican, the Orleans family cannot congratulate themselves on much better treatment. His first reference to that fallen dynasty is suggested by a little book, which, at the time of its appearance, attracted some attention both in England and France. M. Louis Tirlet's *La République dans les Carrosses du Roi* was neither calculated nor intended to please the democrats. Mr Stahl, however, is pretty fair in his appreciation of it, sneering a little at the author for taking what he calls a valet-de-chambre's view of the February revolution, but doing justice to the interest and instruction to be found in his pages, which show up the *parties honteuses* of that most

disastrous and ill-advised political convulsion; the scandalous greed, vanity, and egotism of the adventurers and knaves who alone profited by the storm they had contributed to raise. M. Tirel, although to all appearance honest and truthful, certainly wrote like a partisan. His position and attachments were incompatible with a just estimate of circumstances. Whilst accurately describing events, he deluded himself as to the causes that led to them, and, above all, he could see no wrong in his master; could not for the life of him comprehend how it was that Louis Philippe, "who had so faithfully observed his oath to maintain the charter, and who had a majority in the Chambers," should have been ejected from his throne and kingdom. The worthy keeper of the royal carriages never attains to more than a glimmering and confused notion that the nation could scarcely be said to be represented by the majority in question, and that a moderate extension of the suffrage, accorded with a good grace, would probably have maintained the July dynasty at the helm of French affairs to this day, and for years to come. His admiration of Louis Philippe's wisdom and skill is unlimited, as is also his indignation at the ingratitude of the people. Mr. Stahr loses patience at the affectionate manner in which the *ex-contrôleur des équipages* lauds the virtues of the old "Jesuit-King," as the German irreverently styles the defunct monarch; and, provoked by Tirel's exaggerated encomiums, he retorts by the following severe but too true remarks with reference to the oft-repeated accusation of miserly hoarding, brought against Louis Philippe by Republican and Legitimist writers:—"Louis Philippe," he says, "was no *avaré* such as Molière has drawn—no comedy-miser—but yet he was immoderately *avaricious*. There was no end to his demands of money for the princes of his house. He knew, or thought he knew, that *money is power*; and as he could not obtain enough of the latter, he restlessly strove after the former as the means to an object. He was

a good father of a family, in the *bourgeois* sense of the word; but he had no conception of that which makes a king the father of his people. His defenders celebrate the care which this prince, denounced as grasping, expended upon the conservation of the royal palaces, the great sums which he laid out upon rich furniture, numerous attendants, brilliant equipages, and luxurious festivals—to which latter often three or four thousand guests were invited. 'How,' it is said, 'could the people tax such a sovereign with niggardliness and greed of gold?' But the people had no part or share in these enjoyments. It suffered hunger and want, whilst the higher and middle classes of the *bourgeoisie* revelled in these feasts, and grew rich by supplying their materials." Raised to the throne by the suffrages of the middle classes, Louis Philippe relied on them for support. He was bitterly disappointed. Scandalous and cowardly was the manner in which the men of July—those whom he had fed, pampered and decorated, favoured and preferred—deserted him in the hour of danger. The very national guards of Neuilly, who had lived and flourished in the shadow of the château walls, refused to turn out, when, in February 1848, the intendant of the castle appealed to them to protect from plunder the property of their patron and king. They had caught the contagion of that intense selfishness which was Louis Philippe's most striking characteristic. "Let those who choose go out to be shot," said the burghers of Neuilly; "we shall stop at home and take care of our houses." And assuredly the inert and unsympathising attitude of the Paris national guard contributed more than anything else to deter Louis Philippe from resisting by force the progress of the February revolutionists. The burghers were disgusted by the dilapidation of the finances, and the venality of the administration—they were disgusted with Guizot for not daring to resist the headstrong will of the old king—and they cried out for electoral reform. With a little more patience they would have achieved their desire;—over-hasty,

they suddenly beheld themselves plunged into revolution. They had not foreseen it; they lacked presence of mind to repel its first inroads. And they also lacked, there can be no question, that feeling of personal attachment to the sovereign which would have prevented their standing by, tame witnesses of his dethronement. "Louis Philippe," says Mr Stahr, "never knew how to inspire an earnest and cordial attachment even in those nearest his person. The circumstances of his fall are the most speaking proof of this. His own panegyrist tells us that Louis Philippe himself had a misgiving that none loved him for his own sake. He often said to his most confidential attendants: 'You serve me faithfully, but not with the zeal and warmth which distinguished the servants of Napoleon. Their devotion to his person was unbounded.' If such was the case in the French king's prosperous days, what could he expect in the hour of adversity? M. Tirel himself proves, beyond the possibility of refutation, that, when the moment of danger arrived, the nearest personal attendants of the king thought, almost without exception, only of themselves. Not one of them troubled himself about the safety of the immense sums contained in the treasury of the Tuileries. None thought of holding in readiness the necessary means of travelling, in the possible case of the departure or flight of the king and his family; and even M. Tirel exclaims, with reference to this—'It is difficult to credit such utter want of foresight, when they knew they were standing on a volcano.'" At Neuilly, as already mentioned, the national guard refused to turn out; whilst the servants of the royal residence busied themselves in saving their own things, leaving their master's property to be pillaged and burned by the rabble, with whose disgusting and disgraceful depredations the troops of the line did not interfere. Regulars and militia, domestics and mob, the same want of feeling was manifest in all; none showed attachment or devotion to the prince, whose star was on the decline. Mr Stahr made

a pilgrimage to Neuilly, and devotes a letter to it. It was a grey, sad-looking autumn afternoon, and the road was silent and deserted along which he took his way to the favourite residence of the departed king. The impression made upon him was most melancholy. "*Vous verrez de belles choses*," said the porter at the lodge, as he pointed out to the Germans the way to the ruins. "Up to this time," says Mr Stahr, "nothing in Paris had reminded me that here had raged, but a very few years before, the hurricane of a revolution that shook the world, and that had swept a dynasty from the soil of France like chaff from the thrashing-floor. At Neuilly I first received this impression. They made clean work of it, those hands of incendiaries of the 28th February 1818. A single night sufficed to convert that stately building, and all its splendour, into a heap of hideous ruins. . . . High grass now grows upon the floors of the state apartments of the destroyed king's-home. Bushes spring up around the columns, over which creepers luxuriantly twine; and the red poppy and the yellow king-cup wave their blossoms in the chambers and saloons in which, so short a time ago, the ruler of proud France paced his Persian carpets, revolving plans for the eternal consolidation of his dynasty! On the ravaged foot-paths before the windows, the melted glass of the magnificent panes has flowed down and formed a brilliant flooring. At the foot of a balcony, whose pillars still supported the remains of broken beams, a flush of pale pink harvest roses exhaled their delicate fragrance. It was an incredibly melancholy sight. The closely-locked doors and shattered windows of the wing that was saved increased the gloom of the whole impression. Everywhere the tall iron lattice-work, and the iron posts supporting lamps, are rent and broken; the statues on the flights of steps are shivered to pieces; there remain but a couple of colossal sphinxes, which gaze inquiringly out of the dark green of the shrubbery. Who shall solve their riddle—the riddle of the history

of France and of mankind? Louis Philippe, wise amongst the wise, thought he had done so. Where is he now? His weary bones sleep the eternal sleep in the country of the banished kings of France."

Neuilly has become a place of pilgrimage for the friends of the fallen dynasty. A host of inscriptions, mostly in an anti-republican sense, were to be read upon the walls and pillars at the period of Mr Stahr's visit. Of several which he took the trouble to copy, one only is superior in tone and significance to the usual average of such scribblings. "High upon a broken column a firm hand had inscribed with charcoal, and in gigantic characters, these three words:

DRÖIT DU TALION. 1830. 1848.

Other hands had tried to obliterate the writing, but in vain. The revengeful word 'RETALIATION' was still quite legible. And this word best expresses the feeling with which plain-dealing probity contemplates the fate of the overthrown July monarch. For here at Neuilly was it that he, a modern Richard III., played the hypocritical part of rejecting power, when the blood of the July revolution still reddened the streets of Paris. Here was it that he wrote the letter to Charles X. in which he assured him of his fidelity and devotion, when he was already extending a lustful hand towards the crown of the rightful heir. Here too, in Neuilly, was it that he spun that Spanish web, whose most secret documents Lord Palmerston carefully preserves, and which gave the world a glimpse into an abyss of moral foulness at which the soul shudders. And here, in presence of this funeral pile of his happiness and his splendour—here, before the memorial of his disgraceful and ignominious fall—here, when I called to mind his acts, I felt no touch of pity for the fallen King. But the *man* I did indeed pity, the husband and the father. He had loved this Neuilly. Here had he enjoyed such a measure of domestic happiness as is rarely vouchsafed to a monarch. This house had he, for many a long year, built up and decorated with that fine feeling for art and architecture which was proper to him.

To this green retirement and solitude, to this remote dwelling, hidden from all eyes, he loved to withdraw. Here, where all was his own creation—where no stone was added, no tree planted, no path cut, but under his eye—exactly here, in the most sensitive spot, the blow struck him. The destruction of this house was more deeply felt by the *man* than was the loss of his throne by the *king*! Before the Count of Neuilly had left French ground, the building had ceased to exist from which he had borrowed the name. And all his wiles and stratagems, all his cunning, were as insufficient to avert, from the man and from the king, this last fated climax, as were the fortifications and bastilles with which he had surrounded the dreaded Paris."

Quitting Neuilly, Mr Stahr was startled, as well he might be, by the terms of a bill stuck upon the park-gates—

"House of Orleans, (thus it ran,) château and domain of Neuilly *to let* for three years with immediate possession; about one hundred and eighty acres, meadows, forest-land, &c., *bordering on the fortifications!*"

Wandering through the endless galleries, of Versailles, Mr Stahr is naturally enough led to reflect how strange it is that Louis Philippe, the Napoleon of Peace, as his flatterers called him, and as he loved to hear himself called—the man whose motto, as his enemies constantly asserted, was "Peace at any price," and who avowedly and upon principle disliked war—should have devised and carried out the plan of a national gallery of French military *fatæ*. A merciless analyser of the citizen king's secret thoughts and motives, Mr Stahr declares this gallery to have been a speculation of "the crowned shop-keeper,"—a speculation by which his dynasty was to gain strength at the expense of a national weakness. There is truth in this; but, at the same time, the professor's opinion must not here be accepted as impartial evidence. He is evidently led into unusual fervour by his holy horror of war. We suspect him of being a member of the Peace Congress—to which he in one place kindly alludes, as the humble commencement of a great movement. Like many other

adherents of the political sect which proposes to itself an aim that could never possibly be attained without terrible convulsions and sanguinary conflicts, he cannot abide the sight of blood, shudders at wounds, and recoils in terror and dismay from the "slaying and murdering, singeing and burning, cutting and stabbing," depicted upon the walls of the Versailles gallery. He looks not lovingly upon this pictorial history of France, sketched from her battle-fields, and including the exploits of her innumerable warriors, from Clodwig down to Bugeaud. On the other hand, he curiously and eagerly examines the pictures illustrating the events of 1830 and Louis Philippe's accession. Of the battle-pieces he has set down some (and not altogether without reason) as mere daubs, which no one would glance at twice but for the sake of the subject. When surveying the illustrations of the July revolution, he forgets artistic criticism in his satirical account of the personages that fill the canvass, and especially of the chief actor in those scenes, Louis Philippe himself. "His arrival at the Palais Royal," says the rancorous professor, "has something sneaking about it. He is profusely adorned with tricolor ribbons, wears white trousers, a brown coat, and a round hat. He looks like a rogue who has just crept into another man's estate. But characteristic above all is the picture in which he signs the proclamation naming him Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom (July 31, 1830.) The figures are the size of life, all in plain clothes, and decorated with the tricolor. They sit round a green council-table, the coming Citizen-King in the midst of them, dressed in a brown coat with a black velvet collar and a black satin waistcoat, a large fine shirt-frill, a neatly tied white cravat, his hair carefully curled, his eyes half closed, the corners of his mouth lugubriously drawn down. He holds up the momentous sheet of paper, close above which the pen in his right hand hovers, and seems to ask those around him—'Ought I then?—must I?' All eyes are fixed trustingly upon him, especially those of the honest Laffitte, in the corner on the left. Sebastiani looks somewhat

keener and shrewder. Never in my life did I see a picture that so perfectly represents an assemblage of Jew bankers, gathered round their leader to advise on a 'bull' or 'bear' speculation. The whole party have this Jewish calculating expression—Louis Philippe more than any of them. And this is the countenance the man has himself had perpetuated! It is a strange historical irony. All the old Bourbons, even the two last Louises and Charles X. looked noble, or at least like noblemen, in the expression of their features, compared with this essentially common physiognomy. Their faces, at any rate, expressed the decided and undeniable consciousness of high descent, whilst the predominating expression in Louis Philippe's countenance is that of a cunning shop-keeper. And this expression is everywhere the same, in all the pictures, &c. &c." There is more in the same strain. Some may be disposed to quarrel with Mr Stahr for pressing so hard upon a dead man; but, living or dead, kings are fair subjects of criticism; and, unsparing and savage as are often the professor's strictures on the character and policy of Louis Philippe, they yet are the most truthful and just of all the political portions of his book. Messrs Montalivet and Miraflores, and the other unscrupulous panegyrists of the late King of the French, would have too good a game left them if it were forbidden to reply by more exact and impartial statements to their exaggerated encomiums.

Passing from the deceased sovereign to his family, we are led to an apparently remote subject—namely, Mr Stahr's visit to Alexander Dumas, who, as is well known, was a favourite and intimate of the dukes of Orleans and Montpensier. When reviewing, a few years ago, the Paris diary of a countryman of Mr Stahr's—a gentleman of similar politics and equal discretion—we noticed an offensive practice common amongst modern German writers, many of whom, on return from foreign travel, scruple not to commit to print the most confidential conversation and minute domestic details of persons who have hospitably welcomed them, and imprudently admitted them to intimacy.

No consideration of propriety checks these impudent scribblers. Delicacy and reserve are things unknown to them. The persons concerning whom they flippantly babble may dwell within a day's railroad of them, and be sure to see their books—may be equally sure to feel vexed or disgusted by their unwarrantable revelations and offensive inferences; no matter, they speak of them as though Peking were their domicile. As regards the radical professor from Oldenburg, we sincerely trust that he may fall in, at an early day, with the martial author of the *Mousquetaires*, and receive from him, as guerdon for his gossip, a delicately administered *estocade*. We never heard whether Janin chastised Mr Carl Gutzkow, either with pen or pistol, for his slipshod and indecent chatter concerning him and Madame Janin; but we remember somebody doing it for him in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where we suspect Mr Stahr has a fair chance of being in his turn gibbeted. Here is the German professor's account of Dumas's personal appearance and private residence. It is a curious bit of miniature-painting. "In person he is tall and powerful; his movements, once unquestionably very flexible, are now characterised by an easy negligence. His bright complexion and large prominent light-blue eyes contrast with the mouth and nose, which betray his African origin. Good-nature, and a combination of intellectuality with a keen relish of life, are the most prominent characteristics of his broad round face. His thick woolly hair, now all but grey, seems to have been formerly light-coloured. He sits in a very large room on the first floor of the last house in the Avenue Frochot. His apartment is reached through a dark corridor. On the side that looks out upon the very quiet street, is a glass gallery, which serves as a greenhouse. There was nothing remarkable in it. Mignonette and heliotropes were growing in the tubs in which a few large oleander bushes were planted. Of the magnificent tropical vegetation of which report has spoken, there was no sign. The room was decorated, and divided into two parts, with brown woollen hangings. In the largest division, into

which visitors are conducted, and in front of the greenhouse windows, stands a vast writing-table. Ancient and modern arms deck the walls. But of Oriental luxury there was not the least appearance. And some other apartments through which he afterwards took me, to show me his winter reception-room, were by no means so luxuriously fitted up as has been reported in Germany."

"I found his bookseller with him. 'Look well at the man,' said Dumas, 'who pays to one author a hundred thousand francs a-year. Such men are not to be seen every day.' Notwithstanding this little bit of brag, I hear that his finances are in no very brilliant state, and that the failure of his *Théâtre Historique*, especially, threatens him with heavy losses. In the course of conversation, he humourously complained of the total absence of repose in his laborious existence, of which we easy-going, comfortable, German authors could scarcely form an idea. So many newspapers, a theatre of his own, the contract-romances, and the stipulated dramas—truly, it amounts to a considerable total. On subsequent visits, I never found his room and antechamber free from a throng of visitors—booksellers, printers, managers, actors, secretaries, and others—all of whom he knew how to despatch with great rapidity, and without interrupting the thread of our conversation for more than a few moments at a time." Conversations with so lively and versatile a genius as M. Dumas, turned, as may be supposed, on a vast variety of subjects, but that of which Mr Stahr has given us most details related to the ex-royal family of France. "In a side-room he showed us some very pretty pen-and-ink drawings—hunting subjects, by the late Duke of Orleans. This gave him opportunity to speak of his high respect for the mental endowments of the prince, with whom it is well known that he was on a footing of intimacy. 'He had wit enough for ten,' said Dumas. 'When we were five or six *hommes d'esprit de Paris* together,' added he, with amusing *naïveté*, 'it was quite impossible to distinguish which was the prince and which the wit. The prince was the incarnation of French

*esprit*, and of the Parisian-French *esprit*, which includes all possible qualities. Her inability to understand and appreciate this *esprit Parisien* was a drawback upon the domestic happiness of the Duchess of Orleans, notwithstanding her many excellent qualities. Her heavier German nature did not harmonise with her husband's light elastic disposition. It put her beside herself when he transgressed in the presence of a third person the rules prescribed by the etiquette of little German courts.' Dumas told some interesting examples of this—examples, however, not adapted for publication, as they related to the prince's private life. The Duke of Orleans foresaw a revolution, in a republican sense, as a consequence of his father's system. His testamentary arrangements with respect to the education of his son were all made in anticipation of such an event coming to pass. In any case, he wished his wife to have nothing to do with the government of the country. The passage of his will relating to this point is conceived quite in the spirit of the words with which Homer's Telemachus consigns his mother Penelope to the society of her women. 'If, unhappily, the king's authority could not watch over my son until his majority, Helen should prevent her name being pronounced for the regency. Leaving, as it is her duty and her interest, all the cares of government to virile hands, accustomed to handle the sword, Helen should devote herself entirely to the education of our children.' The Duke of Orleans' death was pregnant with fatal consequences for the dynasty, because he, the most highly gifted of all the old king's sons, was perhaps the only one who would have been capable of giving things a different turn in the event of a conflict like the February revolution. He knew his brothers too well not to be convinced that they were unequal to such an emergency. 'Nemours,' said he to one of his confidants, 'is the man of rule and etiquette: he keeps step well, and keeps himself behind me with scrupulous attention. He will never assume the initiative.' He held the Dukes of Nemours and Aumale to be brave soldiers. Of the

Prince de Joinville he said: 'He has a passion for danger: he will commit a thousand acts of brilliant imprudence, and will receive a ball in his breast at the assault of a barricade,'—a fate which Joinville escaped in February probably only by his absence from Paris. 'Now that younger sons are no longer made *abbés*,' continued the Duke of Orleans, referring to little Montpensier, 'I am at a loss to imagine what is to be done with them.'

"Of none of his sons was the old king more jealous," says Mr Stahr, "than of the heir to the crown. Letters found in the Tuileries in February 1818 show that he kept him in the strictest dependence, and had spies observing him wherever he was. In the year 1839 the duke complained 'that he had less power than any private citizen who had a vote at elections; that he did nothing but the commissions of the ministers; that everything was in danger, nothing gave promise of durability, and that it was impossible to say what might happen from one day to the other.' The prince expressed himself thus whilst upon a journey, in a confidential circle of officers of rank. Two days later his words, set down in writing, were in the hands of the king. The surprising irresolution and want of presence of mind displayed by the other princes in the hour of danger, can only be accounted for by the slavish dependence in which the old monarch had kept them."

Although easy and affable in his intercourse with his friends, a certain jealous vigilance with regard to the respect due to his rank formed a feature in the character of the Duke of Orleans. The anecdote told to Mr Stahr by Dumas, as an illustration of this trait, can hardly, however, be admitted to prove undue susceptibility, but rather the prince's consciousness that his house stood upon an unstable foundation. It was at a hunting-party at Fontainebleau. The chase was very unsuccessful. The Duke of Orleans turned to an Italian nobleman, to whose family Louis Philippe had obligations of ancient date, and who on that account was on a friendly footing at court. "Well! Monsieur de—," said the duke, "how are we hunting to-day?" "Like



pigs, Monseigneur, (*comme les cochons*.)" was the Italian's coarse reply. The duke, evidently annoyed, said to Dumas: "And you believe our monarchy possible, when a *De . . .* dares thus to answer the heir to the throne?" Mr Stahr was interested to find that Dumas, notwithstanding his monarchical friendships and associations, believed in the necessity and durability of the republic. "It seems," said the ingenious and versatile author of *Monte Christo*, "as if Providence had resolved to let us try all manner of monarchies, in order to convince us that not one of them is adapted to our character and condition." Then he gave his auditors a detailed sketch of all the French monarchies previous to the Revolution of 1789. "Since that Revolution," he went on, "we have had the monarchy of Genius: it lasted ten years. We have had the restoration of the monarchy of *esprit* and chivalrous gallantry: it lasted fifteen years; and was succeeded by the citizen-monarchy, which lasted eighteen. What would you have us try now? This republic is bad. But a child in swaddling-clothes matures into a man." Sensibly enough spoken for a romance-writer, indulgently remarks Mr Stahr, who is always glad to obtain a suffrage in favour of republican institutions. We attach the same degree of value to M. Dumas's political vaticinations as to his Frenchified *rifuccimenti* of Shakspeare's plays. Shakspeare in French, as Mr Ford remarks in his Spanish Handbook, "is like Niagara passed through a jelly-bag." A miracle of degradation which reminds us to turn to a scornful and indignant chapter suggested to Mr Stahr by a certain Monsieur Michel Carré's version of Goethe's *Faust*, performed at the *Gymnase* theatre. "Goethe is unknown in France," says the Countess d'Agoult, one of the few competent French appreciators of German literature, in her *Esquisses Morales et Politiques*. Nothing, according to Mr Stahr, could be better fitted to confirm and perpetuate French ignorance of the great German than such dramas as that which he painfully endured at the *Gymnase*. According to Madame d'Agoult, her countrymen will not take the trouble to study Goethe. To do

so they must first learn a language. "Why did he not write in French? He has only what he deserves, after all. How is it possible to be a German?—(*comment est on Allemand?*)" "If this is not exactly out-spoken," says Madame d'Agoult, "it is at least privately thought in a country where the arrogance of ignorance attains proportions unknown to other nations." "*La superbe de l'ignorance*," "*der Uebermuth der Unwissenheit!*" cries Mr Stahr in an ecstasy: "I kiss the fair lady's hand who wrote the word, for, without it, I should never have hit upon the appropriate term for this newest French atrocity of M. Michel Carré, perpetrated upon the most profound work of German genius. I am not without experience of the theatrical sufferings of our day; but such torture as was yesterday inflicted, at the *Gymnase* theatre, upon every German fibre in our frames, I never before in my whole life witnessed or underwent. I was prepared for little that was good, and for much that was laughable; but my expectations and fears were surpassed to an extent it was impossible to anticipate. Marsyas slayed by Apollo is no very pleasing picture, but the Belvidere Apollo slayed by a Marsyas is a spectacle which it takes all the nerve of German critical observation to endure." Mr Stahr then proceeds to dissect the drama, act by act, and almost scene by scene, with considerable acuteness and humour. The specimens of fustian he gives, the execrable French taste he exposes, fully justify the incensity of his disgust. The *Gymnase* drama is evidently worse than a tame translation; it is an obscene parody of Goethe's great poem. It is a compound, as Mr Stahr expresses it, of "dirt and fire—that sort of fire, namely, which is lighted by the brandy-bottle." We believe it impossible that *Faust* should ever be done justice to in a French version. But if translators, owing to the want of power of the French language, and to the utter absence of affinity and sympathy between it and the German, must ever fail to a certain extent, they at least may avoid degrading and distorting the tone and sentiments of the original. This M. Carré, of

whom we now hear for the first time, seems to have cultivated his taste and sought his inspirations in the worst school of modern French literature, and in the orgies of Parisian rakes. The inference is inevitable from the scenes and passages described and quoted by Mr Stahr. As to the verbal spirit and fidelity of the translation, the following may serve as a specimen. "In the church-going scene, the lines, so charming in the original:—

'Mein schönes Fräulein, darf ich wagen,  
Arm und Geleite anzutragen?'

are thus rendered in M. Carré's French: *Oserai-je, Mademoiselle, vous offrir mon bras, pour vous conduire jusqu'à chez vous?* For Gretchen's exquisitely graceful and saucy reply—

'Bin weder Fräulein, wed chän,  
Kann angeleitet nach Ha gehu!'

which so completely captivates Goethe's Faust, this Frenchman has been able to discover no better equivalent than, '*Pardon, Monsieur, je puis fort bien rentrer seule à la maison*'—an answer too flat and insipid even for a Paris *Lorette* of the present day." Mr Stahr was tolerably well pleased with the bearing of the audience who had come to partake of this pitiable French hash. They may have felt a natural curiosity to know something about the Faust and Margaret whose acquaintance they had made in the print-shop windows, but their sympathy with the piece went no farther. Even the Rose of the Gymnase, the Rose Chéri, so cherished by the Parisian public, failed to extract applause as M. Carré's Margaret. "It is very romantic," Mr Stahr heard some of his neighbours remark, "but it is a little too German; Monsieur Goethe's poetry does not suit the French taste." Poor public! Poor Goethe! introduced to each other under such dismal auspices. It must have been a relief to Mr Stahr to quit this miserable travesty, and turn to the native drama; although even by this, judging from a letter on theatrical subjects addressed to his friend Julius Mosen, he does not appear to have been much gratified. "I know not," he says, "whether my taste for theatres is gone by, or

what is the reason, but as yet I have been scarcely half-a-dozen times to the play. Beginning with the *Théâtre Français*, I might place as a motto at the beginning of this letter the words of Courier: 'The fact is that the *Théâtre Français*, and all the old theatres of Paris, the Opera included, are excessively wearisome.' To be sure, Rachel is not here. She is gathering laurels in Germany; and when I complained confidentially to an acquaintance that the tragedy of the *Théâtre Français* did not move me, he endeavoured to console me by telling me of Madlle. Rachel, and of her speedy return to Paris. She stands alone, incomparable, a phenomenon. But the phenomenon is absent; and the Paris stage is consequently darkened. It is always a bad sign for the condition of an art when it thus entirely depends upon one of its professors." Mr Stahr was better pleased with the lively performances at the four *vaudeville* theatres, and gives an amusing analysis of *La Fille bien gardée*, the little one-act piece which, for many weeks of last year, nightly drew crowds to the *Théâtre Montansier*. It belongs to a class of dramatic trifles in which French playwrights and actors are perfect and inimitable; trifles which only grow upon French soil, and will not bear transplanting.

After his savage attacks upon Louis Philippe and the French President, it would be quite out of character if Mr Stahr—who evidently bears monarchy a grudge, and will tolerate no government that can possibly be identified with the cause of order—had not a fling at Henri Cinq. Perhaps it is because he deems the Legitimist interest less formidable to his views than the Orleanist or Buonapartist, that he adopts a different mode of attack, and exchanges ferocity for railery. The German tongue being but indifferently adapted to the lighter manner of warfare, he glides into French, in which language he writes nearly a whole chapter. Stepping one day into a hair-dresser's rooms, he was so fortunate as to come under the hands of the master of the establishment, an eager politician and a red-hot Legitimist, voluble and communicative as only a Frenchman

and a barber can be. With the very first clip of the scissors an animated conversation began, which Mr Stahr has set down so far as his memory serves him, although he much doubts that his pen has conveyed all the minuter comical touches of the dialogue. This began with the usual exordium of Frenchmen of all classes since the revolution—"You, Monsieur," said the man of wigs, "are a foreigner, and consequently uninterested in our quarrels. Tell me what you think of our situation?"

"I think," replied I, "that the President will never willingly resign power."

"But, Monsieur, what is to be hoped for from such an *imbécile*?"

"I do not say he will succeed; I say he will make the attempt."

"And I say that he will fail. Henry the Fifth for me! *à la bonne heure!* There is a man for you."

"What do you know about him? You are very anxious, then, to make tansures?"

"What do I know about him? But, Monsieur, I have seen him, I am acquainted with him, I have spoken to him, and I tell you he is a charming man!"

"Where did you see him?"

"Did I not go to see him at Wiesbaden! Sir, there were thirty-nine of us—workmen, we called ourselves, though we were all masters—who went of our own accord to pay our respects to Henry V. The thing was briskly done, I beg you to believe. I spoke to him as I speak to you, sir, at this moment. At first I was received by M. de la Ferronnaye, his aide-de-camp. 'Good morning, Monsieur R.,' said he, 'how do you do?'—'Very well, sir, I thank you,' answered I; and far from making me wait whole hours at the door, like those republicans of the *Veille*, he made me sit down beside him on the sofa, as affable as could be."

Mr Stahr inquired of the worthy coiffeur what had been the motive of his journey to Wiesbaden, which he seemed to look upon as a sort of North Pole expedition, and of those fatigues and privations he drew a vivid picture. He wished to

judge for himself, he said; to see whether the rightful heir to the throne was as ill-favoured as his enemies represented him to be. He found him, on the contrary, full of amiable qualities. He was a little lame, but his smile was irresistible. Warming with his subject, the enthusiastic Henriquinist asked his customer's permission to relate all the particulars of his reception at Wiesbaden. This was just what Mr Stahr wished, and he duly encouraged his interlocutor.

"On our arrival," continued the hairdresser, "we presented ourselves to the aide-de-camp, as I have had the honour of informing you. He took down our names, and gave us each a number of rotation, according to which we were arranged in the afternoon at the general audience. We were formed in three ranks. The prince was informed beforehand of the name and trade of each number, so that he was able to address a few well-chosen words to everybody. When we were all drawn up in order, he came in, placed himself in the midst of us, at a few paces distance, and addressed us. 'Good day to you, my friends,' he said: 'believe me when I say that I am most sensible of the mark of sympathy you have so spontaneously given me, by quitting your families and occupations, and undertaking a journey into a foreign country to see and console me in my exile. Be sure that I will never forget what you have done for me.' Then he said, 'Come nearer, my friends!' We advanced a step. 'Nearer yet, my friends. You come from too far not to come nearer! I hope to see you all at eight o'clock to-night!'"

The hairdresser acted this scene as he related it, addressing himself and Mr Stahr alternately as the prince, by whose mandate to draw a step nearer he was evidently vastly flattered. The professor, immensely amused by the performance, still fancied he saw that the main cause of the fascination which Henry V. had exercised upon his devoted adherent was still undivulged. The sequel showed that he was not mistaken.

"In the evening," continued the coiffeur, "we returned to the Prince's

residence; there we partook of refreshments, and the Prince had an amiable word for each and all of us. He talked about the state of affairs in France, and wished to know all our opinions of it. The next day some of us were received in private audience. I was of the number. But as we were numerous, and the Prince was very busy, I could not have much conversation with him. However, he gave me a silver medal, and—"Mr R.," said he, "have you a comfortable bed at your hotel?" "Monseigneur," I replied, "since you deign to ask the question, I am accustomed to sleep between two sheets, and as I do not understand a word of German, I have been unable to make them understand this at my hotel. They put the sheet sometimes over and sometimes under the blanket, but never more than one." "Sir," continued the delighted barber, addressing himself to Mr Stahr, whilst his face beamed with triumph, "*that night I had two sheets upon my bed.*" Could anything be more amiable? Ah, sir, I have seen them from very near, those republicans of the Mountain, those members of the Provisional Government!—what blockheads! what bores! They aspired to command, and in their whole lives scarcely one of them had had as much as a servant at his orders! Sir, it was pitiable to behold."

Mr Stahr observed to the loyal hair-curler that he had seen the persons in question only *after* they had attained power, and that there are few more amiable people in the world than a pretender, *before* he has gained his object. He thought it possible that, once at the Tuileries, Henry V. might show himself in a less agreeable light, and trouble himself less about his adherent's bed-linen. The barber's sensible reply did him honour. But barbers, from Don Quixote's day downwards, have been men of good counsel.

"Monsieur," said the coiffeur, "I am not a fool. Do you suppose I shall go and plague him, when he is king? He will have other matters to mind then. I have no pretensions to be made minister or prefect, when there are people who have studied

those things all their lives. I am a hairdresser, and I shall remain one. But *I want to dress a great deal of hair,* and under the republic I dress none."

"But," remarked Mr Stahr, "you dress more under the President."

The barber, however, was no admirer of the President, whom he had also been to see, before his election, and upon the appearance of whose head he passed a most unfavourable opinion. He was sulky, he said, and not conversable. The affairs of France could never go on well under a man who knew not how to talk. Moreover, nothing could suit him but Henry V. He was neither Bonapartist nor Republican. But when things were at the worst, he said, his cry had always been "*Vive la France!*" "Stick to that!" said a customer who just then stepped in. "France has a tough existence, and will outlive your Henri Dieudonné and all his kin, and the President to boot. And now have the goodness to curl my hair."

Whether fact or invention, this sketch has one truthful point: it gives a sound enough notion of the manner of reasoning of the French shopkeeper and *petit bourgeois*—a numerous and weighty class, without whose concurrence no state of things can long be permanent in France. With them the whole question, since they first awoke from the shock and folly of the February revolution, has been one of *two sheets on their bed and more hair to dress.* They will support any government under which they can sleep in peace and drive a good trade. Some of our readers will not have forgotten the sufferings and fate of poor *Monsieur Bonardin*.\* The disasters and commercial depression of 1848 were a severe but perhaps a wholesome and necessary lesson to many thousands of Frenchmen. Unfortunately, as illustrated in M. Bonardin's case, the lesson was given to many who neither required nor deserved it. Wandering near Versailles, in the pleasant valley of Jouy, Mr Stahr and his companions were invited by a friendly dame, whose acquaintance they had made in the omnibus, to walk into her house

and taste her grapes. She perhaps thought the object of the foreigners' pedestrian stroll was to purchase one of the pleasant country houses, surrounded by vineyards and orchards, which there abound; for she took them all through her kitchen-garden and vineyard, and through the copse of chestnuts and hazel bushes, to the fish-pond, and to the pleasant grotto, fitted up as a chapel, and even to the vine-dresser's cottage, from whose windows a lovely view repaid the ascent of the numerous terraces. During this tour of inspection the good lady's tongue was not altogether idle, and a melancholy page out of a Paris citizen's life was laid open to the Germans' eyes. The pleasant little domain they were rambling over was the fruit of five-and-twenty years' toil. "Monsieur Cendrell, a skilful gilder, had bought it a few years before the last revolution, and had laid out considerable sums in building and embellishment. The revolution broke out just as he had given up his business to a friend and assistant. He suffered heavy losses, and was now compelled, in spite of the general depreciation of all lauded property, to part with his little estate. It was to be had for only thirty thousand francs, as it stood—garden and vineyard, dwelling-house and garden-cottage, shady copse, and pond well stocked with carp, and right of shooting over I know not how many acres. And how neatly and comfortably arranged was the house, with its bath and billiard-rooms, and its library with portraits of Louis Philippe and the Count de Paris—how cleanly kept was every room from the kitchen to the attics, the gardener's house and the stable included! There was nothing wanting, but—thirty thousand francs to buy it with, and as much more to live there quietly till the end of one's days. We sat full half-an-hour in the cottage on the hill, refreshing ourselves with the sweet grapes that clustered round the windows of the rush-matted room, whilst the kindly Frenchwoman told us her story. It is that of thousands of her class in Paris since the February revolution. Truly it grieved us, both for her sake and our own, that we could not purchase the pleasant coun-

try house." This, it will be said, is a common-place incident. There is certainly nothing in it very striking or dramatic. Every day somebody or other suffers losses, and is compelled to reduce his establishment, or to put it down altogether; to sell his last acre of sunny meadow and vineyard, and toil in an obscure lodging for daily bread. But there will be found in the picture something deeply affecting, if we suffer the mind to dwell upon it for a moment, recalling, at the same time, the well-known fact referred to by Mr Stahr, that, since the dreary days of 1848, the fate of the frame-gilder of Jouy has been that of multitudes of others who, like him, had passed a laborious manhood in earning, for their old age, a competency and a right to repose. Thus we obtain a glimpse of a mass of misery, of domestic happiness broken up, if not destroyed, of hallowed associations rudely ruptured—by no fault of the victims, but as a melancholy effect of the obstinacy of a selfish king, and of the rashness and precipitancy of a section of his subjects. But these material evils, deplorable as they are, sink, in our opinion, into insignificance, contrasted with the moral results of the last most ill-omened French revolution. These strike Mr Stahr in a very different light. The early part of the month of October was passed by him at the pretty village of Loges, near Versailles, whither he went to enjoy the beautiful scenery and the mellow autumnal weather, and to escape for a few days from the whirl and rattle of Paris. In the course of his walks, he and his friends not unfrequently visited a little rural inn on the way to Jouy, kept by a corpulent but active dame, who usually favoured them with her society and conversation, whilst they consumed a glass of her country wine and a slice of her *fromage de Brie*. She read no newspapers—none were received in her modest tavern—and knew but little of the intricacies of her country's dissensions; but she had political notions of her own, and was a warm republican. "We French," said she to Mr Stahr, "soon get tired of governments. They have driven away all that have been chosen since Napoleon; and when they were

driven away the consequence always was a terrible shock, affecting all kinds of property. Now, in a republic, there is no one person to drive away with so much clatter, and that is why, for my part, I desire neither a Napoleon nor a king." "Query," exclaims Mr Stahl, "whether the woman is so much in the wrong? For my part, from no French politician have I yet heard a more striking remark with respect to the present circumstances of France. That France has no longer any king, any family ruling her by right divine, that is the chief thing won by the February revolution. The dynastic and monarchical illusion is completely eradicated from the people's mind, never again to take firm root." This prospect, in which the German radical exults, we, as staunch upholders of the monarchical principle, should of course deplore, did we attach any value to his predictions. But, after what has passed, we think anything possible in France, and should be no more astonished at a Bourbon restoration, than at a consolidation of the republic; at Joinville's presidency, than at Louis Napoleon's re-election. It needs more temerity than judgment to hazard a prophecy concerning what will or will not take place in a country which, as far as politics go, has become, above all others, *le pays de l'imprévu*. The title used to belong to Spain; and in the years of Continental tranquillity that preceded 1848, it was amusement for unoccupied politicians to watch the unforeseen crises constantly occurring in the Peninsula. It is infinitely more exciting to wait upon the caprices of a great and powerful country, whose decisions, however unreasonable, may influence the state of all Europe.

They can but be waited upon, they cannot be foretold. Since the memorable 10th of December 1848, this has been our conviction. Before that date there was at least a certain logical sequence in the conduct of the French nation. Although often impossible to approve, it had always been possible to account for it. But the common sense of Europe certainly stood aghast when Louis Napoleon Buonaparte was elected ruler of France, by a majority so great as to attach a sort of ridicule to the petty minorities obtained by men who, in ability and energy, and, as far as two of them were concerned, in respectability, were infinitely his superiors. At that period, Louis Napoleon had never given one proof of talent, or rendered the slightest service, civil or military, to the nation that thus elected him its head. Twice he had violated, by armed and unjustifiable aggression, resulting in bloodshed and disgrace, the laws of his country. Pardoned the first time, on a pledge of future good conduct, he took an early opportunity of forfeiting his word. Notwithstanding the stigma thus incurred, four districts, when universal suffrage became the law of France, elected him their representative to the National Assembly. This may not be worth dwelling upon. There were stranger elections to the Assembly than that, after the February revolution. But when, out of seven millions of voters, five and a half millions gave their voices to a man whose sole recommendation was a name,—then did wonder reach its perigee. And thenceforward bold indeed must be the politician who attempts to foreshadow the possible whims of the fickle people of France.

## THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

Who will venture to make catalogue of the possible results of the "Submarine Electric Telegraph?" The more we meditate, the more new wonders open before us. We are running a race with Time; we outstrip the sun, with the round world for the race-course.—Yet, let us not boast: we do not run the race, but that more than a hundred million horse-power invisible to us, which was created with the sun. We are but the atoms involved, and borne about in the secrets of nature. And the secrets—what know we of them?—The facts only of a few of them: the main-springs of their action are, and perhaps ever will be, hidden. The world progresses; it has its infant state, its manhood state, and its old age—in what state are we now? and what is the world's age? Madame de Stael considered it quite in its youth—only fifteen—scarcely responsible! It seems, however, making rapid growth. Is it past the concited epoch, and now cutting its wise teeth? We stand like spectators at the old fair-show; we see the motley, the over busy, ever running harlequin and columbine; we are astonished at the fooleries, and are amazed at the wit, the practical wisdom, the magical wand power of the fantastic descendants of Adam and Eve, the masculine, and the feminine; and we laugh to behold the shuffling step of old Grandfather Time, as—

"Panting Time toiled after them in vain."

It is through the agency of mind that a few secrets are disclosed to us, and for our use. We call the recipient and the inventor Genius. It is given, as it is wanted, at the right time, and for the preordained purpose. We are sceptical as to "mute inglorious Miltons." Where the gift is bestowed it is used; and if it appear to be partially used, it is where partially given, "that one man may advance one step, his successor another—and thus invention leads to invention. Genius for one thing arises in one age, and sleeps after his deed is done; genius

for another thing succeeds him. Who shall dare to limit the number? One thing only we pause to admire—how seldom does the gift fall upon bad men!

There have been, perhaps, those who have had thrown in upon their minds a wondrous vision of things to come, which they were not allowed, themselves, to put forth in manifest action to the world. There have been seers of knowledge; and, perhaps, prophesiers in facts. No one will credit the assertion, therefore we make it not, that thousands of years ago steam was known, and applied to the purposes of life. We call, then, certain records the prophecies of Facts; that is, there was a certain practical knowledge, which in its description is prophetic of a new knowledge to be developed. Semiramis set up a pillar on which it was written, "I, Semiramis, by means of iron made roads over impassable mountains, where no beasts [of burthen] come." Did Semiramis prophecy a railroad—or were there Brunells and Stephensons then? When Homer spake of the ships of the Phæcians, how they go direct to the place of their venture, "knowing the mind" of the navigator, "covered with cloud and vapour," had the old blind bard a mind's-eye vision of our steam-ships? Many more may be the prophecies of Facts; for in these cases doubtless there were facts, the prophecy being in the telling.

But there have been visions also without facts—that is, without the practical visions of an inward knowledge—wherein nature had given a mirror and bade genius look into it. Friar Bacon's prophecy is an example.

"Bridges," says he, "unsupported by arches, can be made to span the foaming current; man shall descend to the bottom of the ocean safely breathing, and treading with firm step on the golden sands never brightened by the light of day. Call but the secret powers of Sol and Luna into action, and behold a single steersman, sitting at the helm, guiding the vessel which divides the waves with greater rapidity than if she had been filled with a crew of

mariners toiling at the oars. And the loaded chariot, no longer encumbered by the panting steeds, darts on its course with relentless force and rapidity. Let the pure and simple elements do thy labour; bind the eternal elements, and yoke them to the same plough."

Here is poetry and philosophy wound together, making a wondrous chain of prophecy. Who shall adventure upon a solution of that golden chain, which the oldest of poets told us descended from heaven to earth, linking them as it were together? Was it an electric fluid in which mind and matter were in indissoluble union?

What prophetic truths may yet be extracted from myth and fable, and come blazing like comets we know not whence, into the world's field! Hermes "the inventor," what is his wand, serpent-twined, and its meaning, brought into vulgar translation, and seen in the buffoonery of harlequinade? of what new power may it not be the poetical prototype? Who shall contemplate the multiplicity of nature's facts, and the myriads of multiplicities in their combination? Knowing that all that has ever been written or spoken, in all languages, is but the combination of a few sounds transferred to the alphabet of twenty-four letters, or even less, are we not lost in the contemplation of the possibilities of the myriads of facts, in their interchangings, combinations, and wonderful dove-tailings?

Perhaps, that we may not know too much before our time, facts are withdrawn from us as others are protruded. Memory may sleep, that invention may awake. Did we know by what machinery Stonehenge was built, we might have rested satisfied with a power inadequate to other and new wants, for which that power might have been no help. Archimedes did that which we cannot do, in order that we might do that which he did not. Who shall lift the veil of possibility?

Of this we may be sure, as the mind is made inventive, (and there is no seeming probability that a faculty once given will be taken away from our created nature,) there is a large and inexhaustible store-house, wherefrom

it shall have liberty to gather and to combine. We do not believe that steam itself, the miracle of our age, is anything more than a stepping-stone to the discovery of another power—means superseding means. There is and will be no end, as long as the abric of the world lasts.

There is an old German play, in which the whimsical idea of bringing the Past and Present together in *dramatis persone* is amusingly embodied. We forget the particulars, but we think Cæsar or Cicero figure in the dialogue. The ridiculous is their laughable ignorance of the commonest things. The modern takes out his watch and puts it to his ear, and tells the ancient the hour of the day. This is but one out of many puzzling new things; but, even here, how little is told of the real post-Ciceronian inventions; for the object of the play is to show the skill of the Germans only; it is but an offering to the German genius of invention.

Could a tale of Sinbad's voyage have been read to the Roman—how, as he approached the mountain, the nails flew out of the ship, for lack of comprehension of the load-stone—he would have thought it only fantastically stupid; and if he had laughed, it would have been at the narrator's expense. And so, indeed, it has fared with discoverers: they have been before the time of elucidation, like Friar Bacon; and some for fear of ridicule have kept back their knowledge; but not many perhaps; for knowledge, when it is touched by genius, becomes illuminated and illuminating, and will shine though men may shut the door, and stay themselves outside and see it not, while it brightens up only the four walls of a small chamber as it were with the magic lantern in a student's hand. Whereas it ought, according to its power, to gild the universe. The secrecy of invention is rather of others' doing—of an envious or doubting world of lookers-on, than of the first perceiving genius. Fortunately the gift of genius, as intended for the use of mankind, comes with an expansive desire of making it known.

If the memory of tradition fails, and some inventions are lost, that their detail may not hamper the fa-



culty that should take altogether a new line, so have we what we may term false lines, that yet, nevertheless, lead into the true. Science may walk in an apparently unnecessary labyrinth, and awhile be lost in the wildest mazes, and yet come out into day at last, and have picked up more than it sought by the way. Wisdom herself may have been seen sometimes wearing the fool's cap. The child's play of tossing up an apple has ended in establishing the law of gravitation. The boy Watt amused himself in watching a kettle on the fire: his genius touched it, and it grew and grew into a steam-engine; and, like the giant in the show, that shook off his limbs, and each became another giant, myriads of gigantic machines, of enormous power, hundred-armed Briareuses, are running to and fro in the earth, doing the bidding of the boy observant at his grandam's hearth. Is there an Arabian tale, with all its magic wonders, that can equal this? We said that Wisdom has worn the fool's cap; true, and Foolery was the object—the philosopher's stone; but in the wildest vagaries of her thought, there were wise things said and done, and her secretary, Common Sense, made notes of the good; and all was put down together in a strange shorthand, intelligible to the initiated; and the facts of value were culled, in time, and sifted from the follies, and from the disguises—for there were disguises, that strangers should not pry into them before the allowed hour. Alchemy has been the parent of chemistry—that “*επιστημὴ τέρα*,” and its great mysteries, to reveal which was once death!! Secrets were hidden under numbers, letters, signs of the zodiac, animals, plants, and organic substances. Thus in the vocabulary of the alchemists, the basilisk, the dragon, the red and green lions, were the sulphates of copper and of iron; the salamander, the fire; milk of the black cow, mercury; the egg, gold; the red dragon, cinabar. There is a curious specimen, in the work of the monk Theophilus, translated by Mr Hendrie, how to make Spanish gold:—

“The Gentiles, whose skilfulness in this art is probable, make basilisks in this manner: They have underground a house, walled with stones

everywhere, above and below, with two very small windows, so narrow that scarcely any light can appear through them: in this house they place two old cocks, of twelve or fifteen years, and they give them plenty of food. When these have become fat, through the heat of their good condition, they agree together, and lay eggs. Which being laid, the cocks are taken out, and toads are placed in, which may hatch the eggs, and to which bread is given for food. The eggs being hatched, chickens issue out like hens' chickens, to which, after seven days, grow the tails of serpents, and immediately, if there were not a stone pavement, they would enter the earth,” &c. &c.—“After this, they uncover them, and apply a copious fire, until the animals' insides are completely burnt. Which done, when they have become cold, they are taken out, and carefully ground, adding to them a third part of the blood of a Red Man, which blood has been dried and ground.”

Doubtless it was the discovery of some such language as this which led to the popular belief that the Jews, who were great goldsmiths and alchemists, made sacrifices with the blood of children; and many a poor Jew suffered for the sin of mistifying knowledge. “The toads of Theophilus,” says Mr Hendrie, “are probably fragments of the mineral salt, nitrate of potash, which would yield one of the elements for the solvent of gold; the blood of the Red Man, which had been dried and ground, probably a muriate of ammonia,” &c. Such were the secrets of the “*Ars Hermetica*,” and their like may have been hidden in the wand of Hermes. Dragons, serpents, and toads! Awful the vocabulary, to scare the profane; but fair Science came at length unscathed out of the witches' cauldron: and thus it appeared that natural philosophy, like its own toad, ugly and venomous, bore a “precious jewel in its head.”

Alchemy and magic were twin sisters, and often visited grave philosophers in their study both together. The Orphic verses and the hexameters of Hesiod, on the virtues of precious stones, exhibit the superstitious of science. They descended into the deeply imaginative mind of Plato,

and perhaps awakened the curiosity of the elder, scarcely less fabulous Pliny, the self-devoted martyr to the love of discoveries in science. The Arabian Tales may owe some of their marvels to the hidden sciences, in which the Arabs were learned, and which they carried with them into Spain. Albertus Magnus, in his writings, preserved the Greek and Arab secrets; and our Roger Bacon turned them over with the hand of a grave and potent genius, and his touch made them metaphorically, if not materially, golden. His prophecy, which we have given, was, when uttered, a kind of "philosopher's stone."

Superstitions of science, of boasted and boasting philosophy! And why not? Is there not enough of superstition now extant—a fair sample of the old? Is the new philosophy without that original ingredient? It is passed down from the old, and will incorporate itself with all new in some measure or other, for the very purpose of misleading, that the very bewilderment may set the inventive brain to work, in ways it thought not of. Reasoners are every day reasoning themselves out of wholesome, air-breathing, awakening truths into the visionary land of dreams, and, speaking mysteriously like uncontradicted somnambulists, believe themselves to be oracular. Materialists have followed matter, driven it into corners, divided it, dissected it, and cut it into such bits that it has become an undiscernible evaporation; and they have come away disappointed, and denied its existence altogether. Thus, mesmerism is the bewildered expression of this disappointment, their previous misapprehension. They will not believe that the wand of Hermes represents two serpents intertwined—they see but one, though the two look each other in the face before them, and they are purblind to the wand and the hand that holds it. Even the Exact Sciences," as they are called, are not complete; they lead to precipices, down which to look is a giddiness. The fact is, the action of the mind is as that of the body: mind and body have their daily outward work, and their times of sleep and of dreaming, and the dreaming of the one is not unfrequently the life of the other.

The dream of the philosopher, be he waking or sleeping is his refreshment, and at times suggestive of the to come. How know we but that "such stuff as dreams are made of" may serve for the fabrication of noble thoughts, and be inwoven into the habit of life, and become useful wear?

Perhaps magic was the first and needful life of philosophy—needful as a covering while it grew, and which it shook off as its swaddling-clothes, and became a truth. How few can trace invention to its germ, or know where the germ lies, and how that it fed upon reached it! The suggestion of a dream begetting a reality! They are no fools who think that good and bad angels are the authors of inventions. It is ingenious to suppose that we are rather the receivers and encouragers of our original thoughts than the authors of them. We may use the magnifying glasses of our reason or our passions, and do but a little distort them, or advance them to use and beauty, as we are good or bad in ourselves. And thus, from suggestions given, the imaginative genius, inventing, magnifies and multiplies by these his glasses and his instruments; and the thing invented requires much of this brilliant finery of our own to be removed before it be fitted for demand and use. Like wrought iron, the sparks must be beaten out of it while it is forming into shape. It must be off its red heat or white heat—be dipped in the cold stream of doubt, and look ugly enough to the eye of common opinion, and be long in the hand of experiment to try the patience of the inventor. And, after all, will the benefited be thankful? History has many a sad tale to tell on this subject. The "*Sic vos non vobis*" should be inscribed over the portals of the patent office. Yet sometimes, in pity to lost expectations, in the carrying out one great idea to—shall we say its final incompleteness, to its last residuum of insanity?—some little scarcely noticeable matter in the machinery has been by some kind suggesting spirit held up to the eye of the philosopher, which has proved to be the *magnum bonum* of the whole scheme.

We once knew a tradesman who had spent the best years of his life, as

well as his substance, to discover "perpetual motion." He sold off his goods when he fancied he had discovered it, and left his provincial town for the great metropolis and a philosopher's fame. As he travelled by the coach, going over in his mind the processes of his machinery, a portion of it struck him as applicable to a manufacture of common use, but of no very high pretensions. His perpetual motion failed. There was a good angel that whispered to him, "Descend from the ladder of your ambition—do not lose sight of it; but try the little interloping suggestion, and raise the means for prosecuting more favourably your perpetual motion." He did so. The action saved him from lunacy—the undignified and bye-sport, as it were, of his invention answered—from a ruined man he became rich, and his new business required of him so much perpetual motion bodily, that the idea of it, wonderful to say, was driven out of his speculative mind.

A sudden thought—a happy hit—we are too apt to call a *lucky* one. Will it be the worse if we give it a better name, and say it is a gift? The thankfulness implied in gift may make it a blessing. It was no deep study that brought the great improvements into our manufacturing machinery.

The poor boy Arkwright, in a moment of idleness or weariness, thought happily of a cog in the wheel; and that little cog was to him and his posterity a philosopher's stone; realising the alchemist's hopes, by far more sure experiment than the dealings with "green" and "red lions" and "dragons," for a result never to be reached. How wonderful has been the result, even to the whole world, of that momentary thought—that simple invention!

We have often heard it remarked that this is an age of inventions. It is true: not that the inventive mind was ever wanting. It is a practical age; the necessities of multiplied life make it so. The well-known "century of inventions" of the Marquis of Worcester is a stock not yet exhausted. But to speak of this our age, how can it be otherwise? Not only are material means enlarged by geographical and other discoveries, but the inventive mind is multiplied

because mankind are multiplied, whose nature it is to invent. A population—to speak of England, for it is of England we are thinking—of five millions, as it was in the time of Queen Elizabeth, cannot bear comparison with ours of nearer twenty millions. Then, if we enlarge our view, and take in England's transplanted progeny, whose activity and whose advancement in knowledge and science we share, under every facility for the transmission of knowledge, we may fairly speculate upon a very wonderful futurity. The glory of the German dramatist, with his watch, and perhaps, but we forget, his printing-press, (for it ought to be in the play,) is annihilated: the author himself would now stand in the place of his *Cæsar* or *Cicero*.

It would be a dream worth dreaming to bring back from his Elysian Fields *Agricola*, the Roman governor of Britain—he who first discovered that it was an island—to show him his semi-barbarians, whom he so equitably governed, (passing by, however, how far we are, any of us, their descendants.) We will imagine but an hour or two passed with him at the Polytechnic Rooms, to show him enormous iron cables twisted into knots, as if they were pieces of tape—to see vast ponderous masses suspended by magnetism only—to let him look into the wonders of the telescope and the microscope, besides a thousand marvellous things, too numerous and too often enumerated to mention. Nor would it be unamusing to dream that we return with him, and on his way accompany him, summoned to the court of *Pluto* and *Proserpine* to narrate the incidents of his sojourn above. We could believe the line of *Homer* verified, and that we see the grim and sceptical *Pluto* leap up from his throne in astonishment, and perhaps, as the poet would have it, fear lest our subterranean speculators should break in upon his dominions, and let in the light of our day. We have taken the humblest walk for the "surprise." What if we had accompanied the ex-governor of Britain to the Crystal Palace? That we will not venture upon. But had he continued his narrative of all he saw there, *Pluto* would have given a

look—at which Cerberus would have growled from his triple throats—and that the unlucky narrator might escape the castigation of Rhadamanthus, he would have been ordered a fresh dip in Lethe, as one contaminated, and who had contracted the lying propensities of people in the upper air.

We know not if the wonder in us be not the greater that we have not the slightest pretensions to mechanical knowledge. But we confess that, when we suddenly came upon the mechanical department, and saw the various machinery at work, the world's life and all its business came out vividly upon the canvass of our thought, as the great poetry of nature. Yes, nature rather than art, for art is but the capability of nature in practice. We thought of Sophocles and his chorus of laudation of man—the inventor and the *πρωτοπορος*—and how impoverished did the Greek seem, how tame and inadequate the description!

Shakspeare is more to the mark. The whole world is scarcely large enough for the exhibition of man's thought and deed, as Shakspeare sees him. There is no small talk of his little doings—how he passes over the seas and bridles the winds. Inimitable Shakspeare omits the doing to show the capacity; makes, for a moment of comparison only, the earth a sterile promontory, and man that is on it himself, and in his own bosom, the ample region of all fertility, in undefined thought and action. "What a piece of work is man!—how noble in reason!—how infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable!—in action how like an angel!—in apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!" Behold man the inventor!

We have said that the increase of population must necessarily enlarge the stock of inventions, both by new and multiplied demands, and by the added number of inventors. But there is another cause in operation, that is seldom taken into the account—there are not only more millions of human hands to do the work, but there is an artificial working population, if we may call horse-power of

steam a population as equivalent to hands.

In this view the *working* population, or working power, so far exceeds our actual population, that they can scarcely be named together. If it be said, this is not a power of mind, and therefore cannot be said to be inventive; it may be answered, that every instrument is a kind of mind to him who takes it up, improves, and works upon it, and with it: for, after all, it is mind that is operating in it. The man is not to be envied who in heart and understanding is dead to the manifold evolutions of this great workshop of the human brain, who cannot feel the poetry of mechanics. Is it not a creative power?—and is it not at once subjecting and civilising the world? Is not this poetry of mechanics showing also that man has dominion given him over the inert materials, as over other living creatures of the earth? We hail it in all its marvellous doings, as subject for creative dreams, scarcely untrue. Let those who will (and many there be who profess this blindness to the poetry of art and science) see nothing but the tall chimneys and the black smoke. To the imaginative, even the smoke itself becomes an embodied genie, at whose feet the earth opens at command; and they who yield themselves to the spell are conducted, through subterranean ways, to the secret chambers of the treasures of nature; and, by a transition to a more palpable reality, find themselves in a garden covered with crystal, to behold all beauteous things and precious stones for fruit, such as Aladdin saw, and fountains throwing out liquid gems, and fair company, as if brought together by enchantment—and this is the romance of reality. If we write rhapsodically, let the subject be the excuse, for the secrets of nature throw conjecture into the depths of wonder, and thought far out of the conveyance of language.

It was our purpose to speak of the Submarine Telegraph, and it is not surprising if we have in some degree been transported to great distances by its power.

The inventors, Messrs Brett, under every difficulty and discouragement, have at length succeeded. Our

greatest engineers for a long while withheld their countenance; practical philosophers denied the probability. The possibility was tested by the first experiment. Fortunately no accident occurred in laying down the wire across the Channel, until communication by means of it had been made between France and England; and even the subsequent accident—the cutting the wire by the fishermen—has only served the good purpose of making more sure the permanent setting up of this extraordinary telegraph. The protection of the wires by the gutta-percha covering is considered perfect; but should it turn out otherwise, it will not affect the certainty of the invention: it must be permanent. A narrative of all the difficulties which beset the inventors, and which have delayed the experiment for years, would be curious. The discouragements and the expenses would have crushed men of less energy. Even at last, in making the cable, there was a disappointment and a hitch, arising from rival companies. We extract from the *Times*.

"On the 19th of July last, Mr Cramp-ton undertook to construct and lay down a cable containing four electric wires, each insulated in two coatings of gutta percha, and the whole protected by ten strands of galvanised iron wire, on or before the 30th of September. The electric wires, covered with gutta percha, in length a hundred miles, were turned out by Mr Statham, at the works of the Gutta Percha Company, and nothing can be more perfect than the manner in which that order was executed. The wire covering was ordered from Messrs Wilkins and Weatherly; but unfortunately, a dispute respecting the patent for making wire ropes occurred between that firm and Messrs Newall, which seriously delayed the progress of the work, as an injunction was served by the latter to prevent Messrs Wilkins and Co. from proceeding with the order.

"This was eventually compromised, and the rope was made conjointly by the workmen of the two firms on the premises of Messrs Wilkins and Weatherly, at Wapping.

"The very hurried manner in which (from this unforeseen delay) the work had to be accomplished, prevented that close attention that ought to have been given to any fracture, however small, of the wire; and in consequence, the outer

casing, though of great strength and solidity, was not made with the same exquisite nicety and care that had been bestowed on the core of the cable."

The weather was unpropitious, and was probably the cause, from the circumstance of the *Blazer* being driven somewhat out of her course, that the length of the wire cable was not sufficient. This defect was, however, only of a temporary kind, and was supplied by that which was intended for another purpose. We extract the interesting account of the proceedings from the *Times*:—

"Shortly after 7 o'clock the fastenings at the end of the cable at the *Foreland* were completed, and the *Fearless* started to point out the exact course to be followed by the *Blazer*, which was towed by two tugs, one alongside, and the other ahead of her.

"A third tug belonging to the Government was also in attendance.

"The arrangements for paying out the cable consisted simply of a bar fixed transversely above the hold, over which the rope was drawn as it was uncoiled from below, and a series of breaks acting by levers fitted to the deck, in order to arrest the passage of the rope in the case of too rapid a delivery. On reaching the stem the cable passed overboard through a 'chock' of a semicircular shape, lined with iron. On starting, the steam-tugs proceeded at much too rapid a pace, (from four to five knots an hour,) and consequently one of the fractured wires (before alluded to) caught in the friction-blocks, and, before the way of the vessel could be checked, one strand of the iron wire was, for a length of about eighteen yards, stripped from the cable. The steam-tug towing ahead was then ordered alongside, when the speed could be better regulated, and the rate was reduced to about one and a half to two knots an hour. About six miles from shore it was determined to test the wires; but, from a misapprehension of instructions, the telegraph instruments at the *South Foreland* were not joined up with those on board the *Blazer*. A steam-tug, with one of the engineers and directors on board, immediately returned to the *Foreland*, when communication was made by telegraph and fuses fired from the vessel to the shore, and from the shore to the *Blazer*.

"At about mid-Channel, in the midst of a heavy sea, and a strong wind from the SW., an accident occurred, but for which the enterprise would have been carried out with the most perfect success; this was the snapping of the tow-

rope (an eight-inch cable) and the consequent drifting of the *Blazer* from her appointed course to the length of a mile and a-half. Notwithstanding the delay caused by this untoward incident, the *Blazer* arrived off Sangatte at about 6 o'clock. The evening was, however, too far advanced, and the weather too stormy to attempt a landing; and, after embarking most of her passengers on board one of the steamers that ran into Calais, she was anchored for the night about two miles from the shore.

"On Friday the wind blew a strong gale from the westward, which rendered all near approach to the shore impracticable; but the *Blazer* was towed to within a mile of the beach, when, it being considered dangerous to leave her at anchor, the remainder of the rope was made fast to a buoy and hove overboard. The steam-tugs then returned with the *Blazer* to England.

"On Saturday the weather continued unfavourable, but Captain Bullock proceeded with the *Fearless* to the buoy off Sangatte, and, having hauled up the end of the rope, he towed it some hundred yards nearer the shore, and then again moored it.

"On Sunday the wind shifted more to the southward and moderated. Accordingly, the engineers and managers of the Gutta Percha Company took on board the *Fearless* a large coil of gutta percha roping, and, after hauling up the end of the telegraph cable, the first wires were carefully attached, and at half-past five in the afternoon a boat landed them on the beach at Sangatte. The moment chosen for landing was low-water, and the coil of gutta percha ropes was immediately buried in the beach by a gang of men in attendance, up to low-water mark, and even to a short distance beyond it. Thence to where the cable was moored did not much exceed a quarter of a mile.

"The telegraphs were instantly attached to the submarine wires, and all the instruments responded to the batteries from the opposite shore. At six o'clock messages were printed at Sangatte from the South Foreland, specimens of which Captain Bullock took over to Dover the same evening for the Queen and the Duke of Wellington.

"On Monday morning the wires at Sangatte were joined to those already laid down to Calais, and two of the instruments used by the French Government having been sent to the South Foreland, Paris was placed in immediate communication with the English Court."

We have remarked that very important discoveries are accidentally

made in pursuing one of quite a different character from those which come up in the search unexpectedly.

They who remember our towns lighted with the old lamps, that in comparison with our gas-lights made but a "palpable obscure," should also remember how the change was brought about. The gas, which has proved of such vast utility that we can now-a-days scarcely conceive how the world could go on without it, was first a misfortune. It was generated in the coal mines, and, in order to get rid of it, it was conveyed by tubes to the outer air: in doing this it was found there to ignite, and from this simple attempt to effect an escape for a nuisance is almost every town in the civilised world illuminated by gas—besides which, the advantageous use of it in manufactories is beyond calculation. Even of gutta percha, now applied as a coating to these wires, who can determine all the uses to which it may be found applicable? Nature, it should seem, does not fabricate one material for itself, or for one use only, but adapts one thing to many purposes—and thus, as it were, teaches us that there is a chain in the facts of nature, by showing us a few of the connected links; and, at the same time, so far from exhibiting any sudden breaks, offering evidences of a continuous connection reaching beyond our conception. Verily this poor opaque earth of ours is the foundation on which the Jacob's ladder of invention is laid. We know not where it reaches, but there may be suggesting angels passing to and fro, and when their feet touch the ground, it delivers up its secrets, that float into the ears of the dreamer.

Electricity, it would appear, is the great agent in this connecting chain—nay, is it not, whatever it be in its essence, the chain itself, and the universal power equally in inert matter and in life? It has neither boundary on the earth nor in space. Its home is ubiquity; like the sphere of *Hermes*, its centre is everywhere, its circumference nowhere. That this astonishing power is yet under restraint—that it is not only kept from the evil it would do, but rendered to us serviceable—is a proof of the great beneficence of

Him who made it and us. When the admiring child touches that gem, the dew-drop on the rose-leaf, it knows not that the little hand is on that which has lightning in it enough to cause instant death. It is scarcely the lover's poetical dream that he *may* be killed by the lightning of an eye—done dead by the tear that only moves his pity, on his mistress's eye-lid. In that little drop is the power of death—and by what miracle (truly all nature is miraculous) is the execution staid—the power forbidden to act? Nay, even the pity that we speak of, love itself, strange in its suddenness as we see it, how know we what of electricity be in it, instantly conveying from person to person natural but unknown sympathy?

Let us not get out of our depths,—but emerge from “the submarine,” to land; and for this purpose, and to complete our argument of unexpected and collateral uses, we offer an extract from the *Army and Navy Register*:—

“NEW MODE OF DISCHARGING GUN POWDER.—On Monday, August 18, some interesting experiments were tried at the Gutta Percha Company's Works, Warf Road, City Road, for the purposes of demonstrating the means by which this extraordinary production may be applied to the operation of discharging gunpowder. A galvanic battery was connected with upwards of 50 miles of copper wire covered with gutta percha, to the thickness of an ordinary black lead pencil. The wire, which was formed into coils, and which has been prepared for the projected submarine telegraph, was attached to a barge moored in the canal alongside the manufactory, the coils being so fixed together (although the greater portion of them were under water) as to present an uninterrupted communication with the battery to a distance limited at first to 57 miles, but afterwards extended to 70. A “cartridge” formed with a small hollow roof of gutta percha, charged with gunpowder, and having an intercommunicating wire attached, was then brought into contact with the electric current. The result was, that a spark was produced, which, igniting the gunpowder, caused an immediate explosion similar to that which would arise from the discharge of a small cannon. The same process was carried out in various ways, with a view of testing the efficient manner in which the gutta percha had been rendered impervious to

wet, and in one instance the fusee or cartridge was placed under the water. In this case the efficiency of the insulation was equally well demonstrated by the explosion of the gunpowder at the moment the necessary “contact” was produced; and by way of showing the perfect insulation of the wire, an experiment was tried which resulted in the explosion of the fusee from the charge of electricity retained in the coils of wire, three seconds after contact with the battery had been broken. This feature in the experiment was especially interesting from the fact of its removing all difficulty and doubt as to whether the gutta percha would so far protect the wires as to preserve the current of electricity under the most disadvantageous circumstances. Another experiment was successfully tried by passing the electric current to its destination through the human body. Mr C. J. Wollaston, civil engineer, volunteered to form part of the circuit by holding the ends of 35 miles of the wire in each hand. The wire from the battery was brought to one end of the entire length of 70 miles, and instant explosion of the cartridge took place at the other end. The experiments were altogether perfectly successful, as showing beyond all question that the properties of gutta percha and electricity combined are yet to be devoted to other purposes than that of establishing a submarine telegraph. The blasting of a rock, the destruction of a fortification, and other operations which require the agency of gunpowder, have often been attended with considerable danger and trouble, besides involving large outlays of money; but it may be truly said that the employment of electricity in the manner described is calculated to render such operations comparatively free from difficulty. Amongst the company present on this occasion was Major-General Sir Charles Pasley, who took a warm interest in the proceedings, and expressed himself much gratified at the result. It is impossible to foretell the value of this discovery, particularly in engineering and mining operations. It forms a valuable addition to the benefits already conferred upon the public by the enterprise of the Gutta Percha Company.”

This extract may lead the reader to conclude that there are double and opposite purposes in the secrets of nature. The chain which was intended to connect all nations in a bond of peace, has, it should seem, also (incidental to the first discovery) its apparatus for war.

When his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury was blessing the Crystal Palace, and all within it, as emblems of a religious bond of peace, and of amity of all nations, and it pleased the admiring masses to proclaim it the Temple of Peace and of Love, there was little thought that, among the machinery and instruments it contained, those of murderous purpose would be the first required for use, which was actually the case, when permission was asked and given for the removal of revolving firearms from the American department, to be sent out to the Cape.

Thus, good and evil are not unmixed. Either may be extracted, and leave the remainder, in appearance to us, a kind of *caput mortuum*.

It is far more pleasant to look to the peaceful results of inventions—to hear the spirit that is in the electric fluid say—

“I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spouting gently.”

Let it be the means that far-off friends at the Antipodes shall communicate, if not by voice, by that which is like it—by sound and by lettered words. Let it touch a bell at their mid-day, and it may tingle at that instant in your ears at midnight, and awake you to receive, evolved from the little machinery at your bed's head, a letter in a printed strip, conveying “thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,” even as though you felt the breath that uttered them. Reader, be not sceptical. How many very practicable things have you denied, and yet found brought tangibly before your eyes, and into your hands! This simultaneous tingle of two bells—one at the Antipodes, and one within reach of your own touch, and at your own ear—may cause you to curl your lip in derision; but say, is it impossible? We have heard you say of much more improbable things, “Where there is a will there is a way.” Well, here it is evident you have only a little to strengthen your will, and the length of the way will be no obstacle. You may amuse yourself with the idea, and make a comparison of it, and look at the figures on your

China plate, and imagine them moved to each other under spell of their passion, (see the tale of the willow pattern,) to the defiance of all the ordinary rules of distance. Did not the foreseeing artist intimate thereby that love and friendship have no space-limits, and hold within themselves a power that laughs at perspective, as it does “at locksmiths?” The artist whom you contemned as ignorant was, you acknowledge, wise—wise beyond his art, if not beyond his thought. He had a second-sight of a new mode of communication, and expressed it prudently in this his hieroglyphic.

Does any marvel exceed this in apparent absurdity—that you, in London or Edinburgh, shall be able to communicate instantaneously with your friend or relative at St Petersburg or Vienna; for which purpose you have but to touch a few keys denoting letters of the alphabet, and under water and over land your whole thoughts pass as soon as your fingers have delivered them to the keys—nay, the letters are forestalling your thought, and those before it? Does it not seem very absurd to say that all the foreign news may be at your breakfast-table, fresh from every capital in Europe, before the *Times* can be published and circulated? How will the practice of the press be affected by this novelty? “The latest intelligence” becomes a bygone tale, “flat, stale, and unprofitable.” Far greater things than the poet dreamed of become daily realities. Richest in fancy, Shakspeare apologetically covers the incredible ubiquity of his Ariel with a sense of fatigue—of difficulty in his various passages—Ariel, the spirit who

“thought it much to tread  
The ooze of the salt deep.”

Our Government officers will have ready on the instant, messengers far swifter than Ariel—wondrous performers on the “slack-wires.” They will put you

“A girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes.”

No; that was the lagging, loitering pace of the old spirit. It will not



take forty seconds. What are thousands of miles to a second of time? Time is, as it were, annihilated: the sand in the glass must be accelerated, or the glass, held for ages, taken out of his hand, and some national exhibition ransacked for a new hour-instrument. The Prospero's wand broken, and newer wonders to be had for a trifle. Fortunatus's "wishing-cap" to be bought at the corner-shop, and the famed "seven-league boots" next door—and to be had cheap, considering that you may tell all your thoughts, at ever so great a distance, by a little bell and a wire, while you are sitting in your arm-chair. It will be quite an easy matter to

Walt from India, to the Pa

Railroads and the Submarine Telegraph more than double man's life, if we count his years by action. History itself must now begin as from a new epoch. All the doings of the world, through this rapidity given to person and to thought, must be so altered as to bear no parallel with the past. The old locomotive and communicating powers are defunct—they are as the water that has passed the mill. It must grind with that which succeeds. They are new powers that must set the wheels of governments and of all the world's machinery in motion.

There is in the *Spectator* a paper of the true Addisonian wit, descriptive of an Antediluvian courtship, in which the *young* couple, having gone through the usual process in the early art of love, complete their happiness in the some hundredth year of their ages. Theorists have entertained the notion that this long life was bestowed upon man in the world's first era, that knowledge might be more readily transmitted, there being few generations to the Flood. To the lovers of life it would be a sad thing to be led to the conclusion, that, transmission being quickened, life will be shortened; or that, as in the winding-up of a drama, events are crowding into the last act of our earth's duration. It may relieve their apprehensions to read of the advance the medical

science is making simultaneously with all other sciences, so that they may look to a state in which a man may live as long as he likes, and at the same time do ten times the work: a man's day will perhaps be a year, counting by his doings. Morose poets and philosophers have lamented over us as ephemeral; if so, we are at least like the Antediluvian butterflies, and our day long. And now, with all our sanitary inventions, it stands a fair chance of a tolerable lengthening.

We have observed that it has been said that the world is not fifteen years of age; and, indeed, it looks like enough. Hitherto Nature has treated us as a kind mother does her children—given us toys and playthings, to be broken and discarded as we get older. We are throwing them by, we are becoming of age, and Nature opens her secrets to us, and we are just setting up for ourselves—as it were, commencing the business of life, like grown men in good earnest; and every day we find out more secrets, and all worth knowing.

We will not lay down the pen without expressing our congratulations to the inventors of the Submarine Telegraph, the Messrs Brett, and wishing them the fullest success. They themselves as yet know not the extent of the reach of their own invention, or they might well wonder at their own wonders, like

"Katerfelto, with his hair on end!"

We wish them long life to see the results—and that they will not, through mistrust of so great a discovery, imitate Copernicus, who, says Fontenelle, "distrusting the success of his opinions, was for a long time loth to publish them, and, when they brought him the first sheet of his work, died, foreseeing that he never should be able to reconcile all its contradictions, and therefore wisely slipped out of the way." Messrs Brett will think it wiser to live, and be in the way and at their post, (no *post obit*,) ready to answer all queries and contradictions, through the convincing, the very satisfactory means, of their "Submarine Telegraph."

## MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CANTON.

BOOK VIII. — INITIAL CHAPTER.

THE ABUSE OF INTELLIGENCE.

THERE is at present so vehement a flourish of trumpets, and so prodigious a roll of the drum, whenever we are called upon to throw up our hats, and cry, "Huzza" to the "March of Enlightenment," that, out of that very spirit of contradiction natural to all rational animals, one is tempted to stop one's ears, and say, "Gently, gently; LIGHT is noiseless; how comes 'Enlightenment' to make such a clatter? Meanwhile, if it be not impertinent, pray, where is Enlightenment marching to?" Ask that question of any six of the loudest bawlers in the procession, and I'll wager tenpence to California that you get six very unsatisfactory answers. One respectable gentleman, who, to our great astonishment, insists upon calling himself "a slave," but has a remarkably free way of expressing his opinions, will reply—"Enlightenment is marching towards the nine points of the Charter." Another, with his hair *à la jeune France*, who has taken a fancy to his friend's wife, and is rather embarrassed with his own, asserts that Enlightenment is proceeding towards the Rights of Women, the reign of Social Love, and the annihilation of Tyrannical Prejudice. A third, who has the air of a man well to do in the middle class, more modest in his hopes, because he neither wishes to have his head broken by his errand-boy, nor his wife carried off to an Agapemoné by his apprentice, does not take Enlightenment a step farther than a siege on Debrett, and a cannonade on the Budget. Illiberal man! the march that he swells will soon trample *him* under foot. No one fares so ill in a crowd as the man who is wedged in the middle. A fourth, looking wild and dreamy, as if he had come out of the cave of Trophonius, and who is a mesmeriser and a mystic, thinks Enlightenment is in full career towards the good old days of alchemists and ne-

romancers. A fifth, whom one might take for a Quaker, asserts that the march of Enlightenment is a crusade for universal philanthropy, vegetable diet, and the perpetuation of peace, by means of speeches, which certainly do produce a very contrary effect from the Philippics of Demosthenes! The sixth—(good fellow, without a rag on his back)—does not care a straw where the march goes. He can't be worse off than he is; and it is quite immaterial to him whether he goes to the dog-star above, or the bottomless pit below. I say nothing, however, against the march, while we take it altogether. Whatever happens, one is in good company; and though I am somewhat indolent by nature, and would rather stay at home with Locke and Burke, (dull dogs though they were,) than have my thoughts set off helter-skelter with those cursed trumpets and drums, blown and dub-a-dubbed by fellows that I vow to heaven I would not trust with a five-pound note—still, if I must march, I must; and so decency take the hindmost. But when it comes to individual marchers upon their own account—privateers and condottieri of Enlightenment—who have filled their pockets with Lucifer-matches, and have a sublime contempt for their neighbours' barns and hay-ricks, I don't see why I should throw myself into the seventh heaven of admiration and ecstasy.

If those who are eternally rhapsodising on the celestial blessings that are to follow Enlightenment, Universal Knowledge, and so forth, would just take their eyes out of their pockets, and look about them, I would respectfully inquire if they have never met any very knowing and enlightened gentleman, whose acquaintance is by no means desirable. If not, they are monstrous lucky. Every man must judge by his own experience; and the

worst rogues I have ever encountered were amazingly well-informed, clever fellows! From dunderheads and dunces we can protect ourselves; but from your sharp-witted gentleman, all enlightenment, and no prejudice, we have but to cry, "Heaven defend us!" It is true, that the rogue (let him be ever so enlightened) usually comes to no good himself, (though not before he has done harm enough to his neighbours.) But that only shows that the world wants something else in those it rewards, besides intelligence *per se* and in the abstract; and is much too old a world to allow any Jack Horner to pick out its plumbs for his own personal gratification. Hence a man of very moderate intelligence, who believes in God, suffers his heart to beat with human sympathies, and keeps his eyes off your strong-box, will perhaps gain a vast deal more power than knowledge ever gives to a rogue.

Wherefore, though I anticipate an outcry against me on the part of the blockheads, who, strange to say, are the most credulous idolaters of enlightenment, and, if knowledge were power, would rot on a daughill; yet, nevertheless, I think all really enlightened men will agree with me, that when one falls in with detached sharpshooters from the general march of enlightenment, it is no reason that we should make ourselves a target, because enlightenment has furnished them with a gun. It has, doubtless, been already remarked by the judicious reader, that of the numerous characters introduced into this work, the larger portion belong to that species which we call the *INTELLECTUAL*—that through them are analysed and developed human intellect, in various forms and directions. So that this History, rightly considered, is a kind of humble familiar Epic, or, if you prefer it, a long *Serio-Comedy*, upon the *Varieties of English Life* in this our Century, set in movement by the intelligences most prevalent. And where more ordinary and less refined types of the species round and complete the survey of our passing generation, they will often suggest, by contrast, the deficiencies which mere intellectual culture leaves in the human being. Certainly, I have no spite against intellect and en-

lightenment. Heaven forbid I should be such a Goth. I am only the advocate for common sense and fair play. I don't think an able man necessarily an angel; but I think if his heart match his head, and both proceed in the Great March under a divine Oriflamme, he goes as near to the angel as humanity will permit: if not, if he has but a penn'orth of heart to a pound of brains, I say, "*Bon jour, mon ange!*" I see not the starry upward wings, but the grovelling cloven-hoof." I'd rather be offuscated by the Squire of Hazeldean, than enlightened by Randal Leslie. Every man to his taste. But intellect itself (not in the philosophical, but the ordinary sense of the term) is rarely, if ever, one completed harmonious agency; it is not one faculty, but a compound of many, some of which are often at war with each other, and mar the concord of the whole. Few of us but have some predominant faculty, in itself a strength; but which, (usurping unreasonably dominion over the rest,) shares the lot of all tyranny, however brilliant, and leaves the empire weak against disaffection within, and invasion from without. Hence intellect may be perverted in a man of evil disposition, and sometimes merely wasted in a man of excellent impulses, for want of the necessary discipline, or of a strong ruling motive. I doubt if there be one person in the world, who has obtained a high reputation for talent, who has not met somebody much cleverer than himself, which said somebody has never obtained any reputation at all. Men, like Audley Egerton, are constantly seen in the great positions of life; while men, like Harley PEstrange, who could have beaten them hollow in anything equally striven for by both, float away down the stream, and, unless some sudden stimulant arouse the dreamy energies, vanish out of sight into silent graves. If Hamlet and Polonius were living now, Polonius would have a much better chance of being Chancellor of the Exchequer, though Hamlet would unquestionably be a much more intellectual character. What would become of Hamlet? Heaven knows! Dr Arnold said, from his experience of a school, that the difference between one man and another was not mere

ability—it was energy. There is a great deal of truth in that say-

Submitting these hints to the judgment and penetration of the sagacious, I enter on the fresh division of this work, and see already Randal Leslie gnawing his lip on the back-ground. The German poet observes, that the Cow of Isis is to some the divine sym-

bol of knowledge, to others but the milch cow, only regarded for the pounds of butter she will yield. O tendency of our age, to look on Isis as the milch cow! O prostitution of the grandest desires to the basest uses! Gaze on the goddess, Randal Leslie, and get ready thy churn and thy scales. Let us see what the butter will fetch in the market.

## CHAPTER II.

A new reign has commenced. There has been a general election; the unpopularity of the Administration has been apparent at the hustings. Audley Egerton, hitherto returned by vast majorities, has barely escaped defeat—thanks to a majority of five. The expenses of his election are said to have been prodigious. But who can stand against such wealth as Egerton's—no doubt backed, too, by the Treasury purse? said the defeated candidate. It is towards the close of October; London is already full; Parliament will meet in less than a fortnight.

In one of the principal apartments of that hotel in which foreigners may discover what is meant by English comfort, and the price which foreigners must pay for it, there sat two persons, side by side, engaged in close conversation. The one was a female, in whose pale clear complexion and raven hair—in whose eyes, vivid with a power of expression rarely bestowed on the beauties of the north, we recognise Beatrice, Marchesa di Negra. Undeniably handsome as was the Italian lady, her companion, though a man, and far advanced into middle age, was yet more remarkable for personal advantages. There was a strong family likeness between the two; but there was also a striking contrast in air, manner, and all that stamps on the physiognomy the idiosyncrasies of character. There was something of gravity, of earnestness and passion, in Beatrice's countenance when carefully examined; her smile at times might be false, but it was rarely ironical, never cynical. Her gestures, though graceful, were unrestrained and frequent. You could see she was

a daughter of the south. Her companion, on the contrary, preserved on the fair smooth face, to which years had given scarcely a line or wrinkle, something that might have passed, at first glance, for the levity and thoughtlessness of a gay and youthful nature; but the smile, though exquisitely polished, took at times the derision of a sneer. In his manners he was as composed and as free from gesture as an Englishman. His hair was of that red brown with which the Italian painters produce such marvellous effects of colour; and, if here and there a silver thread gleamed through the locks, it was lost at once amidst their luxuriance. His eyes were light, and his complexion, though without much colour, was singularly transparent. His beauty, indeed, would have been rather womanly than masculine, but for the height and sinewy spareness of a frame in which muscular strength was rather adorned than concealed by an admirable elegance of proportion. You would never have guessed this man to be an Italian; more likely you would have supposed him a Parisian. He conversed in French, his dress was of French fashion, his mode of thought seemed French. Not that he was like the Frenchman of the present day—an animal, either rude or reserved; but your ideal of the *Marquis* of the old *régime*—the *roué* of the Regency.

Italian, however, he was, and of a race renowned in Italian history. But, as if ashamed of his country and his birth, he affected to be a citizen of the world. Heaven help the world if it hold only such citizens!

"But, Giulio," said Beatrice di Negra, speaking in Italian, "even

granting that you discover this girl, can you suppose that her father will ever consent to your alliance? Surely you know too well the nature of your kinsman?"

"*Tu te trompes, ma sœur*," replied Giulio Franzini, Count di Peschiera, in French as usual—"tu te trompes; I knew it before he had gone through exile and penury. How can I know it now? But comfort yourself, my too anxious Beatrice, I shall not care for his consent till I've made sure of his daughter's."

"But how win that in despite of the father?"

"*Eh, mordieu!*" interrupted the Count, with true French gaiety; "what would become of all the comedies ever written, if marriages were not made in despite of the father? Look you," he resumed, with a very slight compression of his lip, and a still slighter movement in his chair—"look you, this is no question of ifs and buts; it is a question of must and shall—a question of existence to you and to me. When Danton was condemned to the guillotine, he said, flinging a pellet of bread at the nose of his respectable judge—'*Mon individu sera bientôt dans le néant*'—My patrimony is there already! I am loaded with debts. I see before me, on the one side, ruin or suicide; on the other side, wedlock and wealth."

"But from those vast possessions which you have been permitted to enjoy so long, have you really saved nothing against the time when they might be reclaimed at your hands?"

"My sister," replied the Count, "do I look like a man who saved? Besides, when the Austrian Emperor, unwilling to raze from his Lombard domains a name and a house so illustrious as our kinsman's, and desirous, while punishing that kinsman's rebellion, to reward my adherence, forbore the peremptory confiscation of those vast possessions at which my mouth waters while we speak, but, annexing them to the Crown during pleasure, allowed me, as the next of male kin, to retain the revenues of one-half for the same very indefinite period—had I not every reason to suppose, that, before long, I could so influence

his Majesty or his minister, as to obtain a decree that might transfer the whole, unconditionally and absolutely, to myself? And methinks I should have done so, but for this accursed, intermeddling English Milord, who has never ceased to besiege the court or the minister with alleged extenuations of our cousin's rebellion, and proofless assertions that I shared it in order to entangle my kinsman, and betrayed it in order to profit by his spoils. So that, at last, in return for all my services, and in answer to all my claims, I received from the minister himself this cold reply—'Count of Peschiera, your aid was important, and your reward has been large. That reward, it would not be for your honour to extend, and justify the ill opinion of your Italian countrymen by formally appropriating to yourself all that was forfeited by the treason you denounced. A name so noble as yours should be dearer to you than fortune itself.'"

"Ah, Giulio," cried Beatrice, her face lighting up, changed in its whole character—"those were words that might make the demon that tempts to avarice fly from your breast in shame."

The Count opened his eyes in great amaze; then he glanced round the room, and said, quietly—

"Nobody else hears you, my dear Beatrice; talk common sense. Heroes sound well in mixed society; but there is nothing less suited to the tone of a family conversation."

Madame di Negra bent down her head abashed, and that sudden change in the expression of her countenance, which had seemed to betray susceptibility to generous emotion, faded as suddenly away.

"But still," she said coldly, "you enjoy one-half of those ample revenues—why talk, then, of suicide and ruin?"

"I enjoy them at the pleasure of the crown; and what if it be the pleasure of the crown to recall our cousin, and reinstate him in his possessions?"

"There is a probability, then, of that pardon? When you first employed me in your researches, you only thought there was a possibility."

"There is a great probability of it, and therefore I am here. I learned some little time since that the question of such recall had been suggested by the Emperor, and discussed in Council. The danger to the State, which might arise from our cousin's wealth, his alleged abilities—(abilities! bah!)—and his popular name, deferred any decision on the point; and, indeed, the difficulty of dealing with myself must have embarrassed the ministry. But it is a mere question of time. He cannot long remain excluded from the general amnesty already extended to the other refugees. The person who gave me this information is high in power, and friendly to myself; and he added a piece of advice, on which I acted. 'It was intimated,' said he, 'by one of the partisans of your kinsman, that the exile could give a hostage for his loyalty in the person of his daughter and heiress; that she had arrived at marriageable age; that if she were to wed, with the Emperor's consent, some one whose attachment to the Austrian crown was unquestionable, there would be a guarantee both for the faith of the father, and for the transmission of so important a heritage to safe and loyal hands. Why not' (continued my friend) 'apply to the Emperor for his consent to that alliance for yourself?—you, on whom he can depend;—you who, if the daughter should die, would be the legal heir to those lands?' On that hint I spoke."

"You saw the Emperor?"

"And after combating the unjust prepossessions against me, I stated, that so far from my cousin having any fair cause of resentment against me, when all was duly explained to him, I did not doubt that he would willingly give me the hand of his child."

"You did!" cried the Marchesa, amazed.

"And," continued the Count impetuously, as he smoothed, with careless hand, the snowy plaits of his shirt front—"and that I should thus have the happiness of becoming myself the guarantee of my kinsman's loyalty—the agent for the restoration of his honours, while, in the eyes of the envious and malignant, I should clear up my own name from

all suspicion that I had wronged him."

"And the Emperor consented?"

"*Pardieu*, my dear sister. What else could his majesty do? My proposition smoothed every obstacle, and reconciled policy with mercy. It remains, therefore, only to find out, what has hitherto baffled all our researches, the retreat of our dear kinsfolk, and to make myself a welcome lover to the demoiselle. There is some disparity of years, I own; but—unless your sex and my glass flatter me overmuch—I am still a match for many a gallant of five-and-twenty."

The Count said this with so charming a smile, and looked so pre-eminently handsome, that he carried off the coxcombry of the words as gracefully as if they had been spoken by some dazzling hero of the grand old comedy of Parisian life.

Then interlacing his fingers, and lightly leaning his hands, thus clasped, upon his sister's shoulder, he looked into her face, and said slowly—"And now, my sister, for some gentle but deserved reproach. Have you not sadly failed me in the task I imposed on your regard for my interests? Is it not some years since you first came to England on the mission of discovering these worthy relatives of ours? Did I not entreat you to seduce into your toils the man whom I knew to be my enemy, and who was indubitably acquainted with our cousin's retreat—a secret he has hitherto locked within his bosom? Did you not tell me, that though he was then in England, you could find no occasion even to meet him, but that you had obtained the friendship of the statesman to whom I directed your attention, as his most intimate associate? And yet you, whose charms are usually so irresistible, learn nothing from the statesman, as you see nothing of *Milord*. Nay, baffled and misled, you actually suppose that the quarry has taken refuge in France. You go thither—you pretend to search the capital—the provinces, Switzerland, *que sais-je*?—all in vain,—though—*foi de gentil-homme*—your police cost me dearly,—you return to England—the same chase, and the same result. *Pal-sambleu, ma sœur*, I do too much credit

to your talents not to question your zeal. In a word, have you been in earnest—or have you not had some womanly pleasure in amusing yourself and abusing my trust?"

"Giulio," answered Beatrice sadly, "you know the influence you have exercised over my character and my fate. Your reproaches are not just. I made such inquiries as were in my power, and I have now cause to believe that I know one who is possessed of this secret, and can guide us to it."

"Ah, you do!" exclaimed the Count. Beatrice did not heed the exclamation, and hurried on.

"But grant that my heart shrunk from the task you imposed on me, would it not have been natural? When I first came to England, you informed me that your object in discovering the exiles was one which I could honestly aid. You naturally desired first to know if the daughter lived; if not, you were the heir. If she did, you assured me you desired to effect, through my mediation, some liberal compromise with Alphonso, by which you would have sought to obtain his restoration, provided he would leave you for life in possession of the grant you hold from the crown. While these were your objects, I did my best, ineffectual as it was, to obtain the information required."

"And what made me lose so important, though so ineffectual an ally?" asked the Count, still smiling; but a gleam that belied the smile shot from his eye.

"What! when you bade me receive and co-operate with the miserable spies—the false Italians—whom you sent over, and seek to entangle this poor exile, when found, in some rash correspondence, to be revealed to the court;—when you sought to seduce the daughter of the Counts of Peschiera, the descendant of those who had ruled in Italy, into the informer, the corrupter, and the traitress! No, Giulio—then I recoiled; and then, fearful of your own sway over me, I retreated into France. I have answered you frankly."

The Count removed his hands from the shoulder on which they had reclined so cordially.

"And this," said he, "is your wisdom, and this your gratitude.

You, whose fortunes are bound up in mine—you, who subsist on my bounty—you, who —"

"Hold," cried the Marchesa, rising, and with a burst of emotion, as if stung to the utmost, and breaking into revolt from the tyranny of years—"Hold—gratitude! bounty! Brother, brother—what, indeed, do I owe to you? The shame and the misery of a life. While yet a child, you condemned me to marry against my will—against my heart—against my prayers—and laughed at my tears when I knelt to you for mercy. I was pure then, Giulio—pure and innocent as the flowers in my virgin crown. And now—now—"

Beatrice stopped abruptly, and clasped her hands before her face.

"Now you upbraid me," said the Count, unruffled by her sudden passion, "because I gave you in marriage to a man young and noble?"

"Old in vices, and mean of soul! The marriage I forgave you. You had the right, according to the customs of our country, to dispose of my hand. But I forgave you not the consolations that you whispered in the ear of a wretched and insulted wife."

"Pardon me the remark," replied the Count, with a courtly bend of his head, "but those consolations were also conformable to the customs of our country, and I was not aware till now that you had wholly disdained them. And," continued the Count, "you were not so long a wife that the gall of the chain should smart still. You were soon left a widow—free, childless, young, beautiful."

"And penniless."

"True, Di Negra was a gambler, and very unlucky; no fault of mine. I could neither keep the cauds from his hands, nor advise him how to play them."

"And my own portion? Oh Giulio, I knew but at his death why you had condemned me to that renegade Genoese. He owed you money, and, against honour, and I believe against law, you had accepted my fortune in discharge of the debt."

"He had no other way to discharge it—a debt of honour must be paid—old stories these. What matters? Since then my purse has been open to you."

"Yes, not as your sister, but your

instrument—your spy! Yes, your purse has been open—with a niggard hand.”

“*Un peu de conscience, ma chère*, you are so extravagant. But come, be plain. What would you?”

“I would be free from you.”

“That is, you would form some second marriage with one of these rich island lords. *Ma foi*, I respect your ambition.”

“It is not so high. I aim but to escape from slavery—to be placed beyond dishonourable temptation. I desire,” cried Beatrice with increased emotion, “I desire to re-enter the life of woman.”

“Eno!” said the Count with a visible impatience, “is there anything in the attainment of your object that should render you indifferent to mine? You desire to marry, if I comprehend you right. And to marry, as becomes you, you should bring to your husband not debts, but a dowry. Be it so. I will restore the portion that I saved from the spendthrift clutch of the Genoese—the moment that it is mine to bestow—the moment that I am husband to my kinsman’s heiress. And now, Beatrice, you imply that my former notions revolted your conscience; my present plan should content it; for by this marriage shall our kinsman regain his country, and repossess, at least, half his lands. And if I am not an excellent husband to the demoiselle, it will be her own fault. I have sown my wild oats. *Je suis bon prince*, when I have things a little my own way. It is my hope and my intention, and certainly it will be my interest, to become *digne époux et irréprochable père de famille*. I speak lightly—’tis my way. I mean seriously. The little girl will be very happy with me, and I shall succeed in soothing all resentment her father may retain. Will you aid me then—yes or no? Aid me, and you shall indeed be free. The magician will release the fair spirit he has bound to his will. Aid me not, *ma chère*, and mark, I do not threaten—I do but warn—aid me not; grant that I become a beggar, and ask yourself what is to become of you—still young, still beautiful, and still penniless? Nay, worse than penniless; you have done me the honour, (and here the

Count, looking on the table, drew a letter from a portfolio, emblazoned with his arms and coronet,) you have done me the honour to consult me as to your debts.”

“You will restore my fortune?” said the Marchesa, irresolutely—and averting her head from an odious schedule of figures.

“When my own, with your aid, is secured.”

“But do you not overrate the value of my aid?”

“Possibly,” said the Count, with a caressing suavity—and he kissed his sister’s forehead. “Possibly; but by my honour, I wish to repair to you any wrong, real or supposed, I may have done you in past times. I wish to find again my own dear sister. I may overvalue your aid, but not the affection from which it comes. Let us be friends, *cara Beatrice mia*,” added the Count, for the first time employing Italian words.

The Marchesa laid her head on his shoulder, and her tears flowed softly. Evidently this man had great influence over her—and evidently, whatever her cause for complaint, her affection for him was still sisterly and strong. A nature with fine flashes of generosity, spirit, honour, and passion, was hers—but uncultured, misguided—spoilt by the worst social examples—easily led into wrong—not always aware where the wrong was—letting affectionous good or bad whisper away her conscience or blind her reason. Such women are often far more dangerous when induced to wrong, than those who are thoroughly abandoned—such women are the accomplices men like the Count of Peschiera most desire to obtain.

“Ah, Giulio,” said Beatrice, after a pause, and looking up at him through her tears, “when you speak to me thus, you know you can do with me what you will. Fatherless and motherless, whom had my childhood to love and obey but you?”

“Dear Beatrice,” murmured the Count tenderly—and he again kissed her forehead. “So,” he continued more carelessly—“so the reconciliation is effected, and our interests and our hearts re-allied. Now, alas! to descend to business. You say that



you know some one whom you believe to be acquainted with the lurking-place of my father-in-law—that is to be!"

"I think so. You remind me that I have an appointment with him this day: it is near the hour—I must leave you."

"To learn the secret?—Quick—quick. I have no fear of your success, if it is by his heart that you lead him?"

"You mistake; on his heart I have no hold. But he has a friend who loves me, and honourably, and whose cause he pleads. I think here that I have some means to control or persuade him. If not—ah, he is of a character that perplexes me in all but his worldly ambition; and how can we foreigners influence him through that?"

"Is he poor, or is he extravagant?"

"Not extravagant, and not positively poor, but dependent."

"Then we have him," said the Count composedly. "If his assistance be worth buying, we can bid high for it. *Sur mon âme*, I never yet knew money fail with any man who was both worldly and dependent. I put him and myself in your hands."

Thus saying, the Count opened the door, and conducted his sister with formal politeness to her carriage. He

then returned, reseated himself, and mused in silence. As he did so, the muscles of his countenance relaxed. The levity of the Frenchman fled from his visage, and in his eye, as it gazed abstractedly into space, there was that steady depth so remarkable in the old portraits of Florentine diplomatist, or Venetian oligarch. Thus seen, there was in that face, despite all its beauty, something that would have awed back even the fond gaze of love; something hard, collected, inscrutable, remorseless. But this change of countenance did not last long. Evidently thought, though intense for the moment, was not habitual to the man. Evidently he had lived the life which takes all things lightly—so he rose with a look of fatigue, shook and stretched himself, as if to cast off, or grow out of, an unwelcome and irksome mood. An hour afterwards, the Count of Peschiera was charming all eyes, and pleasing all ears, in the saloon of a high-born beauty, whose acquaintance he had made at Vienna, and whose charms, according to that old and never-truth-speaking oracle, *Polite Scandal*, were now said to have attracted to London the brilliant foreigner.

### CHAPTER III

The Marchesa regained her house, which was in Curzon Street, and withdrew to her own room, to readjust her dress, and remove from her countenance all trace of the tears she had shed.

Half-an-hour afterwards she was seated in her drawing-room, composed and calm; nor, seeing her then, could you have guessed that she was capable of so much emotion and so much weakness. In that stately exterior, in that quiet attitude, in that elaborate and finished elegance which comes alike from the arts of the toilet and the conventional repose of rank, you could see but the woman of the world and the great lady.

A knock at the door was heard,

and in a few moments there entered a visitor, with the easy familiarity of intimate acquaintance—a young man, but with none of the bloom of youth. His hair, fine as a woman's, was thin and scanty, but it fell low over the forehead, and concealed that noblest of our human features. "A gentleman," says Apuleius, "ought, if he can, to wear his whole mind on his forehead."\* The young visitor would never have committed so frank an imprudence. His cheek was pale, and in his step and his movements there was a languor that spoke of fatigued nerves or delicate health. But the light of the eye and the tone of the voice were those of a mental temperament controlling the bodily—

\* I must be pardoned for annexing the original, since it loses much by translation:—"Hominem liberum et magnificentum debere, si queat, in primori fronte, animum gestare."

vigorous and energetic. For the rest, his general appearance was distinguished by a refinement alike intellectual and social. Once seen, you would not easily forget him. And the reader no doubt already recognises Randal Leslie. His salutation, as I before said, was that of intimate familiarity; yet it was given and replied to with that unreserved openness which denotes the absence of a more tender sentiment.

Seating himself by the Marchesa's side, Randal began first to converse on the fashionable topics and gossip of the day; but it was observable, that, while he extracted from her the current anecdote and scandal of the great world, neither anecdote nor scandal did he communicate in return. Randal Leslie had already learned the art not to commit himself, nor to have quoted against him one ill-natured remark upon the eminent. Nothing more injures the man who would rise beyond the fame of the *salons*, than to be considered backbiter and gossip; 'yet it is always useful,' thought Randal Leslie, 'to know the foibles—the small social and private springs by which the great are moved. Critical occasions may arise in which such knowledge may be power.' And hence, perhaps, (besides a more private motive, soon to be perceived,) Randal did not consider his time thrown away in cultivating Madame di Negra's friendship. For despite much that was whispered against her, she had succeeded in dispelling the coldness with which she had at first been received in the London circles. Her beauty, her grace, and her high birth, had raised her into fashion, and the homage of men of the first station, while it perhaps injured her reputation as woman, added to her celebrity as fine lady. So much do we cold English, prudes though we be, forgive to the foreigner what we avenge on the native.

Sliding at last from these general topics into very well-bred and elegant personal compliment, and reciting various eulogies, which Lord this and the Duke of that had passed on the Marchesa's charms, Randal laid his hand on hers, with the license of admitted friendship, and said—

"But since you have deigned to confide in me, since when (happily

for me, and with a generosity of which no coquette could have been capable) you, in good time, repressed into friendship feelings that might else have ripened into those you are formed to inspire and disdain to return, you told me with your charming smile, 'Let no one speak to me of love who does not offer me his hand, and with it the means to supply tastes that I fear are terribly extravagant;'—since thus you allowed me to divine your natural objects, and upon that understanding our intimacy has been founded, you will pardon me for saying that the admiration you excite amongst these *grands seigneurs* I have named, only serves to defeat your own purpose, and scare away admirers less brilliant, but more in earnest. Most of these gentlemen are unfortunately married; and they who are not belong to those members of our aristocracy who, in marriage, seek more than beauty and wit—namely, connections to strengthen their political station, or wealth to redeem a mortgage and sustain a title."

"My dear Mr Leslie," replied the Marchesa—and a certain sadness might be detected in the tone of the voice and the droop of the eye—"I have lived long enough in the real world to appreciate the baseness and the falsehood of most of those sentiments which take the noblest names. I see through the hearts of the admirers you parade before me, and know that not one of them would shelter with his crime the woman to whom he talks of his heart. Ah," continued Beatrice, with a softness of which she was unconscious, but which might have been extremely dangerous to youth less steeled and self-guarded than was Randal Leslie's—"ah, I am less ambitious than you suppose. I have dreamed of a friend, a companion, a protector, with feelings still fresh, undebauched by the low round of vulgar dissipation and mean pleasures—of a heart so new, that it might restore my own to what it was in its happy spring. I have seen in your country some marriages, the mere contemplation of which has filled my eyes with delicious tears. I have learned in England to know the value of home. And with such a heart as I describe,

and such a home, I could forget that I ever knew a less pure ambition."

"This language does not surprise me," said Randal; "yet it does not harmonise with your former answer to me."

"To you," repeated Beatrice smiling, and regaining her lighter manner; "to you—true. But I never had the vanity to think that your affection for me could bear the sacrifices it would cost you in marriage; that you, with your ambition, could bound your dreams of happiness to home. And then, too," said she, raising her head, and with a certain grave pride in her air—"and then, I could not have consented to share my fate with one whom my poverty would cripple. I could not listen to my heart, if it had beat for a lover without fortune, for to him I could then have brought but a burden, and betrayed him into a union with poverty and debt. Now, it may be different. Now I may have the dowry that befits my birth. And now I may be free to choose according to my heart as woman, not according to my necessities, as one poor, harassed, and despairing."

"Ah," said Randal, interested, and drawing still closer towards his fair companion—"ah, I congratulate you sincerely; you have cause, then, to think that you shall be—rich?"

The Marchesa paused before she answered, and during that pause Randal relaxed the web of the scheme which he had been secretly weaving, and rapidly considered whether, if Beatrice di Negra would indeed be rich, she might answer to himself as a wife; and in what way, if so, he had best change his tone from that of friendship into that of love. While thus reflecting, Beatrice answered—

"Not rich for an Englishwoman; for an Italian, yes. My fortune should be half a million—"

"Half a million!" cried Randal, and with difficulty he restrained himself from falling at her feet in adoration.

"Of francs!" continued the Marchesa.

"Francs! Ah," said Randal, with a long-drawn breath, and recovering from his sudden enthusiasm, "about twenty thousand pounds!—eight hundred a-year at four per cent. A very handsome portion, certainly—

(Genteel poverty! he murmured to himself. What an escape I have had! but I see—I see. This will smooth all difficulties in the way of my better and earlier project. I see)—a very handsome portion," he repeated aloud—"not for a *grand seigneur*, indeed, but still for a gentleman of birth and expectations worthy of your choice, if ambition be not your first object. Ah, while you spoke with such endearing eloquence of feelings that were fresh, of a heart that was new, of the happy English home, you might guess that my thoughts ran to my friend who loves you so devotedly, and who so realises your ideal. Proverbially, with us, happy marriages and happy homes are found not in the gay circles of London fashion, but at the hearths of our rural nobility—our untitled country gentlemen. And who, amongst all your adorers, can offer you a lot so really enviable as the one whom, I see by your blush, you already guess that I refer to?"

"Did I blush?" said the Marchesa, with a silvery laugh. "Nay, I think that your zeal for your friend misled you. But I will own frankly, I have been touched by his honest ingenuous love—so evident, yet rather looked than spoken. I have contrasted the love that honours me with the suitors that seek to degrade; more I cannot say. For though I grant that your friend is handsome, high-spirited, and generous, still he is not what—"

"You mistake, believe me," interrupted Randal. "You shall not finish your sentence. He is all that you do not yet suppose him; for his shyness, and his very love, his very respect for your superiority, do not allow his mind and his nature to appear to advantage. You, it is true, have a taste for letters and poetry rare among your countrywomen. He has not at present—few men have. But what Climon would not be refined by so fair an Iphigenia? Such frivolities as he now shows belong but to youth and inexperience of life. Happy the brother who could see his sister the wife of Frank Hazeldean."

The Marchesa leant her cheek on her hand in silence. To her, marriage was more than it usually seems to dreaming maiden or to disconsolate widow. So

had the strong desire to escape from the control of her unprincipled and remorseless brother grown a part of her very soul—so had whatever was best and highest in her very mixed and complex character been galled and outraged by her friendless and exposed position, the equivocal worship rendered to her beauty, the various debasements to which pecuniary embarrassments had subjected her—(not without design on the part of the Count, who, though grasping, was not miserly, and who by precarious and seemingly capricious gifts at one time, and refusals of all aid at another, had involved her in debt in order to retain his hold on her)—so utterly painful and humiliating to a woman of her pride and her birth was the station that she held in the world—that in marriage she saw liberty, life, honour, self-redemption; and these thoughts, while they compelled her to co-operate with the schemes, by which the Count, on securing to himself a bride, was to bestow on herself a dower, also disposed her now to receive with favour Randal Leslie's pleadings on behalf of his friend.

The advocate saw that he had made an impression, and with the marvellous skill which his knowledge of those natures that engaged his study bestowed on his intelligence, he continued to improve his cause by such representations as were likely to be most effective. With what admirable tact he avoided panegyric of Frank as the mere individual, and drew him rather as the type, the ideal of what a woman in Beatrice's position might desire, in the safety, peace, and honour of a home, in the trust, and constancy, and honest confiding love of its partner! He did not paint an elysium; he described a haven; he did not glowingly delineate a hero of romance—he soberly portrayed that Representative of the Respectable and the Real which a woman turns to when romance begins to seem to her but delusion. Verily, if you could have looked into the heart of the person he addressed, and heard him speak, you would have cried admiringly, "Knowledge is power; and this man, if as able on a larger field of action, should play no mean part in the history of his time."

Slowly Beatrice roused herself from the reveries which crept over her as he spoke—slowly, and with a deep sigh, and said—

"Well, well, grant all you say; at least before I can listen to so honourable a love, I must be relieved from the base and sordid pressure that weighs on me. I cannot say to the man who woos me, 'Will you pay the debts of the daughter of Franzini, and the widow of di Negra?'"

"Nay, your debts, surely, make so slight a portion of your dowry."

"But the dowry has to be secured;" and here, turning the tables upon her companion, as the apt proverb expresses it, Madame di Negra extended her hand to Randal, and said in her most winning accents, "You are, then, truly and sincerely my friend?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"I prove that I do not, for I ask your assistance."

"Mine? How?"

"Listen; my brother has arrived in London—"

"I see that arrival announced in the papers."

"And he comes, empowered by the consent of the Emperor, to ask the hand of a relation and countrywoman of his; an alliance that will heal long family dissensions, and add to his own fortunes those of an heiress. My brother, like myself, has been extravagant. The dowry which by law he still owes me it would distress him to pay till this marriage be assured."

"I understand," said Randal. "But how can I aid this marriage?"

"By assisting us to discover the bride. She, with her father, sought refuge and concealment in England."

"The father had, then, taken part in some political disaffections, and was proscribed?"

"Exactly so; and so well has he concealed himself that he has baffled all our efforts to discover his retreat. My brother can obtain him his pardon in cementing this alliance—"

"Proceed."

"Ah Randal, Randal, is this the frankness of friendship? You know that I have before sought to obtain the secret of our relation's retreat—sought in vain to obtain it from Mr Egerton, who assuredly knows it—"

"But who communicates no secrets

to living man," said Randal, almost bitterly; "who, close and compact as iron, is as little malleable to me as to you."

"Pardon me. I know you so well that I believe you could attain to any secret you sought earnestly to acquire. Nay, more, I believe that you know already that secret which I ask you to share with me."

"What on earth makes you think so?"

"When, some weeks ago, you asked me to describe the personal appearance and manners of the exile, which I did partly from the recollections of my childhood, partly from the description given to me by others, I could not but notice your countenance, and remark its change; in spite," said the Marchesa, smiling, and watching Randal while she spoke—"in spite of your habitual self-command. And when I pressed you to own that you had actually seen some one who tallied with that description, your denial did not deceive me. Still more, when returning recently, of your own accord, to the subject, you questioned me so shrewdly as to my motives in seeking the clue to our refugees, and I did not then answer you satisfactorily, I could detect—"

"Ha, ha," interrupted Randal, with the low soft laugh by which occasionally he infringed upon Lord Chesterfield's recommendations to shun a merriment so natural as to be ill-bred.—"ha, ha, you have the fault of all observers too minute and refined. But even granting that I may have seen some Italian exiles, (which is likely enough,) what could be more simple than my seeking to compare your description with their appearance; and granting that I might suspect some one amongst them to be the man you search for, what more simple, also, than that I should desire to know if you meant him harm or good in discovering his 'whereabout?' For ill," added Randal, with an air of prudery, "ill would it become me to betray, even to friendship, the retreat of one who would hide from persecution; and even if I did so—for honour itself is a weak safeguard against your fascinations—such indiscretion might be fatal to my future career."

"How?"

"Do you not say that Egerton knows the secret, yet will not communicate?—and is he a man who would ever forgive in me an imprudence that committed himself? My dear friend, I will tell you more. When Audley Egerton first noticed my growing intimacy with you, he said, with his usual dryness of counsel, 'Randal, I do not ask you to discontinue acquaintance with Madame di Negra—for an acquaintance with women like her forms the manners and refines the intellect; but charming women are dangerous, and Madame di Negra is—a charming woman.'"

The Marchesa's face flushed. Randal resumed: "'Your fair acquaintance' (I am still quoting Egerton) 'seeks to discover the home of a countryman of hers. She suspects that I know it. She may try to learn it through you. Accident may possibly give you the information she requires. Beware how you betray it. By one such weakness I should judge of your general character. He from whom a woman can extract a secret will never be fit for public life.' Therefore, my dear Marchesa, even supposing I possess this secret, you would be no true friend of mine to ask me to reveal what would enperil all my prospects. For as yet," added Randal, with a gloomy shade on his brow,—"*as yet I do not stand alone and erect—I lean;—I am dependent.*"

"There may be a way," replied Madame di Negra, persisting, "to communicate this intelligence, without the possibility of Mr Egerton's tracing our discovery to yourself; and, though I will not press you further, I add this—You urge me to accept your friend's hand; you seem interested in the success of his suit, and you plead it with a warmth that shows how much you regard what you suppose is his happiness; I will never accept his hand till I can do so without blush for my penury—till my dowry is secured, and that can only be by my brother's union with the exile's daughter. For your friend's sake, therefore, think well how you can aid me in the first step to that alliance. The young lady once discovered, and my brother has no fear for the success of his suit."

"And you would marry Frank if the dower was secured?"

"Your arguments in his favour seem irresistible," replied Beatrice, looking down.

A flash went from Randal's eyes, and he mused a few moments.

Then slowly rising, and drawing on his gloves, he said—

"Well, at least you so far reconcile my honour towards aiding your research, that you now inform me you mean no ill to the exile."

"Ill!—the restoration to fortune, honours, his native land."

"And you so far enlist my heart on your side, that you inspire me with the hope to contribute to the happiness of two friends whom I dearly love. I will, therefore, diligently seek to ascertain if, among the refugees I have met with, lurk those whom you seek; and if so, I will thoughtfully

consider how to give you the clue. Meanwhile, not one incautious word to Egerton."

"Trust me—I am a woman of the world."

Randal now had gained the door. He paused, and renewed carelessly—

"This young lady must be heiress to great wealth, to induce a man of your brother's rank to take so much pains to discover her."

"Her wealth *will* be vast," replied the Marchesa; "and if anything from wealth or influence in a foreign state could be permitted to prove my brother's gratitude—"

"Ah, fie," interrupted Randal, and approaching Madame di Negra, he lifted her hand to his lips, and said gallantly,

"This is reward enough to your *preux chevalier*."

With those words he took his leave.

#### CHAPTER IV.

With his hands behind him, and his head drooping on his breast—slow, stealthily, noiseless, Randal Leslie glided along the streets on leaving the Italian's house. Across the scheme he had before revolved, there glanced another yet more glittering, for its gain might be more sure and immediate. If the exile's daughter were heiress to such wealth, might he himself hope——. He stopped short even in his own soliloquy, and his breath came quick. Now, in his last visit to Hazeldean, he had come in contact with Riccabocca, and been struck by the beauty of Violante. A vague suspicion had crossed him that these might be the persons of whom the Marchesa was in search, and the suspicion had been confirmed by Beatrice's description of the refugee she desired to discover. But as he had not then learned the reason for her inquiries, nor conceived the possibility that he could have any personal interest in ascertaining the truth, he had only classed the secret in question among those the farther research into which might be left to time and occasion. Certainly the reader will not do the unscrupulous intellect of Randal Leslie the injustice to suppose that he was deterred from confiding to his fair

friend all that he knew of Riccabocca, by the refinement of honour to which he had so chivalrously alluded. He had correctly stated Audley Egerton's warning against any indiscreet confidence, though he had forborne to mention a more recent and direct renewal of the same caution. His first visit to Hazeldean had been paid without consulting Egerton. He had been passing some days at his father's house, and had gone over thence to the Squire's. On his return to London, he had, however, mentioned this visit to Audley, who had seemed annoyed and even displeased at it, though Randal well knew sufficient of Egerton's character to know that such feelings could scarce be occasioned merely by his estrangement from his half brother. This dissatisfaction had, therefore, puzzled the young man. But as it was necessary to his views to establish intimacy with the Squire, he did not yield the point with his customary deference to his patron's whims. He, therefore, observed, that he should be very sorry to do anything displeasing to his benefactor, but that his father had been naturally anxious that he should not appear positively to slight the friendly overtures of Mr Hazeldean.

"Why naturally?" asked Egerton.  
 "Because you know that Mr Hazeldean is a relation of mine—that my grandmother was a Hazeldean."

"Ah!" said Egerton, who, as it has been before said, knew little, and cared less, about the Hazeldean pedigree, "I was either not aware of that circumstance, or had forgotten it. And your father thinks that the Squire may leave you a legacy?"

"Oh, sir, my father is not so mercenary—such an idea never entered his head. But the Squire himself has indeed said—'Why, if anything happened to Frank, you would be next heir to my lands, and therefore we ought to know each other.' But—"

"Enough," interrupted Egerton, "I am the last man to pretend to the right of standing between you and a single chance of fortune, or of aid to it. And whom did you meet at Hazeldean?"

"There was no one there, sir; not even Frank."

"Hum. Is the Squire not on good terms with his parson? Any quarrel about tithes?"

"Oh, no quarrel. I forgot Mr Dale; I saw him pretty often. He admires and praises you very much, sir."

"Me—and why? What did he say of me?"

"That your heart was as sound as your head; that he had once seen you about some old parishioner of his; and that he had been much impressed with a depth of feeling he could not have anticipated in a man of the world, and a statesman."

"Oh, that was all; some affair when I was member for Lansmere?"

"I suppose so."

Here the conversation had broken off; but the next time Randal was led to visit the Squire he had formally asked Egerton's consent, who, after a moment's hesitation, had as formally replied, "I have no objection."

On returning from this visit, Randal mentioned that he had seen Riccabocca; and Egerton, a little startled at first, said composedly, "Doubtless one of the political refugees; take care not to set Madame di Negra on his track. Remember, she is suspected of being a spy of the Austrian government."

"Rely on me, sir," said Randal; "but I should think this poor Doctor can scarcely be the person she seeks to discover."

"That is no affair of ours," answered Egerton; "we are English gentlemen, and make not a step towards the secrets of another."

Now, when Randal revolved this rather ambiguous answer, and recalled the uneasiness with which Egerton had first heard of his visit to Hazeldean, he thought that he was indeed near the secret which Egerton desired to conceal from him and from all—viz., the incognito of the Italian whom Lord l'Estrange had taken under his protection.

"My cards," said Randal to himself, as, with a deep-drawn sigh, he resumed his soliloquy, "are become difficult to play. On the one hand, to entangle Frank into marriage with this foreigner, the Squire could never forgive him. On the other hand, if she will not marry him without the dowry—and that depends on her brother's wedding this countrywoman—and that countrywoman be, as I surmise, Violante—and Violante be this heiress, and to be won by me! Tush, tush. Such delicate scruples in a woman so placed and so constituted as Beatrice di Negra, must be easily talked away. Nay, the loss itself of this alliance to her brother, the loss of her own dowry—the very pressure of poverty and debt—would compel her into the sole escape left to her option. I will then follow up the old plan; I will go down to Hazeldean, and see if there be any substance in the new one;—and then to reconcile both—aha—the House of Leslie shall rise yet from its ruin—and—"

Here he was startled from his reverie by a friendly slap on the shoulder, and an exclamation—"Why, Randal, you are more absent than when you used to steal away from the cricket ground, muttering Greek verses at Eton."

"My dear Frank," said Randal, "you—you are so *brusque*, and I was just thinking of you."

"Were you? And kindly, then, I am sure," said Frank Hazeldean, his honest handsome face lighted up with the unsuspecting genial trust of

friendship; "and heaven knows," he added, with a sadder voice, and a graver expression on his eye and lip—"heaven knows I want all the kindness you can give me!"

"I thought," said Randal, "that your father's last supply, of which I was fortunate enough to be the bearer, would clear off your more pressing debts. I don't pretend to preach, but really I must say once more, you should not be so extravagant."

FRANK, (seriously).—"I have done my best to reform. I have sold off my horses, and I have not touched dice nor card these six months: I would not even put into the raffle for the last Derby." This last was said with the air of a man who doubted the possibility of obtaining belief to some assertion of preternatural abstinence and virtue.

RANDAL.—"Is it possible? But, with such self-conquest, how is it that you cannot contrive to live within the bounds of a very liberal allowance?"

FRANK, (despondingly).—"Why, when a man once gets his head under water, it is so hard to float back again on the surface. You see, I attribute all my embarrassments to that first concealment of my debts from my father, when they could have been so easily met, and when he came up to town so kindly."

"I am sorry, then, that I gave you that advice."

"Oh you meant it so kindly, I don't reproach you; it was all my own fault."

"Why, indeed, I did urge you to pay off that moiety of your debts left unpaid, with your allowance. Had you done so, all had been well."

"Yes, but poor Borrowwell got into such a scrape at Goodwood; I could not resist him—a debt of honour, that must be paid; so when I signed another bill for him, he could not pay it, poor fellow: really he would have shot himself, if I had not renewed it; and now it is swelled to such an amount with that cursed interest, that he never can pay it; and one bill, of course, begets another, and to be renewed every three months; 'tis the devil and all! So little as I ever got for all I have borrowed," added Frank with a kind of rueful amazement. "Not £1500 ready money; and it would

cost me almost as much yearly,—if I had it."

"Only £1500."

"Well, besides seven large chests of the worst cigars you ever smoked; three pipes of wine that no one would drink, and a great bear, that had been imported from Greenland for the sake of its grease."

"That should at least have saved you a bill with your hairdresser."

"I paid his bill with it," said Frank, "and very good-natured he was to take the monster off my hands; it had already hugged two soldiers and one groom into the shape of a flounder. I tell you what," resumed Frank, after a short pause, "I have a great mind even now to tell my father honestly all my embarrassments."

RANDAL, (solemnly).—"Hum!"

FRANK.—"What? don't you think it would be the best way? I never can save enough—never can pay off what I owe; and it rolls like a snowball."

RANDAL.—"Judging by the Squire's talk, I think that with the first sight of your affairs you would forfeit his favour for ever; and your mother would be so shocked, especially after supposing that the sum I brought you so lately sufficed to pay off every claim on you. If you had not assured her of that, it might be different; but she who so hates an untruth, and who said to the Squire, 'Frank says this will clear him; and with all his faults, Frank never yet told a lie.'"

"Oh my dear mother!—I fancy I hear her!" cried Frank with deep emotion. "But I did not tell a lie, Randal; I did not say that that sum would clear me."

"You empowered and begged me to say so," replied Randal with grave coldness; "and don't blame me if I believed you."

"No, no! I only said it would clear me for the moment."

"I misunderstood you, then, sadly; and such mistakes involve my own honour. Pardon me, Frank; don't ask my aid in future. You see, with the best intentions I only compromise myself."

"If you forsake me, I may as well go and throw myself into the river," said Frank in a tone of despair; "and sooner or later my father must know my necessities. The Jews



threaten to go to him already; and the longer the delay, the more terrible the explanation."

"I don't see why your father should ever learn the state of your affairs; and it seems to me that you could pay off these usurers, and get rid of these bills, by raising money on comparatively easy terms—"

"How?" cried Frank eagerly.

"Why, the Casino property is entailed on you, and you might obtain a sum upon that, not to be paid till the property becomes yours."

"At my poor father's death? Oh, no—no! I cannot bear the idea of this cold-blooded calculation on a father's death. I know it is not uncommon; I know other fellows who have done it, but they never had parents so kind as mine; and even in them it shocked and revolted me. The contemplating a father's death and profiting by the contemplation,—it seems a kind of parricide—it is not natural, Randal. Besides, don't you remember what the governor said—he actually wept while he said it, 'Never calculate on my death; I could not bear that.' Oh, Randal, don't speak of it!"

"I respect your sentiments; but still all the post-obits you could raise could not shorten Mr Hazeldean's life by a day. However, dismiss that idea; we must think of some other device. Ha, Frank! you are a handsome fellow, and your expectations are great—why don't you marry some woman with money?"

"Pooh!" exclaimed Frank, colouring. "You know, Randal, that there is but one woman in the world I can ever think of, and I love her so devotedly, that, though I was as gay as most men before, I really feel as if the rest of her sex had lost every charm. I was passing through the street now,—merely to look up at her windows—"

"You speak of Madame di Negra? I have just left her. Certainly she is two or three years older than you; but if you can get over that misfortune, why not marry her?"

"Marry her!" cried Frank in amaze, and all his colour fled from his cheeks. "Marry her!—are you serious?"

"Why not?"

"But even if she, who is so accomplished, so admired—even if she would accept me, she is, you know, poorer than myself. She has told me so frankly. That woman has such a noble heart! and—and—my father would never consent, nor my mother either. I know they would not."

"Because she is a foreigner?"

"Yes—partly."

"Yet the Squire suffered his cousin to marry a foreigner."

"That was different. He had no control over Jemima; and a daughter-in-law is so different; and my father is so English in his notions; and Madame di Negra, you see, is altogether so foreign. Her very graces would be against her in his eyes."

"I think you do both your parents injustice. A foreigner of low birth—an actress or singer, for instance—of course would be highly objectionable; but a woman, like Madame di Negra, of such high birth and connections—"

Frank shook his head. "I don't think the governor would care a straw about her connections, if she were a king's daughter. He considers all foreigners pretty much alike. And then, you know"—Frank's voice sank into a whisper—"you know that one of the very reasons why she is so dear to me would be an insuperable objection to the old-fashioned folks at home."

"I don't understand you, Frank."

"I love her the more," said young Hazeldean, raising his front with a noble pride, that seemed to speak of his descent from a race of cavaliers and gentlemen—"I love her the more because the world has slandered her name—because I believe her to be pure and wronged. But would they at the hall—they who do not see with a lover's eyes—they who have all the stubborn English notions about the indecorum and license of Continental manners, and will so readily credit the worst?—Oh, no—I love—I cannot help it—but I have no hope."

"It is very possible that you may be right," exclaimed Randal, as if struck and half-convinced by his companion's argument—"very possible; and certainly I think that the homely folks at the Hall would fret and fume at first, if they heard you were married to Madame di Negra. Yet still, when your father learned

that you had done so, not from passion alone, but to save him from all pecuniary sacrifice—to clear yourself of debt—to—”

“What do you mean?” exclaimed Frank impatiently.

“I have reason to know that Madame di Negra will have as large a portion as your father could reasonably expect you to receive with any English wife. And when this is properly stated to the Squire, and the high position and rank of your wife fully established and brought home to him—for I must think that these would tell, despite your exaggerated notions of his prejudices—and then, when he really sees Madame di Negra, and can judge of her beauty and rare gifts, upon my word, I think, Frank, that there would be no cause for fear. After all, too, you are his only son. He will have no option but to forgive you; and I know how anxiously both your parents wish to see you settled in life.”

Frank’s whole countenance became illuminated. “There is no one who understands the Squire like you, certainly,” said he, with lively joy. “He has the highest opinion of your judgment. And you really believe you could smooth matters?”

“I believe so, but I should be sorry to induce you to run any risk; and if, on cool consideration, you think that risk is incurred, I strongly advise you to avoid all occasion of seeing the poor Marchesa. Ah, you wince; but I say it for her sake as well as your own. First, you must be aware, that, unless you have serious thoughts of marriage, your attentions can but add to the very rumours that, equally groundless, you so feelingly resent; and, secondly, because I don’t think any man has a right to win the affections of a woman—especially a woman who seems to me likely to love with her whole heart and soul—merely to gratify his own vanity.”

“Vanity! Good heavens, can you think so poorly of me? But as to the Marchesa’s affection,” continued Frank, with a faltering voice, “do you really and honestly believe that they are to be won by me?”

“I fear lest they may be half won already,” said Randal with a smile and a shake of the head; “but she is

too proud to let you see any effect you may produce on her, especially when, as I take it for granted, you have never hinted at the hope of obtaining her hand.”

“I never till now conceived such a hope. My dear Randal, all my cares have vanished—I tread upon air—I have a great mind to call on her at once.”

“Stay, stay,” said Randal. “Let me give you a caution. I have just informed you that Madame di Negra will have, what you suspected not before, a fortune suitable to her birth; any abrupt change in your manner at present might induce her to believe that you were influenced by that intelligence.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Frank, stopping short, as if wounded to the quick. “And I feel guilty—feel as if I *was* influenced by that intelligence. So I am, too, when I reflect,” he continued, with a *nuvelé* that was half pathetic; “but I hope she will not be *very* rich—it so, I’ll not call.”

“Make your mind easy, it is but a portion of some twenty or thirty thousand pounds, that would just suffice to discharge all your debts, clear away all obstacle to your union, and in return for which you could secure a more than adequate jointure and settlement on the Casino property. Now I am on that head, I will be yet more communicative. Madame di Negra has a noble heart, as you say, and told me herself, that, until her brother on his arrival had assured her of this dowry, she would never have consented to marry you—never crippled with her own embarrassments the man she loves. Ah! with what delight she will hail the thought of assisting you to win back your father’s heart! But be guarded, meanwhile. And now, Frank, what say you—would it not be well if I ran down to Hazeldean to sound your parents? It is rather inconvenient to me, to be sure, to leave town just at present; but I would do more than that to render you a smaller service. Yes, I’ll go to Rood Hall to-morrow, and thence to Hazeldean. I am sure your father will press me to stay, and I shall have ample opportunities to judge of the manner in which he would be likely to regard your marriage with

Madame di Negra—supposing always it were properly put to him. We can then act accordingly."

"My dear, dear Randal. How can I thank you? If ever a poor fellow like me can serve you in return—but that's impossible."

"Why, certainly, I will never ask you to be security to a bill of mine," said Randal, laughing. "I practise the economy I preach."

"Ah!" said Frank, with a groan, "that is because your mind is cultivated—you have so many resources; and all my faults have come from idleness. If I had had anything to do on a rainy day, I should never have got into these scrapes."

"Oh! you will have enough to do some day managing your property. We who have no property must find one in knowledge. Adieu, my dear Frank; I must go home now. By the way, you have never, by chance, spoken of the Riccaboccas to Madame di Negra?"

"The Riccaboccas? No. That's well thought of. It may interest her to know that a relation of mine has married her countryman. Very odd that I never did mention it; but, to say truth, I really do talk so little to her; she is so superior, and I feel positively shy with her."

"Do me the favour, Frank," said Randal, waiting patiently till this reply ended—for he was devising all the time what reason to give for his request—"never to allude to the Riccaboccas either to her or to her brother, to whom you are sure to be presented."

"Why not allude to them?"

Randal hesitated a moment. His invention was still at fault, and, for a wonder, he thought it the best policy to go pretty near the truth.

"Why, I will tell you. The Marchesa conceals nothing from her brother, and he is one of the few Italians who are in high favour with the Austrian court."

"Well!"

"And I suspect that poor Dr Ric-

cabocca fled his country from some mad experiment at revolution, and is still hiding from the Austrian police."

"But they can't hurt him here," said Frank, with an Englishman's dogged inborn conviction of the sanctity of his native island. "I should like to see an Austrian pretend to dictate to us whom to receive and whom to reject."

"Hum—that's true and constitutional, no doubt; but Riccabocca may have excellent reasons—and, to speak plainly, I know he has, (perhaps as affecting the safety of friends in Italy,)—for preserving his incognito, and we are bound to respect those reasons without inquiring further."

"Still, I cannot think so meanly of Madame di Negra," persisted Frank, (shrewd here, though credulous elsewhere, and both from his sense of honour,) "as to suppose that she would descend to be a spy, and injure a poor countryman of her own, who trusts to the same hospitality she receives herself at our English hands. Oh, if I thought that, I could not love her!" added Frank, with energy.

"Certainly you are right. But see in what a false position you would place both her brother and herself. If they knew Riccabocca's secret, and proclaimed it to the Austrian government, as you say, it would be cruel and mean; but, if they knew it and concealed, it might involve them both in the most serious consequences. You know the Austrian policy is proverbially so jealous and tyrannical?"

"Well, the newspapers say so, certainly."

"And, in short, your discretion can do no harm, and your indiscretion may. Therefore, give me your word, Frank. I can't stay to argue now."

"I'll not allude to the Riccaboccas, upon my honour," answered Frank; "still, I am sure that they would be as safe with the Marchesa as with"—

"I rely on your honour," interrupted Randal hastily, and hurried off.

#### CHAPTER V.

Towards the evening of the following day, Randal Leslie walked slowly from a village in the main road, (about

two miles from Rood Hall,) at which he had got out of the coach. He passed through meads and corn-fields,

and by the skirts of woods which had formerly belonged to his ancestors, but had been long since alienated. He was alone amidst the haunts of his boyhood, the scenes in which he had first invoked the grand Spirit of Knowledge, to bid the Celestial Still One minister to the commands of an earthly and turbulent ambition. He paused often in his path, especially when the undulations of the ground gave a glimpse of the grey church tower, or the gloomy firs that rose above the desolate wastes of Rood.

"Here," thought Randal, with a softening eye—"here, how often, comparing the fertility of the lands passed away from the inheritance of my fathers, with the forlorn wilds that are left to their moulderling hall—here, how often have I said to myself—'I will rebuild the fortunes of my house.' And straightway Toil lost its aspect of drudge, and grew kingly, and books became as living armies to serve my thought. Again—again—O thou haughty Past, brace and strengthen me in the battle with the Future." His pale lips writhed as he soliloquised, for his conscience spoke to him while he thus addressed his will, and its voice was heard more audibly in the quiet of the rural landscape, than amidst the turmoil and din of that armed and sleepless camp which we call a city.

Doubtless, though Ambition have objects more vast and beneficent than the restoration of a name,—*that* in itself is high and chivalrous, and appeals to a strong interest in the human heart. But all emotions, and all ends, of a nobler character, had seemed to filter themselves free from every golden grain in passing through the mechanism of Randal's intellect, and came forth at last into egotism clear and unalloyed. Nevertheless, it is a strange truth that, to a man of cultivated mind, however perverted and vicious, there are vouchsafed gleams of brighter sentiments, irregular perceptions of moral beauty, denied to the brutal unreasoning wickedness of uneducated villany—which perhaps ultimately serve as his punishment—according to the old thought of the satirist, that there is no greater curse than to perceive virtue, yet adopt vice. And as the solitary schemer

walked slowly on, and his childhood—innocent at least of deed—came distinct before him through the halo of bygone dreams—dreams far purer than those from which he now rose each morning to the active world of Man—a profound melancholy crept over him, and suddenly he exclaimed aloud, "*Then* I aspired to be renowned and great—*now*, how is it that, so advanced in my career, all that seemed lofty in the means has vanished from me, and the only means that I contemplate are those which my childhood would have called poor and vile? Ah! is it that I then read but books, and now my knowledge has passed onward, and men contaminate more than books? But," he continued, in a lower voice, as if arguing with himself, "if power is only so to be won—and of what use is knowledge if it be not power—does not success in life justify all things? And who prizes the wise man if he fails?" He continued his way, but still the soft tranquillity around rebuked him, and still his reason was dissatisfied, as well as his conscience. There are times when Nature, like a bath of youth, seems to restore to the jaded soul its freshness—times from which some men have emerged, as if reborn. The crises of life are very silent. Suddenly the scene opened on Randal Leslie's eyes. The bare desert common—the dilapidated church—the old house, partially seen in the dank dreary hollow, into which it seemed to Randal to have sunken deeper and lowlier than when he saw it last. And on the common were some young men playing at hockey. That old-fashioned game, now very uncommon in England, except at schools, was still preserved in the primitive vicinity of Rood by the young yeomen and farmers. Randal stood by the stile and looked on, for among the players he recognised his brother Oliver. Presently the ball was struck towards Oliver, and the group instantly gathered round that young gentleman, and snatched him from Randal's eye; but the elder brother heard a displeasing din, a derisive laughter. Oliver had shrunk from the danger of the thick-clubbed sticks that plied around him, and received some stroke across the legs,

for his voice rose whining, and was drowned by shouts of, "Go to your mammy. That's Noll Leslie—all over. Butter shins."

Randal's sallow face became scarlet. "The jest of boors—a Leslie!" he muttered, and ground his teeth. He sprang over the stile, and walked erect and haughtily across the ground. The players cried out indignantly. Randal raised his hat, and they recognised him, and stopped the game. For him at least a certain respect was felt. Oliver turned round quickly, and ran up to him. Randal caught his arm firmly, and, without saying a word to the rest, drew him away towards the house. Oliver cast a regretful, lingering look behind him, rubbed his shins, and then stole a timid glance towards Randal's severe and moody countenance.

"You are not angry that I was playing at hockey with our neighbours," said he deprecatingly, observing that Randal would not break the silence.

"No," replied the elder brother; "but, in associating with his inferiors, a gentleman still knows how to maintain his dignity. There is no harm in playing with inferiors, but it is necessary to a gentleman to play so that he is not the laughing-stock of clowns."

Oliver hung his head, and made no answer. They came into the slovenly precincts of the court, and the pigs stared at them from the palings, as they had stared, years before, at Frank Hazeldean.

Mr Leslie senior, in a shabby straw hat, was engaged in feeding the chickens before the threshold, and he performed even that occupation with a maundering lack-a-daisical slothfulness, dropping down the grains almost one by one from his inert dreamy fingers.

Randal's sister, her hair still and for ever hanging about her ears, was seated on a rush-bottom chair, reading a tattered novel; and from the parlour window was heard the querulous voice of Mrs Leslie, in high fidget and complaint.

Somehow or other, as the young heir to all this helpless poverty stood in the courtyard, with his sharp, refined, intelligent features, and his

strange elegance of dress and aspect, one better comprehended how, left solely to the egotism of his knowledge and his ambition, in such a family, and without any of the sweet nameless lessons of Home, he had grown up into such close and secret solitude of soul—how the mind had taken so little nutriment from the heart, and how that affection and respect which the warm circle of the hearth usually calls forth had passed with him to the graves of dead fathers, growing, as it were, bloodless and ghoul-like amidst the charnels on which they fed.

"Ha, Randal, boy," said Mr Leslie, looking up lazily, "how d'ye do? Who could have expected you? My dear—my dear," he cried, in a broken voice, and as if in helpless dismay, "here's Randal, and he'll be wanting dinner, or supper, or something." But, in the meanwhile, Randal's sister Juliet had sprung up and thrown her arms round her brother's neck, and he had drawn her aside caressingly, for Randal's strongest human affection was for this sister.

"You are growing very pretty, Juliet," said he, smoothing back her hair; "why do yourself such injustice—why not pay more attention to your appearance, as I have so often begged you to do?"

"I did not expect you, dear Randal; you always come so suddenly, and catch us *en dish-a-bill*."

"Dish-a-bill!" echoed Randal, with a groan. "*Dishabille!*—you ought never to be so caught!"

"No one else does so catch us—nobody else ever comes! Heigho," and the young lady sighed very heartily.

"Patience, patience; my day is coming, and then yours, my sister," replied Randal with genuine pity, as he gazed upon what a little care could have trained into so fair a flower, and what now looked so like a weed.

Here Mrs Leslie, in a state of intense excitement—having rushed through the parlour—leaving a fragment of her gown between the yawning brass of the never-mended Brummagem work-table—tore across the hall—whirled out of the door, scattering the chickens to the right and left, and clutched hold of Randal in her motherly embrace. "La, how you do shake my nerves,"

she cried, after giving him a most hasty and uncomfortable kiss. "And you are hungry too, and nothing in the house but cold mutton! Jenny, Jenny, I say Jenny! Juliet, have you seen Jenny? Where's Jenny? Out with the odd man, I'll be bound."

"I am not hungry, mother," said Randal; "I wish for nothing but tea." Juliet, scrambling up her hair, darted into the house to prepare the tea, and also to "tidy herself." She dearly loved her fine brother, but she was greatly in awe of him.

Randal seated himself on the broken pales. "Take care they don't come down," said Mr Leslie with some anxiety.

"Oh, sir, I am very light; nothing comes down with me."

The pigs stared up, and grunted in amaze at the stranger.

"Mother," said the young man, detaining Mrs Leslie, who wanted to set off in chase of Jenny—"mother, you should not let Oliver associate with those village bores. It is time to think of a profession for him."

"Oh, he eats us out of house and home—such an appetite! But as to a profession—what is he fit for! He will never be a scholar."

Randal nodded a moody assent; for, indeed, Oliver had been sent to Cambridge, and supported there out of Randal's income from his official pay;—and Oliver had been plucked for his Little Go.

"There is the army," said the elder brother—"a gentleman's calling. How handsome Juliet ought to be—but—I left money for masters—and she pronounces Freuch like a chambermaid."

"Yet she is fond of her book too. She's always reading, and good for nothing else."

"Reading!—those trashy novels!"

"So like you—you always come to scold, and make things unpleasant," said Mrs Leslie peevishly. "You are grown too fine for us, and I am sure we suffer affronts enough from others, not to want a little respect from our own children."

"I did not mean to affront you," said Randal sadly. "Pardon me. But who else has done so?"

Then Mrs Leslie went into a minute and most irritating catalogue of all

the mortifications and insults she had received; the grievances of a petty provincial family, with much pretension and small power; of all people, indeed, without the disposition to please—without the ability to serve—who exaggerate every offence, and are thankful for no kindness. Farmer Jones had insolently refused to send his waggon twenty miles for coals. Mr Giles, the butcher, requesting the payment of his bill, had stated that the custom at Rood was too small for him to allow credit. Squire Thornhill, who was the present owner of the fairest slice of the old Leslie domains, had taken the liberty to ask permission to shoot over Mr Leslie's land, since Mr Leslie did not preserve. Lady Spratt (new people from the city, who hired a neighbouring country seat) had taken a discharged servant of Mrs Leslie's without applying for the character. The Lord-Lieutenant had given a ball, and had not invited the Leslies. Mr Leslie's tenants had voted against their landlord's wish at the recent election. More than all, Squire Hazeldean and his Harry had called at Rood, and though Mrs Leslie had screamed out to Jenny, "Not at home," she had been seen at the window, and the Squire had actually forced his way in, and caught the whole family "in a state not fit to be seen." That was a trifle, but the Squire had presumed to instruct Mr Leslie how to manage his property, and Mrs Hazeldean had actually told Juliet to hold up her head and tie up her hair, "as if we were her cottagers!" said Mrs Leslie with the pride of a Montfydget.

All these and various other annoyances, though Randal was too sensible not to perceive their insignificance, still galled and mortified the listening heir of Rood. They showed, at least, even to the well-meant officiousness of the Hazeldeans, the small account in which the fallen family was held. As he sat still on the moss-grown pale, gloomy and taciturn, his mother standing beside him, with her cap awry, Mr Leslie shamblingly sauntered up, and said in a pensive, dolorous whine—

"I wish we had a good sum of money, Randal, boy!"

To do Mr Leslie justice, he seldom gave vent to any wish that savoured of avarice. His mind must be singularly aroused, to wander out of its normal limits of sluggish, dull content.

So Randal looked at him in surprise, and said, "Do you, sir?—why?"

"The manors of Rood and Dulmansberry, and all the lands therein, which my great-grandfather sold away, are to be sold again when Squire Thornhill's eldest son comes of age, to cut off the entail. Sir John Spratt talks of buying them. I should like to have them back again! 'Tis a shame to see the Leslie estates hawked about, and bought by Spratts and people. I wish I had a great—great sum of ready-money."

The poor gentleman extended his helpless fingers as he spoke, and fell into a dejected reverie.

Randal sprang from the paling, a movement which frightened the contemplative pigs, and set them off squalling and scampering. "When does young Thornhill come of age?"

"He was nineteen last August. I know it, because the day he was born I picked up my fossil of the sea-horse, just by Dulmansberry church, when the joy-bells were ringing. My fossil sea-horse! It will be an heirloom, Randal—"

"Two years—nearly two years—yet—ah, ah!" said Randal; and his sister now appearing to announce that tea was ready, he threw his arm round her neck and kissed her. Juliet had arranged her hair and trimmed up her dress. She looked very pretty, and she had now the air of a gentlewoman—something of Randal's own refinement in her

slender proportions and well-shaped head.

"Be patient, patient still, my dear sister," whispered Randal, "and keep your heart whole for two years longer."

The young man was gay and good-humoured over his simple meal, while his family grouped round him. When it was over, Mr Leslie lighted his pipe, and called for his brandy and water. Mrs Leslie began to question about London and Court, and the new King and the new Queen, and Mr Audley Egerton, and hoped Mr Egerton would leave Randal all his money, and that Randal would marry a rich woman, and that the King would make him a prime-minister one of these days; and then she should like to see if Farmer Jones would refuse to send his waggon for coals! And every now and then, as the word "riches" or "money" caught Mr Leslie's ear, he shook his head, drew his pipe from his mouth, and muttered, "A Spratt should not have what belonged to my great-great-grandfather. If I had a good sum of ready-money!—the old family estates!" Oliver and Juliet sate silent, and on their good behaviour; and Randal, indulging his own reveries, dreamily heard the words "money," "Spratt," "great-great-grandfather," "rich wife," "family estates;" and they sounded to him vague and afar off, like whispers from the world of romance and legend—weird prophecies of things to be.

Such was the hearth which warmed the viper that nestled and gnawed at the heart of Randal, poisoning all the aspirations that youth should have rendered pure, ambition lofty, and knowledge beneficent and divine.

#### CHAPTER VI.

When the rest of the household were in deep sleep, Randal stood long at his open window, looking over the dreary, comfortless scene—the moon gleaming from skies half-autumnal, half-wintery, upon squalid decay, through the ragged fissures of the firs; and when he lay down to rest, his sleep was feverish, and troubled by turbulent dreams.

However, he was up early, and with an unwonted colour in his cheeks, which his sister ascribed to the country air. After breakfast, he took his way towards Hazeldean, mounted upon a tolerable horse, which he hired of a neighbouring farmer who occasionally hunted. Before noon, the garden and terrace of the Casino came in sight. He reined in his horse, and by the

little fountain at which Leonard had been wont to eat his radishes and con his book, he saw Riccabocca seated under the shade of the red umbrella. And by the Italian's side stood a form that a Greek of old might have deemed the Naiad of the Fount; for in its youthful beauty there was something so full of poetry—something at once so sweet and so stately—that it spoke to the imagination while it charmed the sense.

Randal dismounted, tied his horse

to the gate, and, walking down a trellised alley, came suddenly to the spot. His dark shadow fell over the clear mirror of the fountain just as Riccabocca had said, "All here is so secure from evil!—the waves of the fountain are never troubled like those of the river!" and Violante had answered in her soft native tongue, and lifting her dark, spiritual eyes—"But the fountain would be but a lifeless pool, oh my father, if the spray did not mount towards the skies!"

#### THE MASTER THIEF.

##### A NORSE POPULAR TALE.

ON a gloomy autumn evening I sat alone with the "proprietor," to whose children I was then tutor, in his country house, about twenty miles from Christiania. Out of doors something was falling which was neither rain, nor snow, nor sleet, but a mixture of all three; and inside, in the "proprietor's" parlour, the lights burned so sluggishly, that no other objects were discernible through the haze than a corner cupboard, filled with Chinese nick-nacks, a great mirror in an old-fashioned gilt frame, and a hereditary tankard, the reward of one of the proprietor's ancestors for service rendered to the state. That worthy individual had nestled himself into one corner of the sofa, where he pored over the proof-sheets of his pamphlet, entitled, "*A few Patriotic Expressions for the Country's Good; by an Anonymous Writer.*"

While brooding over this gold mine of his own ideas he gave birth to many sagacious thoughts, which, from time to time, with a twinkle of his grey eyes, he threw out for my edification, as I sat and tried to read in the other corner of the sofa. After a while, warming with his theme, he poured out a host of "patriotic expressions" and opinions, worthy of all respect, but of which nothing save the pamphlet quoted above, or his great *Treatise on Tithe*, can give an adequate idea. I am ashamed to own that all this wisdom was lost upon me. I knew it all by heart, for I had

heard the same story forty times at least before. I am not gifted with a patience of Indian-rubber; but what could I do? Retreat to my own room was impossible, for it had been scoured for Sunday, and was full of reek and damp. So, after some fruitless attempts to bury myself in my book, I was forced to give in, and to suffer myself to be carried along in the troubled stream of the proprietor's eloquence. Of course he dilated on questions of profound national importance, which he furnished up with all sorts of cut-and-dried figures of speech. He was now fairly on his hobby, and rose rapidly to the seventh heaven. He stood up and gesticulated; then he strode up and down, and his grey dressing-gown described streaming circles behind him, as he turned short round, and limped backwards and forwards on his spindle-shanks,—for, like Tyrtæus, the proprietor had a strong halt. The candles flared, flickered, and guttered, as he passed triumphantly by the table on which they stood; and his winged words sung in my ears like humble-bees when the linden-trees are in bloom. Off he went on "Class Legislation" and "Judicial Reform," on "Corn Laws and Free Trade," on "Native Industry and Centralisation," on the "Victorious progress of Ideas," and the "Insufficiency of our Circulating Medium," on "Bureaucracy," and the "Aristocracy of Office," till he bid fair to exhaust all the



taken the ox and gone off with it; and when the man came and saw that his ox was gone, he began to cry and bewail, for he was afraid that his old dame would kill him outright when she came to know that the ox was lost. But just then it came across his mind that he would go home and take the second ox, and drive it to the town, and not let the old dame know anything about the matter. So he did this, and went home and took the ox without his dame's knowing it, and set off with it to the town. But the robbers knew all about it, and they said to the youth, if he could get this ox too, without the man's knowing it, and without his doing him any harm, he should be as good as any one of them. If that were all, the youth said, he did not think it a very hard thing.

This time he took with him a rope, and hung himself up under the arm-pits to a tree right in the man's way. So the man came along with his ox, and when he saw such a sight hanging there he began to feel a little queer.

"Well," said he, "whatever heavy thoughts you had who have hanged yourself up there, it can't be helped; you may hang for what I care! I can't breathe life into you again;" and with that he went on his way with his ox. Down slipped the youth from the tree, and ran by a footpath, and got before the man, and hung himself up right in his way again.

"Bless me!" said the man, "were you really so heavy at heart that you hanged yourself up there—or is it only a piece of witchcraft that I see before me? Ay, ay! you may hang for all I care, whether you are a ghost or whatever you are." So he passed on with his ox.

Now the youth did just as he had done twice before; he jumped down from the tree, ran through the wood by a footpath, and hung himself up right in the man's way again. But when the man saw this sight for the third time, he said to himself,—

"Well! this is an ugly business! Is it likely now that they should have been so heavy at heart as to hang themselves, all these three? No! I cannot think that it is any-

thing else than a piece of witchcraft that I see. But now I'll soon know for certain: if the other two are still hanging there, it must be really so; but if they are not, then it can be nothing but witchcraft that I see."

So he tied up his ox, and ran back to see if the others were still really hanging there. But while he went and peered up into all the trees, the youth jumped down and took his ox and ran off with it. When the man came back and found his ox gone, he was in a sad plight, and, as any one might know without being told, he began to cry and bemoan; but at last he came to take it easier, and so he thought—

"There's no other help for it than to go home and take the third ox without my dame's knowing it, and to try and drive a good bargain with it, so that I may get a good sum of money for it."

So he went home and set off with the ox, and his old dame knew never a word about the matter. But the robbers, they knew all about it, and they said to the youth, that, if he could steal this ox as he had stolen the other two, then he should be master over the whole band. Well, the youth set off, and ran into the wood; and as the man came by with his ox he set up a dreadful bellowing, just like a great ox in the wood. When the man heard that, you can't think how glad he was, for it seemed to him that he knew the voice of his big bullock, and he thought that now he should find both of them again; so he tied up the third ox, and ran off from the road to look for them in the wood; but meantime the youth went off with the third ox. Now, when the man came back and found he had lost this ox too, he was so wild that there was no end to his grief. He cried and roared and beat his breast, and, to tell the truth, it was many days before he dared go home; for he was afraid lest his old dame should kill him outright on the spot.

As for the robbers, they were not very well pleased either, when they had to own that the youth was master over the whole band. So one day they thought they would try their hands at something which he

was not man enough to do; and they set off all together, every man Jack of them, and left him alone at home. Now, the first thing that he did when they were all well clear of the house, was to drive the oxen out to the road, so that they might run back to the man from whom he had stolen them; and right glad he was to see them, as you may fancy. Next he took all the horses which the robbers had, and loaded them with the best things he could lay his hands on—gold and silver, and clothes and other fine things; and then he bade the old dame to greet the robbers when they came back, and to thank them for him, and to say that now he was setting off on his travels, and that they would have hard work to find him again; and with that, off he started.

After a good bit he came to the road along which he was going when he fell among the robbers; and when he got near home, and could see his father's cottage, he put on a uniform which he had found among the clothes he had taken from the robbers, and which was made just like a general's. So he drove up to the door as if he were any other great man. After that he went in and asked if he could have a lodging? No; that he couldn't at any price.

"How ever should I be able," said the man, "to make room in my house for such a fine gentleman—I who scarce have a rag to lie upon, and miserable rags too?"

"You were always a stingy old hunk," said the youth, "and so you are still, when you won't take your own son in."

"What, you my son!" said the man.

"Don't you know me again?" said the youth. Well, after a little while he did know him again.

"But what have you been turning your hand to, that you have made yourself so great a man in such haste?" asked the man.

"Oh, I'll soon tell you," said the youth. "You said I might take to any trade I chose, and so I bound myself apprentice to some thieves and robbers, and now I've served my time out, and am become a Master Thief."

Now there lived a Squire close by to his father's cottage, and he had such a great house, and such heaps of money, that he could not tell how much he had. He had a daughter too, and a smart and pretty girl she was. So the Master Thief set his heart upon having her to wife; and he told his father to go to the Squire and ask for his daughter for him.

"If he asks by what trade I get my living, you can say I am a Master Thief."

"I think you've lost your wits," said the man, "for you can't be in your right mind when you think of such nonsense."

No! he had not lost his wits; his father must and should go up to the Squire and ask for his daughter.

"Nay, but I tell you, I daren't go to the Squire and be your spokesman; he who is so rich, and has so much money," said the man.

Yes, there was no help for it, said the Master Thief; he should go whether he would or no; and if he did not go by fair means, he would soon make him go by foul. But the man was still loath to go; so he stepped after him, and rubbed him down with a good birch endgel, and kept on till the man came crying and sobbing inside the Squire's door.

How now, my man! What ails you? said the Squire.

So he told him the whole story; how he had three sons who set off one day, and how he had given them leave to go whithersoever they would, and to follow whatever calling they chose. "And here now is the youngest come home, and has beaten me till he has made me come to you and ask for your daughter for him to wife; and he bids me say, besides, that he is a Master Thief." And so he fell to crying and sobbing again.

"Never mind, my man," said the Squire, laughing; "just go back and tell him from me, that he must prove his skill first. If he can steal the roast from the spit in the kitchen on Sunday, while all the household are looking after it, he shall have my daughter. Just go and tell him that."

So he went back and told the youth, who thought it would be an easy job. So he set about and

caught three hares alive, and put them into a bag, and dressed himself in some old rags, until he looked so poor and filthy that it made one's heart bleed to see; and then he sneaked into the passage at the back-door of the Squire's house on the Sunday forenoon, with his bag, just like any other beggar-boy. But the Squire himself and all his household were in the kitchen watching the roast. Just as they were doing this, the youth let one hare go, and it set off and ran round and round the yard in front of the house.

"Oh, just look at that hare!" said the folk in the kitchen, and were all for running out to catch it.

Yes, the Squire saw it running too. "Oh, let it run," said he; "there's no use in thinking to catch a hare by running after it."

A little while after, the youth let the second hare go, and they saw it in the kitchen, and thought it was the same they had seen before, and still wanted to run out and catch it; but the Squire said again it was no use. It was not long before the youth let the third hare go, and it set off and ran round and round the yard as the others before it. Now, they saw it from the kitchen, and still thought it was the same hare that kept on running about, and were all eager to be out after it.

"Well, it is a fine hare," said the Squire; "come, let's see if we can't lay our hands on it."

So out he ran, and the rest with him—away they all went, the hare before, and they after; so that it was rare fun to see. But meantime the youth took the roast and ran off with it; and where the Squire got a roast for his dinner that day I don't know; but one thing I know, and that is, that he had no roast hare, though he ran after it till he was both warm and weary.

Now it chanced that the Priest came to dinner that day, and when the Squire told him what a trick the Master Thief had played him, he made such game of him that there was no end to it.

"For my part," said the Priest, "I can't think how it could ever happen to me to be made such a fool of by a fellow like that."

"Very well—only keep a sharp look-out," said the Squire; "maybe he'll come to see you before you know a word of it." But the Priest stuck to his text,—that he did, and made game of the Squire because he had been so taken in.

Later in the afternoon came the Master Thief, and wanted to have the Squire's daughter, as he had given his word. But the Squire began to talk him over, and said, "Oh, you must first prove your skill a little more; for what you did to-day was no great thing, after all. Couldn't you now play off a good trick on the Priest, who is sitting in there, and making game of me for letting such a fellow as you twist me round his thumb?"

"Well, as for that, it wouldn't be hard," said the Master Thief. So he dressed himself up like a bird, threw a great white sheet over his body, took the wings of a goose and tied them to his back, and so climbed up into a great maple which stood in the Priest's garden. And when the Priest came home in the evening, the youth began to bawl out—

"Father Laurence! Father Laurence!"—for that was the Priest's name.

"Who is that calling me?" said the Priest.

"I am an angel," said the Master Thief, "sent from God to let you know that you shall be taken up alive into heaven for your piety's sake. Next Monday you must hold yourself ready for the journey, for I shall come then to fetch you in a sack; and all your gold, and your silver, and all that you have of this world's goods, you must lay together in a heap in your dining-room."

Well, Father Laurence fell on his knees before the angel, and thanked him; and the very next day he preached a farewell sermon, and expounded how there had come down an angel unto the big maple in his garden, who had told him that he was to be taken up alive into heaven for his piety's sake; and he preached and made such a touching discourse, that all who were at church wept, both young and old.

So the Monday after came the Master Thief like an angel again, and

the Priest fell on his knees and thanked him before he was put into the sack; but when he had got him well in, the Master Thief drew and dragged him over stocks and stones.

"Ow! ow!" groaned the Priest inside the sack, "wherever are we going!"

"This is the narrow way which leadeth unto the kingdom of heaven," said the Master Thief, who went on dragging him along till he had nearly broken every bone in his body. At last he tumbled him into a goose-house that belonged to the Squire, and the geese began pecking and pinching him with their bills, so that he was more dead than alive.

"Now you are in the flames of purgatory, to be cleansed and purified for life everlasting," said the Master Thief: and with that he went his way, and took all the gold and silver, and all the fine things which the Priest had laid together in his dining-room. The next morning, when the goose-girl came to let the geese out, she heard how the priest lay in the sack and bemoaned himself in the goose-house.

"In heaven's name, who's there, and what ails you?" she cried. "Oh!" said the Priest, "if you are an angel from heaven, do let me out, and let me return again to earth, for it is worse here than in hell. The little fiends keep on pinching me with tongues."

"God help us, I am no angel at all," said the girl as she helped the Priest out of the sack: "I only look after the Squire's geese, and like enough they are the little fiends which have pinched your reverence."

"Oh!" groaned the Priest, "this is all that Master Thief's doing. Ah! my gold and my silver, and my fine clothes." And he beat his breast, and hobbled home at such a rate that the girl thought he had lost his wits all at once.

Now when the Squire came to hear how it had gone with the Priest, and how he had been along the narrow way, and into purgatory, he laughed till he wellnigh split his sides. But when the Master Thief came and asked for his daughter as he had promised, the Squire put him off again, and said—

"You must do one masterpiece better still, that I may see plainly what you are fit for. Now I have twelve horses in my stable, and on them I will put twelve grooms, one on each. If you are so good a thief as to steal the horses from under them, I'll see what I can do for you."

"Very well, I daresay I can do it," said the Master Thief; "but shall I really have your daughter if I can?"

"Yes, if you can, I'll do my best for you," said the Squire.

So the Master Thief set off to a shop, and bought brandy enough to fill two pocket-flasks, and into one of them he put a sleepy drink, but into the other only brandy. After that he hired eleven men to lie in wait at night, behind the Squire's stableyard; and last of all, for fair words and a good bit of money, he borrowed a ragged gown and cloak from an old woman; and so, with a staff in his hand and a bundle at his back, he limped off, as evening drew on, towards the Squire's stable. Just as he got there they were watering the horses for the night, and had their hands full of work.

"What the devil do you want?" said one of the grooms to the old woman.

"Oh, oh! hutetu! it is so bitter cold," said she, and shivered and shook, and made wry faces. "Hutetu! it is so cold, a poor wretch may easily freeze to death;" and with that she fell to shivering and shaking again.

"Oh! for the love of heaven, can I get leave to stay here a while, and sit inside the stable door?"

"To the devil with your leave," said one. "Pack yourself off this minute, for if the Squire sets his eye on you he'll lead us a pretty dance."

"Oh! the poor old bag-of-bones," said another, who seemed to take pity on her, "the old hag may sit inside and welcome; such a one as she can do no harm."

And the rest said, some she should stay, and some she shouldn't; but while they were quarrelling and minding the horses, she crept further and further into the stable, till at last she sat herself down behind the door; and when she had got so far, no one gave any more heed to her.

As the night wore on, the men

found it rather cold work to sit so still and quiet on horseback.

"Hutetu! it is so devilish cold," said one, and beat his arms cross-wise.

"That it is," said another. "I freeze so, that my teeth chatter."

"If one only had a quid to chew," said a third.

Well! there was one who had an ounce or two; so they shared it between them, though it wasn't much, after all, that each got; and so they chewed and spat, and spat and chewed. This helped them somewhat; but in a little while they were just as bad as ever.

"Hutetu! said one, and shivered and shook.

"Hutetu!" said the old woman, and shivered so, that every tooth in her head chattered. Then she pulled out the flask with branny in it, and her hand shook so that the spirit splashed about in the flask, and then she took such a gulp, that it went "bop" in her throat.

"What is that you've got in your flask, old girl?" said one of the grooms.

"Oh! it's only a drop of brandy, old man," said she.

"Brandy! Well, I never! Do let me have a drop," screamed the whole twelve, one after another.

"Oh! but it is such a little drop," mumbled the old woman, "it will not even wet your mouths round." But they must and would have it: there was no help for it; and so she pulled out the flask with the sleeping drink in it, and put it to the first man's lips; then she shook no more, but guided the flask so that each of them got what he wanted, and the twelfth had not done drinking before the first sat and snored. Then the Master Thief threw off his beggar's rags, and took one groom after the other so softly off their horses, and set them astride on the beams between the stalls; and so he called his clever men, and rode off with the Squire's twelve horses.

But when the Squire got up in the morning, and went to look after his grooms, they had just begun to come to; and some of them fell to spurring the beams with their spurs, till the splinters flew again, and some fell off,

and some still hung on and sat there looking like fools.

"Ho! ho!" said the Squire; "I see very well who has been here; but as for you, a pretty set of blockheads you must be to sit here and let the Master Thief steal the horses from between your legs."

So they all got a good leathering because they had not kept a sharper look-out.

Further on in the day came the Master Thief again, and told how he had managed the matter, and asked for the Squire's daughter, as he had promised; but the Squire gave him one hundred dollars down, and said he must do something better still.

"Do you think now," said he, "you can steal the horse from under me while I am out riding on his back?"

"O, yes! I daresay I could," said the Master Thief, "if I were really sure of getting your daughter."

Well, well, the Squire would see what he could do, and he told the Master Thief a day when he would be taking a ride on a great common where they drilled the troops. So the Master Thief soon got hold of an old worn-out jade of a mare, and set to work, and made traces and collar of withies and broom-twigs, and bought an old beggarly cart and a great cask. After that he said to an old beggar woman, that he would give her ten dollars if she would get in the cask, and keep her mouth agape over the taphole, into which he was going to stick his finger. No harm should happen to her; she should only be driven about a little; and if he took his finger out more than once, she was to have ten dollars more. Then he threw a few rags and tatters over himself, and stuffed himself out, and put on a wig and a great beard of goat's hair, so that no one could know him again, and set off for the common, where the Squire had already been riding about a good bit. When he reached the place, he went along so softly and slowly that he scarce made an inch of way. Gee up! Gee up! and so he went on little; then he stood stock still, and so on a little again; and altogether the pace was so miserable that it never once came

into the Squire's head that this could be the Master Thief.

At last the Squire rode right up to him, and asked if he had seen any one lurking about in the wood thereabouts.

"No," said the man, "I haven't seen a soul."

"Harkye, now," said the Squire, "if you have a mind to ride into the wood, and hunt about and see if you can fall upon any one lurking about there, you shall have the loan of my horse, and a shilling into the bargain, to drink my health, for your pains."

"I don't see how I can go," said the man, "for I am going to a wedding with this cask of mead, which I have been to town to fetch, and here the tap has fallen out by the way, and so I must go along, holding my finger in the taphole."

"Ride off," said the Squire; "I'll look after your horse and cask."

Well, on these terms the man was willing to go, but he begged the Squire to be quick in putting his finger into the taphole when he took his own out, and to mind and keep it there till he came back. Yes, the Squire would do the best he could; and so the Master Thief mounted the horse and rode off. But time went by, and hour after hour passed, and still no one came back. At last the Squire grew weary of standing there with his finger in the taphole, so he took it out.

"Now I shall have ten dollars more!" screamed the old woman inside the cask; and then the Squire saw at once how the land lay, and took himself off home; but he had not gone far before they met him with a fresh horse, for the Master Thief had already been to his house, and told them to send one.

The day after, he came to the Squire and would have his daughter, as he had given his word; but the Squire put him off again with fine words, and gave him two hundred dollars, and said he must do one more masterpiece. If he could do that, he should have her. Well, well, the Master Thief thought he could do it, if he only knew what it was to be.

"Do you think, now," said the

Squire, "you can steal the sheet off our bed, and the shift off my wife's back. Do you think you could do that?"

"It shall be done," said the Master Thief. "I only wish I was as sure of getting your daughter."

So when night began to fall, the Master Thief went out and cut down a thief who hung on the gallows, and threw him across his shoulders, and carried him off. Then he got a long ladder and set it up against the Squire's bedroom window, and so climbed up, and kept bobbing the dead man up and down, just for all the world like one who was peeping in at the window.

"That's the Master Thief, old lass!" said the Squire, and gave his wife a nudge on the side. "Now see if I don't shoot him, that's all."

So saying he took up a rifle which he had laid at his bedside.

"No! no! pray don't shoot him after telling him he might come and try," said his wife.

"Don't talk to me, for shoot him I will," said he; and so he lay there and aimed and aimed; but as soon as the head came up before the window, and he saw a little of it, so soon was it down again. At last he thought he had a good aim; "bang" went the gun, down fell the dead body to the ground with a heavy thump, and down went the Master Thief too as fast as he could.

"Well," said the Squire, "it is quite true that I am the chief magistrate in these parts; but people are fond of talking, and it would be a bore if they came to see this dead man's body. I think the best thing to be done is that I should go down and bury him."

"You must do as you think best, dear," said his wife. So the Squire got out of bed and went down stairs, and he had scarce put his foot out of the door before the Master Thief stole in, and went straight up-stairs to his wife.

"Why, dear, back already!" said she, for she thought it was her husband.

"Oh yes, I only just put him into a hole, and threw a little earth over him. It is enough that he is out of sight, for it is such a bad night out of

doors; by-and-by I'll do it better. But just let me have the sheet to wipe myself with—he was so bloody—and I have made myself in such a mess with him.”

So he got the sheet.

After a while he said—

“Do you know I am afraid you must let me have your night-shift too, for the sheet won't do by itself; that I can see.”

So she gave him the shift also. But just then it came across his mind that he had forgotten to lock the house-door, so he must step down and look to that before he came back to bed, and away he went with both shift and sheet.

A little while after came the right Squire.

“Why! what a time you've taken to lock the door, dear!” said his wife; “and what have you done with the sheet and shift?”

“What do you say?” said the Squire.

“Why, I am asking what you have done with the sheet and shift that you had to wipe off the blood,” said she.

“What, in the devil's name!” said the Squire, “has he taken me in this time too?”

Next day came the Master Thief and asked for the Squire's daughter as he had promised; and then the Squire dared not do anything else than give her to him, and a good lump of money into the bargain; for, to tell the truth, he was afraid lest the Master Thief should steal the eyes out of his head, and that people would begin to say spiteful things of him if he broke his word. So the Master Thief lived well and happily from that time forward. I don't know whether he stole any more; but if he did, I am quite sure it was only for the sake of a bit of fun.

#### DAY-DREAMS OF AN EXILE.

#### V.

#### AIR—“*O Cura Memoria.*”

“I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that his portion.”—*Eccles.* iii. 22.

SEEN thou not for a happier lot,  
Happier may never be;  
That thou hast esteem the best,  
And given by the gods to thee.  
And if thy tender hopes be slain,  
Fear not, they soon shall bloom again;  
For the gloomiest hour  
Is fair to the flower  
That heeds neither wind nor rain.

Fear of change from old to strange  
Follows the fullest joy;  
Labour wears us more than years;  
Calms, never broken, cloy.  
Whatever load to thee be given,  
Doubt not thy brethren too have striven;  
Take what is thine  
In the Earth's confine,  
And hope to be blest in Heaven.

## VI.

TO —.

Led by swift thought, I scale the height,  
 And strive to sound the deep,  
 To find from whence I took my flight,  
 Or where I slept my sleep :  
 But the mists conceal that border-land  
 Whose hills they rest upon ;  
 Again, with forward face, I stand,  
 For Gone is gone.

Sometimes I brood upon the years  
 I gave to self and sin ;  
 Or call to mind how Doubts and Fears  
 Fled from a light within :  
 I might regret those errors past,  
 Might wish the light still shone,  
 Or check Life's tide that ebbs so fast ;  
 But Gone is gone.

You, too, my loyal-hearted wife,  
 Saw many a weary day,  
 When, on your morning-sky of life,  
 The clouds of sorrow lay.  
 True friends departed—grief for them,  
 Joy for the False made known,  
 And over all this Requiem,  
 That Gone is gone.

The glare of many a spectral Truth  
 Might haunt me still unchanged,  
 The broken purpose of my Youth,  
 The loving hearts estranged.  
 But, turning to your love-lit eyes,  
 —The love-lit eyes shine on—  
 I thank my God with happy sighs  
 That Gone is gone.

## VII.

Oft, in a night of April, when the ways  
 Are growing dark, and the hedge-hawthorns dank,  
 The glow-worm scatters self-adorning rays—  
 Earth-stars, that twinkle on the primrose bank.

And so, when Life around us gathers Night,  
 Too dark for Doubt, and ignorant of Sin,  
 The happy Heart of youth can shed a light  
 Earth-born, but bright, and feed it from within.

The April night wears on, the darkness wanes,  
 The light that glimmered in the East grows stronger  
 But on the primrose banks that line the lanes,  
 Weary and chilled, the glow-worm shines no longer.

The night of life as quickly passes o'er,  
 Coldly and shuddering breaks the dawn of Truth ;  
 Bright Day is coming, but we bear no more  
 The happy, self-adorning heart of Youth.



## VIII.

Dream on, ye souls who slumber here,  
 Leave work to those who work so well ;  
 Yet workers too should haply hear  
 The messages that Dreamers tell.

The aims of this World shed a light,  
 Which shines with dim and feeble ray,  
 Whose followers wander all the night,  
 And scarce suspect it is not Day.

Yet work who will, the Night flies fast,  
 Means vary, but the end is one ;  
 Each, when the waking throb is past,  
 Must face the all-beholding Sun.

I will sleep on, the starry cope  
 Arching my head with boundless blue,  
 Till life's strange dream is o'er, in hope  
 To wake, nor find it all untrue.

## IX.

## COLONISATION.

(G.)

Freemen of England, nourish in your mind  
 Love for your Land ; though poor she be and cold,  
 Impute it not to her that she is old,  
 For in her youth she was both warm and kind.  
 True, it fits not that you should be confined  
 Within a grudging Island's narrow hold,  
 That bred, but cannot feed you. O be bold ;  
 Blue heaven has many an excellent fair wind.  
 Steer, then, in multitudes to other land,  
 Work ye the field, the river, and the mine,  
 Smooth the high hill, and fell the long-armed pine,  
 Till all God's Earth be honourably manned ;  
 But, that your glories may for ever stand,  
 Let Love be with you, human and divine.

Love, the foundation of the public weal,  
 As of the peace of houses—Love, whose breach  
 Sundered two bands of common race and speech,  
 Whose rankling wounds on each side will not heal ;  
 Therefore be warned in time, let none conceal  
 Brotherly yearnings, God-sent, each for each.  
 Pure human sympathies are high of reach,  
 For the realities which they reveal  
 Teach us to live in earnest ; give us faith,  
 Godward, as well as human : none can say,  
 " I will love only that which I have seen."  
 By faith's lamp, fed with hope, the wise have been  
 Led to the land where, as the Tarsian saith,  
 Love rules when Hope and Faith are passed away.

II. G. K.

## AUTUMN POLITICS.

RARELY, during the autumnal season of the year, is any very vivid interest displayed in political matters. This is both natural and wholesome. The soldier, after a hard campaign, requires rest and recreation; and those whose destiny it is to occupy themselves with public affairs and their conduct, are all the better for a short respite from these absorbing toils. So, after the close of the Parliamentary Session, our legislators betake themselves to the provinces or the Continent, to the skirts of Ben Nevis, or to the sequestered valleys of Switzerland, with all the glee of schoolboys who have escaped from the magisterial yoke. Who can blame them? The mountain breeze is assuredly more fresh and salubrious than the loaded atmosphere of St Stephen's; the sound of the purling brook is more grateful to the ear than the croakings of Joseph Hume; and the details of a restaurant's bill of fare more interesting than the ingenious statistics of Mr Wilson of Westbury. Nobody is sorry when the clattering of the great machine of Parliament is silenced. It is bad enough to be compelled to peruse the debates during the months of winter and spring, without continuing the ordeal throughout the rest of the year. We cannot live always in a state of excitement. Senly and Keogh are splendid and soul-searching orators; but we would as have submit to have all our dishes seasoned with ether, as allow our nerves to be daily agitated by the roll of their irresistible eloquence. We love John Bright, and are fascinated by the humour of Fox, yet we can find it in our hearts to part company with them for a season. In autumn the towns are torpid. Every one who can, endeavours to escape from them; and to judge from the hurry on rail and river, you would conclude that at least one-half of the population of these islands is on the move. Subjects which a few months before engrossed the public attention are now mentioned with a luxurious languor, and never ardently discussed. Few people know or care what Cardinal Wise-

man may be doing. A porter with a load of grouse is a more interesting object than Lord John Russell, even were he laden with the draught of his new Reform Bill; and it is a matter of total indifference to the million whether Earl Grey has gone to Howick or to Kamschatka. The only class of men who remain indefatigably political are the popularity hunters, more especially such of them as require a little cooeping for their somewhat leaky reputations. Old Joe sets off on a reforming tour to the northern burghs, hoping here and there to pick up a stray bugess ticket. Sir James Graham will go any distance to receive the hug of fraternity from a provost, and to add to his chaplet such fresh leaves of laurel as are in the gift of a generous town council. Lord Palmerston undertakes to keep the electors of Tiverton in good humour, and favours them with a funny discourse upon all manner of topics, excepting always the projected measure of reform, on which he judiciously keeps his thumb. These, however, are mere interludes, and few people care about them. Most sincerely to be pitied, at this season of the year, is the condition of the London journalists. However scanty be the crop of events, however dry the channels of public interest, they must find subjects for their leaders. Each day there is a yawning gap of white paper to be filled; a topic to be selected and discussed; and an insatiable devil to be laid. It was popularly believed on the Border that Michael Scott was saddled with an infernal servitor, to whom he was compelled to assign daily a sufficient modicum of work, under the penalty, in case of failure, of a forced visit to Pandemonium. Quite as bad is the predicament of the journalist. The printer's demon is ever at his elbow; nor dare he attempt to escape. It is not surprising if sometimes our unhappy brothers should be reduced to the last extremity. Generally, nay universally, they are a kind-hearted race of men; yet no one who hears

their complaints during a season of unusual stagnation would set them down as philanthropists. Their aspirations are after revolutions, murders, casualties—anything, in short, which can furnish them with a topic for a good stirring article. All manufacturers, except the dealers in devil's-dust and shoddy, admit that there is no possibility of constructing a passable fabric out of inferior raw material. Whatever be the capabilities of the artisan, or the excellence of his tools, he cannot do without a subject to work upon. Facts, according to the approved doctrine of the public press, are of two kinds—real and imagined. The distinction is as wide as that which lies between history and romance. If the first do not emerge in sufficient value or importance, recourse must be had to the second, provided nothing be advanced for which there is not some apparent colour. The position and prospects of parties is always a safe autumnal theme. Some paragraph is sure to appear, some letter to be published, some pamphlet written, or some speech delivered, from which ingenuity can extract matter of startling commentary. One while, supposed differences in the Cabinet are made the subject of conjecture and discussion, though where the Cabinet is no one can tell, the members thereof being notoriously so scattered that no two of them are within a hundred miles of each other. Lord John Russell's resignation has of late years become a regular autumnal event. We look for it as confidently as the housekeeper expects her annual supply of damsons. No one is rash enough to aver that Sir Charles Wood intends voluntarily to resign; but somehow or other it happens that his colleagues are annually seized in September with a burning desire to kick him out—a species of phrenzy which only lasts until the return of the colder weather. We really forget how often Lord Clarendon has been announced as the coming Premier. If there be any faith in prophecy, his time must be nigh at hand.

It was, we believe, confidently anticipated on the part of the Liberal journals, that the present autumn would prove an exception to the

general rule, by furnishing a more than average crop of topics acceptable to the public ear. After such a dreary lapse of time, prosperity was expected to arrive about the middle of 1851, and that event would of itself justify the expenditure of many columns of poems. True, there had been various attempts made at intervals, during the last three or four years, to persuade the public that the coy nymph had either arrived or was arriving on the British shores; and some journals went so far as to discharge a royal salute in honour of her supposed landing. But the mistake was soon discovered. If the agriculturists were discontented, the manufacturers were depressed, and the shopkeepers evidently sulky. Prosperity, if she really had arrived, seemed to possess the secret of the fern-seed, and to walk invisibly, for no one had seen her except Mr Labouchere; and on investigating his experiences, it turned out that he had merely received his information from others. This year, however, everything was to be put to rights. Markets were to rise so high that even the most grumbling of the farmers would be glad of heart, and be enabled to make such purchases at the nearest town as would at once gratify the wife of his bosom, and give a material impulse to the production of home manufactures. Great were to be the profits of Manchester, Bradford, and Nottingham. Reciprocity was to be developed; and foreign nations, convinced of the necessity of universal brotherhood, were to fling their tariffs to the winds, and admit our produce duty free. By this time, too, we were to have Mr Mechi's balance-sheet before us. Mr Huxtable's pigs were to have produced ammonia enough to fertilise the sea-shore; or, if that scheme did not answer, the Netherby system of farming would be found equally advantageous. Nay, it was even prophesied that railway stocks would rise, and that on some hyperborean lines there was a possibility that a dividend might be paid on the preference shares. The iron districts were to outstrip California, and our shipping to multiply indefinitely.

It is deeply to be deplored, on every ground, that these expectations have not been realised. We have been repeatedly reproached by the advocates of the new commercial system for the gloominess of our views, and the absence of that hopeful spirit which animates the efforts, and gives vivacity to the style, of the light and lively Free-Traders. Now, it is quite true that we, being unable, after the most anxious consideration of the subject in all its bearings, to discover how the prosperity—that is, the wealth—of the nation could be increased by measures which had the direct tendency to lower the value of its produce, have had occasion very frequently to enunciate opinions which could not be agreeable to the cotton-stuffed ears of Manchester. We have periodically exposed, to the great dudgeon of the democrats, the clumsy fallacies and egregious nonsense of the *Economist*, familiarly known to the concoctors of statistical returns by the *soubriquet* of the “Cook’s Oracle.” We have taken sundry impostors by the nape of the neck, and have shaken them, as was our bounden duty, until they had not breath enough to squeak. But we maintain that the facts and results of each successive year have borne us out in the views which we originally entertained; and that the working of Free Trade, when brought into operation, has proved, as we predicted it would be, utterly subversive of the theories of the men who were its exponents, its champions, and its abettors. So much the worse for the country. But why should we be blamed for having simply spoken the truth? Show us your prosperity, if that prosperity really exists; or, at all events, be kind enough to specify to us the prominent symptoms of its coming. We need not, we are well aware, look for these among the farmers. Ministers have given that up—never more decidedly, though they did not probably understand the force of the language they were using, or its inevitable conclusion, than when they declared their hope and expectation that the British agriculturist, depressed by foreign importations, could not fail to profit ultimately by the improved condition of the other classes of the community!

The gentleman who devised that sentence must have had, indeed, an implicit reliance in the gullibility of mankind! He might just as well have told the stage-coachmen, who were driven off the road by the substitution of the rail, that they would be sure to profit in the long run by the bettered circumstances of the stokers! If that is all the comfort that can be extended to the agriculturists, they will hardly warm themselves by it. But among the manufacturers, if anywhere, we may look for some measure of prosperity; and we grieve to say that, if such really exists, they take especial care to conceal it. Talk of farmers grumbling, indeed! If the whole race of corn-growers, from Triptolemus downwards, were assembled, and entreated to state their grievances and the causes of their dejection, we defy them to produce such a catalogue of continued woe as has been trumpeted from the trade circulars and reports during the last three years. Falling markets—continued stagnation—nothing doing. Such are the phrases with which we are familiar, and we meet with nothing else: wherefrom we conclude either that the manufacturers are all banded together in a league of unparalleled and very scandalous deceit, or that Free Trade, by contracting the home market, has made wild work with their profits also. Commercial failures, too, about which we have heard a good deal, and are likely to hear something more, are not to be accepted as unequivocal signs of the rising prosperity of the country.

Messrs Littledale write as follows, in their circular of 4th October, since which date much has occurred to give weight and confirmation to their statements:—

“Nothing seems to change the untoward course of events in this memorable year. An abundant harvest has been gathered, with less damage and at less cost than for many years, which was to prove the turning-point in commercial matters; instead of which, the depression seems only to increase from day to day, without apparent cause or termination. This state of things naturally begets mistrust amongst money-lenders and bankers; and just at the time when their support is most needed, and would prove most

valuable in preventing that ruinous depression which forced sales on a declining market ever produce, their confidence is destroyed, and accommodation is refused.

"The losses on imports of every kind are alarming, and yet the tide is unabated; and unless a *more rigorous* stand is made by importers, either to bring down prices in the foreign market to a parity with our own, or to get their returns home in another form than produce, or, which perhaps is the only *true course*, to limit their operations to more legitimate bounds, nothing but a commercial crisis can be expected; indeed, had it not been for the abundance of money and the large supply of bullion from the West, aided by a splendid harvest, we should doubtless have had a repetition of '17 to some extent at the present moment."

Shipowners and millers tell us a tale of similar disaster: and the shopkeepers, if unanimous in nothing else, agree that their business is decreasing. The working-classes have cheap bread, but at the same time they have lowered wages: so that the advantage received on the one hand is neutralized by the reduction on the other.

Grievous, therefore, was the disappointment of the journalists, who had expected this year to wile away the lazy autumn in "hollaing and singing anthems" in praise of commercial resuscitation. From that resource they were effectually cut out. Something was wanted to vary the monotony of leaders on the Exhibition, a capital subject whilst its novelty lasted, but soon too familiar to admit of indefinite protraction. Sewerage was overdone last season. People will not submit to perpetual essays on the jakes, or diatribes on the shallowness of cesspools: the flavour of such articles can only be enjoyed by a thorough-paced disciple of Liebig. It was therefore with no small anxiety that our brethren awaited the autumnal meetings of the agricultural societies, at which, since Free Trade brought havoc to the farmer's home, there has usually been some excitement manifested, and some explanations required and given. The old rule, that politics should be excluded from these assemblies, is manifestly untenable at the present time. Until a trade is established on a sound and

substantial basis, it is ludicrous to recommend improvements involving an enormous additional outlay. The farmers feel and know that the blow struck at their interests has gone too deep to be healed by any superficial nostrums. Their struggle is for existence, and they have resolved to speak out like men.

One of the worst effects of the repeal of the Corn Laws, and that which may prove the most permanently detrimental to the welfare of the country, is the apparent separation which it has caused in many cases between the interests of the landlord and the tenant. We say "apparent," because in reality, and finally, the interest of both classes is the same. But, in the mean time, there can be no doubt whatever that the farmers have endured by far the greatest share of the loss. Bound to the land by the outlay of their capital in it and upon it, they cannot abandon their vocation, or even change their locality, without incurring immediate ruin. It is easy for those who know nothing about the matter, to advise them to emigrate elsewhere if they cannot procure a livelihood here. It is still easier for a Free-trading landlord, to whose tergiversation a great part of the mischief is attributable, to meet the reasonable request of his tenantry for a reduction of their rents with an intimation that he is perfectly ready to free them from the obligation of their leases. Such conduct is not more odiously selfish than it is grossly hypocritical, the landlord being perfectly well aware that it is out of the power of his tenantry to accept the offer, without at once sacrificing and abandoning nearly the whole of their previous outlay. The farmer is tied to the stake, and cannot escape. He must pursue his vocation, else he is a beggar; and he cannot pursue that vocation without an annual and material loss. Under those circumstances, a reduction of rent is all the alleviation which the farmer can hope to obtain. In many instances he has obtained it. We hear of remissions made to the extent of ten and fifteen per cent; but these are alleviations only. The farmer is still a loser, and would be a loser were the remissions infinitely greater. In former papers

we have shown that the reduction of fifty per cent on the rents throughout Scotland would not avail to remunerate the farmers at present prices, and we have ample testimony to prove that in England the case is the same. On this matter of reduction we shall quote a few sentences from a pamphlet entitled *A Treatise on the present Condition and Prospects of the Agricultural Interest*, by a Yorkshire Farmer, published at Leeds in the present year:—

“It appears to me that neither farmers nor landlords have been aware of the magnitude of the evil; for the intentions of several of our landlords, who, I have no doubt, were actuated by a desire to bear a fair proportion of the loss, were published in the newspapers, stating their determination to reduce their rent from ten to fifteen per cent; and no doubt they thought it would, to some considerable extent, countervail the general reduction in the value of agricultural produce, and perhaps sincerely believed

they had acquitted themselves of their duty as landlords.

“But as closing our eyes will not avert the danger now impending, and threatening to engulf farmers and landlords in one general ruin, I have thought it not amiss to insert the following table, which shows that a reduction of ten per cent does not reach a degree approaching to anything like a comparison with the losses farmers are suffering. To the occupier of land rented at £4, it is 8s. an acre against a loss of £2, 1s. 1d.—more than half his rent. To the occupier of the second class, rent £2, it is 4s. an acre against the loss of £1, 11s. 7½d.—nearly the whole of his rent. To the occupier of the third class, rent £1, it is 2s. an acre against a loss of £1, 6s. 4½d.—6s. 1½d. more than his rent. And to the unfortunate occupier of the fourth class, rent 7s., it is 5d. an acre against a loss of £1, 1s. 4½d.—or more than three times his rent.

“I have taken four farms, of one hundred acres each, of different descriptions of soil, showing the net loss on each farm, deducting ten per cent from the rent. For results, see below:—

Classes	No. of Acre	Rent per Acre			Amount of Rent			10 per cent reduction on Rent			Total Outlay on Farms, including Rent			Per cent. saved on Outlay.			Total Loss per Farm			Net Loss, including 10 per cent.		
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1	100	1	0	0	100	0	0	10	0	0	97	3	4	1.1			220	3	4	180	3	4
2	100	2	0	0	200	0	0	20	0	0	79	7	6	2.8375			173	4	7	153	4	7
3	100	1	0	0	100	0	0	10	0	0	57	1	8	1.733			131	15	5	121	15	5
4	100	0	7	0	35	0	0	3	10	0	23	17	6	1.221			106	19	7	103	9	7

“The above table shows that, though a reduction of ten per cent may be thought considerable and fair on the part of the landlord, it is like a drop in the bucket when viewed as a set-off against the farmer’s losses; and that along with every possible reduction that can be made on the rent, other measures, more comprehensive in character, must be adopted, to place the farmer in a position to enable him to cultivate the soil.”\*

Thus much we have said regarding the adequacy of reduction of rent to meet the agricultural depression, because of late a very vigorous effort

has been made by the Liberal press to mislead public opinion on this subject. “After all,” say these organs, deserting their first position that farming was as profitable as ever—“after all, it is a mere question of rent: let the farmer settle that with the landlord.” It is not a mere question of rent: it is the question of the extinction of a class: for if, in the long run, it shall become apparent that no reduction of rent, short of that which must leave the owners of the soil generally without profit, owing to the amount of incumbrances which are known to exist upon the

\* Other tables contained in the same pamphlet, but which are too long for insertion here, exhibit the various items and particulars of the loss sustained.

land, can suffice to render cultivation profitable, then the landlord must necessarily supersede the tenant, and the owner the occupier; and one of the two profits which hitherto have been recognised as legitimate, be extinguished. To this point things are tending, and that very rapidly. The process has begun in Ireland and in the northern parts of Scotland, and it will become more apparent with the ebbing of the tide. Continental prices cannot rule in this country without reducing the whole of our agricultural system to the Continental level, and placing the collection of the revenue and the maintenance of the national credit in the greatest jeopardy.

Still, nothing can be more reasonable than the request generally urged by the farmers for a reduction of their rents. They say, and say truly, that they are not able to meet the pressure of the times. They do not say, however, that any reduction which the circumstances of the landlords will enable them to make can suffice to remedy the mischief. It insures them no profit; it merely saves them from a certain additional loss. In some cases the landlords either will not, or cannot, grant such reductions. They have no margin left them. They can but preach hope against knowledge; and in doing so, they play the game of the enemy, and justly lay themselves open to the charge of hypocrisy. In fact, what the farmers want, is less a reduction of rent—which they know to be but a temporary expedient—than a more manly and decided attitude on the part of the owners of the soil. Too many of the landlords allowed themselves to be led astray by the specious representations of the Free-Traders, or were betrayed into supporting the policy of a Minister, for whose antecedents and ability they entertained an egregiously exaggerated respect. Trusting to vamped reports and speculative opinions, presumptuously hazarded by men who knew nothing whatever of the subject, they disregarded the clear warnings of those who foresaw the magnitude and imminency of the danger; and surrendered themselves, without retaining the means of defence, to a faction which laughed at

their credulity. These are the men who at agricultural meetings affect to talk hopefully of the prospects of agriculture, and who always assure the farmers that their case is regarded with the utmost sympathy by the Legislature. They are constantly advising their hearers, not only to have patience, for that were a proper charge, but to augment the amount of their outlay. They are grand upon the subject of artificial manures, and seem to have an idea that guano is an inexhaustible deposit. They will even bring down lecturers—dapper young chemical men from laboratories—to enlighten their tenants; but seldom, or rarely, will they grant a single sixpence of reduction. Is it wonderful if the honest farmer, thoroughly alive to the real peril of his situation, and indignant at the treachery of which he has been made the innocent victim, should conceive any feeling but those of respect and cordiality for the landlord who is acting so paltry a part, and condescending to so wretched an imposture? The farmer feels that now or never his cause must be resolutely fought. He knows that the interest of the landlord is as much concerned as his own; and yet when he applies to him for support and encouragement, he is met with silly platitudes.

As it has turned out, the agricultural meetings of the present autumn have proved far more fruitful to the journalists than they had any reason to expect. Our brethren of the Liberal press have extracted from them grounds for exceeding jubilation and triumph. Mr Disraeli, Mr Palmer, Mr Henley, and others, justly considered as very influential members of the Protectionist party in the House of Commons, are represented to have expressed themselves in a manner inconsistent with the maintenance of the great struggle which, Session after Session, has been renewed. They are claimed as converts, not to the principles of Free Trade—for those they have distinctly repudiated—but to the doctrine that it is impossible, by direct legislation, to disturb the present existing arrangement; and, as a matter of course, a defection so serious as this is joyously announced as an abandonment of the cause by

several of those men who were its most doughty champions.

Before proceeding to consider the merits of that line of policy which Mr Disraeli proposes to adopt during the ensuing session, and which, in his judgment, is that most likely, under present circumstances, to procure some measure of relief for the agricultural interest, let us distinctly understand whether or not Protection, as a principle, has been abandoned by any of its supporters in Parliament. We have perused the speeches which have been made the subject of so much comment with the greatest care and anxiety; but we have not been able to discover any admission that the views so long and so ably maintained by those gentlemen have undergone an iota of change. They may, indeed, and very naturally, despair of success in the present Parliament. Knowing, as they do, the weight and apportionment of parties in the present House of Commons, and enabled by experience to calculate upon the amount of support which would be given to any proposition, they may have arrived at the conclusion that the best course of policy which they can adopt, is to concentrate their efforts towards obtaining relief from what is clearly unjust taxation, leaving the grand question of a return to the Protective system in the hands of the country, to be decided at the next general election.

This is our distinct understanding of the views which have been announced by these gentlemen. It may be that some of them have not sufficiently guarded themselves against the possibility of misrepresentation; an error of judgment which, in the present state of the public mind, may have a detrimental effect. We have no hesitation in expressing our opinion that the sentiments uttered by the Marquis of Granby, and those contained in the admirable letters of Mr G. F. Young, are more calculated to advance the cause, and to insure co-operation amongst all classes who are opposed to the bastard system of Free Trade, than speeches which are only directed towards a subsidiary point, which are apt to be misunderstood, and

which have been seized on by our opponents as proofs of despondency or despair.

No one, we believe, expected that, in the present Parliament, such a change of opinion could be wrought as would lead to the immediate restoration of Protection. In May 1850, the Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley, distinctly explained to the delegates who waited upon him, that "it was not in the House of Lords, it was not in the House of Commons, *it was in the country at large*, that the battle must be fought, and their triumph must be achieved." "You have," said the noble lord, "the game in your own hands. You may compel your present members—or, at least, you may point out to them the necessary, the lamentable consequences to themselves of persisting in their present courses; and *when the time shall come, you will have it in your own power, by the return of men who really represent your sentiments, to exercise your constitutional influence over the Legislature of the country, and to enforce your just demands in another House of Parliament.*" What has since taken place has most clearly established the soundness and wisdom of this advice. Beyond all question, the cause of Protection during the last two years has advanced with rapid strides. The total failure of every prophesied result on the part of the Free-Traders—the continued depression which has prevailed, not only in agriculture, but in manufactures, trade, and commerce—the state of the working-classes, which has experienced no amelioration since the latter measures of Free Trade were carried—the depopulation of Ireland, and the astounding increase of emigration from the northern part of Great Britain—all have contributed to dispel the popular delusion, and to give new courage and confidence to the disinterested supporters of the cause. Public opinion, in so far as that can be gathered from the results of casual elections, has declared itself in favour of Protection. Meetings of the working-classes have been held in the metropolis, at which resolutions in favour of a return to a general protective policy have been passed by



acclamation. Nothing whatever has occurred to give a check to the advance of these principles; much has transpired to show how rapidly and strongly they are progressing. That progress does not depend, and never did depend, solely upon the result of the agricultural experiment. The true secret of the reaction against Free Trade lies in this, that every one of the productive classes of the community is interested in opposing a system which crushes and enthrals labour for the undue benefit of the capitalist. It may be that, in some quarters, that common interest is not yet fully understood. It may be that relative cheapness of provisions may be considered by many unthinking and unreflective people in the light of a positive blessing, irrespective altogether of the effect of that cheapness in diminishing the sphere of employment, and contracting the wages of labour at home. This is not wonderful, because, previous to the repeal of the Corn Laws, the tariff had been deliberately altered, and the pressure and privation occasioned by these first experiments upon British industry were, for a time, materially relieved by the fall on the price of provisions consequent on the later measures. But very soon it became apparent to all thinking men, that the prostration of so great a branch of industry as that of British agriculture must act prejudicially upon all the others, and that the temporary benefit was more than counterbalanced by the universal decline of employment. Among the working-classes, even in larger towns, that opinion is daily gaining ground, and becoming a settled conviction. Labour is so much depressed that some effectual remedy must be found, if the country is to remain without convulsion; and it is most important for us all that the remedy, which may finally be resorted to, should be a just and equitable one, not such as unscrupulous demagogues might apply.

Therefore, at the present time, and in the present temper of the public mind, if we read its symptoms right, we greatly deprecate any deviation from the broad principle and assertion of Protection to all branches of British Industry. To argue the Agri-

cultural case alone, however important that may be, is to weaken the general cause, which is the cause of Labour. To make terms for the agriculturists only, by adjustment of taxation or otherwise, even if such adjustment could by possibility enable them to struggle on, would not be a wise policy. Never let it be forgotten that the Corn Laws could not have been repealed, but for the previous alterations on the tariff, stealthily and insidiously made, which left the agriculturists of Britain in the possession of an apparent monopoly. As monopolists, they never can regain their former position; but they may, and, we believe, will regain it, if they are true to the common cause, as British producers against foreign competition, on account of the burdens imposed upon all production by the State, and on account of monetary laws and changes which have more than doubled their original burden. But they never will obtain that justice to which they are entitled, unless they combine with the other classes who are equally suffering under the withdrawal of Protection, and insist upon a total change in the commercial policy of Great Britain, as affecting not this or that interest only, but the whole mass of productive labour upon which the wealth of the nation depends.

We have no hesitation in stating our opinion on this matter in the broadest possible terms. We do not differ from Mr Disraeli in his estimate of the unequal burdens which are laid upon the land in comparison with the other property of Great Britain. That is a subject well worthy of consideration; and if it can be treated as entirely subsidiary to the greater question of Protection, and enforced without any appearance of an attempt at compromise, we are not prepared to say that any other step, under existing circumstances, would be preferable. But we cannot regard any such adjustment of taxation as a remedy of the grandevil. We doubt the advantage to be derived from a policy which, if successful, would only protract the period of general suffering; whilst, in the mean time, it will assuredly be represented as an attempt to compromise a principle, and there-

fore weaken the amount of that support upon which we now can confidently reckon. "Never," said Burke, in his latest political treatise, "never succumb. It is a struggle for your existence as a nation. But I have no fears whatever for the result. There is a salient living principle of energy in the public mind of England, which only requires proper direction to enable her to withstand this or any other furious foe. Persevere, therefore, till this tyranny be overpast." The lesson of the great statesman, though directed to other dangers than those which now beset us, has lost none of its value. Perseverance, where the principle is clear, is less matter of policy than a duty; and therefore we cannot but feel some regret that, at such a time as this, any declaration should have been made, or any policy indicated, which can have the effect of damping the hopes or checking the ardour of those who are most resolute in the cause. That the efforts of our adversaries to misrepresent the tenor of some of the late speeches have been partially successful, can hardly be doubted by any one who has noted the prevalent tone at the subsequent farmers' meetings. We believe that Mr Disraeli is at heart and by conviction as much a Protectionist as before. We do not even deny that his tactics, if pursued and successful, might, from the universal impatience of taxation which prevails, compel any Ministry then in power to raise an additional amount of revenue by the imposition of customs duties. Or otherwise, the success of his movement might have the effect of displacing the present Ministry, and necessitating an entire party change in Her Majesty's counsels. We are fully alive to the advantage of one or other of these results. We are opposed to further direct taxation, and we have no confidence whatever in the present advisers of the Crown. But we cannot approve of any move or any tactics which may have the effect of throwing even the slightest doubt on the determination of the great Protectionist party to persevere in this struggle, until due Protection is obtained for all the productive classes of the community.

That party has taken its stand upon a principle so just and so true, that, sooner or later, despite every effort on the part of its opponents—every shortcoming on the part of its advocates—it must be triumphant; for the cause is that of the whole industrious population of Britain, not of a section or a class.

Mr Disraeli proposes to equalise the burdens upon land. Let us suppose him successful; and, according to his own showing, £6,000,000 of taxation, or rather of local rates, should be removed from the land and levied elsewhere. We do not doubt the accuracy of his calculation: we believe it to be strictly correct. But, were that grievance remedied, would the case be materially altered? We are given to understand that £90,000,000 is the amount of the annual depreciation of agricultural produce which has taken place since the Corn Laws were repealed. That calculation was made nearly two years ago, and since then prices have considerably fallen. Would the farmers accept such share of this £6,000,000 as might fall to their lot as a compensation for their losses? The idea is preposterous. We are well aware that Mr Disraeli has never said this, but does he not see that, in bringing forward this subject in any shape approaching to, or appearing to be, a compromise, he incurs the danger of sacrificing the support, and alienating the interest of the most important, honest, and honourable body of men that exist within the British dominions? The farmers will not stand finessing. They neither comprehend circuitous *coups d'état*, nor will they follow those who attempt them. The plain English sense is hostile to such manoeuvres. They are ready to follow any one in whose capacity and judgment they can place reliance, so long as he pursues a clear and open course; but the moment that his tactics are veiled, uncertain, or unintelligible, they lose confidence in his guidance. That we believe to be, at all times, the tendency of the English character. Late events have engendered, not without great reason, much suspicion of the sincerity of public men, whatever be their party or denomination, and therefore it is the more needful that, wherever a

principle is involved, no step whatever should be taken which may lead to the remotest suspicion that such principle is about to be compromised. We believe most firmly, most sincerely, that any idea of such compromise never entered into the mind of Mr Disraeli, or any other of the gentlemen whose speeches have been made the subject of joyous comment by the Free-Traders. We are satisfied that the line of action they have announced is, in itself, honourable and praiseworthy; but we regret that they have not made it distinctly and unequivocally subordinate to the grand cause in which every man in this country, who lives by his labour, physical or intellectual, is concerned.

We have long regarded with much anxiety the position of the farmers of England. Viewed as a body, they form the great conservative nucleus of the country; and it is to their hatred of innovation, sound constitutional feeling, and determined loyalty, that we owe our immunity from those democratic convulsions which have taken place in almost every other part of Europe. To subject such a class of men as this to gross and cruel injustice—to persevere in a policy which is reducing them to ruin, after its effects have been made evident—to insult them by the mock language of sympathy, whilst denying them an effectual remedy—these are acts of infatuation which were never committed by any British Ministry save that under Lord John Russell, or approved of by any House of Commons save that which is presently in existence. Of the patience which the farmers have exhibited under such trying circumstances, we cannot speak in terms of sufficient admiration. But all endurance has its limit. The farmers were content to wait so long as there was a reasonable prospect of a change of that policy which was gradually bringing them to ruin, and long abstained from joining in any agitation for purposes which, though they might have had the effect of alleviating their condition, were fraught with danger to the commercial credit of the country, and in some respects to the stability of its institutions. But now, finding that both Government and Parliament are obstinately deaf to

their representations, and dogged in their refusal of redress—meeting with far less support than they were entitled to expect on the part of many of the landlords—embarrassed and confused by the tactics announced by some of their supporters in Parliament—they have combined for their own defence, and are instituting a movement which may hereafter have a most important effect upon the credit and the destinies of the kingdom. Are they to be blamed for this? It would be difficult so to blame them. Rather let the blame rest with those whose obstinacy, ignorance, selfishness, or pride has driven them to this position, and compelled the farmer to seek from extravagant and impracticable schemes, and from clamorous agitation, that relief which was denied him as a sound supporter of the Constitution.

The nature and objects of the Agricultural Relief Associations may be gathered from the report of the Suffolk meeting, lately held at Bury St Edmunds. The assumption of all the speakers was, that Protection cannot be expected either from the present or the future Parliament.

"Politicians," said one gentleman, "were every day shifting their ground. Men who a few short months ago threatened to assume the reins of Government, with the express design of reversing the policy of the last few years, were now faltering in their purpose, and confessing both their inability and unwillingness to effect these changes."

Another spoke as follows:—

"It was generally known, that while the farmers were asleep the Free-Trade policy came into operation. This at once cut off not less than 20 per cent of the capital employed in farming. This blow the farmers felt very keenly. They at once began to open their eyes, unstopped their ears, and to unloose their tongues. They earnestly inquired what steps should be taken by them in the new circumstances under which they were placed. They heard various voices in reply, but the loudest and most powerful of these assured them that they would go back to Protection, and that by next Session too. Next Session passed, however, without exhibiting the least prospect of that result, and they had been going on, Session after Session, until the present moment, when they seemed farther from

Protection than ever. Others told them to lay out all their capital on land, and they would be sure to get remuneration. They had done that too, and their capital was gone without any prospect of remuneration."

Another gentleman, hitherto known as a staunch Protectionist, thus announced his reasons for joining the movement:—

"The fact was, that when he found members of the House of Commons, who had been returned to Parliament for the express purpose of supporting Protection, saying, behind the scenes, that it was impossible to expect Protection back again; and when he found members of the House of Peers telling him that if they stood out for Protection it would cost them their coronets, he was forced to come to the conclusion that the voice of the people had doomed these laws. He then began to ask himself this plain and simple question—if they give the country cheap corn, *won't they give us cheap taxation?* He was willing to grow corn against any man, come from where he might; but, at the same time, he must have a fair field to do it in."

Here are the views of the society as contained in the chairman's summary:—

"When their agricultural distress had been relieved by the repeal of the malt-tax, by the permanent fixation of tithe on an equitable basis, by the extinction of church-rates, by a revision of the county expenditure, the abolition of the game-laws, the removal of all restrictions on the cultivation of land, a change in the law of distress, the rights of the tenant-farmers recognised, the abominable abuses of the poor-law corrected, and when the bulk of taxation was shifted from the shoulders of the productive to those of the unproductive classes—from industry upon wealth—then might they hope that honesty, industry, and perseverance would meet their due reward."

We do not make these quotations with any intention of criticising the opinions expressed. We simply lay them before our readers as a specimen of that spirit which is now possessing the farmers—a spirit engendered by wrong, and strengthened by the suffering of years. If anything could make us believe that coronets are in danger of falling, it is the expression of such views on the part of men who hitherto have been the best defenders

of the Constitution, and the most averse to yield to any of the impulses of change. But, as we have already said, we cannot blame the speakers. If they are convinced in their own minds that a return to Protection is impossible, their condition is such that they must necessarily have recourse to any expedient, however desperate, which can afford them the prospect of relief. We have long foreseen this crisis. Situated as Great Britain is, the choice lies simply between a return to Protection to Labour, and an assault on the public burdens. There is no other alternative. Cheapness may be established as the rule, but cheapness cannot co-exist with heavy taxation. To hope that the burden can be shifted from one shoulder to another is clearly an absurdity. If it is to be sustained, the productive classes must have the means of sustaining it. If those means are denied them, the burden is altogether intolerable.

It is not a little instructive to remark that, even now, the supporters of Free Trade are compelled to stop and leave their scheme unfinished. They cannot carry it out in its integrity without ruining the finances of the country. They have exposed the farmer to unlimited competition in produce, but they still continue to restrict the sphere of his industry and production. The malt-tax is a heavy burden upon him, and he is specially prohibited from growing tobacco, or engaging in the manufacture of beetroot sugar. These restrictions, say the Free-Traders, are absolutely necessary for revenue. Granted; but if you put on restrictions, are you not bound to give an equivalent? As for the argument in favour of the malt-tax, that it is the consumer who really pays the duty, that might be extended with equal justice to the instance of raw cotton. Why is barley, the produce of our own country, to be taxed, and cotton, the produce of a foreign country, to be exempted? Besides this, we have always understood that beer, tobacco, and sugar, are articles which enter largely into the consumption of the agricultural as well as that of other classes; so that here is a grievance totally opposed to the principles of

Free Trade, and yet supported and perpetuated by the very men who have adopted Free Trade as their motto! We instance these things as proofs that Free Trade never can be made, in the strict sense of the word, the law and system of the land, so long as the present enormous expenditure is continued; and in saying this, we hope it will be understood that we are as much opposed as ever to the views of the party who are for cutting down our national establishments.

We anticipate, in the course of next Session, to hear many propositions made on the subject of adjustment of taxation. Each class is anxious to be freed from its own peculiar burdens, and to devolve them upon others; and certainly never was there any case so strong or so urgent as that which can be brought forward on the part of the agriculturists. But who is to relieve them? Will any other class submit to the transference which is necessarily implied? Will the manufacturers or the capitalists undertake to provide for the six millions which at present they are most unjustly wresting from the owners and occupiers of the soil? Here is the real difficulty. Justice, we know, is not regarded as an indispensable element of taxation: if it were so, the income-tax would never have been imposed in its present form. If the claims of the farmers who are banded together for agricultural relief were granted, immediate national bankruptcy would be the result. This is the grand dilemma in which we are placed by the Free-Traders. Either a gross and palpable act of injustice and oppression must be perpetuated—so long at least as the victims have the means of payment—or, as was long ago prophesied, the capitalists and the fundholders must suffer. The truth is, that the productive power of the country cannot meet the demands upon it in the shape of taxation if it remains exposed to unlimited foreign competition.

In order properly to comprehend this point, which is one of the utmost importance, it is necessary to discard theory altogether, and to adopt history as our guide. The financial system of Great Britain, acting upon and influencing the commercial arrange-

ments and social relations of the country, is not difficult of comprehension if we trace it step by step; and without a due understanding of this, and the vast influence which monetary laws exercise over the wellbeing and progress of a nation, it is impossible for any one to form a sound judgment on the conflicting principles of Protection and Free Trade, or to discover the true and only source of the difficulties which now surround us. It is the misfortune of the present age that so little attention is paid to the abstruser portions of history, which, in reality, are the most valuable for us. Wars of succession or conquest, naval engagements, records of intrigue or details of diplomatic dexterity, have a peculiar charm and interest for readers of every kind; but few take the pains to go more deeply into the subject, and investigate in what manner such events have affected the resources of a country, and whether, by diminishing its wealth or by stimulating the energies of its population, they have lowered or raised its position in the scale of nations. That portion of history which relates to external events is worthless for practical purposes, unless we combine with it the study of that portion which relates to its finance. Under the modern system, now universal throughout Europe, which leaves the debts and engagements of former generations to be liquidated or provided for by the next, no man can be called a statesman or politician who has not addicted himself to these studies.

The Funding System, as is well known, began with the Revolution, and has continued up to the present hour. It was strenuously opposed and vigorously assailed by some of the most able and clear-sighted in the country, such as Bolingbroke, David Hume, and Adam Smith, who from time to time pointed out the consequences which must ultimately ensue from this method of mortgaging posterity, more especially if the burden were allowed to increase without any steps being taken to provide for its ultimate extinguishment. It is the peculiarity of a debt so constituted, that for a time it gives great additional stimulus to the energies of a country. It enables it to

prosecute conquests, and to undertake designs, which it could not otherwise have achieved; and it is not until long afterwards, when the payment of the interest or annual charge becomes a severe burden upon a generation which had no share in contracting the debt, that the mischievous effects of the system become apparent. At the outbreak of the French Revolution, the public debt of Great Britain amounted to £261,755,059, and the annual charge was £9,471,675. A very large portion of this debt was incurred for the war waged with our American colonies.

At that time the currency of the country was placed on the metallic basis, but the great drain of the precious metals occasioned by the enormous subsidies which Great Britain furnished to her allies on the Continent, to engage their support against the revolutionary armies of France, reduced the nation to the very verge of bankruptcy, and necessitated in 1797 the suspension of cash payments. The immediate effect of this step upon the finances of the country has been so insty, and at the same time so clearly, stated by Mr Alison in his *History of Europe*, and the consequences of the subsequent return to the old system of cash payments, after their suspension for nearly a quarter of a century, are so graphically depicted, that we cannot do better than entreat the attention of the reader to the following extract:—

“This measure having been carried by Mr Pitt, a committee was appointed, which reported shortly after that the funds of the Bank were £17,597,000, while its debts were only £13,770,000, leaving a balance of £3,800,000 in favour of the establishment; but that it was necessary, for a limited time, to suspend the cash payments. Upon this, a bill for the restriction of payments in specie was introduced, which provided that bank-notes should be received as a legal tender by the collectors of taxes, and have the effect of stopping the issuing of arrest on mesne process for payment of debt between man and man. The bill was limited in its operation to the 24th June; but it was afterwards renewed from time to time, and in November 1797 continued till the conclusion of a

general peace; and the obligation on the Bank to pay in specie was never again imposed till Sir Robert Peel's Act in 1819.

“Such was the commencement of the paper system in Great Britain, which ultimately produced such astonishing effects; which enabled the empire to carry on for so long a period so costly a war, and to maintain for years armaments greater than had been raised by the Roman people in the zenith of their power; which brought the struggle at length to a triumphant issue, and arrayed all the forces of Eastern Europe, in English pay, against France on the banks of the Rhine. To the same system must be ascribed ultimate effects as disastrous, as the immediate were beneficial and glorious; the continued and progressive rise of rents, the unceasing, and to many calamitous, fall in the value of money during the whole course of the war; increased expenditure, the growth of sanguine ideas and extravagant habits in all classes of society; unbounded speculation, prodigious profits and frequent disasters among the commercial world; increased wages, general prosperity, and occasional depression among the labouring poor. But these effects, which ensued during the war, were as nothing compared to those which have, since the peace, resulted from the return to cash payments by the bill of 1819. Perhaps no single measure ever produced so calamitous an effect as that has done. It has added at least a third to the National Debt, and augmented in a similar proportion all private debt in the country, and at the same time occasioned such a fall of prices by the contraction of the currency as has destroyed the sinking fund, rendered great part of the indirect taxes unproductive, and compelled in the end a return to direct taxation in a time of general peace. Thence has arisen a vacillation of prices unparalleled in any age of the world; a creation of property in some and destruction of it in others, which equalled, in its ultimate consequences, all but the disasters of a revolution.”

The immediate effect of the suspension of cash payments on the part of the State bank was an enormous increase in the circulation of paper. The prices of commodities rose to nearly double their previous value, and a period of prosperity commenced, at least for one generation. During the twenty-two years which elapsed

from the suspension of cash payments in 1797 down to 1819, when their resumption was provided for by Act of Parliament, or at least during eighteen years of that period, reckoning down to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the career of England has no parallel in the annals of the world. The vast improvements and discoveries in machinery which were made towards the latter end of the century—the inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright, Cartwright, Crompton, and Watt, came into play with astounding effect at a time when Great Britain held the mastery of the seas, and could divert the supplies of raw material from all other shores except her own. During the hottest period of the war, and in spite of all prohibitions, England manufactured for the Continent. Capital, or that which passed for capital, was plentiful; credit was easy, and profits were enormous. Some idea of the rapidity with which our manufactures progressed may be drawn from the fact that, whereas in 1785 the quantity of cotton wrought up was only 17,992,882 lbs., in 1810 it had increased to 123,701,825. Under this stimulus the population augmented greatly. The rise in the value of commodities gave that impulse to agriculture by means of which tracts of moorland have been converted into smiling harvest-fields, fens drained, commons enclosed, and huge tracts

reclaimed from the sea. The average price of wheat in 1792, was 42s. 11d.; in 1810, it was 106s. 2d. per quarter. Wages rose, though not in the same proportion, and employment was abundant.

In short, the paper age, while it lasted, transcended, in so far as Britain was concerned, the dreams of a golden era. Those who suffered from the suspension of cash payments were the *original* fundholders, annuitants, and such landlords as had previously let their properties upon long leases. But the distress of such parties was little heard, and less heeded, amid the hum of the multitudes who were profiting by the change. The creditor might be injured, but the debtor was largely benefited. One immediate effect of this rise in prices was, a corresponding rise in fixed salaries and the expenses of government. Hence, the domestic expenditure of the country was greatly increased; new taxes were levied, and the permanent burden of the National Debt augmented to an amount which, sixty years ago, would have been reckoned entirely fabulous. As a specimen of the increased expense of cultivating arable land, it may here be worth while to insert the following comparative table, calculated by Mr Arthur Young, and laid before a committee of the House of Lords. The extent is one hundred acres:—

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF THE EXPENSES OF ARABLE LAND.

	1790.	1800.	1810.
Rent, . . . . .	£88 6 3½	£121 2 7½	£161 12 7½
Tithe, . . . . .	20 11 1½	26 8 0½	38 17 3½
Rates, . . . . .	17 13 10	31 7 7½	38 19 2½
Wear and tear, . . . . .	15 13 5½	22 14 10½	31 2 10½
Labour, . . . . .	85 5 4	118 0 4	161 12 11½
Seed, . . . . .	46 4 10½	49 2 7	98 17 10
Manure, . . . . .	48 0 3	68 6 2	37 7 0½
Team, . . . . .	67 4 10	80 8 0½	134 19 8½
Interest, . . . . .	22 11 11½	30 3 8½	50 5 6
Taxes, . . . . .	0 0 0	0 0 0	18 1 4
<b>Total,</b>	<b>£411 15 11½</b>	<b>£547 10 11½</b>	<b>£771 16 4½</b>
<b>Deduct rent,</b>	<b>88 6 3½</b>	<b>121 2 7½</b>	<b>161 12 7½</b>
<b>Nett expenses,</b>	<b>£323 9 8½</b>	<b>£426 8 4½</b>	<b>£610 3 9½</b>
<b>Price of wheat per quarter,</b>	<b>46s.</b>	<b>56s. 9d.</b>	<b>108s. 3d.</b>

So long as the war lasted, the import of corn from abroad into this country was insignificant in amount. In 1814 the amount of wheat and wheat flour brought in amounted to only 681,333 quarters, being considerably above the average of years since the commencement of the century. In fact, Britain was then self-supporting. In time of war it is plain that, from our insular position, we cannot trust to any supplies beyond those which are raised at home, and there cannot be any doubt of the capability of the land to support a much larger population than that which presently exists. To those who glance superficially at the above table, the price of wheat in the year 1813 will appear monstrous, even when the great increase in the cost of cultivation is taken into account. This is the error, and it is a gross one, which has been studiously perpetuated by our statisticians, and even by some eminent writers on political economy. True, the price of wheat was then 108s. 9d., *but it was estimated in a depreciated currency.* Owing to various causes which it would be tedious to explain, the apparent difference between the value of the pound note and the guinea was far slighter than might have been expected, not amounting to more than seven or eight shillings, and actual depreciation, by sale of the notes for less than their nominal value, was by statute made penal. The price of gold and silver bullion never rose to an extent commensurate with the depreciation of the paper: in fact the coinage, as must be in the recollection of many, almost entirely disappeared, and was replaced by tokens of little intrinsic value, which served as the medium of interchange. In this depreciated and fluctuating currency commodities were valued, and by far the greater part of our National Debt was contracted. The paper pound in 1813 was probably, we may almost say certainly, not worth more than 10s. of metallic currency. In this view the quarter, estimated according to the present standard, was sold for 51s. 4½d.—a price which modern statesmen allow to be barely remunerative.

If this point were generally understood, a vast amount of delusion

which possesses the public mind would be dispelled. The relative value of money to commodities has been as entirely changed, by the return to cash payments, as if shillings had been substituted for sixpences. If the creditor suffered in 1797, the debtor has suffered far more severely in consequence of the Act of 1819, as we shall immediately proceed to show. Meantime, we shall entreat the reader to keep in mind that all incomes and expenditure, public or private, during the war and the suspension of cash payments, are to be estimated not by our present metallic standard, but by the fluctuating value of a depreciated currency.

When peace was established the ports were opened. Then it became evident that foreign importations, if permitted, would at once and for ever extinguish the landed interest. The annual charge of the debt alone was, in 1816, the first year of peace, £32,938,751; and the current annual expenditure £32,231,020—in all, *upwards of sixty-five millions.* Had, therefore, the price of wheat in Britain been suddenly reduced to the Continental level, as would have been the case but for the imposition of the Corn Laws, the national bankruptcy would have been immediate. No argument is required to prove this; and it has often struck us as singular that this crisis—for such it was—has been so seldom referred to, especially in later discussions. We are not now defending the original suspension of cash payments—a measure which, nevertheless, seems to us to have been dictated by the strongest political necessity, however baneful its results may prove to the present and future generations. We simply say, that eighteen years' operation of that system, with the enormous expenditure and liabilities which it entailed, rendered Protection necessary the moment importation was threatened, to save the country from immediate bankruptcy following on its unparalleled efforts.

It is utter folly, and worse, to say, as political economists now contend, and as ignorant demagogues aver, that the Corn Laws were originally proposed solely for the benefit of the landlords. Without the imposition



of such laws, the whole financial system of Great Britain must instantly have disappeared. The amount of taxes which were required—first, to pay the interest of the National Debt, and, secondly, to meet the expenses of Government, (greatly increased by the change in the monetary laws effected in 1797)—rendered Protection to labour and to native produce absolutely indispensable. How could it be otherwise? Had wheat been sold in the British market at 46s., or even 50s., from what sources could the revenue have been levied? Under the new system, the expenses of cultivation had nearly doubled in twenty-three years—could the produce be put back to the same rates as before? So long as the monetary system then established did exist, that was clearly impossible. Protection was imperatively demanded, not by any class of the community, but by the state. To refuse it would have been national suicide. And so it was carried, doubtless very much against the inclination of the populace, who naturally enough expected that the return of peace would bring with it some substantial advantages in the shape of cheapness, and were proportionally disappointed when they discovered that the whole rent-charge of the wars, which had been so long maintained, must be liquidated before they could taste the anticipated blessings of the cheap loaf.

The return to cash payments, effected by the Act of 1819, is by far the most important event in our history since the change of dynasty. We believe that the late Sir Robert Peel, then a very young man, who was made the mouthpiece of a particular party on that occasion, really did not understand, to its full extent, the tremendous responsibility which he incurred. He acted simply as the exponent of the measure, at the instigation and by the direction of Mr Ricardo, who, under the guise of a political economist, concealed the crafty and selfish motives of the race from which he originally sprung. Ricardo was at that time considered a grand authority on matters of finance, his field of preparatory study having been the Stock Exchange, on which he is understood to have realised a

large fortune. All his prepossessions, therefore, were in favour of the capitalists; and it is not uncharitable to conclude that his private interests lay in the same direction. That act provided for the gradual resumption of cash payments throughout England, to be consummated in 1823, for the establishment of a fixed gold standard, and for the withdrawal of all bank-notes under the amount of five pounds. Had this act been carried into effect in all its integrity, general bankruptcy must have immediately ensued, from the absorption of the circulating medium. The existence of the small notes, however, was respite, and this enabled the country bankers to go on for some time without a crash. Still the violent contraction of the currency, so caused, had the necessary effect of spreading dismay throughout all sections of the community. The circulation of the Bank of England, at 27th February 1819, was £25,126,700. On the 28th February 1823, it was contracted to £18,392,240. At the former period its private discounts amounted to more than nine millions; at the latter, they were considerably under five. As a matter of course, the country bankers were compelled to follow the example of the great establishment, and the immediate results of this grand financial measure may be described in a few words. The tree was thoroughly shaken. According to Mr Doubleday—

“As the memorable first of May 1823 drew near, the country bankers, as well as the bank of England, naturally prepared themselves, by a gradual narrowing of their circulation, for the dreaded hour of gold and silver payments “on demand,” and the withdrawal of the small notes. We have already seen the fall of prices produced by this universal narrowing of the paper circulation. The effects of the distress produced all over the country the consequence of this fall—we have yet to see.

“The distress, ruin, and bankruptcy, which now took place, were universal; affecting both the great interests of land and trade; but amongst the landlords, whose estates were burdened by mortgages, jointures, settlements, legacies, &c., the effects were most marked, and out of the ordinary course. In hundreds of cases, from the tremendous reduction in the price of land which now took place,

the estates barely sold for as much as would pay off the mortgages; and hence the owners were stripped of all, and made beggars. I was myself personally acquainted with one of the victims of this terrible measure. He was a schoolfellow, and inherited a good fortune, made principally in the West Indies. On coming of age, and settling with his guardians, he found himself possessed of fully forty thousand pounds; and with this he resolved to purchase an estate, to marry, and to settle for life. He was a young man addicted to no vice; of a fair understanding, and a most excellent heart; and was connected with friends high in rank, and likely to afford him every proper assistance and advice. The estate was purchased, I believe, about the year 1812 or 1813, for eighty thousand pounds, one moiety of the purchase money being borrowed on mortgage of the land bought. In 1822-3 he was compelled to part with the estate, in order to pay off his mortgage, and some arrears of interest; and when this was done he was left without a shilling—the estate bringing only half of its cost in 1812-3.

But isolated instances, however great may be their interest, will not adequately exhibit the effects of this measure upon the vital interests of the country. At least one half of the National Debt was incurred after the suspension of cash payments, and during the prevalence of the Paper Currency. The interest of that debt was now, and in all time coming, to be paid in coin greatly above the value of the currency in which it was contracted; and the Private Creditor shared in the advantage which thus was given to the Fundholder. The taxes were all to be levied in the same way, the metallic standard being made of universal application. As a matter of course, prices fell, and fell in a corresponding ratio.

The great prosperity of England during the war, and the unexampled development of its resources, whether agricultural, manufacturing, or commercial, may be traced to the combination of at least three causes. In the first place, England was thoroughly protected. Her artisans and labourers had nothing to fear from foreign competition. They had the

monopoly of their own home market, and were not liable to be undersold by the products of other nations. In the second place, we had a most extensive foreign trade, the real value of which cannot be ascertained from the official tables, owing to the manner in which that trade was carried on. But even according to the defective records which we possess, it appears that our exports in 1805 were equal to those of 1823, many of the intermediate years showing a much larger amount. In 1810, our exports were close upon forty-six millions; in 1832 they were barely above thirty-six. In the third place, the country possessed a large circulating medium, which gave ample scope to enterprise. We shall not enter upon the vexed question of systems of currency in the abstract; it is enough for us to know that for more than twenty years British prosperity went on without a check, until it was strangled by the bullionists. At present, we have neither Protection, nor an Expanded Currency. Our foreign trade, in so far as exports are concerned, is nominally large; but those who are best qualified to judge of the value of that trade, declare that it is unremunerative.

We are therefore very much at a loss to know what element of prosperity exists at the present time. We have every faith in British energy if it is allowed fair play, but that is precisely what we contend is not vouchsafed to it. Our whole legislation, under the guidance of the political economists, may be characterised as a systematic attempt to depress British industry. This could not have been effected at once, or by one isolated effort: several attacks upon the productive classes were required before this was consummated. The change of currency lowered the value of produce, and increased the burden of taxation. In other words, it brought down both prices and wages, to the manifest gain of the capitalist. Then came the gradual relaxation of the tariff, which has resulted in free importation—a measure by which all the working-classes,

without any exception, are assailed. This was effected with a perseverance and ingenuity which we cannot help admiring, even when we denounce it as diabolical. The first advances to Free Trade were no more remarked by the public in general than the foot-marks of the tiger in the jungle when he advances stealthily on his prey. The real instigators were the exporting manufacturers. After the return of peace, they saw clearly enough that their old monopoly was at an end. Cobbett wrote, very shrewdly, though in his own peculiar manner, in 1815:—

“It is now hoped by some persons that the restoration of the Pope, the Inquisition, the Jesuits, and the Bourbons, will so far brutalise the people of the Continent of Europe that we shall have no rivals in the arts of peace; and that thus we shall be left to enjoy a monopoly of navigation, commerce, and manufactures; and be thereby enabled to pay the interest on our debt, and to meet the enormous annual expenses of our government. Without stopping to comment on the morality and humanity of this hope, entertained in a country abounding with Bible Societies, I venture to give it as my decided opinion, that the hope is fallacious. Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Austria, Spain, the Italian States, and even the Bourbons, will all push forward for their share of the benefits of the arts of peace. While our purse is open to them all, they will be subservient to us; but that cannot be for ever.”

The old sergeant was perfectly right—with the return of peace our monopoly of the foreign market was over; but the question still remained, whether, by the sacrifice of home labour, our exporting manufacturers might not be able, for a considerable period at least, to keep ahead of their new rivals in distant markets. Unfortunately for us all, the political economists determined to make the attempt.

In some important branches of manufacture Britain was still unrivalled. The nearest, readiest, and therefore most lucrative market for these was to be found in Europe, and in consequence, it was deemed necessary that concessions should be made to admit some kinds of produce as imports, by way of inducing the foreigners

to concede a free admission to our exports. There is a scene in Shakespeare's play of *Julius Cesar*, in which Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus are represented, seated at a table, conceding amicably the deaths of the near relations of each, in exchange for a similar surrender. This is not quite a parallel to the case before us. Our statesmen doomed their friends and fellow-countrymen without requiring a reciprocal sacrifice, and the consequence was that we gradually opened our home market to the foreigner, without insisting that he should render to us the same measure of justice. The artisans were the first to feel the blow. They had already suffered, most severely, from the change in the currency, which brought down prices, and, with them, the remuneration of labour; and the withdrawal of Protection from them made them the natural enemies of all those who were still shielded from foreign competition. The feeling was perfectly natural. The system begun by Huskisson, and consummated by Peel, could have no other effect than in arming one class of the community against the other. Deprive John forcibly of his coat, under the pretext of justice, and he will immediately insist that the same measure of deprivation shall be extended to James. He has a converse of a Christian rule to utter in his defence—“Why should not others be done to, precisely as I have been done by?”

This argument, in the hands of its able advocates, has proved irresistible. John and James are alike without coats; and until they agree with one another, and come to a common understanding, there is not much likelihood of their resumption of their necessary wear. It never has been, and never can be, for the interest of the producer that prices should be generally low. Very great nonsense has of late years been talked by public men, and, amongst others, by members of the present cabinet, regarding the “natural price” of corn. They seem to think that they have stumbled upon a happy phrase, and claim credit to themselves for patriotism in resisting all attempts to make the bread of the people dearer. But they do not, or will not, see that the

great body of the people are interested in this question, not as consumers, but as producers. The vast majority of the population of these islands have hitherto derived their means of subsistence, not from manufactures, but from the soil. Manufactures do not in reality constitute more than one-fourth part of the annual creation of our wealth; and two-thirds at least of all our manufactures are intended for the home market, and will be profitable or not according to the circumstances of the general body of consumers. Now, the natural price of corn depends upon the circumstances of the country in which it is produced. It may be ten shillings in Poland: it may be sixty shillings in England. No doubt you can get corn, and are getting it, from Poland far cheaper than you can raise it in England—but at what cost? Why, at the sacrifice of that enormous capital which has been sunk in the cultivation of the land, and of nearly one-half of the annual creation of our wealth!

The average price of wheat, for a number of years preceding 1790, was 46s. per quarter. It is so stated in Mr Arthur Young's table, which we have given above, and may be taken as the average of thirty years. The average for 1790 was considerably higher, for we observe that Mr Porter states it at 53s. 2d. Now, since that period, both the amount of our debt and of our current annual public expenditure has been tripled—that is, we have three times as much to pay in the shape of taxation as formerly. This is independent of poor-rates and local taxation, which have also greatly increased. That being the case, we ask how it is possible that corn can be grown now in Britain at a profit, when the ruling price, owing to importations from abroad, is *eight shillings per quarter* lower than it was on an average of years preceding 1790? The absurdity is palpable.

How, then, are the taxes to be paid? That is the question. Not out of the profits of the foreign trade certainly, for the whole value of our exports is not much above the amount of the national expenditure, and when we add the local taxes, would not reach one-half of the requisite sum. Be-

sides, at the present moment, the exports are not nearly balancing the imports. According to the official tables, the declared value of the exports for the year ending 5th January 1850, was £63,596,025; the official value of the imports for the same period was £105,874,607. We presume it will be admitted that taxes can only be permanently paid out of profits, and we want to know where these profits are? It is perfectly evident that the cultivation of the land cannot be carried on for ever at a loss. Sooner or later both capital and credit must be exhausted; soils of an inferior description—indeed all except the best land in the neighbourhood of towns—must be abandoned and withdrawn from tillage, and the working-classes will find themselves utterly unable to meet the demands of taxation. An immense portion of our taxation is, and must be, drawn from the labouring men. They contribute largely to our revenue through the customs and excise, and the extent of their consumption depends entirely upon the amount of the wages which they receive. Any measure which tends to lessen the sphere of production is a direct blow at their interests. Cheap bread is just another word for low wages, as already many of them have discovered to their cost; and we have now arrived at that stage of the experiment when its effects will be rapidly developed.

Mr Porter, whose brains are principally valuable in the preparation of cumbrous statistics, breaks out, for once in a way, into a fine burst of eloquence on the subject of over-population. Let us hear him in his animated mood:—

“Whence arises this fear—this childish fear of the increase of our numbers?—childish, because it exists without regard to the lessons of experience. What evidence is there in our present condition to justify the complaint of ‘surplus population,’ that did not exist in as great, or even in a greater degree of force, when our numbers had not reached one-half their present amount? Why, then, shall we not go forward to double, and again to double our population in safety, and even to advantage, if,

instead of rearing millions of human *clods*, whose lives are passed in consuming the scanty supplies which is all that their task of intelligence enables them to produce, the universal people shall have their minds cultivated to a degree that will enable each to add his proportion to the general store?" \*

Good lack, Mr Porter, there was no occasion at all for your putting yourself into such an inconvenient heat! Nobody, so far as we know, is making any complaint of surplus population. You and your friends have taken effectual measures to prevent such a state of matters, and we may now rest without any apprehension of a visit from the ghost of Malthus. The "universal people" alluded to in your last brilliant though somewhat unintelligible sentence, are likely to follow your advice, and abstain from "rearing millions of human clods," at least upon British soil. Be satisfied — you have done for the clods. Ireland is a noble example of your trophies in that way; and if you want to glorify yourself on another, you may refer to the Scottish Highlands. The true way to provide against the evils of over-population is to lower the value of produce, which is the condition of labour, below the remunerative point. Do that, and you may make a wilderness out of the most fertile region of the earth. But then, Mr Porter, did you never ask yourself what is to become of those who derive their subsistence and incomes from the labour of these self-same clods? A good many of us, we suspect, are in that condition, and very melancholy indeed would be our countenances if called upon to assist at the funeral of the last of that race. "Meddle not," said the Giant, in the German fable, to his child, who had picked up a peasant as a plaything — "meddle not with the husband — can! But for him, what would become of us Giants?" It would be well if you and your political allies had the intelligence to apprehend the moral.

The *Times*, in a late number, has treated the subject of emigration in a lively manner. The depopulation

which has taken place since Free Trade became the law of the land, is too startling a fact to be passed over without notice; and it is thus that the leading journal speculates on the strange phenomenon. The announcement in the opening sentence may puzzle, if not alarm, some of the most zealous advocates of foreign production:—

"The stream of emigration now set towards America will not stop till Ireland is absolutely depopulated; and the only question is, when will that be? Twenty years at the present rate would take away the whole of the industrious classes, leaving only the proprietors and their families, members of the learned professions, and those whose age or infirmities keep them at home. Twenty years are but a short time in treating great social or political questions. It is more than twenty years since the passing of the Emancipation Act and the introduction of the Reform Bill. What if it should really come to pass that before another twenty years the whole Celtic race shall have disappeared from these isles, and the problem of seven centuries received its solution? We dwell in wonderful times, in an age of great discoveries, splendid improvements, and grand consummations. Art has always been found the handmaid of human developments. The discovery of gunpowder put an end to the little wars and little states of the middle ages, and introduced larger political manipulations. The discovery of printing prepared for the revival of learning and arts, and paved the way to the Reformation. The discovery of the mariner's compass showed our navigators a path to the East Indies and the New World. It may be the first mission of railways to set all the populations of the Old World on the move, and send them in quest of independent and comfortable homes.

"And when will this movement stop? Inimiousness and prejudice are ready with the reply, that it will stop, at all events, when the Celtic race is exhausted. The Englishman, we are assured, is too attached to his

country, and too comfortable at home, to cross the Atlantic. But surely it is very premature to name any such period for this movement, or to say beforehand what English labourers will do, when seven or eight millions of Irish have led the way to comfort and independence. The Englishman is now attached to his own home, because he knows of no other. His ideas of other regions are dark and dismal. He trembles at the thought of having to grope his way through the Cimmerian obscurity of another hemisphere. The single fact that he will have no 'push' in America is, in his mind, a fatal bar to locomotion. But all this is quickly passing away. Geography, union workhouses, ocean mails, and the daily sight of letters arriving in ten days from prosperous emigrants, are fast uprooting the British rustic from the soil, and giving him cosmopolitan ideas. In a very few years the question uppermost in his mind will be whether he will be better off here or there? Whether he should go with the young and enterprising, or stay at home with the old and stupid? If a quarter of a million British subjects have left this country for the Australian colonies in the present generation, there may easily be a much larger movement to a nearer and more wealthy region. It has been imagined, indeed, that such a migration will have a natural tendency to stop itself at a certain stage. We are told that the English labourer will find a new field in Ireland, deserted by the Celt. It will, however, cost no more effort of mind to cross the ocean at once than to cross the Irish Channel for a land which, in the English mind, must ever be associated with violence and blood. High wages, again, we are told, the enjoyment of a liberal government, and an improved condition, will bind the Englishman afresh to the soil of his ancestors. But when you make the English labourer richer, more independent, more intelligent, and more of a citizen, you have put him more in a condition and temper to seek his fortune, wherever it may be found. The men who in the United States leave their homes for the Far West are generally they who have prospered where they are,

and who want the excitement of another start in life. On the whole, we are disposed to think that the prospect is far too serious to be neglected, or treated as a merely speculative question. The depopulation of these isles, supposing the Celtic exodus to run out its course, and a British exodus to follow, constitute about as serious a political event as can be conceived; for a change of dynasty, or any other political revolution, is nothing compared with a change in the people themselves. All the departments of industry—the army, the navy, the cultivation of the fields, the rent of landed property, the profit of trades, the payment of rates and taxes—depend on the people, and without the people there must ensue a general collapse of all our institutions. We are, however, rather desirous to recommend the question to the consideration of others, and especially of our statesmen, than to answer it ourselves."

Is it only *now* that this question is submitted to the consideration of our statesmen? Why, if they are statesmen at all, they must have thought and dreamed of little else for the last few years. The picture here presented, though a frightful one, is by no means new. It has been drawn over and over again by the advocates of the protective policy, and as regularly ridiculed by the Free-Traders as a suggestion of little else for the last few years. The picture here presented, though a frightful one, is by no means new. It has been drawn over and over again by the advocates of the protective policy, and as regularly ridiculed by the Free-Traders as a suggestion of little else for the last few years. Now, the facts have emerged, the prophecy has proved strictly true, and we are asked to consider about a remedy! What remedy is there open to us, save one? Let labour be made remunerative at home, which can only be done by Protection, and we shall answer for it that the tide of emigration will be stayed. People do not leave their country and their homes, at least in numbers like this, except under the coercion of the most stringent necessity. Give an Englishman work to do, and wages to live by, and he will rather remain here than attempt to better his condition in a foreign soil. But in order that he may remain here, his labour must be protected. Very truly says the writer in the *Times*, that "all the departments of industry, the army, the navy, the cultiva-

tion of the fields, the rent of landed property, the profit of trades, the payment of rates and taxes, depend on the people; and without the people, there must ensue a general collapse of all our institutions." To every word of this we adhere. But unless we can suppose that the people will submit to the degraded position of the foreign serfs, with whose produce they are now called upon to compete, Britain cannot hope to retain anything like its present population. The exodus must go on, and every vestige of our former greatness disappear. Unprotected labour and high taxation cannot exist together. Prolong the struggle as we may, the experience of each succeeding month will show the impossibility of such a reconciliation.

We are curious to know if, with such facts before them as those admitted in the *Times*, Ministers will have the temerity next year to assure us that the country generally is in prosperous circumstances. Do men emigrate wholesale from prosperous countries? Are they ever ready to leave comfort behind them, and recommence the struggle of life on a more unpromising field? If we are forced to reject that conclusion, then we defy any one to arrive at another

save this—that our recent legislation has so narrowed the sphere of labour, and so depressed its prospects, that the population are driven per force from their native country, to seek elsewhere the means of existence which they cannot procure at home.

To talk of Protection as hopeless, is to acquiesce in the national doom. All classes of the community, from the fundholder and capitalist down to the meanest labourer, have a stake in this great question. Let not the former deceive themselves. Without the labour of the people their securities are as valueless as the mere paper on which they are written. Therefore, it is their part to see that no line of policy shall be allowed to continue if it has the effect of drying up the springs of our national prosperity. If they will not listen to the remonstrances of the distressed, let them at all events view their own position dispassionately. We may be on the verge of a great crisis, and a great struggle may be approaching, but we have not the slightest doubt that the cause which must ultimately prevail is that which is essentially the cause of the people. Prosperity will only return to the nation when Native Industry is protected.

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THE CANTONS —PART XIII.

CHAPTER LXVI.

ST CHRYSOSTOM. in his work on The Priesthood, defends deceit, if for a good purpose, by many Scriptural examples; ends his first book by asserting that it is often necessary, and that much benefit may arise from it; and begins his second book by saying that it ought not to be called *deceit*, but “good management.”

Good management, then, let me call the innocent arts by which I now sought to insinuate my project into favour and assent with my unsuspecting family. And first I began with Roland. I easily induced him to read some of the books, full of the charm of Australian life, which Trevanion had sent me; and so happily did those descriptions suit his own erratic tastes, and the free, half-savage man that lay rough and large within that soldierly nature, that he himself, as it were, seemed to suggest my own ardent desire—sighed, as the careworn Trevanion had done, that “he was not my age,” and blew the flame that consumed me with his own willing breath. So that when at last—wandering one day over the wild moors—I said, knowing his hatred of law and lawyers—

“Alas, uncle, that nothing should be left for me but the bar!”

Captain Roland struck his cane into the peat, and exclaimed, “Zounds, sir, the bar and lying, with truth and a world fresh from God before you!”

“Your hand, uncle—we understand each other. Now help me with those two quiet hearts at home!”

“Plague on my tongue! what have I done?” said the Captain, looking aghast. Then, after musing a little time, he turned his dark eye on me and growled out, “I suspect, young sir, you have been laying a trap for me; and I have fallen into it, like an old fool as I am.”

“Oh, sir, if you prefer the bar!—”

“Rogue!”

“Or, indeed, I might perhaps get a clerkship in a merchant’s office?”

“If you do, I will scratch you out of the pedigree!”

“Huzza then for Australasia!”

“Well, well, well,” said my uncle,

“With a smile on his lip, and a tear in his eye;”

“the old sea-king’s blood will force its way—a soldier or a rover, there is no other choice for you. We shall mourn and miss you; but who can chain the young eagles to the eyrie?”

I had a harder task with my father, who at first seemed to listen to me as if I had been talking of an excursion to the moon. But I threw in a dexterous dose of the old Greek *Cheruchie*—cited by Trevanion—which set him off full trot on his hobby, till, after a short excursion to Eubœa and the Chersonese, he was fairly lost amidst the Ionian colonies of Asia Minor. I then gradually and artfully decoyed him into his favourite science of Ethnology; and while he was speculating on the origin of the American savages, and considering the rival claims of Cimmerians, Israelites, and Scandi-

navians, I said quietly,—“And you, sir, who think that all human improvement depends on the mixture of races—you, whose whole theory is an absolute sermon upon emigration, and the transplanting and interpolity of our species—you, sir, should be the last man to chain your son, your elder son, to the soil, while your younger is the very missionary of rovers.”

“Pisistratus,” said my father, “you reason by synecdoche—ornamental, but illogical;” and therewith, resolved to hear no more, my father rose and retreated into his study.

But his observation, now quickened, began from that day to follow my moods and humours—then he himself grew silent and thoughtful, and finally he took to long conferences with Roland. The result was that, one evening in spring, as I lay listless amidst the weeds and fern that sprang up through the melancholy ruins, I felt a hand on my shoulder; and my father, seating himself beside me on a fragment of stone, said earnestly—“Pisistratus, let us talk—I had hoped better things from your study of Robert Hall.”

“Nay, dear father, the medicine did me great good; I have not repined since, and I look steadfastly and cheerfully on life. But Robert Hall fulfilled his mission, and I would fulfil mine.”

“Is there no mission in thy native land, O planetose and exaltriote spirit?” asked my father, with compassionate rebuke.

“Alas, yes! But what the impulse of genius is to the great, the instinct of vocation is to the mediocre. In every man there is a magnet; in that thing which the man can do best there is a loadstone.”

“Papa!” said my father, opening his eyes; “and are no loadstones to

be found for you nearer than the great Australasian Bight?”

“Ah, sir, if you resort to irony, I can say no more!” My father looked down on me tenderly, as I hung my head moody and abashed.

“Son,” said he, “do you think that there is any real jest at my heart when the matter discussed is whether you are to put wide seas and long years between us?” I pressed nearer to his side, and made no answer.

“But I have noted you of late,” continued my father, “and I have observed that your old studies are grown distasteful to you; and I have talked with Roland, and I see that your desire is deeper than a boy’s mere whim. And then I have asked myself what prospect I can hold out at home to induce you to be contented here, and I see none; and therefore I should say to you, ‘Go thy ways, and God shield thee!’—but, Pisistratus, *your mother*!”

“Ah, sir, that is indeed the question,” and there indeed I shrink. But, after all, whatever I were—whether toiling at the bar, or in some public office—I should be still so much from home and her. And then you, sir—show *you* so entirely, that——”

“No,” interrupted my father; “you can advance no arguments like these to touch a mother’s heart. There is but one argument that comes home there—Is it for your good to leave her? If so, there will be no need of further words. But let us not decide that question hastily; let you and I be together the next two months. Bring your books and sit with me; when you want to go out, tap me on the shoulder and say ‘Come.’ At the end of the two months, I will say to you ‘Go,’ or ‘Stay.’ And you will trust me; and if I say the last, you will submit?”

“Oh yes, sir, yes.”

#### CHAPTER LXVII.

This compact made, my father roused himself from all his studies—devoted his whole thoughts to me—sought with all his gentle wisdom to wean me imperceptibly from my own

fixed tyrannical idea, ranged through his wide pharmacy of books for such medicaments as might alter the system of my thoughts. And little thought he that his very tenderness

Words coined by Mr Claxton from *μεγαλάνη*, disposed to roaming, and *ἰσχυρὰ*, to exert, to alienate.

and wisdom worked against him, for at each new instance of either my heart called aloud, "Is it not that thy tenderness may be repaid, and thy wisdom be known abroad, that I go from thee into the strange land, O my father?"

And the two months expired, and my father saw that the magnet had turned unalterably to the loadstone in the great Australasian Bight; and he said to me, "Go, and comfort your mother. I have told her your wish, and authorised it by my consent, for I believe now that it is for your good."

I found my mother in the little room which she had appropriated to herself, next my father's study. And in that room there was a pathos which I have no words to express; for my mother's meek, gentle, womanly soul, spoke there, so that it was as the Home or Home. The care with which she had been planted from the Brick House, and lovingly arranged all the humble memorials of old times, dear to her affections—the black sash, the of my father's profile cut in paper, in the full pomp of academics, cap and gown, (how had he ever consented to sit for it?) framed and glazed in the place of honour over the little hearth; and boyish sketches of mine at the Heltonic Institute, first essays in sepia and Indian ink, to animate the walls, and bring her back, when she sat there in the twilight musing alone, to sunny hours when Sissy and the young mother threw daisies at each other;—and, covered with a great glass shade, and dusted each day with her own hand, the flower-pot Sissy had bought with the proceeds of the do-

mino-box, on that memorable occasion on which he had learned "how bad deeds are repaired with good." There, in one corner, stood the little cottage piano, which I remembered all my life—old-fashioned, and with the jingling voice of approaching decrepitude, but still associated with such melodies as, after childhood, we hear never more! And in the modest hanging shelves which looked so gay with ribbons, and tassels, and silken cords—my mother's own library, saying more to the heart than all the cold wise poets whose souls my father invoked in his grand *Heracles*. The Bible over which, with eyes yet untaught to read, I had hung in vague awe and love, as it lay open on my mother's lap, while her sweet voice, then only serious, was made the oracle of its truths. And my first lesson-books were there, all hoarded. And bound in blue and gold, but elaborately papered up, *Corcoran's Poems*—a gift from my father in the days of courtship—sacred treasure which not even I had the privilege to touch; and which my mother took out only in the great crosses and trials of conjugal life, whenever some word less kind than usual had dropped unawares from her scholar's absent lips. Ah! all these poor household gods, all seemed to look on me with mild anger; and from all came a voice to my soul. "Cruel, dost thou forsake us!" And amongst them sat my mother, desolate as Rachel, and weeping silently.

"Mother! mother!" I cried, falling on her neck, "forgive me, it is past. I cannot leave you!"

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

"No—not if it is for your good—Austin says so. Go—it is but the first shock."

Then to my mother I opened the sluices of that deep I had concealed from scholar and soldier. To her I poured all the wild, restless thoughts which wandered through the ruins of love destroyed. To her I confessed what to myself I had scarcely before avowed. And when the picture of that, the darker, side of my mind was shown, it was with a prouder

face, and less broken voice, that I spoke of the manlier hopes and nobler aims that gleamed across the wrecks and the desert, and showed me my escape.

"Did you not once say, mother, that you had felt it like a remorse that my father's genius passed so noiselessly away, half accusing the happiness you gave him for the death of his ambition in the content of his mind? Did you not feel a new object in life when the ambition

revived at last, and you thought you heard the applause of the world murmuring round your scholar's cell? Did you not share in the day-dreams your brother conjured up, and say, 'If my brother could be the means of raising *him* in the world!' and when you thought we had found the way to fame and fortune, did you not sob out from your full heart, 'And it is *my* brother who will pay back to *his* son—all—all he gave up for me?'"

"I cannot bear this, Sisty!—cease, cease!"

"No; for do you not yet understand me? Will it not be better still, if *your son*—yours—restore to your Austin all that he lost, no matter how? If through your son, mother, you do indeed make the world hear of your

husband's genius—restore the spring to his mind, the glory to his pursuits—if you rebuild even that vaunted ancestral name, which is glory to our poor sonless Roland—if your son can restore the decay of generations, and reconstruct from the dust the whole house into which you have entered, its meek presiding angel—ah, mother, if this can be done, it will be your work; for unless you can share my ambition—unless you can dry those eyes, and smile in my face, and bid me go, with a cheerful voice—all my courage melts from my heart, and again I say I cannot leave you!"

Then my mother folded her arms round me, and we both wept, and could not speak—but we were both happy.

#### CHAPTER LXIX.

Now the worst was over, and my mother was the most heroic of us all. So I began to prepare myself in good earnest; and I followed Trevanion's instructions with a perseverance, which I could never, at that young day, have thrown into the dead life of books. I was in a good school amongst our Cumberland sheepwalks, to learn those simple elements of rural art which belong to the pastoral state. Mr Sidney, in his admirable *Australian Hand-Book*, recommends young gentlemen who think of becoming settlers in the Bush to bivouac for three months on Salisbury Plain. That book was not then written, or I might have taken the advice; meanwhile I think, with due respect to such authority, that I went through a preparatory training quite as useful in seasoning the future emigrant. I associated readily with the kindly peasants and craftsmen, who became my teachers. With what pride I presented my father with a desk and my mother with a work-box, fashioned by my own hands! I made Bolt a lock for his plate-chest. And (that last was *my* magnum opus, my great masterpiece) I repaired and absolutely set going an old turret clock in the tower, that had stood at two P.M. since the memory of man. I loved to think, each time the hour

sounded, that those who heard its deep chime would remember me. But the flocks were my main care. The sheep that I tended and helped to shear, and the lamb that I hooked out of the great marsh, and the three venerable ewes that I nursed through a my-terious sort of murrain, which puzzled all the neighbourhood—are they not written in thy loving chronicles, O House of Caxton!

And now, since much of the success of my experiment must depend on the friendly terms I could establish with my intended partner, I wrote to Trevanion, begging him to get the young gentleman who was to join me, and whose capital I was to administer, to come and visit us. Trevanion complied, and there arrived a tall fellow somewhat more than six feet high, answering to the name of Guy Bolding, in a cut-away sporting-coat, with a dog-whistle tied to the button-hole; drab shorts and gaiters, and a waistcoat with all manner of strange furtive pockets. Guy Bolding had lived a year and a half at Oxford as a "fast man;" so "fast" had he lived that there was scarcely a tradesman at Oxford into whose books he had not contrived to run.

His father was compelled to withdraw him from the university, at

which he had already had the honour of being plucked for the little go: and the young gentleman, on being asked for what profession he was fit, had replied with conscious pride, "That he could tool a coach!" In despair, the sire, who owed his living to Trevanion, had asked the statesman's advice, and the advice had fixed me with a partner in expatriation.

My first feeling, in greeting the fast man, was certainly that of deep disappointment and strong repugnance. But I was determined not to be too fastidious; and, having a lucky knack of suiting my-self pretty well to all tempers, (without which a man had better not think of load-stones in the great Australasian Bight,) I contrived, before the first week was out, to establish so many points of connexion between us that we became the best friends in the world. Indeed, it would have been my fault if we had not, for Guy Bolding, with all his faults, was one of those excellent creatures who are nobody's enemies but their own. His good humour was inexhaustible. Not a hardship or privation came amiss to him. He had a phrase "Such fun!" that always came to his lips when another man would have cursed and groaned. If we lost our way in the great trackless moors, missed our dinner, and were half-famished, Guy rubbed hands that would have felled an ox, and chuckled out "Such fun!" If we stuck in a bog, if we were caught in a thunder-storm if we were pitched head over heels by the wild colts we undertook to break in, Guy Bolding's only elegy was "Such fun!" That grand shibboleth of philosophy only forsook him at the sight of an open book. I don't think that at that time, he could have found "fun" even in Don Quixote. This hilarious temperament had no insensibility; a kinder heart never beat,—but, to be sure, it beat to a strange, restless, tarantula sort of measure, which kept it in a perpetual dance. It made him one of those officiously good fellows who are never quiet themselves, and never let any one else be quiet if they can help it. But Guy's great fault, in this prudent world, was his absolute incontinence of money. If you had turned an

Euphrates of gold into his pockets at morning, it would have been as dry as the great Sahara by twelve at noon. What he did with the money was a mystery as much to himself as to every one else. His father said in a letter to me, that "he had seen him shying at sparrows with half-crowns!" That such a young man could come to no good in England, seemed perfectly clear. Still, it is recorded of many great men, who did not end their days in a workhouse, that they were equally non-retentive of money. Schiller, when he had nothing else to give away, gave the clothes from his back, and Goldsmith the blankets from his bed. Tender hands found it necessary to pick Beethoven's pockets at home before he walked out. Great heroes, who have made no scruple of robbing the whole world, have been just as lavish as poor poets and musicians. Alexander, in parcelling out his spoils, left himself "hope!" And as for Julius Cæsar, he was two millions in debt when he shied his last half-crown at the sparrows in Gaul. Encouraged by these illustrious examples, I had hopes of Guy Bolding: and the more as he was so aware of his own infirmity that he was perfectly contented with the arrangement which made me treasurer of his capital, and even besought me, on no account, let him beg ever so hard, to permit his own money to come in his own way. In fact, I contrived to gain a great ascendancy over his simple, generous, thoughtless nature; and by artful appeals to his affections—to all he owed to his father for many bootless sacrifices, and to the duty of providing a little dower for his infant sister, whose meditated portion had half gone to pay his college debts—I at last succeeded in fixing into his mind an object to save for.

Three other companions did I select for our Cleruchia. The first was the son of our old shepherd, who had lately married, but was not yet encumbered with children.—a good shepherd, and an intelligent, steady fellow. The second was a very different character: he had been the dread of the whole squirearchy. A more bold and dexterous poacher did not exist. Now my acquaintance with this latter person, named

Will Peterson, and more popularly "Will o' the Wisp," had commenced thus:—Bolt had managed to rear, in a small copse about a mile from the house—and which was the only bit of ground in my uncle's domains that might by courtesy be called "a wood"—a young colony of pheasants, that he dignified by the title of a "preserve." This colony was audaciously despoiled and grievously depopulated, in spite of two watchers who, with Bolt, guarded for seven nights successively the slumbers of the infant settlement. So insolent was the assault that bang, bang went the felonious gun—behind, before—within but a few yards of the sentinels—and the gunner was off, and the prey seized, before they could rush to the spot. The boldness and skill of the enemy soon proclaimed him, to the experienced watchers, to be Will o' the Wisp; and so great was the dread of this fellow's strength and courage, and so complete their despair of being a match for his swiftness and cunning, that after the seventh night the watchers refused to go out any longer; and poor Bolt himself was confined to his bed by an attack of what a doctor would have called rheumatism, and a moralist, rage. My indignation and sympathy were greatly excited by this mortifying failure, and my interest romantically aroused by the anecdotes I had heard of Will o' the Wisp; accordingly, armed with a thick bludgeon, I stole out at night, and took my way to the copse. The leaves were not off the trees, and how the poacher contrived to see his victims I know not; but five shots did he fire, and not in vain, without allowing me to catch a glimpse of him. I then retreated to the outskirts of the copse, and waited patiently by an angle, which commanded two sides of the wood. Just as the dawn began to peep, I saw my man emerge within twenty yards of me. I held my breath, suffered him to get a few steps from the wood, crept on so as to intercept his retreat, and then pounce—such a bound! My hand was on his shoulder—pr-r, pr-r—no oel was ever more lubricate. He slid from me like a thing immaterial, and was off over the moors with a swiftness which might well have baffled any clodhopper—a race whose calves are generally absorbed in the soles of their hob-nail shoes. But the Hellenic Institute, with its classical gymnasia, had trained its pupils in all bodily exercises; and though the Will o' the Wisp was swift for a clodhopper, he was no match at running for any youth who has spent his boyhood in the discipline of cricket, prisoner's bars, and hunt-the-hare. I reached him at length, and brought him to bay.

"Stand back," said he, panting, and taking aim with his gun; "it is loaded."

"Ye-," said I; "but though you're a brave poacher, you dare not fire at your fellow man. Give up the gun this instant."

My address took him by surprise; he did not fire. I struck up the barrel, and closed on him. We grappled pretty tightly, and in the wrestle the gun went off. The man loosened his hold. "Lord ha' mercy, I have not hurt you!" he said falteringly.

"My good fellow—no," said I; "and now let us throw aside gun and bludgeon, and fight it out like Englishmen, or else let us sit down and talk it over like friends."

The Will o' the Wisp scratched his head and laughed.

"Well, you're a queer one," quoth I. And the poacher dropped the gun and sat down.

We did talk it over, and I obtained Peterson's promise to respect the preserve henceforth, and we thereon grew so cordial that he walked home with me, and even presented me, shyly and apologetically, with the five pheasants he had shot. From that time I sought him out. He was a young fellow not four-and-twenty, who had taken to poaching from the wild sport of the thing, and from some confused notions that he had a license from Nature to poach. I soon found out that he was meant for better things than to spend six months of the twelve in prison, and finish his life on the gallows after killing a gamekeeper. That seemed to me his most probable destiny in the Old World, so I talked him into a burning desire for the New one: and a most valuable aid in the Bush he proved too.

My third selection was in a personage who could bring little physical

strength to help us, but who had more mind (though with a wrong twist in it) than all the others put together.

A worthy couple in the village had a son, who being slight and puny, compared to the Cumberland breed, was shouldered out of the market of agricultural labour, and went off, yet a boy, to a manufacturing town. Now about the age of thirty, this mechanic, disabled for his work by a long illness, came home to recover; and in a short time we heard of nothing but the pestilential doctrines with which he was either shocking or infecting our primitive villagers. According to report, Coreyra itself never engendered a democrat more awful. The poor man was really very ill, and his parents very poor; but his unfortunate doctrines dried up all the streams of charity that usually flowed through our kindly hamlet. The clergyman (an excellent man, but of the old school) walked by the house as if it were tabooed. The apothecary said 'Miles Square ought to have wine,' but he did not send him any. The farmers held his name in execration, for he had incited all their labourers to strike for another shilling a week. And but for the old tower, Miles Square would soon have found his way to the only republic in which he could obtain that democratic fraternisation for which he sighed—the grave being, I suspect, the sole commonwealth which attains that dead flat of social equality, that life in its every principle so heartily abhors.

My uncle went to see Miles Square, and came back the colour of purple. Miles Square had preached him a long sermon on the unholiness of war. "Even in defence of your king and country!" had roared the Captain; and Miles Square had replied with a remark upon kings, in general, that the Captain could not have repeated without expecting to see the old tower fall about his ears; and with an observation about the country, in particular, to the effect that "the country would be much better off if it *were* conquered!" On hearing the report of these loyal and patriotic replies, my father said, "Papa!" and, roused out of his usual philosophical indifference, went himself to visit Miles Square. My father returned as pale

as my uncle had been purple. "And to think," said he mournfully, "that in the town whence this man comes, there are, he tells me, ten thousand other of God's creatures who speed the work of civilisation while execrating its laws!"

But neither father nor uncle made any opposition when, with a basket laden with wine and arrowroot, and a neat little Bible, bound in brown, my mother took her way to the excommunicated cottage. Her visit was as signal a failure as those that preceded it. Miles Square refused the basket: 'he was not going to accept alms, and eat the bread of charity;' and on my mother mockingly suggesting that, 'if Mr Miles Square would condescend to look into the Bible, he would see that even charity was no sin in giver or recipient,' Mr Miles Square had undertaken to prove 'that, according to the Bible, he had as much a right to my mother's property as she had—that all things should be in common—and that, when things were in common, what became of charity? No; he could not eat my uncle's arrowroot, and drink his wine, while my uncle was improperly withholding from him and his fellow-creatures so many unprofitable acres: the land belonged to the people.' It was now the turn of Pisi-stratus to go. He went once, and he went often. Miles Square and Pisi-stratus wrangled and argued—argued and wrangled—and ended by taking a fancy to each other; for this poor Miles Square was not half so bad as his doctrines. His errors arose from intense sympathy with the sufferings he had witnessed, amidst the misery which accompanies the reign of *millocracy*, and from the vague aspirations of a half-taught, impassioned, earnest nature. By degrees, I persuaded him to drink the wine and eat the arrowroot, *en attendant* that millennium which was to restore the land to the people. And then my mother came again and softened his heart, and, for the first time in his life, let into his cold crotchets the warm light of human gratitude. I lent him some books, amongst others a few volumes on Australia. A passage in one of the latter, in which it was said "that an intelligent mechanic usually made his way in the colony,



even as a shepherd, better than a dull agricultural labourer," caught hold of his fancy, and seduced his aspirations into a healthful direction. Finally, as he recovered, he entreated me to let him accompany me. And as I may not have to return to Miles Square, I think it right here to state, that he did go with me to Australia, and did succeed, first as a shepherd, and, on saving money, as a landowner; and that, in spite of his opinions on the unholiness of war, he was no sooner in possession of a comfortable log homestead, than he defended it with uncommon gallantry against an attack of the aborigines,

whose right to the soil was, to say the least of it, as good as his claim to my uncle's acres; that he commemorated his subsequent acquisition of a fresh allotment, with the stock on it, by a little pamphlet, published at Sydney, on the *Sanctity of the Rights of Property*; and that, when I left the colony, having been much pestered by two refractory "helps" that he had added to his establishment, he had just distinguished himself by a very anti-levelling lecture upon the duties of servants to their employers. What would the Old World have done for this man!

## CHAPTER LXX.

I had not been in haste to conclude my arrangements, for, independently of my wish to render myself acquainted with the small useful crafts that might be necessary to me in a life that makes the individual man a state in himself, I naturally desired to habituate my kindred to the idea of our separation, and to plan and provide for them all such substitutes or distractions, in compensation for my loss, as my fertile imagination could suggest. And first, for the sake of Blanche, Roland, and my mother, I talked the Captain into reluctant sanction of his sister-in-law's proposal, to unite their incomes and share alike, without considering which party brought the larger proportion into the firm. I represented to him that, unless he made that sacrifice of his pride, my mother would be wholly without those little notable uses and objects—those small household pleasures—so dear to woman; that all society in the neighbourhood would be impossible, and that my mother's time would hang so heavily on her hands that her only resource would be to muse on the absent one and fret. Nay, if he persisted in so false a pride, I told him, faintly, that I should urge my father to leave the tower. These representations succeeded; and hospitality had commenced in the old hall, and a knot of gossips had centred round my mother—groups of laughing children had relaxed the still brow of Blanche—and the Captain himself was a more cheerful and social man. My

next point was to engage my father in the completion of the Great Book. "Ah, sir," said I, "give me an inducement to toil, a reward for my industry. Let me think, in each tempting pleasure, each costly vice—No, no; I will save for the Great Book! and the memory of the father shall still keep the son from error. Ah, look you, sir! Mr Trevanion offered me the loan of the £1500 necessary to commence with; but you generously and at once said—'No; you must not begin life under the load of debt.' And I knew you were right, and yielded—yielded the more gratefully, that I could not but forfeit something of the just pride of manhood in incurring such an obligation to the father of—Miss Trevanion. Therefore I have taken that sum from you—a sum that would almost have sufficed to establish your younger and worthier child in the world for ever. To that child let me repay it, otherwise I will not take it. Let me hold it as a trust for the Great Book; and promise me that the Great Book shall be ready when your wanderer returns, and accounts for the missing talent."

And my father pished a little, and rubbed off the dew that had gathered on his spectacles. But I would not leave him in peace till he had given me his word that the Great Book should go on *à pas du géant*—nay, till I had seen him sit down to it with good heart, and the wheel went round again in the quiet mechanism of that gentle life.

Finally, and as the culminating acme of my diplomacy, I effected the purchase of the neighbouring apothecary's practice and good-will for Squills, upon terms which he willingly subscribed to; for the poor man had pined at the loss of his favourite patients, though, Heaven knows, they did not add much to his income. And as for my father, there was no man who diverted him more than Squills, though he accused him of being a materialist, and set his whole spiritual pack of sages to worry and bark at him, from Plato and Zeno to Reid and Abraham Tucker.

Thus, although I have very loosely intimated the flight of time, more than a whole year elapsed from the date of our settlement at the tower and that affixed for my departure.

In the meanwhile, despite the rarity amongst us of that phenomenon a newspaper, we were not so utterly cut off from the sounds of the far-booming world beyond, but what the intelligence of a change in the administration, and the appointment of Mr Trevanion to one of the great offices of state, reached our ears. I had kept up no correspondence with Trevanion subsequent to the letter that occasioned Guy Bolding's visit: I wrote now to congratulate him: his reply was short and hurried.

Intelligence that startled me more, and more deeply moved my heart, was conveyed to me some three months or so before my departure, by Trevanion's steward. The ill health of Lord Castleton had deferred his marriage, intended originally to be celebrated as soon as he came of age. He left the university with the honours of "a double-first class;" and his constitution appeared to rally

from the effects of studies more severe to him, than they might have been to a man of quicker and more brilliant capacities—when a feverish cold, caught at a county meeting, in which his first public appearance was so creditable as fully to justify the warmest hopes of his party, produced inflammation of the lungs, and ended fatally. The startling contrast forced on my mind—here sudden death, and cold clay—there youth in its first flower, princely rank, boundless wealth, the sanguine expectation of an illustrious career, and the prospect of that happiness which smiled from the eyes of Fanny—that contrast impressed me with a strange awe: death seems so near to us when it strikes those whom life most flatters and caresses. Whence is that curious sympathy that we all have with the possessors of worldly greatness, when the hour-glass is shaken and the scythe descends? If the famous meeting between Diogenes and Alexander had taken place not before, but after, the achievements which gave to Alexander the name of Great, the cynic would not, perhaps, have envied the hero his pleasures or his splendours, the charms of Statira, or the tiara of the Mede: but if, the day after, a cry had gone forth, "Alexander the Great is dead!" verily I believe that Diogenes would have coiled himself up in his tub, and felt that, with the shadow of the stately hero, something of glory and of warmth had gone from that sun, which it should darken never more. In the nature of man, the humblest or the hardest, there is a something that lives in all of the Beautiful or the Fortunate, which hope and desire have appropriated, even in the vanities of a childish dream.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

"Why are you here all alone, cousin? How cold and still it is amongst the graves!"

"Sit down beside me, Blanche: it is not colder in the churchyard than on the village green."

And Blanche sat down beside me, nestled close to me, and leant her head upon my shoulder. We were both long silent. It was an evening in the early spring, clear and serene—the

rosate streaks were fading gradually from the dark gray of long, narrow, fantastic clouds. Tall, leafless poplars, that stood in orderly level line, on the lowland between the churchyard and the hill, with its crown of ruins, left their sharp summits distinct against the sky. But the shadows coiled dull and heavy round the evergreens that skirted the churchyard, so that their outline was vague and con-

fused; and there was a depth in their gloomy stillness, broken only when the thrush flew out from the lower bushes, and the thick laurel leaves stirred reluctantly, and again were rigid in repose. There is a certain melancholy in the evenings of early spring which is among those influences of nature the most universally recognised, the most difficult to explain. The silent stir of reviving life, which does not yet betray signs in the bud and blossom—only in a softer clearness in the air, a more lingering pause in the slowly lengthening day: a more delicate freshness and balm in the twilight atmosphere: a more lively yet still inquiet note from the birds, settling down into their coverts—the vague sense under all that hush, which still outwardly wears the bleak sterility of winter—of the busy change, hourly, momentarily, at work—renewing the youth of the world, reclothing with vigorous bloom the skeletons of things—all these messages from the heart of Nature to the heart of Man may well affect and move us. But why with melancholy? No thought on our part connects and construes the low, gentle voices. It is not *thought* that replies and reasons: it is *feeling* that hears and dreams. Examine not, O child of man!—examine not that mysterious melancholy with the hard eyes of thy reason; thou canst not impale it on the spikes of thy thorny logic, nor describe its enchanted circle by problems conned from thy schools. Borderer thyself of two worlds—the Dead and the Living—give thine ear to the tones, bow thy soul to the shadows, that steal, in the season of change, from the dim Border Land.

BLANCHE (*in a whisper*).—What are you thinking of?—speak, pray!

PRISMIRATUS.—I was not thinking, Blanche; or, if I were, the thought is gone at the mere effort to seize or detain it.

BLANCHE (*after a pause*).—I know what you mean. It is the same with me often—so often, when I am sitting by myself, quite still. It is just like

the story Primmins was telling us the other evening, how there was a woman in her village who saw things and people in a piece of crystal, not bigger than my hand:—they passed along as large as life, but they were only pictures in the crystal. Since I heard the story, when aunt asks me what I am thinking of, I long to say, “I’m not thinking! I am seeing pictures in the crystal!”

PRISMIRATUS.—Tell my father that; it will please him. There is more philosophy in it than you are aware of, Blanche. There are wise men who have thought the whole world, “its pride, pomp, and circumstance,” only a phantom image—a picture in the crystal.

BLANCHE.—And I shall see you—see us both, as we are sitting here—and that star which has just risen yonder—see it all in my crystal—when you are gone!—gone, cousin!

And Blanche’s head drooped.

There was something so quiet and deep in the tenderness of this motherless child, that it did not affect one superficially, like a child’s I—I momentary affection, in which we know that the first toy will replace us. I kissed my little cousin’s pale face, and said, “And I too, Blanche, have my crystal; and when I consult it, I shall be very angry if I see you sad and fretting, or seated alone. For you must know, Blanche, that that is all selfishness. God made us, not to indulge only in crystal pictures, weave idle fancies, pine alone, and mourn over what we cannot help—but to be alert and active givers of happiness. Now, Blanche, see what a trust I am going to bequeath you. You are to supply my place to all whom I leave. You are to bring sunshine wherever you glide with that shy, soft step—whether to your father, when you see his brows knit and his arms crossed, (that, indeed, you always do,) or to mine, when the volume drops from his hand—when he walks to and fro the room, restless, and murmuring to himself—then you are to steal up to him,

In primitive villages in the west of England, the belief that the absent may be seen in a piece of crystal is, or was not many years ago, by no means an uncommon superstition. I have seen more than one of these magic mirrors, which Spenser, by the way, has beautifully described. They are about the size and shape of a swan’s egg. It is not every one, however, who can be a crystal-seer; like second-sight, it is a special gift.

put your hand in his, lead him back to his books, and whisper, 'What will Sister say if his younger brother, the Great Book, is not grown up when he comes back?'—And my poor mother, Blanche!—ah, how can I counsel you there—how tell you where to find comfort for her? Only, Blanche, steal into her heart and be her daughter. And, to fulfil this threefold trust, you must not content yourself with seeing pictures in the crystal—do you understand me?"

"Oh yes," said Blanche, raising her eyes, while the tears rolled from them, and folding her arms resolutely in her breast.

#### CHAPTER XXII

There is a beautiful and singular passage in Dante, (which has not perhaps attracted the attention it deserves) wherein the stern Florentine defends Fortune from the popular accusations against her. According to him, she is an angelic power appointed by the Supreme Being to direct and order the course of human splendour: she obeys the will of God; she is blessed, and, hearing not those who blaspheme her, calm and aloof amongst the other angelic powers, revolves her spherul course, and rejoices in her beatitude.\*

This is a conception very different from the popular notion which Aristophanes, in his true instinct of things popular, expresses by the sullen lips of his Plutus. That deity accounts for his blindness by saying, that "when a boy he had indiscreetly promised to visit only the good," and Jupiter was so envious of the good that he blinded the poor money-god. Whereon Chremylus asks him, whether, "if he recovered his sight, he would frequent the company of the good?" "Certainly," quoth Plutus, "for I have not seen them ever so long." "Nor I either," rejoins Chremylus pithily, "for all I can see out of both eyes!"

But that misanthropical answer of Chremylus is neither here nor there,

"And so," said I, "as we two, sitting in this quiet burial-ground, take new heart for the duties and cares of life, so see, Blanche, how the stars come out, one by one, to smile upon us, for they too, glorious orbs as they are, perform their appointed tasks. Things seem to approximate to God in proportion to their vitality and movement. Of all things, least inert and sullen should be the soul of man. How the grass grows up over the very graves—quickly it grows and greenly—but neither so quick and so green, my Blanche, as hope and comfort from human sorrows."

and only diverts us from the real question, and that is, "Whether Fortune be a heavenly, Christian angel, or a blind, blundering, old heathen deity?" For my part I hold with Dante—for which, if I were so pleased, or if, at this period of my memoirs, I had half a dozen pages to spare, I could give many good reasons. One thing, however, is quite clear—that, whether Fortune be more like Plutus or an angel, it is no use abusing her—one may as well throw stones at a star. And I think if one looked narrowly at her operations, one might perceive that she gives every man a chance, at least once in his life: if he take and make the best of it, she will renew her visits: if not—*dur ad astra!* And therewith I am reminded of an incident quaintly narrated by Mariana in his "History of Spain," how the army of the Spanish kings got out of a sad hobble among the mountains at the pass of Losa, by the help of a shepherd, who showed them the way. "But," saith Mariana, parenthetically, "some do say the shepherd was an angel: for after he had shown the way, he was never seen more." That is, the angelic nature of the guide was proved by being only once seen, and disappearing after having got the army out of the hobble, leaving it to fight or run away, as it had most mind to.

\* Dante here evidently associates Fortune with the planetary influences of judicial astrology. It is doubtful whether Schiller ever read Dante, but in one of his most thoughtful poems, he undertakes the same defence of Fortune, making the Fortunate a part of the Beautiful.

Now I look upon that shepherd, or angel, as a very good type of my fortune at least. The apparition showed me my way in the rocks to the great "Battle of Life;" after that,—hold fast and strike hard!

Behold me in London with Uncle Roland. My poor parents naturally wished to accompany me, and take the last glimpse of the adventurer on board ship: but I, knowing that the parting would seem less dreadful to them by the hearthstone, and while they could say, "He is with Roland—he is not yet gone from the land"—insisted on their staying behind: and so the farewell was spoken. But Roland, the old soldier, had so many practical instructions to give—could so help me in the choice of the outfit, and the preparations for the voyage, that I

could not refuse his companionship to the last. Guy Bolding, who had gone to take leave of his father, was to join me in town, as well as my humbler Cumberland colleagues.

As my uncle and I were both of one mind upon the question of economy, we took up our quarters at a lodging-house in the City; and there it was that I first made acquaintance with a part of London, of which few of my politer readers even pretend to be cognisant. I do not mean any sinner at the City itself, my dear alderman; that jest is worn out. I am not alluding to streets, courts, and lanes; what I mean may be seen at the west end, not so well as at the east, but still seen very fairly: I mean—  
THE HOUSE-TOPS!

#### CHAPTER LXXIII.

##### Being a Chapter on House-Tops.

THE HOUSE-TOPS! what a soberising effect that prospect produces on the mind. But a great many requisites go towards the selection of the right point of survey. It is not enough to secure a lodging in the attic; you must not be fobbed off with a front attic that faces the street. First, your attic must be unequivocally a back attic; secondly, the house in which it is located must be slightly elevated above its neighbours; thirdly, the window must not lie slant on the roof, as is common with attics—in which case you only catch a peep of that leaden canopy which infatuated Londoners call the sky—but must be a window perpendicular, and not half blocked up by the parapets of that fosse called the gutter; and, lastly, the sight must be so humour'd that you cannot catch a glimpse of the pavements: if you once see the world beneath, the whole charm of that world above is destroyed. Taking it for granted that you have secured these requisites, open your window, lean your chin on both hands, the elbows propped commodiously on the sill, and contemplate the extraordinary scene which spreads before you. You find it difficult to believe that life can be so tranquil on high, while it is so noisy and turbulent below. What

astonishing stillness! Eliot Warburton (seductive enchanter) recommends you to sail down the Nile if you want to lull the vexed spirit. It is easier and cheaper to hire an attic in Holborn! You don't have the crocodiles, but you have animals no less hallowed in Egypt—the cats! And how harmoniously the tranquil creatures blend with the prospect—how noiselessly they glide along at the distance, pause, peer about, and disappear. It is only from the attic that you can appreciate the picturesque which belongs to our domesticated tiger-kin! The goat should be seen on the Alps, and the cat on the house-top.

By degrees the curious eye takes the scenery in detail: and first, what fantastic variety in the heights and shapes of the chimney-pots! Some all level in a row, uniform and respectable, but quite uninteresting; others, again, rising out of all proportion, and imperatively tasking the reason to conjecture why they are so aspiring. Reason answers that it is but a homely expedient to give freer vent to the smoke; whereon Imagination steps in, and represents to you all the fretting, and fuming, and worry, and care, which the owners of that chimney, now the tallest of all, en-

dured, before, by building it higher, they got rid of the vapours! You see the mistress of the cook, when the sooty invader rushed down, "like a wolf on the fold," full spring on the Sunday joint. You hear the exclamations of the mistress, (perhaps a bride,—house newly furnished,) when, with white apron and cap, she ventured into the drawing-room, and was straightway saluted by a joyous dance of those monads, called vulgarly *smuts*. You feel manly indignation at the brute of a bridegroom, who rushes out from the door, with the smuts dancing after him, and swears, "Smoked out again—By the Arch-smoker himself, I'll go and dine at the club!" All this might well have been, till the chimney-pot was raised a few feet nearer heaven; and now perhaps that long-suffering family owns the happiest home in the Row. Such contrivances to get rid of the smoke! It is not every one who merely heightens his chimney; others clap on the hollow tormentor all sorts of odd headgear and cowls. Here patent contrivances act the purpose of weathercocks, swaying to and fro with the wind; there others stand as fixed as if by a "*sic jubeo*" they had settled the business. But of all those houses that, in the street, one passes by, unsuspecting of what's the matter within, there is not one in a hundred but what there has been the devil to do, to cure the chimneys of smoking! At that reflection, Philosophy dismisses the subject; and decides that, whether one lives in a hut or a palace, the first thing to do is to look to the hearth—and get rid of the vapours.

New beauties demand us. What endless undulations in the various declivities and ascents: here a slant, there a zig-zag! With what majestic disdain your roof rises up to the left!—Doubtless, a palace of Genii or Gin, (which last is the proper Arabic word for those builders of halls out of nothing, employed by Aladdin.) Seeing only the roof of that palace boldly breaking the skyline—how serene your contemplations! Perhaps a star twinkles over it, and you muse on soft eyes far away; while below, at the threshold—No, phantoms, we see you not from our attic! Note, yonder, that precipitous fall—how ragged and

jagged the roof-scene descends in a gorge. He who would travel on foot through the pass of that defile, of which we see but the picturesque summits, stops his nose, averts his eyes, guards his pockets, and hurries along through the squalor of the grim London lazzaroni. But seen *above*, what a noble break in the skyline! It would be sacrilege to exchange that fine gorge for a dead flat of dull roof-tops. Look here—how delightful!—that desolate house with no roof at all—gutted and skinned by the last London fire! You can see the poor green and white paper still clinging to the walls, and the chasm that once was a cupboard, and the shadows gathering black on the aperture that once was a hearth! Seen below, how quickly you would cross over the way! That great crack forbodes an avalanche: you would hold your breath, not to bring it down on your head. But seen *above*, what a compassionate inquisitive charm in the skeleton ruin! How your fancy runs riot—repeopling the chambers, hearing the last cheerful good-night of that destined Pompeii—creeping on tiptoe with the mother, when she gives her farewell look to the baby. Now all is midnight and silence: then the red, crawling serpent comes out. Lo! his breath; hark! his hiss. Now, spire after spire he winds and coils; now he soars up erect—crest superb, and forked tongue—the beautiful horror! Then the start from the sleep, and the doubtful awaking, and the run here and there, and the mother's rush to the cradle; the cry from the window, and the knock at the door, and the spring of those on high towards the stair that leads to safety below, and the smoke rushing up like the surge of a hell! And they run back stifled and blinded, and the floor heaves beneath them like a bark on the sea. Hark! the grating wheels thundering low; near and near comes the engine. Fix the ladders!—there! there! at the window, where the mother stands with the babe! Splash and hiss comes the water; pales, then flares out, the fire-foe defies foe; element, element. How sublime is the war! But the ladder, the ladder!—there at the window! All else are saved: the clerk and his books; the

lawyer, with that tin box of title-deeds ; the landlord, with his policy of insurance ; the miser, with his bank-notes and gold : all are saved—all, but the babe and the mother. What a crowd in the streets ! how the light crimson over the gazers, hundreds on hundreds ! All those faces seem as one face, with fear. Not a man mounts the ladder. Yes, there—gallant fellow ! God inspires—God shall speed thee ! How plainly I see him !—his eyes are closed, his teeth set. The serpent leaps up, the forked tongue darts upon

him, and the reek of the breath wraps him round. The crowd has ebbed back like a sea, and the smoke rushes over them all. Ha ! what dim forms are those on the ladder ? Near and nearer—crash come the roof-tiles. Alas, and alas !—no ; a cry of joy—a “Thank heaven !” and the women force their way through the men to come round the child and the mother. All is gone, save that skeleton ruin. But here, the ruin is seen from *above*. O Art, study-life from the roof-tops !

## CHAPTER LXXIV.

I was again foiled in seeing Trevanion. It was the Easter recess, and he was at the house of one of his brother ministers, somewhere in the north of England. But Lady Ellinor was in London, and I was ushered into her presence. Nothing could be more cordial than her manner, though she was evidently much depressed in spirits, and looked wan and careworn.

After the kindest inquiries relative to my parents, and the Captain, she entered with much sympathy into my schemes and plans, which she said that Trevanion had confided to her. The sterling kindness that belonged to my old patron (despite his affected anger at my not accepting his proffered loan) had not only saved me and my fellow-adventurer all trouble as to allotment orders, but procured advice, as to choice of site and soil, from the best practical experience, which we found afterwards exceedingly useful. And as Lady Ellinor gave me the little packet of papers with Trevanion's shrewd notes on the margin, she said with a half sigh, “Albert bids me say, that he wishes he were as sanguine of his success in the cabinet as of yours in the Bush.” She then turned to her husband's rise and prospects, and her face began to change. Her eyes sparkled, the colour came to her cheeks—“But you are one of the few who know him,” she said, interrupting herself suddenly ; “you know how he sacrifices all things—joy, leisure, health—to his country. There is not one selfish thought in his nature. And yet such envy—such obstacles still ! and” (her eyes dropped on her dress,

and I perceived that she was in mourning, though the mourning was not deep.) “and,” she added, “it has pleased heaven to withdraw from his side one who would have been worthy his alliance.”

I felt for the proud woman, though her emotion seemed more that of pride than sorrow. And perhaps Lord Castleton's highest merit in her eyes had been that of ministering to her husband's power and her own ambition. I bowed my head in silence, and thought of Fanny. Did she, too, pine for the lost rank, or rather mourn the lost lover ?

After a time, I said hesitatingly, “I scarcely presume to condole with you, Lady Ellinor ; yet, believe me, few things ever shocked me like the death you allude to. I trust Miss Trevanion's health has not much suffered. Shall I not see her before I leave England ?”

Lady Ellinor fixed her keen bright eyes searchingly on my countenance, and perhaps the gaze satisfied her, for she held out her hand to me with a frankness almost tender, and said—“Had I had a son, the dearest wish of my heart had been to see you wedded to my daughter.”

I started up—the blood rushed to my cheeks, and then left me pale as death. I looked reproachfully at Lady Ellinor, and the word “cruel” faltered on my lips.

“Yes,” continued Lady Ellinor, mournfully, “that was my real thought, my impulse of regret, when I first saw you. But, as it is, do not think me too hard and worldly, if I quote the

lofty old French proverb, *Noblesse oblige*. Listen to me, my young friend,—we may never meet again, and I would not have your father's son think unkindly of me with all my faults. From my first childhood I was ambitious—not as women usually are, of mere wealth and rank—but ambitious as noble men are, of power and fame. A woman can only indulge such ambition by investing it in another. It was not wealth, it was not rank, that attracted me to Albert Trevanion; it was the nature that dispenses with the wealth, and commands the rank. Nay," continued Lady Ellinor, in a voice that slightly trembled, "I may have seen in my youth, before I knew Trevanion, one (she paused a moment, and went on hurriedly)—one who wanted but ambition to have realised my ideal. Perhaps, even when I married—and it was—aid for love—I loved less with my whole heart than with my whole mind. I may say this now, for *now* every beat of this pulse is wholly and only true to him with whom I have schemed, and toiled, and aspired; with whom I have grown as one; with whom I have shared the struggle, and now partake the triumph—realising the visions of my youth."

Again the light broke from the dark eyes of this grand daughter of the world, who was so superb a type of that moral contradiction—an *ambitious woman*.

"I cannot tell you," resumed Lady Ellinor, softening, "how pleased I was when you came to live with us. Your father has perhaps spoken to you of me, and of our first acquaintance?"

Lady Ellinor paused abruptly, and surveyed me as she paused. I was silent.

"Perhaps, too, he has blamed me?" she resumed, with a heightened colour.

"He never blamed you, Lady Ellinor!"

"He had a right to do so—though I doubt if he would have blamed me on the true ground. Yet, no; he never could have done me the wrong that your uncle did, when, long years ago, Mr de Caxton in a letter—the very bitterness of which disarmed all anger—

accused me of having trifled with Austin—nay, with himself! And *he*, at least, had *no* right to reproach me," continued Lady Ellinor warily, and with a curve of her haughty lip, "for if I felt interest in his wild thirst for some romantic glory, it was but in the hope that, what made the one brother so restless, might at least wake the other to the ambition that would have become his intellect, and aroused his energies. But these are old tales of follies and delusions now no more: only this will I say, that I have ever felt in thinking of your father, and even of your sterner uncle, as if my conscience reminded me of a debt which I longed to discharge—if not to them, to their children. So when we knew you, believe me that your interests, your career, instantly became to me an object. But, mistaking you—when I saw your ardent industry bent on serious objects, and accompanied by a mind so fresh and buoyant; and, absorbed as I was in schemes or projects far beyond a woman's ordinary province of hearth and home—I never dreamed, while you were our guest—never dreamed of danger to you or Fanny. I would you, pardon me; but I must vindicate myself. I repeat that, if we had a son to inherit our name, to bear the burden which the world lays upon those who are born to influence the world's destinies, there is none to whom Trevanion and myself would sooner have intrusted the happiness of a daughter. But my daughter is the sole representative of the mother's line, of the father's name. It is not her happiness alone that I have to consult, it is her duty—duty to her birthright, to the career of the noblest of England's patriots—duty. I may say, without exaggeration, to the country for the sake of which that career is run!"

"Say no more, Lady Ellinor; say no more. I understand you. I have no hope. I never had hope—it was a madness—it is over. It is but as a friend that I ask again, if I may see Miss Trevanion in your presence, before—before I go alone into this long exile. Ay, look in my face—you cannot fear my resolution, my honour, my truth. But once, Lady Ellinor, but once more! Do I ask in vain?"



Lady Ellinor was evidently much moved. I bent down almost in the attitude of kneeling; and, brushing away her tears with one hand, she laid the other on my head tenderly, and said in a very low voice—

"I entreat you not to ask me; I entreat you not to see my daughter. You have shown that you are not selfish—conquer yourself still. What if such an interview, however guarded you might be, were but to agitate, unnerve my child, unsettle her peace, prey upon"—

"Oh, do not speak thus—she did not share my feelings!"

"Could her mother own it if she did? Come, come, remember how young you both are. When you return, all these dreams will be forgotten; then we can meet as before—then I will be your second mother, and again your career shall be my care; for do not think that we shall leave you so long in this exile as you seem to forbode. No, no; it is but an absence—an excursion—not a search after fortune. Your fortune—confide that to us when you return!"

"And I am to see her no more?" I murmured, as I rose, and went silently towards the window to conceal my face. The great struggles in life are limited to moments. In the drooping of the head upon the bosom—in the pressure of the hand upon the brow—we may scarcely consume a second in our three-score years and ten; but what revolutions of our whole being may pass within us, while that single sand drops noiseless down to the bottom of the hour-glass.

I came back with a firm step to Lady Ellinor, and said calmly. "My reason tells me that you are right, and I submit. Forgive me! and do not think me ungrateful, and over proud, if I add, that you must leave me still the object in life that consoles and encourages me through all."

"What object is that?" asked Lady Ellinor, hesitatingly.

"Independence for myself, and ease to those for whom life is still sweet. This is my twofold object; and the means to effect it must be my own heart and my own hands. And now convey all my thanks to your noble husband, and accept my warm prayers for yourself and *her*—whom I will not name. Farewell, Lady Ellinor."

"No, do not leave me so hastily: I have many things to discuss with you—at least to ask of you. Tell me how your father bears his reverse?—tell me, at least, if there is aught he will suffer us to do for him? There are many appointments in Trevanion's range of influence that would suit even the wilful indolence of a man of letters. Come, be frank with me!"

I could not resist so much kindness; so I sat down, and, as collectedly as I could, replied to Lady Ellinor's questions, and sought to convince her that my father only felt his losses so far as they affected me, and that nothing in Trevanion's power was likely to tempt him from his retreat, or calculated to compensate for a change in his habits. Turning at last from my parents, Lady Ellinor inquired for Roland, and, on learning that he was with me in town, expressed a strong desire to see him. I told her I would communicate her wish, and she then said thoughtfully—

"He has a son, I think, and I have heard that there is some unhappy discussion between them."

"Who could have told you that?" I asked in surprise, knowing how closely Roland had kept the secret of his family afflictions.

"Oh, I heard so from some one who knew Captain Roland—I forget when and where I heard it—but is it not the fact?"

"My uncle Roland has no son."

"How!"

"His son is dead."

"How such a loss must grieve him!"

I did not speak.

"But is he sure that his son is dead! What joy if he were mistaken—if the son yet lived!"

"Nay, my uncle has a brave heart, and he is resigned;—but, pardon me, have you heard anything of that son?"

"I!—what should I hear? I would fain learn, however, from your uncle himself, what he might like to tell me of his sorrows—or if, indeed, there be any chance that"—

"That—what?"

"That—that his son still survives."

"I think not," said I; "and I doubt whether you will learn much from my uncle. Still there is something in your words that belies their apparent meaning, and makes me

suspect that you know more than you will say."

"Diplomatist!" said Lady Ellinor, half smiling; but then, her facesettling into a seriousness almost severe, she added, "It is terrible to think that a father should hate his son!"

"Hate!—Roland *hate* his son! What calumny is this?"

"He does not do so, then! Assure me of that; I shall be so glad to know that I have been misinformed."

"I can tell you this, and no more—for no more do I know—that if ever the soul of a father were wrapt up in a son—fear, hope, gladness, sorrow, all reflected back on a father's heart

from the shadows on a son's life—Roland was that father while the son lived still."

"I cannot disbelieve you," exclaimed Lady Ellinor, though in a tone of surprise. "Well, do let me see your uncle."

"I will do my best to induce him to visit you, and learn all that you evidently conceal from me."

Lady Ellinor evasively replied to this insinuation, and shortly afterwards I left that house in which I had known the happiness that brings the folly, and the grief that bequeaths the wisdom.

#### CHAPTER LXXV.

I had always felt a warm and almost filial affection for Lady Ellinor, independently of her relationship to Fanny, and of the gratitude with which her kindness inspired me: for there is an affection very peculiar in its nature, and very high in its degree, which results from the blending of two sentiments not often allied,—viz., pity and admiration. It was impossible not to admire the rare gifts and great qualities of Lady Ellinor, and not to feel pity for the cares, anxieties, and sorrows which tormented one who, with all the sensitiveness of woman, went forth into the rough world of man.

My father's confession had somewhat impaired my esteem for Lady Ellinor, and had left on my mind the uneasy impression that she *had* trifled with his deep, and Roland's impetuous, heart. The conversation that had just passed allowed me to judge her with more justice—allowed me to see that she had really shared the affection she had inspired in the student, but that ambition had been stronger than love—an ambition, it might be, irregular and not strictly feminine, but still of no vulgar nor sordid kind. I gathered, too, from her hints and allusions, her true excuse for Roland's misconception of her apparent interest in himself: she had but seen, in the wild energies of the elder brother, some agency by which to arouse the sorer faculties of the younger. She had but sought, in the

strange comet that flashed before her, to fix a lever that might move the star. Nor could I withhold my reverence from the woman who, not being married precisely from love, had no sooner linked her nature to one worthy of it, than her whole life became as fondly devoted to her husband's as if he had been the object of her first romance and her earliest affections. If even her child was so secondary to her husband—if the fate of that child was but regarded by her as one to be rendered subservient to the grand destinies of Trevanion—still it was impossible to recognise the error of that conjugal devotion without admiring the wife, though one might condemn the mother. Turning from these meditations, I felt a lover's thrill of selfish joy, amidst all the mournful sorrow comprised in the thought that I should see Fanny no more. Was it true as Lady Ellinor implied, though delicately, that Fanny still cherished a remembrance of me—which a brief interview, a last farewell, might re-awaken too dangerously for her peace? Well, that was a thought that it became me not to indulge.

What could Lady Ellinor have heard of Roland and his son? Was it possible that the lost lived still? Asking myself these questions, I arrived at our lodgings, and saw the Captain himself before me, busied with the inspection of sundry specimens of the rude necessities an

Australian adventurer requires. There stood the old soldier, by the window, examining narrowly into the temper of hand-saw and tenor-saw, broad axe and drawing-knife; and as I came up to him, he looked at me from under his black brows, with gruff compassion, and said peevishly—

"Fine weapons these for the son of a gentleman!—one bit of steel in the shape of a sword were worth them all."

"Any weapon that conquers fate is noble in the hands of a brave man, uncle!"

"The boy has an answer for everything," quoth the Captain, smiling, as he took out his purse and paid the shopman.

When we were alone, I said to him—

"Uncle, you must go and see Lady Ellinor: she desires me to tell you so."

"Pshaw!"

"You will not?"

"No!"

"Uncle, I think that she has something to say to you with regard to—to—pardon me!—to my cousin."

"To Blanche?"

"No, no—to the cousin I never saw." Roland turned pale, and, sinking down on a chair, faltered out—

"To him—to my son!"

"Yes; but I do not think it is news that will afflict you. Uncle, are you sure that my cousin is dead?"

"What!—how dare you!—who doubts it? Dead—dead to me for ever! Boy, would you have him live to dishonour these gray hairs?"

"Sir, sir, forgive me—uncle, forgive me; but, pray, go to see Lady Ellinor: for whatever she has to say, I repeat that I am sure it will be nothing to wound you."

"Nothing to wound me—yet relate to *him*!"

It is impossible to convey to the reader the despair that was in those words.

"Perhaps," said I, after a long pause, and in a low voice—for I was awestricken—"perhaps—if he be dead—he may have repented of all offence to you before he died."

"Repented!—ha, ha!"

"Or, if he be not dead?"

"Hush, boy—hush!"

"While there is life, there is hope of repentance."

"Look you, nephew," said the Captain, rising and folding his arms resolutely on his breast—"look you, I desired that that name might never be breathed. I have not cursed my son yet: could he come to life—the curse might fall! You do not know what torture your words have given me, just when I had opened my heart to another son, and found that son in you! With respect to the lost, I have now but one prayer, and you know it—the heartbroken prayer—that his name never more may come to my ears!"

As he closed these words, to which I ventured no reply, the Captain took long disordered strides across the room; and suddenly, as if the space imprisoned, or the air stifled him, he seized his hat, and hastened into the street. Recovering my surprise and dismay, I ran after him; but he commanded me to leave him to his own thoughts, in a voice so stern, yet so sad, that I had no choice but to obey. I knew, by my own experience, how necessary is solitude in the moments when grief is strongest and thought most troubled.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

Hours elapsed, and the Captain had not returned home. I began to feel uneasy, and went forth in search of him, though I knew not whither to direct my steps. I thought it, however, at least probable, that he had not been able to resist visiting Lady Ellinor, so I went first to St James's Square. My suspicions were correct; the Captain had been there two hours before. Lady Ellinor herself had

gone out shortly after the Captain left. While the porter was giving me this information, a carriage stopped at the door, and a footman, stepping up, gave the porter a note and a small parcel, seemingly of books, saying simply, "From the Marquis of Castleton." At the sound of that name I turned hastily, and recognised Sir Sedley Baudesert seated in the carriage, and looking out of the win-

dow with a dejected, moody expression of countenance, very different from his ordinary aspect, except when the rare sight of a gray hair, or a twinge of the toothache, reminded him that he was no longer twenty-five. Indeed, the change was so great that I exclaimed, dubiously—“Is that Sir Sedley Beaudesert?” The footman looked at me, and touching his hat said, with a condescending smile,—“Yes, sir—now the Marquis of Castleton.”

Then, for the first time since the young lord's death, I remembered Sir Sedley's expressions of gratitude to Lady Castleton, and the waters of Ems, for having saved him from “that horrible marquise.” Meanwhile, my old friend had perceived me, exclaiming,—

“What, Mr Caxton! I am delighted to see you! Open the door, Thomas. Pray come in, come in.”

I obeyed; and the new Lord Castleton made room for me by his side.

“Are you in a hurry?” said he; “if so, shall I take you anywhere?—if not, give me half an hour of your time, while I drive to the City.”

As I knew not now in what direction more than another, to prosecute my search for the Captain, and as I thought I might as well call at our lodgings to inquire if he had not returned, I answered that I should be very happy to accompany his lordship; “though the City,” said I, smiling, “sounds to me strange upon the lips of Sir Sedley—I beg pardon, I should say of Lord—”

“Don't say any such thing: let me once more hear the grateful sound of Sedley Beaudesert. Shut the door, Thomas: to Gracechurch Street—Messrs Fudge and Fidget.”

The carriage drove on.

“A sad affliction has befallen me,” said the marquis, “and none sympathise with me.”

“Yet all, even unacquainted with the late lord, must have felt shocked at the death of one so young, and so full of promise.”

“So fitted in every way to bear the burden of the great Castleton name and property, and yet you see it killed him! Ah! if he had been but a simple gentleman, or if he had had a less conscientious desire to do his

duties, he would have lived to a good old age. I know what it is already. Oh, if you saw the piles of letters on my table! I positively dread the post. Such colossal improvements on the property which the poor boy had begun for me to finish. What do you think takes me to Fudge and Fidget? Sir, they are the agents for an infernal coal mine which my cousin had reopened in Durham, to plague my life out with another thirty thousand pounds a-year! How am I to spend the money?—how am I to spend it! There's a cold-blooded head-steward, who says that charity is the greatest crime a man in high station can commit: it demoralises the poor. Then, because some half-a-dozen farmers sent me a round-robin, to the effect that their rents were too high, and I wrote them word the rents should be lowered, there was such a hullabaloo—you would have thought heaven and earth were coming together. If a man in the position of the Marquis of Castleton set the example of letting land below its value, how could the poorer squires in the county exist?—or, if they did exist, what injustice to expose them to the charge that they were grasping landlords, vampires, and bloodsuckers. Clearly, if Lord Castleton lowered his rents, (they were too low already,) he struck a mortal blow at the property of his neighbours, if they followed his example; or at their character, if they did not. No man can tell how hard it is to do good, unless fortune gives him a hundred thousand pounds a-year, and says,—‘Now, do good with it!’ Sedley Beaudesert might follow his whims, and all that would be said against him would be, ‘Good-natured, simple fellow!’ But if Lord Castleton follow his whims, you would think he was a second Catiline—unsettling the peace, and undermining the prosperity of the entire nation!” Here the wretched man paused, and sighed heavily; then, as his thoughts wandered into a new channel of woe, he resumed,—“Ah, if you could but see the forlorn great house I am expected to inhabit, cooped up between dead walls, instead of my pretty rooms, with the windows full on the park; and the balls I am expected to give, and the parliamentary interest I am to keep up; and

the villanous proposal made to me to become a lord steward, or lord chamberlain, because it suits my rank to be a sort of a servant. Oh, Pisis-tratus! you lucky dog—not twenty-one, and with, I dare say, not two hundred pounds a-year in the world!”

Thus bemoaning and bewailing his sad fortunes, the poor marquis ran on, till at last he exclaimed, in a tone of yet deeper despair—

“And everybody says I must marry, too!—that the Castleton line must not be extinct! The Beaudeserts are a good old family one—as old, for what I know, as the Castletons; but the British empire would suffer no loss if they sank into the tomb of the Capulets. But that the Castleton peerage should expire, is a thought of crime and woe, at which all the mothers of England rise in a phalanx! And so, instead of visiting the sins of the fathers on the sons, it is the father that is to be sacrificed for the benefit of the third and fourth generation!”

Despite my causes for seriousness, I could not help laughing; my companion turned on me a look of reproach.

“At least,” said I, composing my countenance, “Lord Castleton has one comfort in his afflictions—if he must marry, he may choose as he pleases.”

“That is precisely what Sedley Beaudesert could, and Lord Castleton cannot do,” said the marquis gravely. “The rank of Sir Sedley Beaudesert was a quiet and comfortable rank—he might marry a curate’s daughter, or a duke’s—and please his eye or grieve his heart as the caprice took him. But Lord Castleton must marry, not for a wife, but for a marchioness,—marry some one who *will wear his rank* for him,—take the trouble of splendour off his hands, and allow him to retire into a corner, and dream that he is Sedley Beaudesert once more! Yes, it must be so—the crowning sacrifice must be completed at the altar. But a truce to my complaints. Trevanion informs me you are going to Australia,—can that be true?”

“Perfectly true.”

“They say there is a sad want of ladies there.”

“So much the better,—I shall be all the more steady.”

“Well, there’s something in that. Have you seen Lady Ellinor?”

“Yes—this morning.”

“Poor woman!—a great blow to her—we have tried to console each other. Fanny, you know, is staying at Oxton, in Surrey, with Lady Castleton,—the poor lady is so fond of her—and no one has comforted her like Fanny.”

“I was not aware that Miss Trevanion was out of town.”

“Only for a few days, and then she and Lady Ellinor join Trevanion in the north—you know he is with Lord N——, settling measures on which—but alas, they consult me now on those matters—force their secrets on me. I have, heaven knows how many votes! Poor me! Upon my word, if Lady Ellinor was a widow, I should certainly make up to her: very clever woman—nothing bores her.” (The marquis yawned—Sir Sedley Beaudesert never yawned.) “Trevanion has provided for his Scotch secretary, and is about to get a place in the Foreign Office for that young fellow Gower, whom, between you and me, I don’t like. But he has bewitched Trevanion!”

“What sort of a person is this Mr Gower?—I remember you said that he was clever, and good-looking.”

“He is both, but it is not the cleverness of youth; he is as hard and sarcastic as if he had been cheated fifty times, and jilted a hundred! Neither are his good looks that letter of recommendation which a handsome face is said to be. He has an expression of countenance very much like that of Lord Hertford’s pet bloodhound, when a stranger comes into the room. Very sleek, handsome dog, the bloodhound is certainly—well-mannered, and I dare say exceedingly tame; but still you have but to look at the corner of the eye, to know that it is only the habit of the drawing-room that suppresses the creature’s constitutional tendency to seize you by the throat, instead of giving you a paw. Still this Mr Gower has a very striking head—something about it Moorish or Spanish, like a picture by Murillo: I half suspect that he is less a Gower than a gipsy!”

“What!”—I cried, as I listened with rapt and breathless attention to this description. “He is then very dark, with high narrow forehead, features lightly aquiline, but very delicate,

and teeth so dazzling that the whole face seems to sparkle when he smiles—though it is only the lip that smiles, not the eye.”

“Exactly as you say; you have seen him, then?”

“Why, I am not sure, since you say his name is Gower.”

“He says his name is Gower,” returned Lord Castleton, drily, as he inhaled the Beaudesert mixture.

“And where is he now?—with Mr Trevanion?”

“Yes, I believe so. Ah! here we are—Fudge and Fidget! But perhaps,” added Lord Castleton, with a gleam of hope in his blue eye,—“perhaps they are not at home!”

Alas, that was an illusive “imagining,” as the poets of the nineteenth century unaffectedly express themselves. Messrs Fudge and Fidget were never out to such clients as the Marquis of Castleton: with a deep sigh, and an altered expression of face, the Victim of Fortune slowly descended the steps of the carriage.

“I can’t ask you to wait for me,” said he; “heaven only knows how long I shall be kept! Take the carriage where you will, and send it back to me.”

“A thousand thanks, my dear lord, I would rather walk—but you will let me call on you before I leave town.”

“Let you!—I insist on it. I am still at the old quarters, under pretence,”

said the marquis, with a sly twinkle of the eyelid, “that Castleton House wants painting!”

“At twelve to-morrow, then?”

“Twelve to-morrow. Alas! that’s just the hour at which Mr Screw, the agent for the London property, (two squares, seven streets, and a lane!) is to call.”

“Perhaps two o’clock will suit you better?”

“Two!—just the hour at which Mr Plausible, one of the Castleton members, insists upon telling me why his conscience will not let him vote with Trevanion!”

“Three o’clock?”

“Three!—just the hour at which I am to see the Secretary of the Treasury, who has promised to relieve Mr Plausible’s conscience! But come and dine with me—you will meet the executors to the will!”

“Nay, Sir Scoley—that is, my dear lord—I will take my chance, and look in, after dinner.”

“Do so: my guests are not lively! What a firm step the rogue has! Only twenty, I think—twenty! and not an acre of property to plague him!” So saying, the marquis dolorously shook his head, and vanished through the noiseless mahogany doors, behind which Messrs Fudge and Fidget awaited the unhappy man,—with the accounts of the great Castleton coal mine.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

On my way towards our lodgings, I resolved to look in at a humble tavern, in the coffee-room of which the Captain and myself habitually dined. It was now about the usual hour in which we took that meal, and he might be there waiting for me. I had just gained the steps of this tavern, when a stage coach came rattling along the pavement, and drew up at an inn of more pretensions than that which we favoured, situated within a few doors of the latter. As the coach stopped, my eye was caught by the Trevanion livery, which was very peculiar. Thinking I must be deceived, I drew near to the wearer of the livery, who had just descended from the roof, and, while he paid the coachman, gave his orders to a waiter who

emerged from the inn—“Half-and-half, cold without!” The tone of the voice struck me as familiar, and, the man now looking up, I beheld the features of Mr Peacock. Yes, unquestionably it was he. The whiskers were shaved—there were traces of powder in the hair or the wig—the livery of the Trevanions (ay, the very livery—crest-button, and all) upon that portly figure, which I had last seen in the more august robes of a beadle. But Mr Peacock it was—Peacock travestied, but Peacock still. Before I had recovered my amaze, a woman got out of a cabriolet, which seemed to have been in waiting for the arrival of the coach, and, hurrying up to Mr Peacock, said in the loud impatient tone common to the fairest of the fair sex,

when in haste—"How late you are—I was just going. I must get back to Oxton to-night."

Oxton -- Miss Trevanion was staying at Oxton! I was now close behind the pair—I listened with my heart in my ear.

"So you shall, my dear—so you shall: just come in, will you."

"No, no: I have only ten minutes to catch the coach. Have you any letter for me from Mr Gower? How can I be sure, if I don't see it under his own hand, that"—

"Hush!" said Peacock, sinking his voice so low that I could only catch the words, "no names, letter, pooh. I'll tell you." He then drew her apart, and whispered to her for some moments. I watched the woman's face, which was bent towards her companion's, and it seemed to show quick intelligence. She nodded her head more than once, as if in impatient assent to what was said: and, after a shaking of hands, hurried off to the cab; then, as if a thought struck her, she ran back, and said—

"But in case my lady should not go—if there's any change of plan?"

"There'll be no change, you may be sure: Positively to-morrow—not too early: you understand?"

"Yes, yes: good-by!"—and the woman, who was dressed with a quiet neatness, that seemed to stamp her profession as that of an abigail, (black cloak, with long cape—of that peculiar silk which seems spun on purpose for ladies'-maids--bonnet to match, with red and black ribbons,) hastened once more away, and in another moment the cab drove off furiously.

What could all this mean? By this time the waiter brought Mr Peacock the half-and-half. He despatched it hastily, and then strode on towards a neighbouring stand of cabriolets. I followed him: and just as, after beckoning one of the vehicles from the stand, he had ensconced himself therein, I sprang up the steps and placed myself by his side. "Now, Mr Peacock," said I, "you will tell me at once how you come to wear that livery, or I shall order the cabman to drive to Lady Ellinor Trevanion's, and ask her that question myself."

"And who the devil!—Ah, you're

the young gentleman that came to me behind the scenes—I remember."

"Where to, sir?" asked the cabman.

"To—to London Bridge," said Mr Peacock.

The man mounted the box, and drove on.

"Well, Mr Peacock, I wait your answer. I guess by your face that you are about to tell me a lie: I advise you to speak the truth."

"I don't know what business you have to question me," said Mr Peacock sullenly; and, raising his glance from his own clenched fists, he suffered it to wander over my form with so vindictive a significance that I interrupted the survey by saying, "Will you encounter the house? as the Swan interrogatively puts it—shall I order the cabman to drive to St James's Square?"

"Oh, you know my weak point, sir: any man who can quote Will—sweet Will—has me on the hip," rejoined Mr Peacock, smoothing his countenance, and spreading his palms on his knees. "But if a man does fall in the world, and, after keeping servant of his own, is obliged to be himself a servant,

— I will not shame  
To tell you what I am."

"The Swan says, 'To tell you what I was,' Mr Peacock. But enough of this trifling: who placed you with Mr Trevanion?"

Mr Peacock looked down for a moment, and then, fixing his eyes on me, said—"Well, I'll tell you: you asked me, when we met last, about a young gentleman—Mr—Mr Vivian."

PISISTRATUS. — Proceed.

PEACOCK. — I know you don't want to harm him. Besides, "He hath a prosperous art," and one day or other, — mark my words, or rather my friend Will's—

"He will be tride this narrow world  
Like a Colossus."

Upon my life he will—like a Colossus,

"And we petty men"

PISISTRATUS (*saragely*). — Go on with your story.

PEACOCK (*snappishly*). — I am going on with it! You put me out; where was I—oh—ah yes. I had just been sold up—not a penny in my pocket;

and if you could have seen my coat—yet that was better than the small-clothes! Well, it was in Oxford Street—no, it was in the Strand, near the Lowther—

“The sun was in the heavens; and the proud day  
Attended, with the pleasures of the world.”

PISISTRATUS, (*lowering the glass.*)—  
To St James’s Square?

PEACOCK.—No; no; to London Bridge.

“How we doth breed a habit in a man!”

I will go on—honour bright. So I met Mr Vivian, and as he had known me in better days, and has a good heart of his own, he says—

“Horatio, or I do forget myself.”

Pisistratus puts his hand on the check-string.

PEACOCK. — I mean, (*correcting himself*)—“Why, Johnson, my good fellow.”

PISISTRATUS.—Johnson!—oh that’s your name—not Peacock.

PEACOCK.—Johnson and Peacock both, (*with dignity.*) When you know the world as I do, sir, you will find that it is ill travelling this “naughty world” without a change of “games in your portmanteau.”

“Johnson,” says he, “my good fellow,” and he pulled out his purse. “Sir,” said I, “if, exempt from public haunt, I could get something to do when this dross is gone. In London there are sermons in stones, certainly, but not good in everything.”—an observation I should take the liberty of making to the Swan, if he were not now, alas! the baseless fabric of a vision.”

PISISTRATUS.—Take care!

PEACOCK. — (*hurriedly*)—“Then says Mr Vivian, “If you don’t mind wearing a livery, till I can provide for you more suitably, my old friend, there’s a vacancy in the establishment of Mr Trevanion.” Sir, I accepted the proposal, and that’s why I wear this livery.”

PISISTRATUS. — And, pray, what business had you with that young woman, whom I take to be Miss Trevanion’s maid?—and why should she come from Oxtou to see you?

I had expected that these questions would confound Mr Peacock, but if

there really were anything in them to cause embarrassment, the *ci-devant* actor was too practised in his profession to exhibit it. He merely smiled, and smoothing jauntily a very tumbled shirt-front, he said, “Oh sir, fie!”

“Of this matter,  
Is little Cupid’s crafty arrow made.”

If you must know my love affairs, that young woman is, as the vulgar say, my sweetheart.”

“You sweetheart!” I exclaimed, greatly relieved, and acknowledging at once the probability of the statement. “Yet” I added suspiciously—“yet, if so, why should she expect Mr Gower to write to her?”

“You’re quick of hearing, sir; I ot though

“All adoration, duty, and observance;  
All humbleness, and patience, and impatience,”

the young woman will not marry a livery servant—prond creature, very proud!—and Mr Gower, you see, knowing how it was, felt for me, and told her, if I may take such liberty with the Swan, that she should

—“Never be by Johnson’s side  
With an unquiet soul.”

for that he would get me a place in the Stamps! The silly girl said she would have it in black and white—as if Mr Gower would write to her!

“And now, sir,” continued Mr Peacock, with a simpler gravity, “you are at liberty, of course, to say what you please to my lady, but I hope you’ll not try to take the bread out of my mouth because I wear a livery, and am fool enough to be in love with a waiting-woman—I, sir, who could have married ladies who have played the first parts in life—on the metropolitan stage.”

I had nothing to say to these representations—they seemed plausible; and though at first I had suspected that the man had only resorted to the buffoonery of his quotations in order to gain time for invention, or to divert my notice from any flaw in his narrative, yet at the close, as the narrative seemed probable, so I was willing to believe that the buffoonery was merely characteristic. I contented myself therefore with asking—



"Where do you come from now?"

"From Mr Trevanion, in the country, with letters to Lady Ellinor?"

"Oh, and so the young woman knew you were coming to town?"

"Yes, sir; some days ago. Mr Trevanion told me the day I should have to start."

"And what do you and the young woman propose doing to-morrow, if there is no change of plan?"

Here I certainly thought there was a slight, scarce perceptible, alteration in Mr Peacock's countenance, but he answered readily, "To-morrow? a little assignation, if we can both get out;—

'Woo me, now I am in a holiday humour,  
And like enough to consent.'

Swan again, sir!"

"Humph!—so then Mr Gower and Mr Vivian are the same person."

Peacock hesitated. "That's not *my* secret, sir; I am combined by a sacred vow." You are too much the gentleman to peep through the blanket of the dark, and to ask me, who wear the whips and stripes—I mean the plush small-clothes and shoulder-knots—the secrets of another gent, to whom 'my services are bound.'"

How a man past thirty foils a man scarcely twenty!—"what superiority the mere fact of living-on gives to the dullest dog! I bit my lip, and was silent.

"And," pursued Mr Peacock, "if you knew how the Mr Vivian you inquired after loves you! When I told him incidentally, how a young gentleman had come behind the scenes to inquire after him, he made me describe you, and then said, quite mournfully, 'If ever I am what I hope to become, how happy I shall be to shake that kind hand once

more,'—very words, sir!—honour bright!

'I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom  
Can lesser hide his hate or love than he.'

And if Mr Vivian has some reason to keep himself concealed still—if his fortune or ruin depend on your not divulging his secret for awhile—I can't think you are the man he need fear. 'Pon my life,

'I wish I was as sure of a good dinner,'

as the Swan touchingly exclaims. I dare swear that was a wish often on the Swan's lips in the privacy of his domestic life!"

My heart was softened, not by the pathos of the much profaned and desecrated Swan, but by Mr Peacock's unadorned repetition of Vivian's words; I turned my face from the sharp eyes of my companion—the cab now stopped at the foot of London Bridge.

I had no more to ask, yet still there was some uneasy curiosity in my mind, which I could hardly define to myself,—was it not jealousy? Vivian, so handsome and so daring—*he* at least might see the great heiress; Lady Ellinor perhaps thought of no danger there. But—I—I was a lover still, and—nay, such thoughts were folly indeed!

"My man," said I to the ex-comedian, "I neither wish to harm Mr Vivian (if I am so to call him), nor you who imitate him in the variety of your names. But I tell you, fairly, that I do not like your being in Mr Trevanion's employment, and I advise you to get out of it as soon as possible. I say nothing more as yet, for I shall take time to consider well what you have told me."

With that I hastened away, and Mr Peacock continued his solitary journey over London Bridge.

#### CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Amidst all that lacerated my heart, or tormented my thoughts, that eventful day, I felt at least one joyous emotion, when, on entering our little drawing-room, I found my uncle seated there.

The Captain had placed before him on the table a large Bible, borrowed from the landlady. He never travel-

led, to be sure, without his own Bible, but the print of that was small, and the Captain's eyes began to fail him at night. So this was a Bible with large type; and a candle was placed on either side of it; and the Captain leant his elbows on the table, and both his hands were tightly clasped upon his forehead—tightly, as if to

shut out the tempter, and *force* his whole soul upon the page.

He sate, the image of iron courage; in every line of that rigid form there was resolution. "I will *not* listen to my heart; I *will* read the Book, and learn to suffer as becomes a Christian man."

There was such a pathos in the stern sufferer's attitude, that it spoke those words as plainly as if his lips had said them.

Old soldier! thou hast done a soldier's part in many a bloody field; but if I could make visible to the

world thy brave soldier's soul, I would paint thee as I saw thee then!—Out on this tyro's hand!

At the movement I made, the Captain looked up, and the strife he had gone through was written upon his face.

"It has done me good," said he simply, and he closed the book.

I drew my chair near to him, and hung my arm over his shoulder.

"No cheering news then?" asked I in a whisper.

Roland shook his head, and gently laid his finger on his lips.

#### CHAPTER LXXIX.

It was impossible for me to intrude upon Roland's thoughts, whatever their nature, with a detail of those circumstances which had roused in me a keen and anxious interest in things apart from his sorrow.

Yet, as "restless I roll'd around my weary bed," and revolved the renewal of Vivian's connexion with a man of character so equivocal as Peacock, the establishment of an able and unscrupulous tool of his own in the service of Trevanion, the care with which he had concealed from me his change of name, and his intimacy at the very house to which I had frankly offered to present him; the familiarity which his creature had contrived to effect with Miss Trevanion's maid, the words that had passed between them—plausibly accounted for, it is true, yet still suspicious—and, above all, my painful recollections of Vivian's reckless ambition, and unprincipled sentiments—nay, the effect that a few random words upon Fanny's fortune, and the luck of winning an heiress, had sufficed to produce upon his heated fancy and audacious temper: when all these thoughts came upon me, strong and vivid, in the darkness of night, I longed for some confidant, more experienced in the world than myself, to advise me as to the course I ought to pursue. Should I warn Lady Ellinor? But of what?—the character of a servant, or the designs of the fictitious Gower? Against the first I could say, if nothing very positive, still enough to make it prudent to dismiss him. But of Gower or

Vivian, what could I say without, not indeed betraying his confidence—for that he had never given me—but without belying the professions of friendship that I myself had lavishly made to him? Perhaps, after all, he might have disclosed whatever were his real secrets to Trevanion: and, if not, I might indeed ruin his prospects by revealing the aliases he assumed. But wherefore reveal, and wherefore warn? Because of suspicions that I could not myself analyse—suspicions founded on circumstances most of which had already been seemingly explained away? Still, when morning came, I was irresolute what to do; and after watching Roland's countenance, and seeing on his brow so great a weight of care, that I had no option but to postpone the confidence I pined to place in his strong understanding and unerring sense of honour, I wandered out, hoping that in the fresh air I might re-collect my thoughts, and solve the problem that perplexed me. I had enough to do in sundry small orders for my voyage, and commissions for Bolding, to occupy me some hours. And, this business done, I found myself moving westward; mechanically, as it were. I had come to a kind of half-and-half resolution to call upon Lady Ellinor, and question her, carelessly and incidentally, both about Gower and the new servant admitted to the household.

Thus I found myself in Regent Street, when a carriage, borne by post-horses, whirled rapidly over the pavement—scattering to the right and left all

humbler equipages—and hurried, as if on an errand of life and death, up the broad thoroughfare leading into Portland Place. But, rapidly as the wheels dashed by, I had seen distinctly the face of Fanny Trevanion in the carriage, and that face wore a strange expression, which seemed to me to speak of anxiety and grief; and, by her side—was not that the woman I had seen with Peacock? I did not see the face of the woman, but I thought I recognised the cloak, the bonnet, and peculiar turn of the head. If I could be mistaken there, I was not mistaken at least as to the servant on the seat behind. Looking back at a butcher's boy, who had just escaped being run over, and was revenging himself by all the imprecations the Dialect of London slang could suggest, the face of Mr Peacock was exposed in full to my gaze.

My first impulse, on recovering my surprise, was to spring after the carriage; in the haste of that impulse, I cried "Stop!" But the carriage was out of sight in a moment, and my word was lost in air. After pausing for a moment, full of presentiments of some evil—I knew not what—I then altered my course, and stopped not till I found myself, panting and out of breath, in St James's Square—at the door of Trevanion's house—in the hall. The porter had a newspaper in his hand as he admitted me.

"Where is Lady Ellinor? I must see her instantly."

"No worse news of master, I hope, sir?"

"Worse news of what?—of whom?—of Mr Trevanion?"

"Did you not know he was suddenly taken ill, sir; that a servant came express to say so last night. Lady Ellinor went off at ten o'clock to join him."

"At ten o'clock last night?"

"Yes, sir; the servant's account alarmed her ladyship so much."

"The new servant, who had been recommended by Mr Gower?"

"Yes, sir—Henry," answered the porter staring at me. "Please, sir, here is an account of master's attack in the paper. I suppose Henry took it to the office before he came here, which was very wrong in him; but I am afraid he's a very foolish fellow."

"Never mind that. Miss Trevanion—I saw her just now—*she* did not go with her mother; Where was she going, then?"

"Why, sir—but pray step into the parlour."

"No, no—speak."

"Why, sir, before Lady Ellinor set out, she was afraid that there *might* be something in the papers to alarm Miss Trevanion, and so she sent Henry down to Lady Castleton's, to beg her ladyship to make as light of it as she could. but it seems that Henry blabbed the worst to Mrs Mole,—"

"Who is Mrs Mole?"

"Miss Trevanion's maid, sir—a new maid; and Mrs Mole blabbed to my young lady, and so she took fright, and insisted on coming to town. And Lady Castleton, who is ill herself in bed, could not keep her, I suppose—especially as Henry said, though he ought to have known better, 'that she would be in time to arrive before my lady set off.' Poor Miss Trevanion was so disappointed when she found her mamma gone. And then she would order fresh horses, and would go on, though Mrs Bates (the housekeeper, you know, sir) was very angry with Mrs Mole, who encouraged Miss; and—"

"Good heavens! Why did not Mrs Bates go with her?"

"Why, sir, you know how old Mrs Bates is, and my young lady is always so kind that she would not hear of it, as she is going to travel night and day; and Mrs Mole said she had gone all over the world with her last lady, and that—"

"I see it all. Where is Mr Gower?"

"Mr Gower, sir!"

"Yes! Can't you answer?"

"Why, with Mr Trevanion, I believe, sir."

"In the north—what is the address?"

"Lord N——, C—— Hall, near W——"

I heard no more.

The conviction of some villainous snare struck me as with the swiftness and force of lightning. Why, if Trevanion were really ill, had the false servant concealed it from me? Why suffered me to waste his time, instead

of hastening to Lady Ellinor? How, if Mr Trevanion's *sudden* illness had brought the man to London—how had he known so long beforehand (as he himself told me, and his appointment with the waiting woman proved) the day he should arrive? Why now, if there were no design of which Miss Trevanion was the object—why so frustrate the provident foresight of her mother, and take advantage of the natural yearning of affection, the quick impulse of youth, to hurry off a girl whose very station forbade her to take such a journey without suitable protection—against what must be the wish, and what clearly were the instructions, of Lady Ellinor? Alone, —worse than alone! Fanny Trevanion was then in the hands of two servants, who were the instruments and confidants of an adventurer like Vivian; and that conference between those servants—those broken references to the morrow, coupled with the name Vivian had assumed—needed the unerring instincts of love more cause for terror—terror the darker, because the exact shape it should assume was obscure and indistinct?

I sprang from the house.

I hastened into the Haymarket, summoned a cabriolet, drove home as fast as I could (for I had no money about me for the journey I meditated:) sent the servant of the lodging to engage a chaise-and-four, rushed into the room, where Roland fortunately still was, and exclaimed—“Uncle, come with me!—take money, plenty of money!—Some villany I know, though I cannot explain it, has been practised on the Trevanions. We may defeat it yet. I will tell you all by the way—come, come!”

“Certainly. But villany!—and to people of such a station—pooh—collect yourself. Who is the villain?”

“Oh, the man I have loved as a friend—the man whom I myself helped to make known to Trevanion—Vivian—Vivian!”

“Vivian!—ah, the youth I have

heard you speak of. But how?—villany to whom—to Trevanion?”

“You torture me with your questions. Listen—this Vivian (I know him)—he has introduced into the house, as a servant, an agent capable of any trick and fraud; that servant has aided him to win over her maid—Fanny’s—Miss Trevanion’s. Miss Trevanion is an heiress, Vivian an adventurer. My head swims round, I cannot explain now. Ha! I will write a line to Lord Castleton—tell him my fears and suspicions—he will follow us, I know, or do what is best.”

I drew ink and paper towards me, and wrote hastily. My uncle came round and looked over my shoulder.

Suddenly he exclaimed, seizing my arm, “Gower, Gower. What name is this? You said ‘Vivian.’”

“Vivian or Gower—the same person.”

My uncle hurried out of the room. It was natural that he should leave me to make our joint and brief preparations for departure.

I finished my letter, sealed it, and when, five minutes afterwards, the chaise came to the door, I gave it to the ostler who accompanied the horses, with injunctions to deliver it forthwith to Lord Castleton himself.

My uncle now descended, and walked from the threshold with a firm stride. “Comfort yourself,” he said, as he entered the chaise, into which I had already thrown myself. “We may be mistaken yet.”

“Mistaken! You do not know this young man. He has every quality that could entangle a girl like Fanny, and not, I fear, one sentiment of honour that would stand in the way of his ambition. I judge him now as by a revelation—too late—oh Heavens, if it be too late!”

A groan broke from Roland’s lips. I heard in it a proof of his sympathy with my emotion, and grasped his hand; it was as cold as the hand of the dead.

## THE ROMANCE OF RUSSIAN HISTORY.

PROFESSOR SHAW, in the preface to his translation of Lajetchnikoff's striking and interesting romance, *The Heretic*, notices the shyness of English novelists in approaching Russian ground. "How happens it," he says, "that Russia, with her reminiscences of two centuries and a half of Tartar dominion—of her long and bloody struggles with the Ottoman and the Pole, whose territories stretch almost from the arctic ice to the equator, and whose semi-oriental diadem bears inscribed upon it such names as Peter and Catherine—should have been passed over as incapable of supplying rich materials for fiction and romance?" The question is hard to answer, and appears doubly so after reading the third volume of Monsieur A. Blanc's recent work on political conspiracies and executions,—a volume sufficient of itself to set those romance-writing who never wrote romance before. It is a trite remark, that romances, having history for their groundwork, derive their attraction and interest far more from the skill and genius of their authors than from the importance of the period selected, and from the historical prominence of the characters introduced. It is unnecessary to name writers in whose hands a Bayard or a Duguesclin, a Cromwell or a Charles of Sweden, would appear tame and commonplace. Our readers need not to be reminded of others of a different stamp,—and of one, great amongst all, the rays of whose genius have formed a halo of grandeur, glory, or fascination around persons to whom history accords scarcely a word. But such genius is not of every-day growth; and to historical romance-writers of the calibre of most of those with whom the British public is now fain to cry content, the mere devising of a plot, uniting tolerable historical fidelity with some claim to originality, is an undertaking in which they are by no means uni-

formly successful. To such we recommend, as useful auxiliaries, M. Blanc's octavos, and especially the one that suggests the present article. English and Scottish histories, if not used up, have at least been very handsomely worked, and have fairly earned a little tranquillity upon their shelves: the wars of the Stuarts, in particular, have contributed more than their quota to the literary fund. The same may be said of the history of France, so fertile in striking events, and so largely made use of by purveyors to the circulating libraries. Italy and Spain, and even Poland, have not escaped; whilst the East has been disported over in every direction by the accomplished Morier, and a swarm of imitators and inferiors. But what Englishman has tried his hand at a Russian historical romance? We strive in vain to call to mind an original novel in our language founded on incidents of Russian history—although the history of scarcely any nation in the world includes, in the same space of time, a greater number of strange and extraordinary events.

M. Blanc's book, notwithstanding a certain air of pretension in the style of its getting up, in the very mediocre illustrations, and in the tone of the introductory pages, is substantially an unassuming performance. It is a compilation, and contains little that is not to be found printed elsewhere. At the same time, perhaps in no other work are the same events and details thrown together in so compact and entertaining a form. The author troubles us with few comments of his own, and his reserve in this respect enhances the merit of his book, for when he departs from it his views are somewhat strained and ultra-French. But his narrative is spiritedly put together; and although it will be found, upon comparison, that he has, for the most part, faithfully adhered to high historical authorities, to the

exclusion of mere traditionary matter and of imaginative embellishment, yet the dramatic interest of the subject is itself so vivid, that the book reads like a romance.

The Russian history, even to our own day, is a sanguinary and cruel chronicle. Its brevity is its best excuse. The youth of the country extenuates the crimes of its children. For if the strides of Russia have been vast and rapid in the paths of civilisation, we must bear in mind that it is but very recently the progress began. "At the commencement of the eighteenth century," says M. Blanc, "it had certainly been very difficult to foresee that fifty years later a magnificent and polite court would be established on the Gulf of Finland; that soldiers raised on the banks of the Wolga and the Don would rank with the best disciplined troops; and that an empire, of itself larger than all the rest of Europe, would have passed from a state of barbarism to one of civilisation as advanced as that of the most favoured European states." This is overshooting the mark, and is an exaggeration even a hundred years after the date assigned. If the civilisation of St Petersburg has for some time vied with that of London or Paris, Russia, as a country, has even now much to do before she can be placed on a footing with England or France in refinement and intellectual cultivation. It is difficult to institute a comparison in a case where the nature of the countries, the characters of the nations, and the circumstances of their rise, are, and have been, so dissimilar. The investigation might easily entail a disquisition of a length that would leave very little room for an examination of the book in hand. And all that we seek in the present instance to establish will be readily conceded—namely, that in the throes of a country accomplishing with unprecedented rapidity the passage, usually so gradual, from barbarism to civilisation, some palliation is to be found for the faults and vices of her nobles and rulers, and for the blood-stains disfiguring her annals.

The early history of Russia, from the foundation of the empire by Rurik to the reign of Ivan IV.—that is

to say from the middle of the ninth to the middle of the sixteenth century—is a chaos of traditions and uncertainties, which M. Blanc has deemed unfavourable to the project of his book, and which he accordingly passes over in an introductory chapter. His business, as may be gathered from his title-page, is with the internal convulsions of the country; and these are difficult to trace, until Ivan Vassilivitch threw off the Tartar yoke, and his grandson Ivan IV., surnamed the Tyrant, or the Terrible, began, with an iron hand, it is true, to labour at the regeneration of his country. A bloodthirsty despot, Russia yet owes him much. The people, demoralised by Tartar rule, needed rigid laws and severe treatment. Ivan promulgated a code far superior to any previously in use. He invited to Russia foreign mechanics, artists, and men of science; established the first printing-press seen in the country; and laid the foundation of Russian trade, by a treaty of commerce with our own Elizabeth. By the conquest of Kazan, of the kingdom of Astracan, and of districts adjacent to the Caucasus, he extended the limits of the Russian empire. But his wise enactments and warlike successes were sullied by atrocious acts of cruelty. In Novogorod, which had offended him by its desires for increased liberty, he raged for six weeks like an incensed tiger. Sixty thousand human beings, according to some historians, fell victims on that occasion. Similar scenes of butchery were enacted in Tver, Moscow, and other cities. His cruel disposition was evident at a very early age. He was but thirteen years old when he assembled his boyars to inform them that he needed not their guidance, and would no longer submit to their encroachments on his royal prerogative. "I ought to punish you all," he said, "for all of you have been guilty of offences against my person; but I will be indulgent, and the weight of my anger shall fall only on Andrew Schusky, who is the worst amongst you." Schusky, the head of a family which had seized the reins of government during the Czar's minority, endeavoured to justify himself. Ivan would not hear him. "Seize and

bind him," cried the boy-despot, "and throw him to my dogs. They have a right to the repast." A pack of ferocious hounds, which Ivan took pleasure in rearing, were brought under the window, and irritated by every possible means. When they were sufficiently exasperated, Andrew Schusky was thrown amongst them. His cries increased their fury, and his body was torn to shreds and devoured.

Ivan dead, his son Feodor, who should have been surnamed the Feeble, as his father was the Terrible, ascended the Russian throne. He was the last of Rurik's descendants who occupied it. Even during his reign he recognised as regent of the empire his brother-in-law, the insolent and ambitious Boris Godunof. Possessed of the real power, this man coveted the external pomp of royalty. The crown was his aim, and to its possession after the death of Feodor, who, as weak of body as of mind, was not likely to be long-lived, only one obstacle existed. This was a younger son of Ivan IV., a child of a few years old, named Dmitri or Demetrius. The existence of this infant was a slight bar to one so unscrupulous as Godunof, a bar which a poniard soon removed. Feodor died, and his brother-in-law accepted, with much show of reluctance, the throne he had so long desired to fill. For the first time for many years he breathed freely; his end was attained; he thought not of the many crimes that had led to it, of the spilt blood of his child-victim, or of that of two hundred of the inhabitants of Ouglitch, judicially murdered by his orders in revenge of the death of Demetrius' assassins, whom the people had risen upon and slain; the tears of Ivan's widow, now childless and confined in a convent, and of her whole family, condemned to a horrible captivity, troubled not his repose or his dreams of future prosperity. But whilst he exulted in security and splendour, his joy was suddenly troubled by a strange retribution. Demetrius was dead; of that there could be no doubt; his emissary's dagger had done the work too surely—but the name of the rightful heir survived to make the usurper tremble. It is curious to observe in

how many details Godunof's own crimes contributed to his punishment. His manoeuvres to suppress the facts of Demetrius' death, by stopping couriers and falsifying despatches, so as to make it appear that the young prince had killed himself with a knife in a fit of epilepsy, had thrown a sort of mystery and ambiguity over the whole transaction, favourable to the designs and pretensions of impostors. One of the many dark deeds by which he had paved his way to the supreme power was the removal of the metropolitan of the Russian church, who was deposed and shut up in a convent, where it was pretty generally believed he met a violent death. In lieu of this dignitary, previously the sole chief of the Russian church, Godunof created a patriarchate, and Jeremias of Constantinople went to Moscow to instal the first patriarch, whose name was Job. This prelate, whilst visiting the convent of Tchnodof, was struck by the intelligence of a young monk named Gregory Otrepief or Atrepief, who could read, then a rare accomplishment, and who showed great readiness of wit. The patriarch took this youth into his service as secretary, and often carried him with him when he went to visit the Czar. Dazzled by the brilliancy of the court, and perceiving the ignorance and incapacity of many high personages, Otrepief conceived the audacious design of elevating himself above those to whom he felt himself already far superior in ability. He was acquainted with the details of the death of young Demetrius: and from some old servants of the Czarina Mary he obtained particulars of the character, qualities, and tastes of the deceased prince, all of which he carefully noted down, as well as the names and titles of the officers and attendants who had been attached to his person. Having prepared and studied his part, he asked leave to return to his convent. This was granted. His fellow-monks wondered to see him thus abandon the advantageous prospects held out to him by the favour of the patriarch.

"What should I become by remaining at court?" replied Otrepief, with a laugh: "a bishop at most, and I mean to be Czar of Moscow."

At first this passed as a joke; but

Otrepief, either through bravado, or because it formed part of his scheme, repeated it so often, that it at last came to the ears of the Czar himself, who said the monk must be mad. At the same time, as he knew by experience that the usurpation of the throne was not an impossible thing, he ordered, as an excessive precaution, that the boaster should be sent to a remote convent. Otrepief set out, but on the road he seduced his escort, consisting of two monks. By large promises he prevailed with them to accompany him to Lithuania, where many enemies of Godunof had taken refuge. According to the custom of the times, the travellers passed the nights in roadside monasteries, and in every cell that he occupied Otrepief wrote upon the walls—"I am Demetrius, son of Ivan IV. Although believed to be dead, I escaped from my assassins. Will I recompense the generous men who now show me hospitality." Soon the report spread far and wide that the Czarowitz Demetrius lived, and had arrived in Lithuania. Otrepief assumed a layman's dress, left his monkish adherents—one of whom agreed to bear the name his leader now renounced—and presented himself as the son of Ivan IV. to the Zaporian Cossacks, amongst whom he soon acquired the military habits and knowledge which he deemed essential to the success of his daring schemes. After a campaign or two, which, judging from the character of his new associates, were probably mere brigand-like expeditions in quest of pillage, Otrepief resumed the cowl, and entered the service of a powerful noble named Vichnevetski, whom he knew to have been greatly attached to Ivan IV. Pretending to be dangerously ill, he asked for a confessor. After receiving absolution: "I am about to die," he said to the priest; "and I entrust you, holy father, to have me buried with the honours due to the son of the Czar." The priest, a Jesuit, (the Jesuits were then all-powerful in Poland,) asked the meaning of these strange words, which Otrepief declined telling, but said they would be explained after his death by a letter beneath his pillow. This letter the astonished Jesuit took an

opportunity to purloin, and at the same time he perceived on the sick man's breast a gold cross studded with diamonds—a present received by Otrepief when secretary to the patriarch. In all haste the Jesuit went to Vichnevetski; they opened the letter, and gathered from its contents that he who had presented himself to them as a poor monk was no other than Demetrius, son of Ivan IV. Vichnevetski had in his service two Russians who had been soldiers of Ivan. Led to the sick man's bedside, these declared that they perfectly recognised in him the Czarowitz Demetrius; first, by his features—although they had not seen him since his childhood—and afterwards by two warts upon his face, and by an inequality in the length of his arms.

The Jesuits, never negligent of opportunities to increase their power, saw in the pretender to the czardom a fit instrument for the propagation of Romanism in Russia. They enlisted Sigismund king of Poland in the cause of the false Demetrius, who was treated as a prince, and lodged in a palace. Thence he negotiated with the pope's nuncio, who gave him assurance of the support of all Catholic Europe in exchange for his promise to unite Russia to the Latin church. An army of Poles and Russian refugees was raised, and the southern provinces of Russia were inundated with florid proclamations, in which the joys of an earthly paradise were offered to all who espoused the cause of their legitimate sovereign, Demetrius. The Don Cossacks, whose robberies had been recently checked by Godunof, flocked to the pretender's banner, and so formidable was the army thus collected, that the Czar began heartily to regret having paid such small attention to the words of the monk Otrepief. The Ukraine declared for the self-styled son of Ivan IV.; the voevóda of Sandomir, whose daughter he had promised to marry, acknowledged him as his prince; towns submitted, and fortresses opened their gates to the impostor, now in full march upon Moscow. Blinded by success, Otrepief fancied himself invincible; and, with scarcely fifteen thousand soldiers, he hurried to meet the Muscovite army, fifty thousand strong,



and provided with a formidable artillery. Beaten, his undisciplined forces dispersed, and he himself escaped death by a miracle; but his courage was still undaunted. After a few days, during which he slept upon the snow, and subsisted upon a few grains of barley, he succeeded in rallying his scattered bands. These became the nucleus of a new army; and at the very moment that Godunof, rejoicing at his victory, prepared to chastise the nobles compromised in the rebellion, he heard that his enemy was again afoot, more formidable than ever. Furious at the news, the Czar addressed reproaches and menaces to his generals, whom he thus completely alienated; and thenceforth he was surrounded by enemies. A sudden illness soon afterwards carried him off, giving him scarcely time to proclaim his son Feodor his successor. Court and clergy, people and army, paid homage to the young Czar. Amongst others, the general-in-chief of the army took the oath of fidelity; but no sooner was he again at the head of his troops, than he negotiated with Otrepief, and went over to him with all his forces. A few days afterwards the pretender was in Moscow. He strangled Feodor, and proclaimed himself Czar. Never had an impostor played his part with greater skill and such complete success. He had the art even to obtain his recognition from Ivan's widow. He recalled her relations, exiled since Godunof's usurpation, restored them their property and loaded them with honours, and then sent word to Mary that he would be to her a good son or a severe master, as she chose. The Czarina acknowledged him as her son, and was present at his coronation.

Notwithstanding the strength of this evidence, a noble, named Basil Shusky or Zuiski,—of the family whose chief Ivan IV. had thrown to his hounds,—still contended against the usurper. He had himself seen the corpse of Ivan's son Demetrius, and he declared as much to his friends and partisans, whom he offered to head and lead against the impostor. Before his plans were ripe, however, he was arrested and brought to trial. Otrepief offered to pardon him if he would name his accomplices, and

publicly admit that he had lied in stating that he had seen the dead body of the son of Ivan IV.

"I will retract nothing," was Shusky's firm reply; "for I have spoken the truth: the man who now wears the crown of the Czar is a vile impostor. I know the fate reserved for me; but those you uselessly urge me to betray will revenge my death, and the usurper shall fall."

As he persisted in his courageous assertions, the judges ordered him to be put to the torture. The executioner tied his hands behind him and placed upon his head an iron crown, bristling internally with sharp points; then, with the palm of his hand, he struck the top of the crown, and blood streamed over the victim's face.

"Confess your guilt!" said the judge.

The intrepid Shusky repeated his asseveration of Otrepief's imposture. The judge signed to the executioner, who again clapped a heavy hand upon the iron diadem. But suffering only augmented the energy of the heroic Muscovite, who continued, as long as consciousness remained in his tortured head, to denounce the false Czar. At last, when the whole of the forehead and the greater part of the skull were bared to the bone, he fainted and was removed. The terrible crown had been pressed down to his eyes. He was condemned to decapitation; but Otrepief pardoned him upon the scaffold, and, some time afterwards, was imprudent enough to take him into favour and make him his privy counsellor. Shusky had vowed revenge, and waited only for an opportunity. This was accelerated by Otrepief's fancied security. One morning the false Demetrius was roused by alarm-bells, and, on looking from a window, he beheld the palace surrounded by a host of armed conspirators. The doors were speedily forced; pursued from room to room by overwhelming numbers, his clothes and the doors through which he fled riddled with balls, the Czar at last leaped from a window, and, notwithstanding serious injuries received in falling, he reached a guardhouse occupied by the Strelitz. The post was soon surrounded by an armed and menacing crowd; but the officer com-

manding declared he would defend his sovereign with his life.

"He whom you call your sovereign is a monk who has usurped the crown," said Shusky to the officer.

"He is the son of the Czarina Mary," was the reply.

"The Czarina herself declares him an impostor."

"Show me her written declaration to that effect, and I will give him up; but only on that condition."

Shusky ran to the convent where Mary lived in a kind of semi-captivity, told her what was passing,—that the capital was in his power, and that she could not now refuse to proclaim the imposture of the wretch who had compelled her to recognise him as her son. Mary yielded the more easily that her timorous conscience reproached her with the falsehood by which she had confirmed an adventurer in the imperial dignity; she signed and sealed the declaration demanded, and Shusky hastened with it to the officer of Strelitz. Otrepief was given up. Shusky assembled some boyarins and formed a tribunal, of which he himself was president, and before which the Czar, thus rapidly cast down from the throne to which his address and courage had elevated him, was forthwith arraigned.

"The hour of expiation is come," said Shusky. "The head you so barbarously mutilated has never ceased to ponder vengeance. Monk Otrepief, confess yourself an impostor, that God, before whom you are about to appear, may have pity on your soul."

"I am the Czar Demetrius," replied Otrepief, with much assurance: "it is not the first time that rebellious subjects, led astray by traitors, have dared lay hands on the sacred person of their sovereign; but such crimes never remain unpunished."

"You would gain time," replied Shusky; "but you will not succeed; the Czarina Mary's declaration is sufficient for us to decide upon your fate, and, so doing, we doom you to die."

Thereupon four men seized the culprit and pushed him against a wall; two others, armed with muskets, went close up to him, and shot him. He struggled an instant, and then expired. His corpse, dragged by the mob to the place of common execu-

tion, was there abandoned with outrage and mutilation. His death was the signal for the massacre of the Poles, whom Otrepief had always favoured, affecting their manners, and selecting them for his body-guard. Moscow just then contained a great number of those foreigners; for Marina, daughter of the voevóda of Sandomir, had arrived a few days before for her nuptials with the Czar, and had been closely followed by the King of Poland's ambassadors, with an armed and numerous suite. After an orgie at the palace, the Poles had committed various excesses, beating peaceable citizens and outraging women, which had greatly exasperated the people. Besides this, their religion rendered them odious; and scarcely had the false Demetrius fallen when the Russian priests and monks raised the cry of massacre. With shouts of "Down with the Pope!" and "Death to the heretics!" they spread through the city, pointing out to the people the dwellings of the Poles, whose doors were already marked by the conspirators. It was a St Bartholomew on a small scale. Blood flowed for six hours in the streets of Moscow: more than a thousand Poles were slaughtered; and, when the work was done, the murderers repaired to the churches to thank God for the success of their enterprise. Shusky was proclaimed Czar by the will of the people, which, at that moment, it would not have been safe to thwart.

The brilliant success of one impostor, temporary though it had proved, soon raised up others. Shusky was no sooner on the throne than the report spread that Czar Demetrius had not been shot—that a faithful adherent had suffered death in his stead. And a runaway serf, Ivan Bolotnikof by name, undertook to personate the defunct impostor. But although he collected a sort of army of Strelitz, Cossacks, and peasants, glad of any pretext for pillage, and although he was recognised by two powerful princes, one of whom, strange to say, was his former owner, Prince Teliavski, his abilities and his success were alike far inferior to those of Otrepief. Astracan and several other towns revolted in his favour; but Shusky marched against him, won a

battle, in which Teliatovski was killed, and besieged Toulá, in which Bolotnikof and the other chiefs of the revolt had shut themselves up. "The besieged," says M. Blanc, "defended themselves vigorously; but Shusky, by the advice of a child, who was assuredly born with the genius of destruction, stopped the course of the Onpa, by means of a dike made below the town, through which the river flowed. The topographical position of the town was such that in a few hours it was completely under water. Many of the inhabitants were drowned; defence became impossible; and Bolotnikof, seized by his mutinous followers, was given up to Shusky. This second false Demetrius was forthwith shot; but his fate did not discourage a third impostor, who, like his predecessor, commanded armies, but never reached the throne. From first to last, no less than seven candidates appeared for the name and birthright of Ivan's murdered son. Three of them were promptly crushed: the seventh audaciously asserted that he united in his person not only the true Demetrius, whom Godunof had assassinated, but also the one whom Shusky had dragged from the throne, and two of the subsequent impostors. This was rather a strong dose even for Cossacks to swallow; but these gentlemen rejoiced at the prospect of booty, affected to credit the tale, and bore the pretender's banner to within a short distance of Moscow. There his career terminated. A Cossack chief, who had often seen Otrepiéf, finding himself in the presence of the seventh Demetrius, declared aloud that he was not the Czar he had served, arrested the impostor with his own hand, and hung him on a neighbouring tree.

The annals of this period of Russian history are painful from the atrocities they record; and M. Blanc is prodigal of horrors. The interval of a quarter of a century between the extinction of the line of Rurik and the accession of the Romanoff dynasty, still paramount in Russia, was occupied by constant struggles between usurpers and pretenders, none of whom dreamed of a milder fate than death for the foe who fell into their hands. And happy was the vanquished chief who escaped with a prompt and merciful

death by axe or bullet. The most hideous tortures were put in practice, either for the extortion of confessions, or for the gratification of malice. Even Shusky, whom we have shown enduring with noble fortitude the agonising pressure of the iron crown, learned not mercy from suffering. His treatment of an enthusiastic boyarin, sent by the third false Demetrius to summon him to vacate the throne, was such as Red Indians or Spanish inquisitors might have shuddered to witness. It is recorded, in all its horrible details, at page 52 of the *Histoire des Conspirations*, &c. The torture of individuals, which was of frequent occurrence, was varied from time to time by the massacre of multitudes. We have mentioned that of the Poles. In 1611, after Shusky's dethronement, it was the turn of the Muscovites. The Poles having seized Moscow, insisted that Vladislaus, son of the King of Poland, should be elected Czar. The nobles consented, but the patriarch steadily refused his consent; and, by the law of the land, his opposition nullified the election. Thereupon the Poles ran riot in the city, plundering, murdering, and ravishing; and at last, unsheathing the sword for a general slaughter, twenty thousand men, women, and children fell in one day beneath the murderous steel. A Muscovite army then closely blockaded the place: and the Poles were reduced to the greatest extremity of famine. They at last surrendered on condition of their lives being spared, notwithstanding which compact many were massacred by the Cossacks. "And yet," says M. Blanc, "the aspect of the town was well calculated to excite compassion rather than hatred. In the streets the cadaverous and emaciated inhabitants looked like spectres; in the houses were the remains of unclean animals, fragments of repasts horrible to imagine; and what is still more frightful, perhaps unprecedented, salting tubs were found, filled with human flesh."

It was under the reign of Alexis, the second Romanoff and father of Peter the Great, that there appeared in Russia the most extraordinary robber the world ever saw. He claimed not to be a Czar or the son of a Czar; the Demetrius mask was out of date,

and one real and another pretended son of Otrepiet and Marina had been executed by order of Alexis. The new adventurer was a common Cossack from the Don, who went by his own name of Stenka Razin, and to whom M. Blanc attributes, perhaps with a little exaggeration, the ambition, courage, and ferocity of a Tamerlane. In those days the Russian territory was by no means free from robbers, who pillaged caravans of merchandise, but generally respected the property of the Czar and the principal nobles, lest they should make themselves powerful enemies. Razin's first act was to throw down the glove to his sovereign. He seized a convoy belonging to the court, and hung some gentlemen who endeavoured to defend it. The fame of his intrepidity and success brought him many followers, and soon he was at the head of an army. He embarked on the Caspian Sea, and cruised along its shores, frequently landing and seizing immense booty. At the mouth of the Yaik he was met by an officer of the Czar's, sent by the voevoda of Astrachan to offer him and his companions a free pardon on condition of their discontinuing their robberies. Razin replied that he was no robber, but a conqueror; that he made war, and suffered none to fail in respect towards him. And to prove his words, he hung the officer, and drowned the men of his escort. A numerous body of Strelitz was then sent against him. Razin beat the Strelitz, seized the town of Yatskoi, massacred the garrison and the inhabitants, and passed the winter there unmolested. In the spring he marched into Persia. There he accumulated immense booty, but was at last expelled by a general rising of the population. On his return to Russia he was soon surrounded by troops; but even then, such was the terror of his name, the Russian general granted him a capitulation, by which he and his men were permitted to retire to their native provinces, taking their plunder with them; and their security was guaranteed so long as they abstained from aggression. This scandalous convention was ratified by Alexis, but was not long adhered to by the bandit with whom the Czar thus meanly

condescended to treat as an equal. Stenka's next campaign was even more successful than the previous one. Bodies of troops deserted to him, and several towns fell into his power: amongst others, that of Astracan, where frightful scenes of violence and murder were enacted—Razin himself parading the streets, intoxicated with brandy, and stabbing all he met. He was marching upon Moscow, with the avowed intention of dethroning the Czar, when he sustained a reverse, and, after fighting like a lion, was made prisoner, and sent in fetters to the city he had expected to enter in triumph. Taken before Alexis, he replied boldly and haughtily to the Czar's reproaches and threats. The only anxiety he showed was to know what manner of death he was to suffer. He had heard that, in the previous year, an obscure robber and assassin, who pillaged convents and churches, had been cut into pieces of half a finger's breadth, beginning at the toes. This barbarous punishment, of which several instances are cited in M. Blanc's book, was known as the "tor-ture of the ten thousand pieces." "But," exclaimed Stenka Razin, with a sort of terror, so horrible did this death appear to him, "I am no robber of monks! I have commanded armies. I have made peace with the Czar, therefore I had a right to make war upon him. Is there not a man amongst you brave enough to split my head with a hatchet?" The Strelitz guards, to whom these words were addressed, refused the friendly office, and Razin heard himself condemned to be quartered alive. He seemed resigned, as if he considered this death an endurable medium between the decapitation he had implored of his judges and the barbarous mincing he had been led to expect. But his energy forsook him on the scaffold, and the man who had so often confronted and inflicted death, received it in a swooning state.

The characters of few sovereigns admit of being judged more variously than that of Peter I. of Russia, surnamed the Great. According to the point of view whence we contemplate him, we behold the hero or the savage; the wise legislator or the lawless tyrant; the patient pursuer of science

or the dissolute and heartless debauchee. In the long chapter given to his romantic and eventful reign, M. Blanc shows him little favour. In a work treating of conspiracies and executions, the characters of the sovereigns introduced are naturally not exhibited under their most amiable aspect, especially when those sovereigns are Russian czars and czarinas, to whom lenity has generally been less familiar than severity, and pardon than punishment. The pen of Voltaire has done much for the reputation of Peter the Great, who to us has always appeared an overrated personage. Historians have vaunted his exploits and good deeds, till his crimes and barbarities have been lost sight of in the glitter of paucyric. The monarch who could debase himself to the level of an executioner, beheading his rebel subjects with his own hand, and feasting his eyes with the spectacle of death when he himself was weary of slaying; who could condemn his wife, repudiated without cause, to the frightful torture of the knout, and sign the order, which it is more than suspected he himself executed, for the death of his own son—may have been great as a warrior and a legislator, but must ever be execrated as a man. Peter was certainly an extraordinary compound of vices and virtues. His domestic life will not bear even the most superficial investigation, and M. Blanc has ripped it up unmercifully. The great reformer—we might almost say the founder—of the mighty empire of Russia, the conqueror of Charles of Sweden, was a drunkard and gross sensualist, a bad father, a cruel and unfaithful husband. Indeed some of his acts seem inexplicable otherwise than by that ferocious insanity manifest in more than one of his descendants. Even his rare impulses of mercy were apt to come too late to save the victim. As illustrating one of them, an incident, nearly the last event of Peter's life, is given by M. Blanc, in more minute detail than we ever before met with it. Peter's whole life was a romance; but this is assuredly one of its most romantic episodes. A short time before his death, according to M. Blanc, although other writers fix the date some years earlier, Peter was violently smitten by

the charms of a young girl named Ivanowa. Although tenderly attached, and about to be married to an officer of the regiment of Schouvaloff, she dared not oppose the Czar's wishes, but became his mistress. Peter, who took her repugnance for timidity, fancied himself beloved, and passed much of his time in her society, in a charming cottage in which he had installed her at one of the extremities of St Petersburg. He had enriched her family, who were ignorant, however, of her retreat. Her betrothed, whose name was Demetrius Daniloff, was in despair at her disappearance, and made unceasing efforts to discover her, but all in vain, until Ivanowa, having made a confidant of a Livonian slave, had him conducted to her presence. The lovers' meetings were then frequent, so much so, that Peter received intelligence of them. "His anger was terrible; he roared like a tiger.

" 'Betrayed! betrayed everywhere and always!' cried he, striding wildly about the room, and striking his brow with his clenched fist. 'Oh! revenge! revenge!'

"Before the close of day he left the palace, alone, wrapped in a coarse cloak, his feet in nailed shoes whose patches attested their long services, his head covered with a fox-skin cap which came down over his eyebrows and half concealed his eyes. He soon reached Ivanowa's house, where the lovers deemed themselves perfectly secure, for the Czar had spread a report of his departure for Moscow. Moreover, the faithful Livonian slave kept watch in the antechamber, to give an alarm at the least noise. Peter knew all this, and had taken his measures accordingly. Opening an outer door with a key of his own, he bounded into the ante-room, upset the slave, and, with a kick of his powerful foot, burst the door that separated him from the lovers. All this occurred with the speed of lightning. Daniloff and Ivanowa had scarce time to rise from their seats, before the Czar stood over them with his drawn sword in his hand. Ivanowa uttered a cry of terror, fell on her knees, and fainted. Prompt as the Czar, Daniloff bared his sabre and threw himself between

his mistress and Peter. The latter lowered his weapon.

"No," he said, 'the revenge were too brief.'

"He opened a window and cried *hourra!* At the signal, a hundred soldiers crowded into the house. Mastering his fury, the Czar ordered the young officer to be taken to prison, there to receive one hundred blows of the *battoques*\* or sticks. Ivanowa was also confined until the senate should decide on her fate. The next day Daniloſſ received his terrible punishment. Before half of it had been inflicted, his back, from the loins to the shoulders, was one hideous wound," &c. &c. We omit the revolting details. Nevertheless the executioners continued to strike, and the hundred blows were counted, without a complaint from the sufferer. The unfortunate Daniloſſ had not even fainted; he got up alone, when untied, and asked to have his wounds carefully dressed.

"I have need to live a short time longer," he added."

Meanwhile Ivanowa was brought before the senate, and accused of high treason and of trying to discover state secrets—a charge of Peter's invention. The supple senate, created by the Czar, condemned her to receive twenty-two blows of the knout in the presence of her accomplice Daniloſſ, already punished by the emperor's order. On the day appointed for the execution, Peter stood upon the balcony of his winter palace. Several battalions of infantry marched past, escorting the unfortunate Demetrius, who, in spite of the frightful sufferings he still endured, walked with a steady step, and with a firm and even joyful countenance. Surrounded by another escort, was seen the young and lovely Ivanowa, half dead with terror, supported on one side by a priest and on the other by a soldier, and letting her beautiful head fall from one shoulder to the other, according to the impulse given it by her painful progress. Even Peter's heart melted at the sight. Re-entering his apartment, he put on

the ribbon of the order of St Andrew, threw a cloak over his shoulders, left the palace, sprang into a boat, and reached the opposite side of the river at the same time as the mournful procession which had crossed the bridge. Making his way through the crowd, he dropped his cloak, took Ivanowa in his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her brow. A murmur rose amongst the people, and suddenly cries of "pardon" were heard.

"The knights of St Andrew then enjoyed the singular privilege that a kiss given by them to a condemned person, deprived the executioner of his victim. This privilege has endured even to our day, but not without some modification.

"Daniloſſ had recognised Peter. He approached the Czar, whose every movement he had anxiously watched, stripped off his coat, and rent the bloody shirt that covered his shoulders.

"The man who could suffer thus," he said, 'knows how to die.' Czar, thy repentance comes too late! Ivanowa, I go to wait for thee!" And drawing a concealed poniard, he stabbed himself twice. His death was instantaneous. Peter hurried back to his palace, and the stupefied crowd slowly dispersed. Ivanowa died shortly afterwards in the convent to which she had been permitted to retire."

If we are frequently shocked, in the course of M. Blane's third volume, by the tyrannical and brutal cruelty of the Russian sovereigns, we are also repeatedly disgusted by the servility and patient meanness of those who suffered from it. We behold Muscovite nobles of high rank and descent, cowering under the wanton torments inflicted on them by their oppressor, and submitting to degradations to which death, one would imagine, were, to any free-spirited man, fifty times preferable. As an example, we will cite the conduct of a Prince Galitzin, who, after long exile in Germany, where he had become a convert to the Romish church, solicited and obtained per-

\* The victim is placed upon his belly (and tied down so that he cannot change his position) to receive this terrible punishment, in severity inferior only to the knout.

mission to return to his country. This was in 1740, under the reign of the dissolute and cruel Czarina Anne. The paramours and flatterers who composed the court of that licentious princess, urged her to inflict on the new-made papist the same punishment that had been suffered by a noble named Vonitzin, who had turned Jew, and had been burned alive, or rather roasted at a slow fire. Anne refused, but promised the courtiers they should not be deprived of their sport.

"The same day, Galitzin, although upwards of forty years old, was ordered to take his place amongst the pages: a few days later he received a notification that the empress, contented with his services, had been pleased to raise him to the dignity of her third butfoon. 'The custom of buffoons,' says an historian, 'was then in full force in Russia; the empress had six, three of whom were of very high birth, and when they did not lend themselves with a good grace to the tomfooleries required of them by her or her favourites, she had them punished with the *battoings*.' The empress appeared well satisfied with the manner in which the prince fulfilled his new duties; and, as he was a widower, she declared she would find him a wife, that so valuable a subject might not die without posterity. They selected, for the poor wretch's bride, the most hideous and disgusting creature that could be found in the lowest ranks of the populace. Anne herself arranged the ceremonial of the wedding. It was in the depth of one of the severest winters of the century; and, at great expense, the empress had a palace built of ice. Not only was the building entirely constructed of that material, but all the furniture, including the nuptial bed, was also of ice. In front of the palace were ice cannons, mounted on ice carriages.

"Anne and all her court conducted the newly-married pair to this palace, their destined habitation. The guests were in sledges drawn by dogs and reindeer; the husband and wife, enclosed in a cage, were carried on an elephant. When the procession arrived near the palace, the ice cannons were fired, and not one of

them burst, so intense was the cold. Several of them were even loaded with bullets, which pierced thick planks at a considerable distance. When everybody had entered the singular edifice, the ball began. It probably did not last long. On its conclusion, Anne insisted on the bride and bridegroom being put to bed in her presence: they were undressed, with the exception of their under garments, and were compelled to lie down upon the bed of ice, without covering of any kind. Then the company went away, and sentinels were placed at the door of the nuptial chamber, to prevent the couple from leaving it before the next day! But when the next day came, they had to be carried out; the poor creatures were in a deplorable state, and survived their torture but a few days."

This patient submission to a long series of indignities on the part of a man of Galitzin's rank and blood is incomprehensible, and pity for his cruel death is mingled with contempt for the elderly prince who could tamely play the page, and caper in the garb of a court jester. But the Russian noble of that day—and even of a later period—united the soul of a slave with the heart of a tyrant. To the feeble a relentless tiger, before the despot or the despot's favourite he grovelled like a spiritless cur. The memoirs of the eighteenth century abound in examples of his base servility. We cite one, out of many which we find recorded in an interesting *Life of Catherine II. of Russia*, published at Paris in 1797. Plato Zouboff, one of Catherine's favourite lovers, had a little monkey, a restless, troublesome beast, which everybody detested, but which everybody caressed, by way of paying court to its master. Amongst the host of ministers, military men, and ambassadors, who sedulously attended the levees of the powerful favourite, was a general officer, remarkable for the perfection and care with which his hair was dressed. One day the monkey climbed upon his head, and, after completely destroying the symmetry of his hyacinthine locks, deliberately defiled them. The officer dared not show the slightest discontent. There are not wanting, how-

ever, in the history of the eighteenth century, instances of heroism and courage to contrast with the far more numerous ones of vileness afforded by the aristocracy of Russia. The dignity and fortitude of Menzikoff—that pastrycook's boy who became a great minister—during his terrible exile in Siberia, are an oft-told tale. Prince Dolgorouki, the same to whom Anne owed her crown, and whom she requited by a barbarous death, beheld his son, brother, and nephew broken on the wheel. When his turn came, and the executioners were arranging him suitably upon the instrument of torture: "Do as you please with me," he said, "and without fear of loading your consciences, for it is not in human power to increase my sufferings." And he died without uttering a complaint. But perhaps the most extraordinary instance of coolness and self command, at the moment of a violent and cruel death, to be found in the annals of executions, is that of Pugatscheff, who, however, was no nobleman, but a Cossack of humble birth, who deserted from the Russian army after the siege and capture of Bender by General Panin, and fled to Poland, where he was concealed for a time by hermits of the Greek church. "Conversing one day with his protectors," says a French writer already referred to, "he told them, that once, during his service in General Panin's army, a Russian officer said to him, after staring him very hard in the face, 'If the emperor Peter III., my master, were not dead, I should think I now stood before him.' The hermits paid little attention to this tale; but some time afterwards one of their number, who had not yet met Pugatscheff, exclaimed, on beholding him, 'Is not that the emperor, Peter III.?' The monks then induced him to attempt an imposture they had planned." M. Blanc's account differs from this, inasmuch as it asserts the resemblance to the defunct Czar to have been very slight. Whatever the degree of likeness, Pugatscheff declared himself the husband of Catherine II. (murdered some time previously, by Prince Bariatski and by Alexis Orloff, the brother of Catherine's lover), and thousands credited his pretensions. The Cossacks of the river Yaik (after-

wards changed to the Ural by Catherine, who desired to obliterate the memory of this revolt) were just then in exceedingly bad humour. After patiently submitting to a great deal of oppression and ill usage, they had received orders to cut off their beards. This they would not do. They had relinquished, grumbling but passive, many a fair acre of pasturage; they had furnished men for a new regiment of hus-sars; but they rebelled outright when ordered to use a razor. The Livonian general, Trautenberg, repaired to Yaitsk with a strong staff of barbers, and began shaving the refractory Cossacks on the public market-place. The patients rose in arms, massacred general, barbers, and aide-de-camps: recognised Pugatscheff as Peter III., and swore to replace him on his throne, and to die in his defence. The adventurer was near being as successful as the monk Otrepiet. Catherine herself was very uneasy, although she published contemptuous proclamations, and jested, in her letters to Voltaire, on the Marquis of Pugatscheff, as she called him. It was rather a serious subject to joke about. The impostor defeated Russian armies, and slew their generals; took towns, whose governors he impaled: burned upwards of two hundred and fifty villages; destroyed the commerce of Siberia; stopped the working of the Orenberg mines; and poured out the blood of thirty thousand Russian subjects. At last he was taken. On his trial he showed great firmness; and, although unable to read or write, he answered the questions of the tribunal with wonderful ability and intelligence. He was condemned to death. According to the sentence, his hands were to be cut off first, then his feet, then his head, and finally the trunk was to be quartered. When brought upon the scaffold, and whilst the imperial ukase enumerating his crimes was read, he undressed quickly and in silence; but when they began to read the sentence, he dexterously prevented the executioner from attending to it, by asking him all manner of questions—whether his axe was in good order, whether the block was not of a less size than prescribed by law, and whether he, the executioner, had not, by chance, drank more brandy than



usual, which might make his hand unsteady.

"The sentence read, the magistrate and his assistant left the scaffold.

"'Now, then,' said Pugatscheff to the executioner, 'let us have no mistakes; the prescribed order must be strictly observed. So you will first cut off my head——'

"'The head first!' cried the executioner.

"'So runs the sentence. Have a care! I have friends who would make you dearly expiate an error to my prejudice.'

"It was too late to call back the magistrate; and the executioner, who doubted, at last said to himself that the important affair, after all, was the death of the criminal, and that there was little difference whether it took place rather sooner or rather later. He grasped his axe; Pugatscheff laid his head on the block, and the next moment it rebounded upon the scaffold. The feet and hands were cut off after death; the culprit escaping torture by his great presence of mind."

It has been asserted that an order from the empress thus humanised the cruel sentence; but this is exceedingly improbable, for she was bitter against Pugatscheff, who, ignorant Cossack as he was, had made the modern Semiramis tremble on her throne; besides, it is matter of history that, after his execution, the headsman had his tongue cut out, and was sent to Siberia. Catherine, who had affected to laugh at Pugatscheff during his life, was so ungenerous as to calumniate him after death. "This brigand," she said, in one of her letters quoted by M. Blanc, "showed himself so pusillanimous in his prison, that it was necessary to prepare him with caution to hear his sentence read, lest he should die of fear." It is quite certain, M. Blanc observes, that to his dying hour Pugatscheff inspired more fear than he felt.

The misfortunes of the unhappy young Princess Tarrakanoff supply M. Blanc with materials for the most interesting chapter in this volume of his work. The Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, and predecessor of Peter III.—whose marriage with the Princess of Anhalt Zerbest, afterwards

Catherine the Great, was brought about by her—had had three children by her secret marriage with Alexis Razumoffski. The youngest of these was a daughter, who was brought up in Russia under the name of the Princess Tarrakanoff. When Catherine trampled the rights of Poland under foot, the Polish prince, Charles Radzivil, carried off the young princess, and took her to Italy, thinking to set her up at some future day as a pretender to the Russian throne. Informed of this, Catherine confiscated his estates; and in order to live, he was compelled to sell the diamonds and other valuables he had taken with him to Italy. These resources exhausted, Radzivil set out for Poland to seek others, leaving the young princess, then in her sixteenth year, at Rome, under the care of a sort of governess or duenna. On reaching his native country he was offered the restoration of his property if he would bring back his ward to Russia. He refused; but he was so base as to promise that he would take no further trouble about her, and leave her to her fate. Catherine pardoned him, and forthwith put Alexis Orloff on the scent. He was a keen bloodhound, she well knew, capable of any villany that might serve his ambition. Gold unlimited was placed at his disposal, and promise of high reward if he discovered the retreat of the princess, and lured her within Catherine's reach. Orloff set out for Italy; and on arriving there he took into his employ a Neapolitan named Ribas, a sort of spy, styling himself a naval officer, who pledged himself to find out the princess, but stipulated for rank in the Russian navy as his reward. M. Blanc asserts that he demanded to be made admiral at once; and that Orloff, afraid, notwithstanding the extensive powers given him, to bestow so high a grade, or compelled by the suspicions of Ribas to produce the commission itself, wrote to Catherine, who at once sent the required document. Whether this be exact or not, more than one historian mentions that Ribas subsequently commanded in the Black Sea as a Russian vice-admiral. When certain of his reward, Ribas, who then had spent two months in researches, revealed the retreat of the unfortunate

princess. With some abridgment we will follow M. Blanc, whose narrative agrees, in all the main points, with the most authentic versions of this touching and romantic history.

The princess was at Rome. Abandoned by Radzivil, she was reduced to the greatest penury, existing only by the aid of a woman who had been her servant, and who now served other masters. Alexis Orloff visited her in her miserable abode, and spoke at first in the tone of a devoted slave addressing his sovereign; he told her she was the legitimate empress of Russia; that the entire population of that great empire anxiously longed for her accession; that if Catherine still occupied the throne, it was only because nobody knew where she (the princess) was hidden; and that her appearance amongst her faithful subjects, would be a signal for the instant downfall of the usurper. Notwithstanding her youth, the princess mistrusted these dazzling assurances; she was even alarmed by them, and held herself upon her guard. Then Orloff, one of the handsomest men of his time, joined the seductions of love to those of ambition; he feigned a violent passion for the young girl, and swore that his life depended on his obtaining her heart and hand. The poor isolated girl fell unresistingly into the infamous snare spread for her inexperience: she believed and loved him. The infamous Orloff persuaded her that their marriage must be strictly private, lest Catherine should hear of it and take precautions. In the night he brought to her house a party of mercenaries, some wearing the costumes of priests of the Greek church, others magnificently attired to act as witnesses. The mockery of a marriage enacted, the princess willingly accompanied Alexis Orloff, whom she believed her husband, to Leghorn, where entertainments of all sorts were given to her. The Russian squadron, at anchor off the port, was commanded by the English Admiral Greig. This officer, either the dupe or the accomplice of Orloff, invited the princess to visit the vessels that were soon to be commanded in her name. She accepted, and embarked after a banquet, amidst the acclamations of an immense crowd: the cannon thundered, the sky was bright,

every circumstance conspired to give her visit the appearance of a brilliant festival. From her flag-bedecked galley she was hoisted in a splendid arm-chair on board the admiral's vessel, where she was received with the honours due to a crowned head. Until then Orloff had never left her side for an instant. Suddenly the scene changed. Orloff disappeared: in place of the gay and smiling officers who an instant previously had obsequiously bowed before her, the unfortunate victim saw herself surrounded by men of sinister aspect, one of whom announced to her that she was prisoner by order of the Empress Catherine, and that soon she would be brought to trial for the treason she had attempted. The princess thought herself in a dream. With loud cries she summoned her husband to her aid; her guardians laughed in her face, and told her she had had a lover, but no husband, and that her marriage was a farce. Her despair at these terrible revelations amounted to frenzy; she burst into sobs and reproaches, and at last swooned away. They took advantage of her insensibility to put fetters on her feet and hands, and lower her into the hold. A few hours later the squadron sailed for Russia. Notwithstanding her helplessness and entreaties, the poor girl was kept in irons until her arrival at St Petersburg, when she was taken before the empress, who wished to see and question her.

Catherine was old; the Princess Tarrakanoff was but sixteen, and of surpassing beauty; the disparity destroyed her last chance of mercy. But as there was in reality no charge against her, and as her trial might have made too much noise, Catherine, after a long and secret interview with her unfortunate prisoner, gave orders she should be kept in the most rigorous captivity. She was confined in one of the dungeons of a prison near the Neva.

Five years elapsed. The victim of the heartless Catherine, and of the villain Orloff, awaited death as the only relief she could expect; but youth, and a good constitution, struggled energetically against torture and privations. One night, reclining on the straw that served her as a bed, she prayed to God, to terminate

her sufferings by taking her to himself, when her attention was attracted by a low rumbling noise like the roll of distant thunder. She listened. The noise redoubled: it became an incessant roar, which each moment augmented in power. The poor captive desired death, and yet she felt terror; she called aloud, and implored not to be left alone. A jailer came at her cries; she asked the cause of the noise she heard.

"'Tis nothing," replied the stupid slave: "the Neva overflowing."

"But cannot the water reach us here?"

"It is here already."

At that moment the flood, making its way under the door, poured into the dungeon, and in an instant captive and jailer were over the ankles in water.

"For heaven's sake, let us leave this!" cried the young princess.

"Not without orders; and I have received none."

"But we shall be drowned!"

"That is pretty certain. But without special orders I am not to let you leave this dungeon, under pain of death. In case of unforeseen danger I am to remain with you, and to kill you should rescue be attempted."

"Good God! the water rises. I cannot sustain myself."

The Neva, overflowing its banks, floated enormous blocks of ice, upsetting everything in its passage, and inundating the adjacent country. The water now plashed furiously against the prison doors: the sentinels had been carried away by the torrent, and the other soldiers on guard had taken refuge on the upper floors. Lifted off her feet by the icy flood which still rose higher, the unfortunate captive fell and disappeared; the jailer, who had water to his breast, hung his lamp against the wall, and tried to succour his prisoner; but when he succeeded in raising her up, she was dead! The possibility anticipated by his employers was realised; there had been stress of circumstances, and the princess being dead, he was at liberty to leave the dungeon. Bearing the corpse in his arms, he succeeded in reaching the upper part of the prison.

If we may offer a hint to au-

thors, it is our opinion that this tragical anecdote will be a godsend to some romance-writer of costive invention, and on the outlook for a plot. Very little ingenuity will suffice to spread over the prescribed quantity of foolscap the incidents we have packed into a page. They will dilute very handsomely into three volumes. As to characters, the novelist's work is done to his hand. Here we have the Empress Catherine, vindictive and dissolute, persecuting that "fair girl" the Princess Tarakanoff, with the assistance of Orloff, the smooth villain, and of the sullen Russian Ribas. The latter will work up into a sort of Italian Varney, and may be dispersed to the elements by an intentional accident, on board the ship blown up by Orloff's order, for the enlightenment of the painter Hackert. With the exception of the dungeon-scene, we have given but a meagre outline of M. Blanc's narrative; and there are a number of minor characters that may be advantageously brought in and expanded. "This event," says M. Blanc, referring to the kidnapping of the Princess, "caused a strong sensation at Leghorn. Prince Leopold, Grand-duke of Tuscany, complained bitterly of it, and would have had Alexis Orloff arrested; but this vile assassin of Peter III. maintained that he had only executed the orders of his sovereign, who would well know how to justify him. He was supported, in this circumstance, by the English consul, who was his accomplice; and the Grand-duke, seeing he was not likely to be the strongest, suffered the matter to drop." "Some Englishmen," another French writer asserts, "had been so base as to participate in Alexis Orloff's plot; but others were far from approving it. They even blushed to serve under him, and sent in their resignations. Admiral Elphinstone was one of these. Greig was promoted in his place." An Italian prince, indignant, but timid; a foreign consul, sold to Russian interests; a British sailor, spurning the service of a tyrant. We need say no more; for we are quite sure that before they get thus far, the corps of historical novelists will be handling their goose-quills.

## LETTERS TO THE REV. CHARLES FUSTIAN,

## AN ANGLO-CATHOLIC.

## LITTLE FIRST.

YOUR object to being called a Puseyite, or a Tractarian; and as I believe you never read any of the Tracts, nor were lucky enough to comprehend any of Dr Pusey's writings, you are right to decline the names. But it is easy to perceive, even from your outward man, that some great change has taken place upon you. It is not for nothing that you wear so very tight a neckcloth, and so very low-collared a coat; your buttons also are peculiarly placed, and there is a solemnity in your manner of refusing an invitation to pot-luck on a Friday which it is edifying to behold. But all this surely must have a name. You were intended by your father to be a clergyman of the Church of England,—that worthy gentleman toasted church and king, till a female reign and premonitory symptoms of apoplexy reduced him to silence and water-gruel; but he is as true a defender of the faith, in his easy gown and slippers, as ever, and looks with still increasing surprise at the appearance of his eldest son, as often as occasional help in your curacy enables you to run home. But don't fancy, for a moment, that I attribute these frequent visits to your regard for the fifth commandment alone: no, dear Charles; for though I grant you are an excellent son and praiseworthy brother, I consider you shine with still greater lustre in the character of a neighbour, especially to the family at Hellebore Park. Gradually I have seen a change almost equal to your own in the seven fair daughters of that house: and it is very evident that, with this change, in some way or other, you are very intimately connected. The five daughters of our neighbour in the Lodge are also very different from what they were; and only Miss Lathpious—who is fifty years old, and believes good works to be such filthy rags that she would be quite ashamed if she were seen putting half-a-crown into the plate, or send-

ing coal and flannel to the poor, and therefore never does it—continues the even tenor of her way, and sighs for a gospel ministry to tell her how few will achieve the kingdom of heaven. Every other house in the parish feels the effects of your visits. We must have a new almanac if you come among us much more; for the very days of the week are no longer to be recognised. Tuesday, instead of being the lineal descendant of Monday, is now known as the heir presumptive of Wednesday, and does duty as the eve of something else. The wife of our physician invited us to dinner on the Feast of St Ollapod, which, after great inquiry, we found meant Monday the 22d. The months will not long escape—the weeks are already doomed—and, in a few years, our parish registers will be as difficult reading as the inscriptions of Nemroud. Have you taken this result of your crusade against the High and Dry into your consideration? Is it right to leave a worthy man like our rector—who conducted his little ecclesiastical boat with great comfort to himself and others, keeping a careful middle channel between the shoals of Dissent and the mudbanks of contented Orthodoxy—to struggle in his old age against rocks which you and your female allies have rolled into the water; with fast-days rearing their sharp points where there used to be such safe navigation, and saint's days and festivals so blocking up the passage that he can't set his skill near enough the shore, to enable him to visit his parishioners when they are sick or hungry? You would pin the poor old fellow for ever into his pulpit or reading-desk, and he never would have time to go to the extremity of his parish, which, you remember, is five miles from the church: and, at the Doctor's rate of riding, occupies him a good part of the day.

But perhaps you don't know what

occurs as soon as your stay is over, and we see the skirts of your departing surcoat disappear over Hitherstone Hill. Immediately the whole coterie (which, in this instance, is an undiluted petticoater) assembles for consultation. Pretty young girls, who would have been engaged ten years ago in the arrangements of a pic-nic, now lay their graceful and busy heads together, to effect an alteration in the height of the pews. My dear Charles, young ladies are by nature carpenters; they know all about hinges, and pannellings, and glue, by a sort of intuition: and it is clear to me that, before you return to us again, the backs of the seats will be lowered at least a foot, and I shall have the pleasure of seeing the whole extent of Tom Holiday's back, and the undulations of the three Miss Holiday's figures during the whole of the lessons. The rector can't hold out long—as indeed who could, against such petitioners? And, after all, it is only so much wood; and his wife, who has retained her shape with very little aid from padding, has no objection to stand up during the psalms, nor any inclination to put her light under a bushel at any time; and some of the younger people, who have not attained the stature of the Venus de Medici, complain that the present elevation of the backs, if it doesn't make dints in their bonnets, at all events cuts them off in the very middle; and my opposition, I am sorry to say, ever since I fell asleep at your sermon on the holiness of celibacy, is attributed to interested motives, and therefore you may fairly expect to find our pews reduced to the height and appearance of a row of rabbit-hutches, when you come back. This point they seem to consider already gained, and now they have advanced their parallels against the Doctor on another side of his defences.

The Doctor, even in his youth, can never have run much risk of being mistaken for Apollo—his nose was probably never of a Grecian pattern, as that ingenious people would certainly have rounded the point with a little more skill, and have placed the nostrils more out of sight. I have heard his front teeth were far from

symmetrical, and reminded old Major M'Turk of the charge of Mahratta irregular horse, by which that heroic gentleman lost his eye; but as he has got quit of those spirited, though straggling defenders, and supplied their place with a straight-dressed militia of enamel or bone, which do duty remarkably well, in spite of the bright yellow uniform they have lately assumed, I conclude that he has been a gainer by the exchange. And, on the whole, I have no doubt, if there are some handsomer fellows in the Guards, and at the universities, there are several much uglier people to be seen in this very parish. It can't, therefore, be for the express purpose of escaping the sight of his face that they have begun their operations to force him to turn his back on them during the prayers. But this they are thoroughly resolved on achieving. They have already once placed the Bible surreptitiously on the side of the reading desk, towards the people, leaving the Prayer-Book on the side towards the south; and as the Doctor, in the surprise of the moment, began with his face in that direction, his elocution was wasted on the blank wall of the chancel and the empty pulpit; and we had the pleasure of an uninterrupted view of his profile, and a side-hearing also of his words, which gave us as complete a silhouette of the prayers as of the rector. When we come to the enjoyment of his full-face reversed, and can leisurely contemplate his occiput, and the nape of his neck—in which, I am sorry to see number one so powerfully developed—we shall have the farther advantage of not having our own meditations interrupted by hearing a syllable he says. He resists, indeed, at present; and even told a deputation of ladies that he would consult common sense on the occasion, and read so that the poor folks under the west gallery could join in every petition. Miss Araminta—your Araminta, Charles—lifted her beautiful eyes to the Doctor in surprise, and asked “if he really prayed to John Simpkins and Peter Bolt, for surely he could pray *for* them, and *with* them better, with his face to the altar;” and the Doctor said something about “girls minding their own business, and leaving him to his,”

which would have led to very unpleasant consequences, if the rest of the ambassadors had not interfered, and smoothed the raven down of the Doctor's temper by some judicious declarations of respect for his office, and contempt for some unfortunate evangelical brethren in the neighbourhood; till at last the old man took Araminta by the hand, and told her, with great truth, that she was one of the nicest girls in the world, and that he would ride fifty miles at a moment's warning, to save her an instant's discomfort. So they retired for that time, hinting that they were rather surprised that *their* rector should have used the same argument which had been employed by the Rev. Ebenezer Snuffle, the low church vicar of the adjoining village. A telling blow this, Charles, as you are well aware; for I verily believe the Doctor would soften towards the Koran, if his neighbour made an attack on Mahommed: so I wait the issue without much uncertainty as to what it will be. For all this, I can't help holding you, in a great measure, responsible; for there is no shutting one's eyes to the fact, that a decided step in advance is taken after every one of your runs into our parish. Your father, and Major M-Turk, and I, sink lower and lower in the estimation of your followers every day. Instead of the nice little parties we used to have, where the girls, most of whom we remember as infants, used to sing "Lizzie Lindsay" for the amusement of the old ones, or play magic music, or games at forfeits, to please themselves, they now huddle up in a corner—if, perchance, no eye or fast prevents them from coming out to tea—and hold deep consultations on the state and prospects of the Church. And yet there is something so innocent and pretty in the way they manage their plots, and such a charming feeling of triumph fills their hearts, when they have achieved a victory over the habits and customs of the village, that I hardly wonder they never pause in their career, or give ear to the warnings of stupid old people like the trio I have named. In the mean time, they certainly have it all their own way,—in the injunctions they have laid on the poor people, to turn round

at some parts of the service, stand up at others, and join in the most wonderful responses, in a set key, which they call cunting; and they have tormented the band so much with practising anthems, that half the population have turned dissenters in self-defence; and while the front seats are filled with satin bonnets and India shawls, and the rustle of silks is like the flight of a thousand doves when the altitude needs to be changed, there isn't a poor person to be seen in the church except John Simpkins and Peter Bolt, and they, I am sorry to say, are far from being the same quiet humble paupers they used to be; for our feminine apostles have been telling them of the honour and dignity of the poor, till there is no bearing their pride and self-conceit. Sometimes, out of respect to the Doctor, and a reverence for the old church, the grocer, the carpenter, and a few of the shopkeepers, still make their appearance in the afternoon, but they are like children the first time they go to Astley's, and stare with wonder at all the changes they see; and even our rector himself has become so confused, that he doesn't feel altogether sure that he hasn't turned a dissenter, for the mode, if not of conducting, at least of joining in the service, is something quite different from what he has been used to.

Now dissent, as you know, has been the bugbear of the Doctor through life. The very name carries with it something inexpressibly dreadful, and among the most terrifying to him of all the forms of dissent was that of Rome. But lately, a vast number of bright eyes have been lifted to the ceiling, and a great many beautiful lips opened, and a great many sweet voices raised in opposition to any hostile allusion to the objects of his abhorrence. "The church of Fenelon," says one in a reverential tone, "can surely not be altogether apostate." "The church of the two Gregories, the church of A'Beckett and Dunstan, of St Senanus, St Januarius, and the Seven Champions of Christendom, can never have fallen away from the faith," exclaims Miss Tinderella Swainlove in a very contemptuous tone, when the Doctor contrasts the great and ambitious names of Rome

with the humility required in a Christian pastor. "In short, Dr Smiler, we wish to know," she said not a week ago, when she had gone up to the parsonage to practise a Gregorian chant on Christina Smiler's concertina—"we wish to know, Doctor Smiler, whether religion consists in bare plaster walls and a cassock?" "Certainly not, my dear Cinderella, but you will observe"—

"Oh, we only want an answer to that question," said the young lady, interrupting; "for, allow me to tell you, we feel our devotion greatly excited by the noble solemnity of a service decently conducted with albe and chasuble, in a building fitted for its high destination by the richest combination of architecture and the arts."

Tinderella is nineteen years of age, and as decided in her manner as a field-marshal. "May I ask, my dear, who the 'we' are in whose name you speak?" inquired the rector.

"Not Mr Ruggles the grocer, nor Chipper the carpenter, but all who are qualified by their fortune, and position in life, to judge on the subject," was Cinderella's spirited rejoinder.

"Really," said the Doctor, "you young ladies are very much changed from what you were. Two years ago. I used to have great difficulty in keeping you from balls and archeries, and had frequent occasion to lecture you for inattention in church. What, in the name of wonder, has come over you all?"

"Do you find fault with us for having given up frivolities, and turned reverent and attentive during the service?" inquired his questioner with a sneer.

"Far from it, my dear,—very far from it; but I should like very much to know what is the cause of the change. I trust, my dear Cinderella, it isn't connected with the marriage of Lieutenant Polker, with whom I remember you danced every night last winter."

"Lieutenant Polker," replied Cinderella, "has married a dissenter, or a person of low church principles, and that is as bad, and he has nothing whatever to do with our duty to the Holy Catholic Church I assure you, sir."

"Then it must be that silly, igno-

rant coxcomb, Charles Fustian, my own godson, my favourite from his youth—an excellent fellow, but a conceited ass—I wish he had never gone into the diocese of Vexer."

This is the tender way in which you are spoken of, my dear Charles; and I feel sure you will appreciate the compliment paid to you by the Doctor, losing his temper, but retaining his affection.

There was a blush on Cinderella's cheek as she entered into a defence of "the Reverend Charles Fustian, a priest of our church;" and she almost curtsied in reverence for your name and office; and I advise Araminta to keep watch over her friend's proceedings, for I don't think Cinderella is so deeply attached to the doctrine of celibacy as she pretends. And I take this opportunity also, my dear Charles, to tell you that I shall keep watch over you; and if I find you casting your smiles at Cinderella, and holding her by the hand, and recommending her to enter into the privileges of confession, in the summer-house in her father's garden—and holding forth all the time on the blessings of a conventual life and penance, and hair shirts and a cat-o'-nine-tails—I shall be greatly inclined to recur to the discipline that used to improve your manners greatly when you were a little boy, and use the scourge with more effect than when you apply it to your shoulders with your own hand.

The Doctor has just been here, and as I know you will be rejoiced to hear the news he gave me, I will transmit it to you at once.

"Buddle," he said to me, "you have perhaps seen how vainly I have tried to resist the parish, at least the young ladies of the parish; for I am sorry to say, that, with the exception of yourself and two or three others of the seniors, the parish has left me to fight the battle alone."

"My dear Smiler," I replied, "what can we do? Surely, if we lie quiet on our oars, the fancy for that sort of thing will go off."

"Not at all; as they get older it will get worse. There is some hope for them when they are very young, but in a few years there is no chance of escaping a universal passing over to the Pope; and between ourselves,"—

and here the Doctor looked at the door, as if he wished to bolt it with a twist of his eye—"I am in great anxiety of mind lest they carry me with them. Yes, my good Buddle, it would not surprise me if I awoke some morning and found myself a monk."

"How? Haven't you signed the articles and repeated the creed, and the oath of abjuration, and all that?"

"That is no defence. Those girls go to work so scientifically, carrying one object first, and then another; and they are so good, and active, and amiable, and so useful in the parish, and so clever, and defer so respectfully to my judgment in all things, that I find there is not an alteration which has taken place in the parish that I did not at first oppose, and end in a very short time by ordering on my own authority. Yes, my dear friend, I feel that, if not supported by some person of stout uncompromising church principles, I shall probably find myself eating fish on Fridays, and administering castigation to myself in my old age, and listening to young ladies' confessions, and flogging Araminta or Cinderella in atonement for their tasting a mutton-chop on a fast-day."

"It would do them both a great deal of good."

"No doubt of it my dear Buddle; and if they were five or six years younger, such things would soon be put out of their heads." And here he clenched his hand on his riding switch, and looked like the picture of Doctor Bushy. "But, as it is, I think I have stolen a march on them. Look at that."

So saying, he pointed to an advertisement in the *Record* newspaper, which stated that "a curate was wanted for a country parish; he must be under thirty, an eloquent preacher and reader; and, finally, that no Tractarian need apply."

"And he's coming, sir: the Reverend Algernon Sidney Mount Huxtable: a man of good family, tolerable fortune, and highly orthodox principles, is coming! I expect him next week, and as he is only eight-and-twenty, and unmarried, I think he will be an excellent assistant in repelling these attacks on our admirable Establishment."

So, with this piece of information, my dear Charles, I conclude, as I am anxious to go through the houses in the village, and see the effect of the announcement on the charming little army which Major M-Turk irreverently calls St Ursula's dragoons.

#### LETTER SECOND.

On Monday last, our new curate came; a most gentlemanly-mannered good-looking young man, with very dark eyes and very white teeth; and I was pleased to observe, when I dined with him the first day at the parsonage, that he did not consider these advantages as merely ornamental, but made excellent use of both. He did yeoman's service upon the fish and mutton, and cast glances on Miss Christina Smiler that made her at once give up the opposition she had made to her father's proposal of keeping a curate, and proved, to his entire satisfaction, that it was the best arrangement in the world. A pleasant good-humoured companion, a man of the world, and an unflinching son and servant of the Church, gaining the rector's confidence by an attack on Popery, and winning the ladies'

affection by a spirited tirade on the vulgarity of dissent.

"The fact is," said the Doctor, after the ladies had withdrawn, and we had filled our glasses with the first bumper of port,—the fact is, my dear Mount Huxtable, that our parish is in a very curious condition. We are all devoted members of the Church, and yet we are very suspicious of each other. The inhabitants, especially the young lady part of them, have taken such an interest lately in the affairs of the parish, and are so unanimous in enforcing their own wishes, both on me and the churchwardens—not to mention my staunch and kind friends Major M-Turk and Mr Buddle—that we feel as if the revolutionary spirit had extended to this village, and the regular authorities had been deposited by a Committee of Public Safety."



"Do they enforce their wishes?" inquired the new curate, with a frown, and laying great emphasis on the word enforce.

"Well," replied the Rector, a little puzzled, "that's rather a strong word. Do you think we can call it enforce, Major M'Turk?"

"They say they'll do it, and it's done," was the reply of the military commander.

"And you, Buddle?"

"No; you can't call it enforce," said I; "for they are the meekest, sweetest, and most submissive people I ever met with."

"That's right; I'm glad to hear it," said Mount Huxtable. "And do they really succeed in all the efforts they make?"

"Not a doubt of it," said the Rector, looking rather confused. "The church is entirely different from what it was a year ago; even the service, by some means or other, has got into quite a different order; I find myself walking about in my surplice, and standing up at doxologies, and sometimes attempting to sing the Jubilate after the second lesson, though I never had a voice, and it does not seem to be set to any particular tune. And, in confidence between ourselves, I think they could make me of any religion they chose."

"They're the fittest missionaries for the Mahomedan faith," said Major M'Turk; "such Housis may always count on me for a convert."

The Curate sank into silence.

"You're not afraid of such antagonists, Mount Huxtable?" inquired the Rector.

"I don't think they are at all to be feared as antagonists," he replied, with a smile, as if assured of the victory.

And when we looked at his handsome face, and the glow of true orthodox determination that brightened in his eyes, we were all of the same opinion.

"But we won't let them see the battery we have prepared against them," continued the jubilant Rector, "till we are in a position to take the field. I have applied to the bishop for a license for you for two years, so that, whatever complaints they make against your proceedings, nothing can get you removed from the parish; the

whole onus of the fight will be thrown on your shoulders; and all I can say to them, when they come to me with their grievances, will be, my dear Araminta, my dear Sophronia, my charming little Anastasia, Mr Mount Huxtable is in the entire charge of the parish, and from his decision there is no appeal."

The happiest man in England that night was the Reverend Doctor Smiler of Great Yawnham, for he had now the assurance of preserving the orthodoxy of his parish, without the pain of quarrelling with his parishioners.

"Good night, good night," he said, as M'Turk and I walked away, while Mount Huxtable got into his phaeton and whisked his greys very slowly down the avenue, "I think that ewe-necked donkey, Charles Fustian, won't be quite so popular with the Blazers at Hellebore Park, in spite of Araminta's admiration of his long back and white neckcloth."

"Mount Huxtable will cut him out in every house in the parish," replied Major M'Turk; and I said,

"I know Charles very well, and like him immensely; he won't yield without a struggle, and, in fact, I have no doubt he will proceed to excommunication."

Pardon us all, my dear Charles, for the free-and-easy way we speak of you. I don't believe three old fellows in England are fonder of you than we; and no wonder—for haven't we all known you from your cradle, and traced you through all your career since you were hopelessly the booby of the dame's school, till you were twice plucked at Oxford, and proved how absurdly the dons of that university behaved, by obtaining your degree from Dublin by a special favour. Would a learned body have treated a very decided fool with special favour? No; and therefore I think Dr Smiler and M'Turk are sometimes a great deal too strong in their language; but you must forgive them, for it proceeds from the fulness of their hearts.

The license arrived next day, and a mighty tea-drinking was held last night at the parsonage, to enable the Doctor to present his curate to the parish. The Blazers came in from Hellebore Park, Araminta looking beautiful in a plain nun-like white

gown, with a cross and rosary of jet falling tastefully over her breast. The Swainloves came from the Lodge, the spirited *Tinderella* labouring under two prodigious folios of Gregorian chants. *Sophronia* and her grand-mamma came up from the vale; and, in short, the whole rank and beauty of the village assembled. The manly dignity of that charming district was represented by myself and Major M'Turk; your father, who came down in his wheel-chair; Dr Pulser and his son Arthur, who has lately settled down here, with a brass plate on the surgery door, announcing that he is attorney-at-law. Arthur, you remember, has a beautiful voice, and he entones the responses like a nightingale.

We were all assembled before the guest of the evening arrived. For the thousandth time we admired the garden and lawn, and heard how the Doctor had altered the house, and levelled the grounds, and thrown out bow-windows, and made the whole thing the perfect *bijou* it is. The fuschias were in full bloom, the grass nicely mown, and the windows being open, we could sally forth on to the terrace walk, and admire the pleasure-grounds as we chose. But nobody moved. *Christina Smiler* sat at the piano, but did not play; she kept her eyes constantly fixed on the door,—as indeed did several of the other young ladies; and when at last wheels were heard rapidly approaching, and a loud knock resounded through the house, the amount of blushing was immense; the bloom of so many cheeks would have recalled to an original-minded poet a bed of roses, and old M'Turk kicked his shins unobserved, and whispered, "We shall get quit of the female parliament very soon: this is the Cromwell of the petticoats."

As he felt that he made his appearance, on this occasion, in his professional character, Mr Mount Huxtable was arrayed in strictly clerical costume. Your own tie, my dear Charles, could not have been more accurately starched, nor your coat more episcopally cut. There was the apostolic succession clearly defined on the buttons; and, between ourselves, we were enchanted with the fine taste that showed that a man might be a

good stout high churchman without being altogether an adherent of the Patristics. His introduction was excellently got over, and the charming warmth with which he shook hands with the young people, after doing his salutation to us of the preterite generation, showed that his attention was not confined to the study of the fathers, but had a pretty considerable leaning to the daughters also.

"So much the better, my boy," said M'Turk, "he'll have them all back to the good old ways in a trice; we shall have picnics again on Fridays, and little dances every day in the week." Tea was soon finished, and *Tinderella Swainlove*, without being asked by anybody, as far as I could see, walked majestically to the piano, and laying open a huge book, gave voice with the greatest impetuosity to a Latin song, which she afterwards (turning round on the music-stool, and looking up in Mr Mount Huxtable's face) explained to be a hymn to the Virgin. But the gentleman did not observe that the explanation was addressed to him, and continued his conversation with *Christina Smiler*. In a few minutes he accompanied her out of the window into the garden, and the other young ladies caught occasional glimpses of the pair as they crossed the open spaces between the shrubs. The Doctor rubbed his hands with delight, and Mrs Smiler could scarcely conceal her gratification. But these feelings were not entertained by the Swainloves. *Tinderella* looked rather disappointed to her mother; and that lady addressed Major M'Turk in rather a bitter tone of voice, and said it was a pity the curate was so awkward, and asked how long he had been lame.

"He is by no means lame," replied the Major; "you'll learn that before long, by the dance he'll show you."

"Does he dance?" inquired Mrs Swainlove, anxiously. "As you're at the piano, my dear *Tinderella*, will you play us that charming polka you used to play last year?"

A polka!—it was the first that had been demanded for a long time; and, in the surprise and gratification of the moment, the Major took her affectionately by the hand. *Tinderella* played as required; and great was the effect

of her notes: first one fair lady, and then another, found the room too hot; and before many minutes elapsed, we, who sat near the window, saw the whole assembly, except the performer on the piano, grouped round the new curate, who seemed giving them lectures on botany, for he held some flowers in his hand, and was evidently very communicative to them all. Mrs Swainlove, seeing her stratagem of no avail, told Tindereella to stop, and the conversation was entirely limited to the men who stayed behind. Young Pulser, the attorney, had joined the party in the garden, and the senior ladies, with the discomfited musician, soon also retired.

"He'll do," said the Major confidently—"he's the very man for our money; and all things considered—not forgetting my friend Christina among the rest—you never did a wiser thing in your life, my dear Smiler."

"He seems a sure hand among the girls," said your father, "and I haven't had a chance of a minute's talk with him. I wanted to speak to him about my son Charles."

"He'll give you good advice about breaking in that stiff-necked young gentleman," said the Doctor, "and we must contrive to get them acquainted."

"Bless ye," said your father, "they're very well acquainted already. He lived in Charles's parish in the diocese of Vexor, and was a great favourite. I'm told, of the bishop."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow," said the Doctor, taken a little aback, "he can't possibly be a favourite of such a firebrand—it must be some one else; and, besides, he never told me he was a friend of your son."

"You can ask him," replied your father, "for I'm quite sure I've often heard Charles talk of his friend Mount Huxtable."

A dead silence fell upon us all. Strange, we thought, that he should never have alluded to his acquaintance with you. Can he be ashamed of the way you have been going on? Is he afraid of being suspected of the same ludicrous feastings and fastings that have given you such a reputation here?

"Pray, my dear Mount Huxtable," said Dr Smiler, when the new curate, accompanied by the young ladies—

like the proud-walking, long-necked leader of a tribe of beautiful snow-white geese—entered the room, "have you ever met our excellent friend, Charles Fustian?"

"Fustian—Fustian?" replied the Curate, trying to recollect. "There are so many of that name in the Church, I surely ought to have met with one of them."

The Doctor nodded his head, quite satisfied, to your father.

"You see, you see," he said, with a chuckle.

"I see nothing of the sort," said your progenitor; "for though Fustian is common enough in the Church, I'm sure Mount Huxtable isn't."

"That's true," said the Doctor. "Pray, how do you account for Charles Fustian happening to know you?"

"Ah, my dear sir," answered Mount Huxtable, with a smile to the ladies, "there is an old byword, which says more people know 'I am Fool' than 'I am Fool knows.'"

A great laugh rewarded this salty, and the Doctor's triumph over his neighbours was complete.

"I told you what it would come to," he said; "no true orthodox churchman can have any acquaintance with such a semi-papist as poor Charles."

The conversation now went on in the usual channel—that is to say, we talked a little politics, which was very uninteresting, for we all agreed; and the young ones attacked the Curate on music and painting, and church architecture, on all which subjects he managed to give them great satisfaction, for he was an excellent musician, a tolerable artist, and might have passed anywhere for a professional builder. I suppose they were as much astonished as pleased to find that a man might be an opponent of the Tracts, and yet be as deep in church matters as themselves. Encouraged by this, they must have pushed their advances rather far for a first meeting; for, after an animated conversation in the bow-window, Araminta and two or three other young ladies came to the Doctor's chair.

"Only think, dear Doctor Smiler," she said, "how unkind Mr Mount Huxtable is. Next Thursday, our

practising day in the church, is the Feast of holy St Ingulpus of Doncaster, and he won't give us leave to ornament the altar with flowers."

"And who in the world is St Ingulpus of Doncaster?" said the Doctor.

"A holy man, I don't in the least deny," said Mount Huxtable, kindly taking the answer on himself. "His acts and writings attest his virtues and power: but I merely mentioned to the young ladies, as the easiest way of settling the affair, that St Ingulpus, though most justly canonised by the holy father in the thirteenth century, was not elevated to the degree of worship or veneration by the succeeding councils."

"And you answered them very well, sir," said the Doctor. "And as to St Ingulpus of Doncaster, I never heard of him, and believe him to have been an impostor, like the holy father, as you ironically call him, who pretended to canonise him."

"Oh, papa!" said Christina, addressing her father, but looking all the time at the Curate, "Mr Mount Huxtable himself confesses he was a holy man!"

"What?—do *you* join in such follies? Go to bed, or learn to behave less like a child. Mr Mount Huxtable accommodates his language to the weakness of his auditors; but in reality he has as great a contempt for this Ingulpus, or any other popish swindler, as I have."

The Doctor was now so secure of support from his curate, that he felt bold enough to get into a passion. If he had fired a pistol at his guests, he could scarcely have created a greater sensation. The effect on Christina was such that she clung for support to Mount Huxtable, and rested her head on his shoulder.

"Mr Mount Huxtable," continued the Rector, "has forbidden you to disfigure my church with flowers. Mr Mount Huxtable has the entire charge of this parish, and from his decision there is no appeal."

This knock-down blow he had kept for the last; and it had all the effect he expected. They were silent for a long time. "That has settled them, I think," he whispered to me; "they know me to be such a good-natured old fool, and so fond of them all, that

in time they might have turned me round their thumbs; but Mount Huxtable is a different man. At the same time, I mustn't have the darlings too harshly used. I daresay I was a little too bitter in the way I spoke: I can't bear to see any of them unhappy,—something must be done to amuse them."

If the Doctor had done them all some serious injury, he could not have been more anxious to atone for it. He spoke to each of them, patted them on the head, told them they were good girls, and that he loved them all like his own children; and even went so far as to say that, if the matter was entirely in his hands, he didn't know but that he might have allowed them to make what wreaths and posies they liked on Thursday. "And as to your friend Ingulpus," he concluded, "I hope and trust he was a good man according to his lights, and probably had no intention to deceive. So, my dear Mount Huxtable, as your uncompromising Protestantism is the cause of disappointment to my young flock, I must punish you by insisting on your immediately singing them a song."

"The young ladies, sir, shall find I am not so uncompromising a Protestant as they fear, for you see I don't even protest against the justice of your sentence;" and with this he took his seat at the piano. "The song I shall attempt is not a very new one," he said, "for it was written in the year a thousand and forty by a monk of Cluny. The Benedictines, you will remember, have at all times been devoted to music." So saying, he threw his hand over the keys, and after a prelude, sang in a fine manly voice—  
*"Hæc necessitas, tempora pessima sunt;  
 Vigilemus!"*  
*Eecce! imminet imminet arbiter ille supremus,—*

*Imminet! imminet! ut mala terminet, æqua coronet,  
 Recta remmeret, anxia liberet, æthera donet,  
 Anteatasq; æra duraque pondera mentis onusta;  
 Sobria muniat, improba puniat, utraq; iuste."*

Astonishment and delight kept the company silent for a while after he had finished, and then the repressed feelings of the audience burst out with tenfold force. "Oh, Mr Mount Huxtable!" said they all, "you *must*

attend our Thursday practising in the church. It will be so delightful now, for all we required was a fine man's voice. How beautiful the words are, and how well adapted for singing! And the music, how splendid!—pray whose is the music?"

"I am afraid I must confess myself the culprit in that respect," replied the Curate, very modestly. "I have been an enthusiast in music all my life, and have a peculiar delight in composing melodies to the old Catholic hymns."

After this no more was said of flowers on St Ingulphus's day; and it was very evident that our new ally was carrying the war into the enemy's country, and, in fact, was turning their artillery against themselves.

"If you are pleased with this simple song, I am sure that you will all be enchanted next week with two friends who have promised to visit me—both exquisite musicians, and very clever men."

"Clergymen?" inquired two or three of the ladies.

"Of course. I have very few lay acquaintance. You perhaps have heard their names,—the Reverend

Launton Swallowlies, and the Reverend Iscariot Rowdy, both of Oxford."

"No we don't know their names, but shall be delighted to see any friends of yours." And so the party broke up with universal satisfaction. There was a brilliant moon, and Mount Huxtable sent away his phaeton and two beautiful gray ponies, and walked to Hellebore gate with the Blazers. Christina Smiler would rather have had him drive home, and looked a little sad as they went off; but we heard happy voices all the way down the avenue; snatches of psalm-music, even, rose up from the shrubs that line the walk; and it appears that the whole group had stopt short on the little knoll that rises just within the parsonage gate, and sung the Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.

So I think, my dear Charles, you may give up any farther attempts on our good old Church principles; the Doctor is determined not to turn round to the communion-table even at the creed, and I will beat you £20 that the congregation will all come back again, and we shall once more be a happy and united parish.

#### LETTER THIRD.

We look on you now, my dear Charles, as a fallen star; and, between ourselves, I don't think you are missed by a single astronomer in Yawnham, from the sky where you were once enthroned. No, sir: our curate's neckcloth is stiffer than yours, his collar plainer, his tails longer, his knowledge of saints and legends infinitely deeper—and, besides, he sings like an angel, and has a phaeton and pair. And he is so gentlemanly, too. He was at Eton, and is intimate with many lords, and has a power of sneering at low churchmen and dissenters that would be myrrh and incense to the Pope. Now you will observe, my unfortunate young friend, that when gentlemanly manners, good looks and accomplishments—not to mention an intimacy with the Red Book—and fourteen hundred a-year are in one scale, and Charles Fustian and a ton weight of Tractarians are in the other, the young persons who, in our parish, hold the beam will very soon send

you and your make-weights half-way through the roof. Therefore, if you wish to retrieve your influence, either with Araminta or the other fair innovators, now or never is your time; come down and visit us. We shall all be delighted to see your elongated visage, and are not without hopes—for you are a good-natured excellent-dispositioned fellow after all—that you will see the error of your ways, and believe that humility and charity are Christian graces as well as faith and coloured windows. It so happens that there is scarcely a house in the place without a visitor. Tom Blazer has come down to Hellebore Park, and has brought Jones and Smith, two of his brother officers of the Rifles, with him;—the two Oxford men are with Mount Huxtable, who has taken Laburnum Place, and our doings are likely to be uncommonly gay. Swallowlies and Rowdy are great friends, though they seem to be the very antipodes of each other.

Rowdy won't believe anything, and has doubts about the battle of Waterloo; and Swallowlies believes everything, and thinks the American States will soon pay off my bonds. Rowdy says there is no evidence, satisfactory to him, that there is such a state as Arkansas in the world, as it is not authoritatively stated by church or council; and tries to persuade me that I have lent six thousand pounds of real money to an imaginary republic. In the mean time, the loss of three hundred a-year is by no means an imaginary evil, and I feel a little sore at both these Oxford humourists for laughing at my misfortunes. However, Swallowlies errs on the right side, and is decidedly the favourite with us all.

You may guess, my dear Charles, how the heart of Major M-Turk jumped for joy when Mount Fluxtable proposed a picnic at the Holywell tree at the other extremity of the parish; and all the young ladies, without a single exception, determined to be of the party. Fastening, my good friend, has come to an end: there were pies enough made to feed an army; baskets by the dozen were packed up, containing plates, and knives and forks; crates filled with cold fowls and hams, and others loaded with fruit and wine. The Rector had out his old coach, which Chipper managed to decapitate for the occasion, and it did duty (like St Denis) with its head off, as an open barouche. He took some of the Puginstones, and two of the Pulsers; and, to make room for Mrs M-Turk, he, or rather Mrs Smiler, asked the Curate to take Christina beside him on the driving-seat of his phaeton. I got out my old four-wheel, which was certainly not so fashionable-looking as Mount Fluxtable's drag, but so commodious that it appears made of India-rubber, and stretches to any extent. Tom Blazer is an ostentatious fool and sports a tandem—that is to say, he puts his own horse and Jones' (one before the other) in his father's high gig, and insists on driving *Tinderella Swain-trove* all about the country. On this occasion she also graced his side; and Jones himself, who is as active as one of the Voltigeurs at Astley's, fixed a board on the hind part of the gig and sat with his back to the horse, smok-

ing cigars and calling it a dog-cart. At last we all got there; and, when the company was assembled, it certainly was a goodly sight to see. The little spring that gives its name to the fine old elm—now, alas! a stump that might pass for Arthur's Table Round—comes welling out from a glorious old rock, which rises suddenly, you remember, from the richest pasture field in yeoman Ruffhead's farm. I never saw the scenery to such advantage: the woods of Kindstone Hill closed in the landscape on the west; and before us, to the south, was spread out the long sunny level of Richland meads, at the farther extremity of which rose the time-honoured ivy-covered ruins of Leeches Abbey. While the servants, who had gone over in a couple of carts, were busy in arranging the repast, we fell off into parties, and, by mere accident, I joined the Blazer girls and Captain Smith, who gathered round the Holywell, and told what little legends they knew of it to Swallowlies and Rowny.

"They thought it was good for epileptic fits," said Araminta, "in the Roman Catholic time. It was blessed by St Toper of Geneva, who was overcome by thirst one morning after spending the night with the monks of Leeches."

"Toper of Geneva?" inquired Captain Smith,—"it's rather a jolly name for a saint; no wonder the old boy felt his coppers hot after a night with the monks."

But the remark was so coldly received that the Captain, who enjoys a great reputation in the Riddles for wit and pleasantry, was for a while struck dumb.

"Who shall tell what may be the efficacy of a good man's blessing," said Mr Swallowlies, dipping his finger reverently in the cow's drinking trough, and touching his forehead. "Do you know, Miss Blazer, if it still retains its virtue?"

"I believe epileptic patients are still brought to the spring," replied Araminta, "and I have heard that the old woman in that little hut on the hill-side has seen several cures."

"I will make her acquaintance this moment," exclaimed Swallowlies. "I think it a privilege to look on a matron who has witnessed so remarkable a

manifestation. Will you go with me, Rowdy?"

"No, I have no great faith in the fountain."

"Why not?"

"Because it is a sufficient effort for the human mind to have faith in one or two points of far greater importance."

"But you needn't make any effort at all. Take it on the assurance of the Church," said Swallowlies persuasively. "We have, indeed, cut ourselves off from a declaration of our belief in the power of saints like the holy Topper; but we can surely entertain the belief, though we are debarred from making public profession of it. And, in fact, any one who believes in miracles at all must equally believe that this spring will cure epileptic fits."

"Exactly as I say," responded Rowdy; "all miracles are equally credible."

"Then come to the old woman," said Swallowlies, taking his arm.

"No," said Mr Rowdy, "I have lately had great doubts as to my own identity, and I am going to try some experiments to see whether I am now the same person I was when I signed the articles, and did duty in my parish."

Mr Swallowlies, however, and the rest of us, with the exception of Captain Smith, walked to old Janet Wheedler's cottage, while Rowdy entered on his course of experimental philosophy. We found her nicely dressed, as if in expectation of our coming; and as the spring, with its capabilities for a pic-nic and its ancient associations, was a source of considerable revenue to her, she evidently was greatly pleased with the number of guests whom she saw approaching her door.

"*Pax vobiscum!*" said Mr Swallowlies, as we entered the cottage. "You reside here in highly favoured ground."

"Yes, indeed, sir," said Janet, "the gentlefolks be very fond of it, and very often come here from all parts about."

"Only the gentlefolks?" inquired her visitor. "I thought I heard that others came to enter themselves of the holy spring."

"Some folks don't believe in it now, sir—more's the pity. It was of great value in the old time."

"Why should it lose its virtue, Mrs Wheedler? If we had still the faith, it would have still the power."

Janet looked towards Mr Swallowlies, to judge whether he was in jest or earnest; but, on catching the face of wonderment with which he gazed at the well, and the unmistakable sincerity with which he spoke, the old woman, who had been a fortune-teller in her youth, involuntarily winked her bleary eye, and curled up the corners of her mouth.

"It ain't quite falled away yet, sir. This here cat as ever you sees—here, Tabby dear, get up and show yourself to the gentles—this here cat, sir, a week ago, was took so ill of the palsy that it shook all over like a leaf. I thought it was agoing to die; but at last, thinks I, why shouldn't St Topper cure she, as he cures so many as have fits? And so, sir, I goes and fetches a little water, and flings it on Tabby's face, and the moment she felt the water she stops the shaking, and walks about as well as ever."

"Had she had any breakfast that morning?"

"No, sir, fasting from all but air; I gave her nothing from the night before, when she supped on a mouse."

Mr Swallowlies stooped down and laid his hand on the cat, which was purring and rubbing its fur against his leg.

"A strange instance this," he said, "of the efficacy of the ancient faith."

"Do you believe it, sir?" I inquired.

"Why not, sir? I don't attribute this, of course, to the direct operation of St Topper: but it certainly was endowed with this virtue to be evidence of his holy life. A wonderful animal this, Mrs Wheedler,—you would not probably wish to part with it?"

"I have two or three other cats, sir; but I'm very poor, and a little money is more useful to me than old Tabby."

"I'll speak to you in a little on the subject. Meanwhile, have you any other instances of cure?"

"Not to speak of, sir," replied Janet, delighted with the deference she was treated with. "That there

little calf as you sees among the cabbage was born with five legs, and without ever a tail."

"Five legs! bless me!" exclaimed Mr Swallowlies—"how very strange!—it has only four now."

"Ah, sir! that's all owing to the well. I takes it to the spring, and sprinkles the fifth leg three times, and immediately it gives a jerk, and up goes the leg into its body, like the winding up of a jack-chain: and so I goes to work again, and flings a bucketful on its back, and, in a minute or two, out comes a tail,—and there it is, and not a single mark left of where the additional leg had disappeared."

"This is most interesting!" exclaimed Mr Swallowlies. "Have you got the bucket you used in aspersing the calf?"

"There it be, sir," said Janet, pointing to a tub of some size, that was placed upright against the wall.

"A blessed instrument, indeed," said the gentleman, bowing most respectfully, as he sounded with his knuckles on the rim. "I must have some minutes' conversation with you. Mrs Wheedler, for I make a point of never taking any stories, which at first sight appear improbable, without sedulous inquiry and anxious proof."

"I hear the dinner-bell," I said at this moment, for I heard Captain Smith performing the "Roast beef of Old England" on a key-bugle, which was the concerted signal for our assembling where the provender had been spread; and I used a little more vigour than usual in drawing the young ladies away.

"What a splendid specimen of Anglo-Catholic faith is Mr Swallowlies!" exclaimed Araminta in a tone of rapture: "and how free from bigotry in his reverence for a Romish saint like the holy Toper!"

"Hold your silly tongue, this moment!" I exclaimed, getting into a passion—"a fellow that believes in paralytic cats and five-footed calves being cured by such trumpery, should leave our church."

"You are so bitter, Mr Buddle, against the Holy Catholic Church, that I wonder you call yourself a Christian at all."

"Where is the Holy Catholic

"Church, you little simpleton?" I said, softening a little, for Araminta is a nice little girl.

"At Rome, Charles Fustian told me; and we are but a distant branch of it, bearing very little fruit, and owing that little only to the sap furnished to us by the main old trunk. And Mr Mount Huxtable says the same,—only that our branch bears no fruit, as the continuity was cut off at the deplorable Reformation."

"Charles Fustian! Mr Mount Huxtable!" I cried: "they're laughing at you, my little dear: they are both ministers of our church, and have made numberless protestations against the wickedness and errors of Rome. They are laughing at you,—at least I know Mount Huxtable is, for, to tell you a secret, my dear Araminta, he is placed here for no other purpose but to defend our Protestant Establishment against the Tractarian tendencies of the artists and young ladies of the day."

"Charles Fustian, sir, I beg to tell you, knows too well to presume to laugh at me," said Araminta, tossing her head.

"He ought, my dear," I replied, "for he is a remarkably foolish young man, and hasn't half the sense in his whole head which you have in your little finger."

By this time we had reached the spring: and after placing the girls in the best seats still to be found, I called Dr Smiler aside.

"My dear old friend," I said, "have you made proper inquiry about Mount Huxtable's church principles, before you installed him in full power in the parish?"

"No Tractarian need apply, was in the advertisement," replied the Doctor. "He is a stout opponent of the dissenters: and, besides, my dear Buddle, as you are the oldest friend I have in the parish, I may tell you that on the way here he had a long conversation with Christina, who sat beside him in his phaeton, and among other things he asked her if she thought she could be content with the humble condition of a curate's wife? She said yes, of course,—for she has liked him ever since they met; and he told her he would wait on me to-morrow. I now consider



him my son-in-law. He has great expectations, and has already fourteen hundred a-year."

"I don't like what I hear of his churchmanship," I said. "And as to Swallowies, I think he is a bigoted fool, and a Papist."

"I don't the least see, Mr Buddle, why a man should be either bigoted or a fool who believes as two-thirds of the Christians throughout the world believe."

So saying, the Doctor turned off in a very dignified manner, and presided over the pigeon-pie.

I confess to you, my dear Charles, this acted like a thunderbolt on me. Rejoiced as I was at Christina's good fortune, in attracting the affection of so amiable and wealthy an admirer as Mount Huxtable, I did not feel altogether comfortable at the effect which this discovery had on the logical powers of my friend the Rector of Yawnham. Because a man admires my daughter, and makes her an offer of marriage, am I to kiss the Pope's toe? I made a determination to inquire into matters more deeply than I had hitherto done, and, with a view to pick up all the information I could, I watched the conversation in silence.

Betsy Blazer sat next Captain Smith of the Rifles, and, in one of the pauses which occasionally occur in the noisiest assemblages, her voice was distinctly heard.

"Do you ever chant when you are all together in barracks, Captain Smith?—it must be delightful."

"Well, I can't deny that there is occasionally chanting after mess," replied the soldier, a little amazed.

"Who is the leader?"

"Why, Jones and I both pretend to some renown."

"Are they Gregorian?"

"I should say Stentorian was a better description, for, between ourselves, Jones, in the Nottingham Ale, might be mistaken for an angry bull."

What the denouement of the conversation was I don't know, for Rowdy's voice rose above the din—

"Faith expires"—he said—"hope grows dim—but ceremony, the last refuge of religion, remains. We lose the trustfulness that makes us lay the promises of holy writ to our

hearts,—the childlike simplicity that lifts us into a world where truth erects her palace on gorgeous clouds, which to us take the semblance and solidity of mountains,—we lose the thrill, the dread, the love,—but we can retain the surplice, the albe, and the stole. The cloud that seemed a mountain has disappeared; the confidence that sustained us has gone,—but we can erect churches according to the strictest rules of architecture, cover the table with cloth of gold,—have daily service, have some fixed, irrevocable, eternal rule, and feel ourselves the slaves of hours and postures;—a slavery besitting those who are left to grope in the darkness of their own souls for a belief, and find nothing to support, to bless, or cheer them."

"Do you advocate the external of devotion, Mr Rowdy, after the reality of religion has left the heart?" I inquired.

"Certainly, sir," he said. "If you waited for the internal religion you talk of, you would never enter a church. And pray, sir, what is internal, and what is external? Your heart is a piece of flesh, your font is a piece of stone; why shouldn't holiness reside in the one as well as in the other?"

"It strikes me, Mr Rowdy, to be rather hypocritical to go through the forms of religion without the spirit," I urged again.

"And what is life but hypocrisy?—your very clothes make you a hypocrite: without them you would resemble a forked radish, but you disfigure yourself in aprons and pantaloons. Go through the ceremonies, sir—the feeling in time will come; dig your trenches deep, and the rain will pour into them and burn the sacrifice of your altar with fire; kneel when you have no devotion, bend yourself to decrees and ordinances when you have no humility and no faith; and, entering on that course with the scoff of Voltaire, you will emerge from it with the sanctity of Vincent de Paul."

"On the contrary, sir, I maintain," said I, "that, if you persist in these miserable bonds of an outward obedience, in the expectation that they will promote your advance in goodness, you bring on yourself the con-

denunciation of the Pharisee; you may enter them with the faith of your friend Mr Swallowlies, but you will leave them ere long with the sentiments of the infidel and apostate Strauss."

"I call no man an apostate," cried Mr Rowdy, "who traces the operations of his own mind to their legitimate results; I call no man an infidel who believes that he was born, and that he shall die."

"How good! how liberal! how humane!" exclaimed a chorus of sweet voices.

"And what do you say?" I enquired, addressing our new curate.

"For myself," said Mr Mount Huxtable, "I think it sinful in any one to decide on such a subject, unless in the exact words of the church."

"Very good," said the Doctor; "judiciously answered."

"Don't you allow private judgment, sir?" said I.

"No more, sir," he replied, "than I should allow private execution. It is for the church to pass sentence: if any presumptuous individual interferes with her authority, he is as much out of his sphere as if he were to displace Baron Alderson on the bench, go through the mockery of a trial, and condemn an enemy of his own to be hanged."

"Very good, indeed," said the Doctor; "judiciously answered."

"I have often heard your friend, Charles Fustian, say the same," said Araminta.

"Is he a friend of yours, Mount Huxtable?" inquired Dr Smiler, in a very bland tone.

"A most intimate friend, my dear sir," replied Mount Huxtable.

"Dear me!—I thought you told me you didn't know him."

"No, my dear sir, I didn't tell you so: I only gave you to understand that we weren't acquainted."

"That used to be pretty much the same thing," I said, a little chafed with the putting down I had already experienced, "and I suspect you are a great deal more intimate than you were inclined to let us know."

"You have exactly hit upon the reason," he replied. "I was not inclined to let you know; and I have yet to learn that a priest is impera-

tively required to confess to a layman, however inquisitive or ill-mannered he may be."

"Come, my dear Buddle," said the Doctor, "I think you will see that you ought to apologise."

"For what?" I exclaimed.

"For speaking so irreverently to the pastor of the parish," replied Dr Smiler. "You should consider, sir, that Mr Mount Huxtable is your spiritual guide."

"Certainly," said Araminta; and Christina Smiler grew first red and then pale, and looked at me as if I were a heathen.

I sipped a glass in silence; and the altercation had the unpleasant effect of producing an awkward pause.

When the silence had endured for upwards of a minute, it was suddenly broken by Major M'Tink ejaculating, in his most military manner, "Sharpshooters, to the front!" and mechanically Jones and Smith sprang up, and, advancing a few paces, anxiously looked upward in the direction pointed out by the commander's hand. The sight they saw might have shaken less firm nerves than theirs; for, toiling slowly down the hill, from Janet Wheeler's cottage, we perceived a nondescript figure, yet evidently human, more puzzling than the sea-serpent. Some large round substance enveloped its head, and entirely buried the hat and face, and covered the whole of the neck down to the middle buttons of the coat. Tucked under one arm we beheld a cat, secured by a ribbon tied round its neck: and, with a large kitchen poker in the other hand, the advancing stranger drove before him a great awkward calf. When he got a little nearer, we recognised our friend Mr Swallowlies.

"In heaven's name!" exclaimed the Rector, "what have you got there, Mr Swallowlies?"

"It is in heaven's name, indeed," replied Swallowlies, lifting up the large washing-tub which we had seen in Janet's cottage. "These, sir, are holy relics, which I have luckily induced the venerable matron of the hut to part with—partly by prayers and supplications, and partly by payments in money."

The Rector looked astonished, for he had not been of our party; and

Swallowlies, allowing the calf to feed on the grass near the spring, explained his sentiments on the subject of the tub, and related the miraculous history of the animals his companions.

"And how much did you give for the tub, sir?" said Smiler.

"Five pounds procured the inestimable treasure," answered Swallowlies in triumph; "eight pounds procured me the sacred tabby, and twelve guineas the calf. A very few pounds more have obtained for me, if possible, still more precious articles. Look here, sir," he continued, pulling from his coat-pocket an old quarter-boot, with the sole nearly off, and two or three flat-headed nails sticking out from the tattered heel—"this is one of the sandals in which the illustrious Toper used to go his annual pilgrimage to the shrine of St Thomas of Canterbury. This instrument of iron—which, I confess, struck me at first to bear a great resemblance to a poker—was his staff. And this, sir," he said, pulling from his bosom a piece of very old corduroy, mended in several places—"this is the left leg of the pantaloons the saint wore for upwards of forty years, without ever taking them off; for he is recorded never to have changed his raiment but twice, and never to have washed either his face or hands,—such a true Christian soldier was he."

"He was a dirty brute, and no soldier," cried Captain Smith, who was a great martinet in his regiment, "and I would have had him flogged every morning till he learned to be more tidy."

"Sacrilege! horror!" exclaimed Swallowlies, crossing himself in the greatest perturbation, and placing the tub once more on his head, and resuming his labours in driving the calf onward with his poker.

"Won't you have some pie?" said Dr Smiler.

"No, sir: I am fasting to-day, and

am anxious to place my treasures in security."

"Such faith is highly edifying," said Mount Huxtable, "and unfortunately too uncommon in the present day. Ah! were all men equally pure, and as highly gifted as Swallowlies, the Reformation would soon be blotted out, and our Mother of Rome receive her repentant children."

"How? What did you say, my dear sir?" inquired the Rector. "Are you not a Protestant?"

"Assuredly not, sir. I detest the cold and barren name. It is a mere negation. I want something positive. It is the part of a Christian to believe—certainly not to deny."

"To be sure, Doctor, we are none of us Protestants; we are Anglo-Catholics," said Araminta, answering for the feminine part of his flock.

"I never viewed it in that light before," said Dr Smiler, looking assuringly at Christina, who seemed greatly alarmed at what her father might do. "Certainly religion is not a mere denial of error; it is far more—an embracing of truth."

"There is no truth omitted in the faith of the Catholic Church," said Mount Huxtable solemnly. "Some are more developed than they were at first; and some, more recently planted, are even now in course of growth, and, before many years elapse, will infallibly spread their branches all over this barren land. But I will call on you to-morrow," he added, with a smile, and a bend of his head towards Christina, which entirely barred up all the arguments that our Protestant champion might have been inclined to advance. And in a short time the picnic came to an end, and we all returned to Yawnham in the order we had come—always excepting Mr Swallowlies, whom we overtook in the first half-mile, still under his umbrageous sombrero, and still gesticulating with the poker to guide his erratic calf.

#### LETTER FOURTH.

I had not sealed up the letter which I inclose to you herewith, my dear Charles, and fortunately, as it turns out—for I have it now in my power to tell you the conclusion of your machinations in this parish.

Three weeks have elapsed since the expedition to Holywell Tree. My anger, I confess, with Dr Smiler was so hot that I never called at the parsonage; and after the first Sunday I did not even go to church. The com-

munion-table is now surmounted by a gigantic crucifix—a cover of bright velvet, with a golden star in the centre, hangs down to the ground, while a vase of flowers stands on the middle of the table, flanked at each side by immense candlesticks, with a candle of two or three pounds' weight in each. There is a stone creding table, an eagle at one side of the aisle in bronze, and the old recess in the porch is cleared out, and a basin placed in it; but whether for the reception of holy water or charitable pence I did not stop to inquire. There is daily service at ten in the morning. The girls wear a regular uniform, and call themselves Sisters of the Order of St Cecilia, and have appointed Swallowlies their father confessor; and once or twice a-week, I believe, he, or Rowdy, or Mount Huxtable, attends in the vestry, and takes the young ladies, one by one, to a solitary conversation, with the door locked. And the best of the affair is, that Tom Blazer and his two military friends are as constant in their attendance as the rest. But, with these exceptions, there is not a man to be seen in the church, either on week-days or Sundays; for I am told that even John Simpkins and Peter Bolt have struck for wages, and won't attend prayers under half-a-crown a-week. So we have begun a subscription in the parish for a district chapel; and in the mean time we stream off by the hundred, either to the church or meeting-houses of the nearest parish. Major M'Turk, I am sorry to say, has had many interviews with the Reverend Mr Rowdy, and has become almost an infidel, with a leaning, if anything, to the religion of the Buddhists in India, who fast, he says, fifty times more, and go through a thousand times more painful penances than either Puseyite or Papist.

This morning I was surprised to see Doctor Smiler coming up my garden walk, as he used to do in the days of our friendship. He looked rather downcast as he drew near the window, where I was busy getting my fishing-flies in order, and coughed once or twice, as if to announce his approach. I pretended not to hear him, and continued absorbed in my lines and feathers; and, instead of

coming in at the open door as he has done for the last twenty years, he actually rang the bell, and old Thomas had to bustle on his coat, and come out of the back-yard to see who was there,—and I thought the old man's tone was a little sharp when he announced Dr Smiler.

"How do you do, Doctor Smiler?"

I said very courteously; "have the kindness to be seated."

The Doctor sat down.

"Are you going to the brook to-day?" he inquired.

"Yes; if the wind holds, I shall try it for an hour or two this evening. I hope Mrs Smiler is well."

"She is not well," he said.

"And Christina—Miss Christina?"

I added, correcting myself.

"Dying," said the Doctor.

"Christina dying!" I exclaimed, starting up and taking the Doctor's hand: "my dear Smiler, why didn't you tell us?—why didn't you send for us?"

"I was ashamed, and that's the truth," said the Doctor. "Ah! Buddle, you were wiser than I."

"How?—what? Is it that rascal Mount Huxtable?" I inquired.

"No doubt of it," replied Smiler.

"He has ruined the happiness of my daughter, turned away the hearts of my parishioners, and made me a laughing-stock to the whole county."

"Is he not going to marry her, then?—did he not call on you after the picnic?"

"No, he didn't call on me: but he consulted Christina's taste in all things—got her to superintend the alterations in the church—the candlesticks and flowers; he even asked her what style of paper she liked for drawing rooms, and the poor girl expected every moment that he would make a formal demand."

"It may come yet," I said, endeavouring to cheer him.

"It can't, my dear friend. I find he is married already."

"The villain!"

"He was an intimate friend of Charles Fustian," continued the Rector, "and by his advice answered my advertisement for an anti-Tractarian curate; by his advice also he concealed the fact of his marriage, and, in the course of less than a month, see what he has done."

"He denied that he knew Charles Fustian."

"I accused him of the duplicity this morning, but he says it was for the good of the flock; and as he is their shepherd for two years, he has a greater interest in them than I."

"And how did he explain his speeches to Christina?"

"General observations," he says; "he wished her opinion on drawing-room papers, and required her assistance in the interior arrangement of his church."

"His church! the puppy! We shall petition the bishop."

"Of no use," said the Rector. "You will perceive, my dear Buddle, that the generality of the bench are either very fond of power, and flattered with Puseyite sycophancy; or anxious to keep pace with the titled aristocracy, and very fond of 'gentility.' Now there is no denying that the Tractarians are more polished men, and, as far as the arts and refinements go, more cultivated men than the labouring clergy generally, and therefore these two things keep them secure from any authoritative condemnation—their truckling to their spiritual superiors, and their standing in society. If Mount Huxtable had been a vulgar fellow, though with the energy and holiness of St Paul,—if he had stood up against his diocesan and vindicated his liberty, either of speech or action, in the slightest degree—we could have hurled him from the parish, probably into gaol, in spite of all the licenses in the world; but I have no hope in this case."

"Then I have," I said. "for, from what you told me of the fellow's hypocrisy, I have no doubt he was the very man who was received, as they call it, into the Romish Church by Bishop Cunningham, three months since."

"It is surely impossible, my dear Buddle; how could he officiate in our church after being a professed papist?"

"Easily, my dear Smiler; it has very often been done, and is frequently

done at this moment. Take that account of the ceremony with you, and tax him with it at once."

The Doctor folded up the paper, and went on,—

"But this is not all. How am I to atone to poor Mrs Blazer, and poor Mrs Swainlove, for what has happened?"

"Why?—what has happened to the old ladies?"

"Jones has eloped with Araminta Blazer; and, in the same post-chaise, Smith has carried off Tindrella Swainlove!"

"Why, they were almost professed unbelievers,—at least not at all Tractarian."

"That doesn't matter. They are off, and what we have now to hope for is—that they will go to Gretna Green. Young Pulser also has kicked Mr Rowdy into the mill-pond, where he was nearly drowned, for something or other he said or did to Priscilla Pulser at confession; and, to complete the catalogue of woes, Mr Swallowlies has been arrested for theft; for it appears that the calf which Janet Wheeler sold him was not her own, but belonged to farmer Ruffhead."

What could I say to comfort the poor old rector under such a tremendous cloud of calamity? The solitary glimpse of satisfaction, I confess, which I individually caught from his narrative was, that Araminta had shown the good taste to leave a friend of mine in the lurch. I will add nothing to this letter, for I am hurrying off to assist the Doctor in comforting his household, and recovering possession of his parish. How we succeed in this, and what steps we take to regain the confidence and affection of the flock, I shall not fail to inform you. Meanwhile, reflect on all that has arisen from your introduction of these foreign nummeries and superstitions into this quiet parish, and "how great effects from little causes spring."

Yours, &c.

T. BUDDLE.

## AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

When Jellachich, on the 9th September 1848, passed the Drave, the boundary of Croatia and of Hungary Proper, the war between Austria and Hungary may be said to have commenced. Up to that time the hostilities directed against Hungary had been confined to the attacks of her revolted Slavonic subjects in some parts of Croatia, and in the counties on the Lower Danube. These revolts had been instigated, and the attacks conducted, by officers in the Austrian service, who were countenanced and aided by a party at the court, and who asserted that they acted with the authority and in the interests of the Imperial family. Still the emperor, on the demand of the Hungarian ministry, had disavowed their proceedings. In May, he had publicly degraded Jellachich from all his offices, as a rebel against the Hungarian government. In July, he had formally announced to the diet, through his representative the Archduke Palatine, his determination to maintain the integrity of Hungary, and the laws he had sanctioned in April, and repudiated, as a calumny, the assertion of Jellachich and the other leaders of the revolt, that the emperor, or any other member of the Imperial family, countenanced their proceedings. It is true that Jellachich and another of these leaders had subsequently been received by the emperor-king, and by several members of the Imperial family, in a manner hardly consistent with their position as rebels; yet it was possible that his majesty might still listen to other counsels—might still resolve to pursue a constitutional course, and to preserve his own faith inviolate. Even so late as the 9th September—the day on which Jellachich passed the Drave—he solemnly renewed his promise to maintain the integrity of Hungary and the laws of April. But upon the 11th September he had reinstated Jellachich in all his offices, civil and military, knowing that he was then at the head of an army on the frontiers of Hungary, preparing to invade that kingdom, and to force the Hungarians to

renounce the concessions made to them in April by their king. It appeared that the Ban had been supplied with money and with arms from Vienna while he was still nominally in disgrace, and he was joined by Austrian regiments, which had marched from Southern Hungary to put themselves under his orders. His advance, therefore, at the head of an army composed of Austrian regiments and Croat forces, was truly an invasion of Hungary by Austria.

The Hungarian forces collected to resist this invasion were still without a commander-in-chief or a staff—without sufficient arms or ammunition, and for the most part without military discipline or organisation. We have already mentioned that, on the restoration of the Ban to his offices and command, the Hungarian ministry resigned; but Mazaros, minister of the war department, Kossuth, minister of finance, and Szemere, minister of the interior, continued provisionally to perform the duties of their offices. Their measures were so energetic, that the Palatine called upon Count Louis Bathyanyi, the head of the late ministry, to form another government. This step was approved at Vienna; and Bathyanyi undertook the duty on the condition that Jellachich should be ordered to retire, and, if he refused, should be proclaimed a traitor. The king required a list of the proposed ministry, which was immediately presented; but a week or more elapsed, during which no answer was received, and during which Jellachich continued to advance towards the capital of Hungary. The Palatine, at the request of the diet, and after the measure had been approved by the king, took command of the Hungarian troops opposed to the Ban, which were then retiring upon Buda. Both parties, the invaders and the invaded, appeared at this time to be countenanced by the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary; and the diet, while preparing for defence, seems not to have relinquished all hope of a peaceful arrangement. The Archduke Stephen,

after joining the army, and hastily organising it, opened communications with the Ban, and arranged a meeting in boats on the Lake Balaton: but Jellachich did not keep his appointment; and the Archduke Palatine, summoned to Vienna by the emperor, left the army, passed through Pesth on his way to Vienna, and on his arrival there, as we formerly stated, resigned the office of palatine. Shortly afterwards he retired to his private residence on the Rhine.

Count Louis Bathianyí, whose conditions had not yet been either accepted or rejected, was thus left alone to carry on the whole government; and the diet, for the purposes both of aiding and controlling the administration of the minister, named a committee of their number, called the "Committee of Defence," to assist in conducting the government.

Jellachich had now established himself at Stuhlweis-enberg, four or five marches from Pesth; and the government at Vienna appears to have anticipated that Hungary, left without a government, must fall into confusion. But she preserved her loyal and constitutional attitude; and while she was prepared to repel force by force, gave no pretext for employing it. Count L. Bathianyí was at length informed that his list of the new ministry was not approved: and by an ordinance dated 25th September, General Count Francis Lamberg was appointed to the command of all the troops in Hungary, with power to restore order and to close the diet. The time had arrived which the Hungarians had been most desirous to avert, when they must either surrender their constitutional rights or resist their king.

The murder of Count Lamberg by a frantic mob threw the diet into a state of consternation. The regiment on which it most relied was the regiment of Lamberg, and the Ban was at the gates of Buda. The diet passed resolutions expressing its profound grief at the unhappy fate of the count, and ordered criminal proceedings to be immediately instituted against his murderers. The patriotism of the soldiers was not shaken by the horrible event that had occurred; and they displayed their wonted gallantry on the 29th, when the Ban was repulsed. Im-

mediately after the murder of General Lamberg, Count Louis Bathianyí resigned. There was now neither palatine nor minister in the kingdom, and the enemy was about to attack the capital. In this emergency the Committee of Defence, at the head of which was Louis Kossuth, took upon itself the direction of affairs; and since that time it has governed Hungary.

After the defeat of Jellachich, while he was on the frontiers of Austria, followed by the Hungarian army, the king named Count Adam Ricsay prime-minister, and by a new ordinance, countersigned Ricsay, the diet was dissolved, its decrees annulled, and Jellachich appointed commander-in-chief of all the troops in Hungary. The civil authorities were suspended, and the country declared in a state of siege. At the same time Jellachich was named royal commissioner, and invested with executive power over the whole kingdom.

From the moment of Jellachich's nomination to the office of Ban of Croatia, without the consent of the responsible Hungarian ministry, his concert with a party hostile to Hungary at the imperial court had not been doubtful; and that party had now prevailed upon the emperor-king to adopt their views. The influence of the Ban was not shaken by his defeat. The court had previously identified itself with his proceedings, and he had faithfully, though not hitherto successfully, espoused its cause. He had declared against the laws of April and the separate ministry in Hungary, which these laws had established, and in favour of a central government at Vienna for the whole dominions of the emperor, which he proposed to force the Hungarians to accept. He was no longer a Croat chief, asserting the national pretensions of his countrymen, but an Austrian general, assailing the constitution and the independence of Hungary. From the position at Raab, on the road to Vienna, to which he had retreated after his reverse, he applied for reinforcements to enable him again to advance towards Pesth. It was the refusal of these reinforcements to march that led to the second revolution at Vienna, which has been attributed to Hungarian agency. It is probable that the Hungarians would

employ all the influence they could command to prevent or impede the march of troops to attack them; but it is remarkable that the prosecutions of persons engaged in that revolution do not appear to have elicited anything that would justify us in attributing the revolt of the Viennese to the Hungarians. Attempts have also been made to implicate the Hungarians in the atrocious murder of Latour, the minister of war, by the insurgents of Vienna, but we have not been able to trace any foundation for such a charge. The Hungarians were formidable enemies, and to them every atrocity was attributed.

The Emperor of Austria was now at war with Hungary, and his enemies, therefore, became her allies. The revolutionary party at Vienna for a time regained the ascendancy, and signalled it by the crime to which we have referred. After Windischgratz and Jellachich had invested the city, the Viennese applied to the Hungarians for aid; but their levies and national guards had returned in great numbers to their homes, and their army was not in a condition to make any impression upon that of the emperor. It advanced, and was repulsed. The Austrian government, by allying itself with rebellion and anarchy to subvert the established constitution of Hungary, had driven the Hungarians, in self-defence, into an alliance with the revolutionary party in Vienna against the government.

The error into which it had been led ought now to have been manifest to the Austrian cabinet; and it was not yet too late to remedy the evil. By returning to the course of legality and good faith, the Imperial government might have disarmed and regained Hungary. If there was in that country, as there no doubt was, a party which was disposed to sympathise with the republicans, and even with the worst of the anarchists in Austria, they were without power or influence, and their evil designs would at once have been frustrated, their opinions repudiated, and the loyalty of the nation confirmed; but the court had unfortunately placed itself in a position that left it but the choice of abandoning and breaking

faith with the rebels to Hungary, whose eminent services at Vienna it was bound to acknowledge, or of persevering in the breach of faith with Hungary, which his advisers had forced upon the emperor-king. That the Hungarians had been ready to support the cause of monarchy and order, so long as faith had been kept with them, was put beyond all question by the vote of the diet, which, on the motion of the responsible Hungarian ministry formed in April, had placed forty thousand Hungarian troops at the disposal of the emperor, for service in Italy, "to preserve the honour of the Austrian arms," then endangered by the first reverses of Marshal Radetski. The Wessenberg ministry appears to have contemplated restoring the king of Hungary and his subjects to their legal and constitutional relations, for it issued a circular declaring that the king intended to fulfil the engagements he had entered into in April. But the power of the minister was subordinate to that of a party at the court, whose views were opposed to his own; and the acts of the government were not such as to restore confidence in its sincerity, at all times a difficult task for a government that has justly forfeited the confidence of a whole nation. Hungary did not dare to suspend her preparations for resistance, and the second revolution at Vienna, by occupying the troops destined to attack her, gave her time to improve her means of defence.

Had there been at Vienna a government capable of inspiring confidence in its sincerity—a government possessing power or influence enough to carry out conciliatory measures, to fulfil the engagements it might contract—the differences between Austria and Hungary might still have been amicably adjusted, by restoring the constitutional government established in April. All the bloodshed and misery that has ensued, and all the evils that may yet follow from the war, would thus have been averted. But irresponsible advisers had more influence at the court than the ostensible cabinet, and were blindly bent on returning to the irretrievable past. They founded their hopes upon the devotion of that noble army which



had re-established order in Austria, and which, if employed only to maintain order and the just rights of the monarchy, would have encountered no opposition that it could not overcome. Hungary, cordially reunited to Austria under the same sovereign, would again have become, what the Emperor Francis declared it to be, "the chief bulwark of the monarchy;" and the empire would have resumed its position as the guardian of peace and order in Eastern Europe, and a powerful support to the cause of constitutional monarchy and rational liberty everywhere.

Unhappily for the Austrian empire, for Europe, and for "the good cause," evil counsels prevailed, and Hungary was again invaded. Many of the leading magnates adhered to the court, at which they had spent their lives, and which was in fact their home. But there was hardly a great family of which some wealthy and influential members did not declare for their native country. A great majority of the resident aristocracy—the numerous class of resident country gentlemen, almost without exception—the body of inferior nobles or freeholders—the peasant-proprietors and the labouring population, espoused the cause of Hungary. The Protestant clergy in the Magyar country, to a man, and the Roman Catholic clergy of Hungary in a body, urged their flocks to be patient and orderly, to obey the government charged with the defence of the country, and to be faithful and valiant in defending it.

The attacks of Jellachich, and of that portion of the Croats and Serbes which had declared against Hungary, had failed to bring about the submission of the diet, and had produced an alliance, dangerous to the court, between its enemies in the Hereditary States and the Hungarians, with whom it was now at war. The national assembly or congress that met at Vienna was tainted with republican notions, and divided into factions, influenced for the most part by feelings of race. German unity, Slave ascendancy, and Polish regeneration, were the ultimate objects of many of those who talked of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The discussion of the constitution revealed the discord

in their opinions, and they seemed to agree in nothing but the determination to overturn the ancient system of the empire.

Wearied by contentions, in which his character and feelings unfitted him to take a part; distracted by diverse counsels; involved by a series of intrigues, from which he could not escape, in conflicting engagements; dreading the new order of things, and diffident of his own ability to perform the duties it demanded of him, the Emperor Ferdinand abdicated; and by a family arrangement the crown of Austria was transferred, not to the next heir, but to the second in succession. The crown of Hungary, as we formerly stated, had been settled by statute on the heirs of the House of Hapsburg; but no provision had been made for the case which had now arisen. The Hungarians held that their king had no power to abdicate; that so long as he lived he must continue to be their king; that if he became incapable of performing the regal functions, the laws had reserved to the diet the power to provide for their due performance; that the crown of Hungary was settled by statute on the heirs of the House of Hapsburg, and the Emperor Francis Joseph was not the heir. The laws of Hungary required that her king should be legitimately crowned according to the ancient customs of the kingdom, and should take the coronation oath before he could exercise his rights or authority as sovereign. If he claimed the crown of Hungary as his legal right, he was bound to abide by the laws on which that right was founded. But these laws required that he should be crowned according to the customs of Hungary, and that he should bind himself by a solemn oath to maintain the constitution and the laws, including those passed in March, sanctioned and put into operation in April 1848. In short, that he should concede what Hungary was contending for.

The abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand, and the accession to the Imperial throne of his youthful successor, presented another opportunity of which the Austrian government might have gracefully availed itself, to terminate the differences with

Hungary. The young emperor was fettered by no engagements, involved in none of the intrigues that entangled his unwary predecessor, and entailed so great evils upon the country. He was free to take a constitutional course in Hungary, to confirm the concessions which had been voluntarily made, and which could not now be recalled—to restore to the Imperial government a character for good faith; and thus to have won the hearts of the Hungarians. Supported by their loyal attachment to their king, he might have peacefully worked out the reforms in the government of his empire which the times and the circumstances demanded or justified. But Count Stadion, the real head of the new ministry, though possessed of many eminent qualities as a statesman, was deeply imbued with the old longing after unity in the system of government: he hoped to effect, by means of a constitution devised and framed for that purpose, the amalgamation of the different parts of the empire, which abler men had failed to accomplish under an absolute monarchy, in circumstances more favourable to success. The opposition that was inevitable in Hungary he proposed to overcome by force of arms; and, at a moment when a desire for separate nationality was the predominant feeling in the minds of all the different races in the empire, he had the hardihood to imagine that he could frame a constitution capable of overcoming this desire, and of fusing them all into one. It was considered an advantage that the emperor, unfettered by personal engagements to Hungary, was free to prosecute its subjugation, to subvert its constitution, and to force the Hungarians to accept in its place the constitution of Count Stadion, with seats in the Assembly at Vienna for their representatives, under one central government for the united empire. This may have been a desirable result to obtain; it might, if attainable, have been ultimately conducive to the strength of the empire and the welfare of all classes; but it was not to claim the hereditary succession to a throne secured and guarded by statutes—it was rather to undertake the conquest of a kingdom.

Windischgrätz and Jellachich occupied Pesth without opposition, set aside the constituted authorities, and governed the country, as far as their army extended, by martial law. The Committee of Defence retired beyond the Theis to Debreczin, in the heart of the Magyar country, and appealed to the patriotism of the Hungarians. The army was rapidly recruited, and was organised in the field, for the campaign may be said to have endured throughout the whole winter. From time to time it was announced from Vienna that the war was about to be terminated by the advance of the imperial army, and the dispersion or destruction of *Kossuth's faction*. The flight of Kossuth, and his capture as a fugitive in disguise, were reported and believed. The delay in the advance of the imperial army was attributed to the rigour of the season and the state of the roads; and, when these impediments no longer existed, to the incapacity of Windischgrätz, who was roughly handled by the government press of Vienna. The true cause was carefully concealed. The resistance was not that of a faction, but of a nation. That fact has been fully established by the events in this unfortunate, unnecessary, and unnatural war.

The Austrian armies employed in Hungary have probably exceeded one hundred and fifty thousand regular troops, aided by irregular bands of Croats and Serbes, and latterly by a Russian corps of ten thousand men. They established themselves both in Transylvania and in Hungary, and were in possession of the whole of the fertile country from the frontiers of Austria to the Theis, which flows through the centre of the kingdom. From Transylvania, both the Austrian and the Russian forces have been driven into Wallachia. From the line of the Theis the imperial army has been forced across the Danube, on which they were unable to maintain their positions. The sieges of Komorn and Peterwardein, the two great fortresses on the Danube, of which the capture or surrender has so often been announced, have been raised; and the question is no longer whether Debreczin is to be occupied by the Emperor's forces, but whether Vienna

is safe from the Hungarians. Opposed to the admirable army of Austria, these results could not have been obtained unless the great body of the nation had been cordially united, nor even then, unless by a people of great energy, courage, and intelligence.

Had the government of Austria known how to win the hearts of the Hungarians for their sovereign—had they but preserved the good faith and the sanctity of the monarchy in Hungary, how secure and imposing might the position of the Emperor have now been, in the midst of all the troubles in Germany! Hungary desired no revolution; she had peacefully obtained, by constitutional means, all she desired. Her revolution had been effected centuries ago: and, with indigenous institutions, to which her people were warmly attached, she would have maintained, as she did maintain, her internal tranquillity and her constitutional monarchy, whatever storms might rage around her.

The resources that Hungary has put forth in this contest have surprised Europe, because Europe had not taken the trouble to calculate the strength and the resources of Hungary. With a compact territory, equal in extent to Great Britain and Ireland, or to Prussia, and the most defensible frontier of any kingdom on the continent of Europe; with a population nearly equal to that of England, and not much inferior to that of Prussia;\* with a climate equal to that of France, and soil of greater natural fertility than any of these; with a representative government long established, and free indigenous institutions, which the people venerate; with a brave, energetic, and patriotic population, predisposed to military pursuits, jealous of their national independence, and of their personal liberty—ambitious of military renown, proud of their traditional prowess, and impressed with an idea of their own superiority to the surrounding populations—Hungary, as all who know the country and the people were aware, would be found a

formidable antagonist by any power that might attack her. But, paradoxical and incredible as it may appear, we believe it is not the less true, that, little as Hungary was known in most of the countries of Europe, there was hardly a capital, in that quarter of the globe, where more erroneous notions regarding it prevailed than in Vienna. In other places there was ignorance; in the capital of Austria there was the most absurd misapprehension. Though generally a calm, sensible man, possessing a considerable amount of general information, an Austrian, even after he has travelled, appears to be peculiarly incapable of understanding a national character different from his own: this is true even in respect to other Germans: and neither the proximity of the countries, nor the frequent intercourse of their inhabitants, seems to have enabled him to form any reasonable estimate of the Hungarian character or institutions. We might adduce curious evidence of this ignorance, even in persons of distinction: but we shall content ourselves with quoting Mr Paget's observations on the subject, in June 1835:

"The reader would certainly laugh, as I have often done since, did I tell him one-half of the foolish tales the good Viennese told us of the country we were about to visit—no roads! no inns! no police! We must sleep on the ground, eat where we could, and be ready to defend our purses and our lives at every moment. In full credence of these reports, we provided ourselves most plentifully with arms, which were carefully loaded, and placed ready for immediate use. . . . It may, however, ease the reader's mind to know, that no occasion to shoot anything more formidable than a partridge or a hare presented itself, and that we finished our journey with the full conviction, that travelling in Hungary was just as safe as travelling in England.

"Why, or wherefore, I know not, but nothing can exceed the horror with which a true Austrian regards both Hungary and its inhabitants. I have sometimes suspected that the bugbear with which a Vienna mother frightens her squaller to sleep must be an Hungarian bugbear;

\* The extent of Hungary, including Transylvania, is above 125,000 square miles; that of Great Britain and Ireland is 122,000, and that of Prussia about 116,000. The population of Hungary, according to the best authorities, is nearly fourteen millions; that of England (in 1841) was nearly fifteen millions; that of Prussia about sixteen millions.

for in no other way can I account for the inbred and absurd fear which they entertain for such near neighbours. It is true, the Hungarians do sometimes talk about liberty, constitutional rights, and other such terrible things, to which no well-disposed ears should be open, and to which the ears of the Viennese are religiously closed."

There were, no doubt, elements of discord in Hungary, of which Austria, on former occasions as well as now, took advantage; but their value to her in the present war has been greatly overrated. The population of the kingdom, like that of the empire, is composed of various races, amongst which there are differences of language, religion, customs, and sentiments. Of the 11,000,000 of people who inhabit Hungary, not more than 5,000,000 are Magjars, about 1,262,000 are Germans, 2,311,000 Wallacks, and, of the remaining 5,400,000, nine-tenths or more are Sclaves. The Sclaves are therefore as numerous as the Magjars; and, although these races had at all times combined against foreign enemies, it was probable that they would not unite in a domestic quarrel, as that with Austria might be considered. When a great part of the colonists of the military frontier, chiefly Croats and Serbes, took part against the government of Hungary, and asserted a Sclave nationality as opposed to the Hungarian nationality, it was too hastily assumed, by persons imperfectly informed, that the whole Sclavonic population, equalling the Magjars in number, would be available to Austria in the war. But the Sclaves of Hungary are a disunited race, divided into nine different tribes, the greater part of which have nothing in common except their origin. Most of these tribes speak languages or dialects which are mutually unintelligible; and the Sclaves of different tribes are sometimes obliged to use the Magjar tongue as their only means of communication. Some belong to the Roman Catholic Church, some to the Greek; others are Protestants—Lutheran or Calvinist; and some, while they have submitted to the see of Rome, retain many of their Greek forms and services, adhere to the Greek calendar, and constitute a distinct

communion. The Slovacks of Northern Hungary, numbering 1,600,000, are partly Roman Catholics, partly Protestants—and have no intercourse or community of language or feeling with the Sclaves of Southern and Western Hungary, from whom they are separated by the intervention of the Magjar country. The Ruthenes, also in Northern Hungary, are distinct from the Slovacks, occupy a different portion of the slopes and spurs of the Carpathians, and have no connexion with the Sclaves on the right bank of the Danube, from whom they are separated by the whole breadth of Hungary and Transylvania at that point—they amount to about 100,000. The Croats, not quite 900,000 in number, are partly Roman Catholics and partly belong to the Greek Church. When religious toleration was established in Hungary, they exercised the power enjoyed by the provincial assembly to exclude Protestants from the country. The Shocks of Sclavonia Proper, and the Rasciens of that province and of the Banat, amounting respectively to above 800,000, and nearly half a million, are tribes of the Serbe stock, of whom the greater part adhere to the Greek Church, and whose language is different from that of the Croats, the Slovacks, and the Ruthenes. The Bulgarians, about 12,000, the Montenegrins, about 2000, and the Wends from Styria, about 50,000, are small distinct tribes, speaking different languages, and divided by religious differences. But the whole of these Sclavonic tribes have this in common, that they are all animated by a feeling of hatred to the German race: and more than half of the Sclave population of Hungary has joined the Hungarians against Austria.

There was also a belief that the Hungarians had oppressed the Sclaves, and that the whole Sclave race would therefore combine to put down their oppressors. This was another misapprehension. Great efforts have been made by some of their poets and their journalists to persuade the Sclaves that they were oppressed, and the Croat newspapers and pamphlets of M. Gay, and the Austrian journals, have circulated this belief over Ger-

many, whence it was disseminated over Europe; but there seems to have been no foundation for the charge. The Slaves enjoyed the same rights and privileges as the Hungarians; they were protected by the same laws; they have shared equally with the Hungarians in all the concessions obtained by the Diet of Hungary, to which the Slaves sent their own representatives, from the sovereign; they bore less than their due proportion of the public burdens, and they were left in the enjoyment of their own internal and municipal administration. Croatia, where the movement in favour of what was called Illyrian nationality originated fifteen or sixteen years ago, and where it was fostered, curiously enough, by the patronage of two imperial governments—Croatia does not appear to have any reason to complain of Hungarian oppression. The Croats had their own provincial assembly or diet, which regulated the internal affairs of the province, their own county assemblies, their own Ban or governor, they elected their own county and municipal officers; a great part of the province was organised as a part of the military frontier, and was therefore removed from the control of the Hungarian Diet, and brought more directly under the authorities at Vienna. The only specific charge, so far as we have been able to discover, that they brought against the Hungarians was, that the Majjars desired to impose their language upon the Croats. The history of the matter is this,—Latin had been the language of public business, of debates, and of the decisions of courts of law in Hungary, till the attempt of Joseph II. to substitute the German excited a strong national movement in favour of the Majjar. From 1790 this movement has been persevered in with the greatest steadiness; and in 1830 an act was passed by the Diet, and sanctioned by the king, which decreed that, after the 1st of January 1844, no one could be named to any public office who did not know the Majjar. This completed the series of measures which substituted that language for the Latin, a language unintelligible to the great body of the people. If a living was to be substituted for a dead

language, no other than the Majjar could well be selected. Besides being greatly more numerous than any other tribe speaking one language, the Majjars were the wealthiest, the most intelligent and influential; and their language was spoken not only by their own race, but by a large proportion of the other inhabitants of the country—probably by six or seven times as many persons as used any other Hungarian dialect. The Croats, whose language was not that of any other tribe, could not expect it to be chosen, and all that was required of them was to employ the Majjar where they had hitherto employed the Latin language, and nowhere else. The county of Agram, the most important and populous of the three counties of Croatia, repudiated the notion of a separate Illyrian nationality, of which, however, the county town was the centre; and clung to Hungary as the safeguard of its liberty. The truth is that the Croats, of whose hostility to the Hungarians we have heard so much, are nearly equally divided between Hungary and Austria; and, but for the military organisation which places so large a portion of that people at the disposal of Austria—and that the most formidable portion—the agitators for Illyrian nationality would probably have been put down by their own countrymen. The Slovaks, a people of Bohemian origin, refugees from religious persecution, have joined the Hungarians. A great part of the people of Slavonia Proper have refused to take part against Hungary. The tribes that have engaged most extensively and violently in hostilities against the Hungarians have been the people of Servian race, and of the Greek church, in the counties of the Lower Danube, and in Croatia. Amongst the Hungarian Slaves of the Greek church, it is well known that foreign influence has long been at work, for which the Greek priesthood are ready instruments. The hopes of these tribes have been turned towards the head of their church, and the sympathies of thirty millions of Eastern Slaves who belong to the same church.

Though feelings of nationality and of race have been developed in Hungary, as elsewhere, to an extent

hitherto unexampled, they have there to contend with the craving for liberty, which has at the same time acquired intensity, and which amongst the Slaves has been fostered and inflamed by the efforts of those who, for the purpose of exciting them against the Magjars, would persuade them that they were the victims of oppression. The more intelligent and influential are now convinced, that it is to Hungary—to which they owe the liberty they enjoy--and not to anarchy, or to Austria, against the attacks of whose government Hungary has so long defended their freedom and her own, that they must look for advancement.

The relative positions of the peasants and the nobles, and the antagonism of these classes, enabled Austria to exercise great influence and even power in Hungary. The peasant population, amounting to three millions or more, now emancipated from their disabilities and exclusive or disproportionate burdens, and raised to the rank and wealth of freeholders and proprietors, by the liberality of the nobles, have an equal interest with them in defending the institutions to which they owe their elevation.

The elements of discord, although they were such as enabled agitators to raise a part of the Slaves against the Hungarians, when it was resolved to retract the concessions that had been made to them, would hardly have been found available for that purpose, had not the instigators of the revolt acted in the name of the King of Hungary, and of more than one imperial government; nor even then, perhaps, had they not been enabled to dispose of the resources of the military frontier. Now that the Hungarians have obtained important successes, it is probable that the Slaves will all join them. The movement of these tribes against the Hungarians, which was caused by other influences in addition to that of Austria, has thus tended to lead the imperial government into hostility with Hungary, without contributing much to its strength.

When the Austrian government resolved to subjugate Hungary, it was presumed that they undertook the conquest of that country relying on

their own resources. But the success of the enterprise was so doubtful, and a failure so hazardous to the empire, that we never could believe it possible that it had been undertaken without an assurance of support. It is true that the imperial government might at that time have expected an adjustment of their differences with Sardinia; but Venice still held out, peace with Sardinia had not been concluded, the state of Italy was daily becoming more alarming, and the Austrian cabinet knew that they could maintain their hold of Lombardy, and reduce Venice, only by means of a powerful army. They were aware that the condition of Galicia, and even of Bohemia, was precarious, and that neither could safely be denuded of troops. The state of affairs in Germany was not such as to give them confidence, still less to promise them support; and the attitude they assumed towards the assembly at Frankfort, though not unworthy of the ancient dignity of Austria, was not calculated to diminish her anxiety. Even in the Hereditary States all was not secure. They were aware that old sentiments and feelings had been shaken and disturbed; that, although order had for the time been restored, by the fidelity and courage of the army, men's minds were still unsettled; and that, both in the capital and in the provinces, there were factions whose sympathies were not with the imperial government, and which, in case of disasters, might again become formidable. The capital alone required a garrison of twenty thousand men, to keep it in subjection—to preserve its tranquillity. Putting aside, therefore, every consideration as to the justice of the war, and looking merely to its probable consequences, it is obvious that, without such a preponderance of power and resources as would not only insure success, but insure it at once—by one effort—it would have been madness in Austria, for the purpose of forcing her constitution upon the Hungarians, to engage in a contest in which she staked her power—her existence—and which could not fail to be dangerous to her if it became protracted.

Let us then examine the resources of both parties, and see what was the preponderance on the side of Austria,

which would justify her in undertaking so hazardous an enterprise, on the supposition that she relied solely on her own resources.

The Austrian empire contains a population of 36,000,000; of these about 7,000,000 are Germans—about 15,500,000 are Slaves,—nearly 8,000,000 are of Italian and Dacian races, and about 5,600,000 of Asiatic races, including 5,000,000 of Magjars. If from these 36,000,000 we deduct the population of Hungary, 11,000,000, of Lombardy and Venice, 1,876,000—or, together, nearly 19,000,000, hostile to Austria—and the population of Galicia, 4,980,000, which did not contribute to her strength, to say nothing of Bohemia or Vienna, or Crakow, there will remain to Austria, to carry on the war, only 12,114,000. But, as probably two millions of the Slaves and other tribes of Hungary, including the military frontier, may have been reckoned as on her side, that number may be deducted from Hungary and added to Austria. There will then remain to Hungary a population of 12,000,000, concentrated in their own country for its defence, and to Austria about 14,000,000, whose military resources must be distributed over her whole dominions—from the frontiers of Russia to those of Sardinia, from the frontiers of Prussia to the confines of Turkey—to re-establish her authority in Lombardy, to reduce Venice to submission, to hold the Sardinians and the Italian republicans in check, to control and overawe Galicia and Crakow, to garrison Vienna and maintain tranquillity at home, and, finally, to conquer 12,000,000 of Hungarians. It is true she had a noble army, and Hungary then had almost none, except such levies as she had hastily raised, and which were as yet without skilful commanders. But Austria knew by experience the difficulties and hazards of a war in Hungary. Her government must have known the resources of the country, the courage and patriotism of its inhabitants, and the success that had attended their resistance to her forces on more than one former occasion. Surrounded by difficulties at home, in Italy, and in Germany, with full one half of the population of the empire

hostile to the government, she was undertaking an enterprise which her forces, in circumstances far more favourable to success, had repeatedly failed to accomplish.

Reviewing the whole of these considerations, therefore, we hold it to be quite incredible that the Austrian government, having the alternative of restoring peace, by permitting the King of Hungary to fulfil his engagements to his subjects, could have preferred a war for the subjugation of Hungary, if she had relied solely on her own resources, or followed only her own impulses and the dictates of her own interest. We cannot doubt that she was assured of foreign aid—that her resolution to make war upon Hungary, rather than keep faith with her, was adopted in concert with the power by which that aid was to be furnished. If this inference be just, we may find in that concert a reason for

extraordinary accumulation of Russian troops in Wallachia and Moldavia, which appeared to threaten the Ottoman Porte, but which also threatened Hungary, where the only corps that has been actively employed found occupation. The feeling of Germany made it unsafe to bring Russian troops into Austria; but the massing of Russian troops in the Danubian principalities of Turkey excited no jealousy in Germany. Austria, too, shrinking instinctively from the perils of Russian intervention, while in reliance on that support she pursued a bold and hazardous policy, with a confidence which otherwise would have been unintelligible and misplaced, hoped perhaps to escape the danger of having recourse to the aid on which she relied.

Having employed all her disposable means in the war, Austria now maintains it at a disadvantage, for her own defence. Her armies have been defeated, her resources exhausted or crippled, her capital is in danger, and she must either concede the demands of the Hungarians, or call in the armies of Russia to protect her government and enforce her policy. What the demands of the Hungarians may now be, we know not; but if they have wisdom equal to the courage and energy they have displayed, they will be contented with the restitution of

their legal rights, which Austria may grant without dishonour, because in honour and good faith they ought never to have been rejected. If they are wise as they are brave, the Hungarians will seek to restore unity and peace to the empire with which their lot has been cast—whose weakness cannot be their strength—whose independence is necessary to their own security. That the intervention of Russia would be fatal to the Austrian empire, to its dignity, its power, its capacity to fulfil the conditions of its existence as a great independent state—the guardian of eastern Europe—is, we think, unquestionable. Attributing no interested design to Russia—assuming that she desires nothing so much as the strength and stability of the Austrian empire—we cannot doubt that the re-establishment and maintenance of the imperial government's authority by the military force of Russia, were it the best government that ever existed, would desecrate, in the heart of every German, the throne of the Kaiser, and cover it with dust and ashes. In a contest between the Russians and the Hungarians, the sympathy of all Germany, of all western Europe, would be with the Majjars. Half the Emperor of Austria's own heart would be on the side of the loyal nation to which his house owes so large a debt of gratitude; who, he must be aware, have been alienated only by the errors and the injustice of his advisers, and who, if they are sacrificed, will not, and cannot be sacrificed to his interests. Hungary was perfectly satisfied with her constitution and her government, as established by the laws of April 1848. She was loyal to her king, and careful of the honour of Austria, which she sent her best troops to defend in another country; her crimes have been her attachment to established institutions, and the courage and patriotism with which she has defended them. This is not the spirit which it can ever be the interest of a sovereign to extinguish in *his own* subjects. The desire to overturn established institutions is the very evil which the Emperors of Austria and Russia profess to combat, and their first efforts are to be directed against the only Christian nation between the frontiers of Belgium and Russia—between

Denmark and Malta, which was satisfied with its institutions and government, and determined to maintain them.

If Russia engages seriously in the war, she will put forth her whole strength, and Hungary may probably be overpowered; but can she forget her wrongs or her successes?—will she ever again give her affection to the man who, claiming her crown as his hereditary right, has crushed her under the foot of a foreign enemy? If anything can extinguish loyalty in the heart of a Hungarian, the attempt of the Emperor to put the Muscovite's foot upon his neck will accomplish it. We can imagine no degradation more deeply revolting to the proud Majjar, or more likely to make him sum up all reasoning upon the subject with the desperate resolution to sell his life as dearly as he can. There is therefore much reason to fear lest a people, who but a few weeks ago were certainly as firmly attached to monarchy as any people in Europe, not excepting either the Spaniards or ourselves, should be driven by the course Austria has pursued, and especially by the intervention of Russia, to renounce their loyalty and consort with the enemies of monarchy. Their struggle is now for life or death—it ceases to be a domestic quarrel from the moment Russia engages in it; and Hungary must seek such support as she can find. Austria has done everything she could to convert the quarrel into a war of opinion, by representing it and treating it as such; and now that she has brought to her aid the great exemplar and champion of absolute monarchy, it is not impossible that she may succeed.

Russia comes forward to re-establish by force of arms the authority of a government which has been unable to protect itself against its own subjects; and, when re-established, she will have to maintain it. How long this military protection is to endure, after all armed opposition is put down, no man can pretend to foretell. It must depend upon events which are beyond the reach of human foresight. But a government that is dependent for its authority on a foreign power, must, in every sense of the term, cease to be an independent



government. Is it under Russian protection that Austria is to preserve Lombardy, or to maintain her influence in Germany? Would the Slavonic population of Austria continue to respect a German government protected by a nation of Slaves—would they not rather feel that the real power was that of their own race? Would the Austrians forget the humiliation of Russian protection, or forgive the government that had sacrificed their independence? Dependent upon Russian protection, the Austrian government could no longer give security to Turkey, or counterbalance the weight with which the power of Russia, whatever may be the moderation of the reigning emperor, must continue to press upon the frontiers of weaker countries. In such a state of things, the relations of Austria to the rest of Europe would be changed—reversed. Instead of being the bulwark of Germany and the safeguard of Turkey against Russia, she would become the advanced post of Russia against both. Is it to bring her to this condition that she has allowed herself to be involved in the war with Hungary? Is it to arrive at this result that she will consent to prolong it?

Of the effect, in Germany, of the Russian intervention in Austria, it is almost superfluous to speak. The advance of Russian armies, simultaneously with the dissolution of more than one refractory assembly, has raised in the minds of men, already in a state of furious excitement, a suspicion that these events are not unconnected, and that the Emperor of Austria is not the only German sovereign who is in league with the Czar! The time has arrived when the question must be determined whether order or anarchy is to prevail; and we have no doubt that, in Germany as in France, the friends of order will speedily gain a complete ascendancy—if there be no foreign, and above all, no Russian intervention. But to very many of the patriotic friends of order in Germany, Russian intervention in her affairs, or an appearance of concert between their own government and Russia for the purpose of influencing German interests, and suppressing German feelings, would

be intolerable. There is reason to apprehend that a great body of true-hearted Germans, especially in the middle classes—whose power must, after all, decide the contest, and who desire social order and security under a constitutional monarchy—may fancy they see in the advance of Russian forces, at a moment when the sovereigns, supported by their armies, are making a stand against popular tyranny, cause to fear that even their constitutional freedom is in danger. We are satisfied that there are no reasonable grounds for such fears—that the other governments of Germany are too wise to follow the example of Austria in her conduct towards Hungary: but that example cannot fail to produce distrust in many minds already disposed to it: and popular movements are more influenced by passion than by reason.

It is impossible not to feel that Russia is about to occupy a new position in Europe, which, if no event occurs to obstruct her in her course, must greatly increase her influence and her power for good or for evil. She is to be the protector of Austria, not against foreign enemies, but against one of the nations of which that empire is composed. She is to re-establish and maintain, by military force, a government which has been unable to maintain itself against its internal enemies—a government which a nation of fourteen millions of people has rejected, fought, and beaten. A great power cannot interfere in the internal affairs of another state, to the extent of maintaining there by force of arms a government incapable of maintaining itself against the nation, without getting involved in the relations of the government it upholds, to an amount of which it is impossible to fix or to predict the limits, but of which the tendency has ever been, and must ever be, progressively to increase the power of the protecting over the protected government; and the single fact that the interests of Austria were in this manner inseparably bound up, for a time of indefinite duration, with those of Russia, would give to the great northern power a preponderance, both in Europe and in Asia, such as no hereditary monarchy has possessed in modern times.

With 150,000 or 180,000 men in Hungary, Wallachia, and Moldavia, the Russian armies would encircle the frontiers of Turkey, from the shores of the Adriatic to the frontiers of Persia. With a government in Austria dependent upon the support of those armies, the power that has hitherto been the chief security of Turkey against the military superiority of Russia, would be at the command of the court of St Petersburg. The Slavonic tribes, which form the chief part of the Turkish population in Europe, seeing themselves enveloped by the armies of Russia, guiding and controlling the power of Austria, in addition to her own, must be thoroughly demoralised, even if Russia should abstain from all attempts to debauch them. They will feel that they have no course left but to court her, to look to her whose force is visibly developed before them, is in contact with them, surrounds them, and appears to be irresistible everywhere. They will find in the unity of race an inducement to adhere to the rising destinies of the great Slavonic empire—their instincts will teach them to abandon, in time, the fabric that is about to fall.

Forced to involve herself in all the relations of the government she upholds, Russia will come into immediate contact with the minor German monarchies, whose governments may almost stand in need of protection. There is no one kingdom in Germany that could then pretend to counterbalance her power, or to resist her policy. The same interests would carry her influence, and it may be her arms, into Italy. It will no longer be necessary to negotiate the passage of the Dardanelles by her fleet—the road will be open to her troops, and the passage of her fleet will no longer be opposed.

We have not attributed to the Emperor Nicholas, or to Russia, any ambitious ulterior views in affording assistance to Austria—we have supposed him to be influenced only by the most generous feelings towards a brother emperor. But, to suppose that he has no desire to extend his own or his country's influence and power—that he will not take advantage of favourable circumstances to extend them—would be absurd; and

were he to set out with the firmest resolution to avoid such a result, the course on which he is now said to have entered, if he conducts it to a successful issue, must, in spite of himself, lead to that result. It is no answer, therefore, to say that the Emperor of Russia does not desire to extend his territory; that he has abstained with singular moderation from interfering in the affairs of Europe, while every capital was in tumult, and every country divided against itself. Giving him credit for every quality that can adorn the loftiest throne, the consequences of his present policy, if it be successfully carried out, are equally inevitable.

We must remember, on the other hand, that after all, the Emperor of Russia is but a man—but one man, in an empire containing above sixty millions of people. He is the greatest, no doubt, the most powerful, perhaps the ablest and wisest—the presiding and the guiding mind, with authority apparently absolute—but they little know the details of an autocratic government, who suppose that he is uninfluenced by the will of the nation, or has power to follow out his own intentions. He must see with other men's eyes, he must hear with other men's ears, he must speak with the tongues of other men. How much of what is said and done in his name, in his vast empire, and in every foreign country, is it possible that he can ever know? How much of his general policy must, from time to time, be directed by events prepared or consummated in furtherance of their own views, by his servants, and without his knowledge! How often must he be guided by the form in which facts are placed before him, and by the views of those who furnish them! It is important, therefore, to inquire what are the feelings and opinions, not of the Emperor only, but of his servants and guides—of the men who pioneer for him, and prepare the roads on which per force he must travel.

Shortly after the French revolution of February 1848, a Russian diplomatic memoir was handed about with an air of mystery in certain circles in Paris. M. de Bourgoing, formerly French minister at St Petersburg, and author of a recent work, entitled, *Les guerres d'idolatrie et de nationalité*,

has published a commentary upon the Russian memoir, which he tells us was prepared by one of the ablest and best-informed employés in the Russian Chancellerie, after the events of February. He further informs us that it was presented to the Emperor of Russia, and, with the tacit consent of the Russian government, was sent to be printed in a German capital, (the impression being limited to twelve copies,) under the title of "*Politique et moyens d'action de la Russie impartialement appréciée.*" The object of M. Bourgoing's commentary, as well as of his previous publication, appears to be to remove exaggerated apprehensions of the aggressive power and tendencies of Russia, and the fears of a general war in Europe, which her anticipated intervention in Austria, and the occupation in force of Wallachia and Moldavia by her troops, had excited in France. His fundamental position appears to be, that the wars of 1818 and 1849 are essentially wars of language and race: that France has therefore nothing to fear from them; and that Russia has neither a sufficient disposable force, nor the slightest desire to interfere, in a manner injurious to France, in the affairs of Western Europe. With this view he combats, with a gentle opposition, the reasoning of the Russian memoir, which he represents as "une déclaration ou l'on est autorisé à voir une espèce de manifeste envoyé sans éclat par la Russie à ce qu'elle intitule la révolution." From the tendencies of M. Bourgoing's writings, which occasionally peep out somewhat thinly clothed, though they are generally well wrapped up, we should infer that the "ancien ministre de France en Russie" does not consider his connexion with the court of St Petersburg as finally terminated; and we do not doubt that he has good warrant for all he says of the history of this memoir.

But, whether or not we may be disposed to assign to it a character of so much authority as M. Bourgoing attributes to that document, we cannot but regard it as a curious illustration of the kind of memoirs that Russian diplomatists, "les plus habils et les plus instruits," present to the Emperor, and that the Russian government "tacitly consents" to have trans-

mitted to a German capital to be printed "sur-le-champ."

The Russian memoir commences with the following general proposition,—

"Pour comprendre de quoi il s'agit dans la crise extrême où l'Europe vient d'entrer, voici ce qu'il faudrait se dire : Depuis longtemps il n'y a plus en Europe que deux puissances réelles, la Révolution et la Russie. Ces deux puissances sont maintenant en présence, et demain peut-être elles seront aux prises. Entre l'une et l'autre, il n'y a ni traité ni transaction possibles. La vie de l'une est la mort de l'autre. De l'issue de la lutte engagée entre elles, la plus grande des luttes dont le monde ait été témoin, dépend pour des siècles tout l'avenir politique et religieux de l'humanité.

"La Russie est avant tout l'empire chrétien; le peuple russe est chrétien, non-seulement par l'orthodoxie de ses croyances, mais par quelque chose de plus intime encore que la croyance : il l'est par cette faculté du renoncement et du sacrifice, qui sont comme le fond de sa nature morale.

"Il y a heureusement sur le trône de Russie un souverain en qui la pensée russe s'est incarnée, et dans l'état actuel du monde la pensée russe est la seule qui soit placée assez en dehors du milieu révolutionnaire pour pouvoir apprécier sainement les faits qui s'y produisent.

"Tout ce qui reste à la Bohême de vraie vie nationale est dans ces croyances hussites, dans cette protestation toujours vivante de sa nationalité slave opprimée contre l'usurpation de l'église romaine, aussi bien que contre la domination de la nation allemande. C'est la le lien qui l'unit à tout son passé de lutte et de gloire, et c'est là aussi le chemin qui pourra rattacher un jour le Tchéque de la Bohême à ses frères d'Orient.

"On ne saurait assez insister sur ce point, car ce sont précisément ces reminiscences sympathiques de l'église d'Orient, ce sont ces retours vers la vieille foi dont le hussitisme dans son temps n'a été qu'une expression imparfaite et défigurée, qui établissent une différence profonde entre la Pologne et la Bohême. entre la Bohême ne subsistant que malgré elle le joug de la communauté occidentale, et cette Pologne fractionnement catholique, scide fanatique de l'Occident, et toujours traître vis-à-vis des siens."

We add a few more extracts :—

"Que fera la Bohême, avec les peuples qui l'entourent, Moraves, Slovaques, c'est-à-dire, sept ou huit millions d'hommes de même langue et de même race qu'elle ?  
 . . . . . En general c'est

chose digne de remarque, que cette faveur persévérante que la Russie, le nom Russe, sa gloire, son avenir n'ont cessé de rencontrer parmi les hommes nationaux de Prague."—(Page 15.)

At page 18 we find the following observations upon Hungary:—

"Cette ennemie c'est la Hongrie, j'entend la Hongrie Magyar. De tous les ennemis de la Russie c'est peut-être celui qui la hait de la haine la plus furieuse. Le peuple Magyar, en qui la ferveur révolutionnaire joint de s'associer, par la plus étrange de combinaisons, à la brutalité d'une horde asiatique, et dont on pourrait dire avec tout autant de justice que des Turcs, qu'il ne fait que camper en Europe, vit entouré de peuples Slaves, qui lui ont tous également odieux. Ennemi personnel de cette race, il se retrouve, après des siècles d'agitation et de turbulence, toujours encore emprisonné au milieu d'elle. Tous ces peuples qui l'entourent, Serbes, Croates, Slovaques, Transylvanians, et jusqu'au petits Russiens des Karpathes, ont les anneaux d'une chaîne qu'il croyait à tort jamais briser. Et maintenant il sent, au-dessus de lui, une main qui pourra quand il lui plaira rejoindre ces anneaux, et resserrer la chaîne à volonté. De là sa haine instinctive contre la Russie.

"D'autre part, sur la foi de journalisme étranger, les meneurs actuels du parti se sont sérieusement persuadé que le peuple Magyar avait une grande mission à remplir dans l'Europe orthodoxe, que c'était à lui en un mot à tenir en échec les destins de la Russie."

If these are the mutual sentiments of Russians and Magjars, we may form some idea of the kind of warfare that is about to be waged in Hungary.

It is curious to observe the confidence with which the Russian diplomatist assumes that the influence of his master over all the Slavonic tribes of Hungary is completely established, and points to the Emperor of Russia, not to their sovereign, as the hand that is to clench the chain by which the Magjars are enclosed. When it is remembered that this memoir was circulated in Paris before any differences had arisen between Austria and Hungary—that the first movement hostile to the Magjars was made by Slavonic tribes of the Greek Church, headed by the Patriarch—that Austria long hesitated before she resolved to break faith and peace with Hungary—that her own resources were inadequate to the enterprise she undertook—that her own interests appeared to forbid her

undertaking it—one is forced to ponder and reflect on the means and influences by which she may have been led into so fatal an error.

We cannot refrain from giving one other extract from the Russian memoir, which is too pungent to be omitted:—

"Quelle ne serait pas l'horrible confusion ou tomberaient les pays d'Occident aux prises avec la révolution, si le *légitime souverain, si l'Empereur orthodoxe d'Orient*, tardait longtemps à y apparaître!

"L'Occident s'en va; tout croule, tout s'abîme dans une conflagration générale, l'États de l'Occident aussi bien que l'Europe des traites de 1815, la papauté de Rome, et toutes les royautes de l'Occident, le catholicisme et le protestantisme, la foi depuis longtemps perdue et la raison réduite à l'absurde, l'ordre désormais impossible, la liberté désormais impossible, et sur toutes ces ruines annoncées par elle, la civilisation se suicidant de ses propres mains!

"Et lorsque, au-dessus de cet immense naufrage, nous voyons, comme une arche sainte, surnager cet empire plus immense encore, qui donc pourrait douter de sa mission? Et est-ce à nous, ses enfans, à nous montrer sceptiques et pusillanimes?"

Such then, it appears, are the sentiments of some of the most enlightened of the Russian diplomatists—such are the opinions and views presented to the Emperor by the men on whose reports and statements his foreign policy must of necessity be chiefly founded—such, above all, are the feelings and aspirations, the enmities and the means of action, which the nation fosters and on which it relies.

It has been said that, in attacking the Hungarians, Russia is but fighting her own battle against the Poles, who are said to compose a large proportion of the Hungarian army: and those who desire to throw discredit on the Hungarian movement have nicknamed it a Polo-Magyar revolution. They must have been ignorant or regardless of the facts. Whatever the Austrian journals or proclamations may assert, Russia must know full well that in the Hungarian army there are not more than five thousand Poles, and only two Polish general officers, Dembinski and Bem.

That the Poles may think they see in a war between Russia and Hungary a favourable opportunity to revolt, is not improbable, and that, if the Poles

should rise, they will find sympathy and support in the nation that Russia is attacking, must be inevitable.

In the mean time, the Hungarians are preparing for the unequal contest. They have a well-equipped army of 160,000 men in the field, and a levy of 200,000 more has been ordered. Such is the national enthusiasm, that this whole number may probably be raised. This feeling is not confined to the Majjars, but extends to the Sclavonic population also.

The following extracts from a letter received on the 14th May, by one of his correspondents, from an intelligent English merchant who has just returned from a visit to the Sclavonic districts of northern Hungary, on his commercial affairs, gives the latest authentic intelligence we have seen of the state of things in the Slovak countries, the only part of the country which the writer visited:—

"I am just returned from Hungary. I was exceedingly surprised to see so much enthusiasm. My candid opinion is that, even if the Russians join against them, the Hungarians will be victorious. They are certainly short of arms; if they could procure one or two hundred thousand muskets, the affair would be closed immediately. In the mountains the cultivation of the land proceeds as usual, although the whole neighbourhood was full of contending troops. As I came out of Hungary, the advanced guards were only two German miles apart. However, I found no inconvenience; the roads were quite safe; and if it were not for the guerillas, whom one expects every minute to issue from the woods, the thing would go on, for a stranger, comfortably enough. The newspaper-money (Kossuth's) is taken everywhere, not only for the common necessities of life, but also for large business transactions—the idea being that there is about equal security for Hungarian as for the Austrian bank-notes."

It must be confessed, that in circumstances calculated to try her prudence, Russia has acted with singular composure and wisdom. She abstained from interfering in the affairs of western Europe while the tide of republican frenzy was in flood. She contented herself with carefully and diligently increasing and organising her army—then, probably, in a more inefficient state than at any time during the last

thirty years—and gradually concentrated her disposable troops on her western frontier, where magazines have been prepared for it. While continental Europe was convulsed by revolutions, she made no aggression—the occupation of Wallachia and Moldavia was her only move in advance. She avoided giving umbrage to the people, to the sovereigns, or to the successive governments that were formed, and established a right to demand confidence in her moderation and forbearance. She came to the aid of Austria at first with a small force in a distant province, just sufficient to show that the Austrian government had her support, and not enough to excite the jealousy of Germany. Now that her military preparations are completed, she comes to protect Austria, not until she is called, and at a time when the most formidable dangers she has to encounter are such as the friends of order, triumphant in the west, and we trust dominant everywhere, would be the last to evoke. Yet it is impossible to deny that the successful execution of her present project would be a great revolution—that it would more seriously derange the relative positions of nations, and the balance of power, than any or all of those revolutions which the two last eventful years have witnessed.

The adjustment of the differences between Austria and Hungary would avert this danger—would remove all hazard of throwing the power of Hungary into the scale with the enemies of monarchy—would re-establish the Austrian empire upon the only basis on which, as it appears to us, it is possible to reconstruct it as an independent empire; and would be "a heavy blow and great discouragement" to the anarchists, whose element is strife, whose native atmosphere is the whirlwind of evil passions. But if this may not be—if Austria uses the power of Russia to enforce injustice, and, with that view, is prepared to sacrifice her own independence—we should refuse to identify the cause of monarchy and order—the cause of constitutional liberty, morality, and public faith—with the dishonest conduct of Austria, or the national antipathies and dangerous aspirations of Russia.

## FEUDALISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

It is not exactly the best of all times to point out things that may be amiss in, nor to find fault with either portions or the whole of institutions which have received the approving sanction of time and experience; for the bad passions of the lower and less moral orders of men, in most European nations, have of late been so completely unchained, and the *débacle* of the revolutionary torrent has been so suddenly overwhelming, that no extra impetus is required to be put upon it. Rather should we build up and repair the ancient dams and dikes of society, anomalous and inconvenient though they may be, than attempt to remove them, even for the sake of what may appear better ones, while the waters of innovation are still out, and when the spirit of man is brooding over them for the elaboration of some new chaos, some new incarnation of evil. Nevertheless there are a few noxious, and many harmless, anomalies and contradictions in the feudal or aristocratic constitution of society, induced by the lapse of time, the wear and tear of ages, which, though they may not admit of removal now, may demand it on the first convenient opportunity; and then on several of the sterner and more fundamental principles of feudalism in ancient days, upon which the basis of modern society really exists, but which have been lost sight of, and yet which are forced into prominent notice, and ought to be put in action once more, by the morbid tendencies of popular violence. We shall be acquitted of all desire of change for change's sake; no one will accuse us of being habitual violators of ancient things, customs, and laws: it is rather because we love them, and venerate them, and wish to revive them on account of their intrinsic excellence, that we would call our reader's attention to a few things going on around us. He need not be afraid of our troubling him with a dry treatise on the theory of government—we are no constitution-mongers: he need not expect to be bored with pages of statistical details, nor to be satiated with

the nostrums of political economy. We propose making one or two very commonplace observations, professing to take no other guide than a small modicum of common sense, and to have no other object than our readers' delectation and the good of our country.

(1.) How was it that nobles came to be nobles and commons came to be commons? how was it that the great territorial properties of this kingdom were originally set agoing and maintained? and how was it that you and I, and millions of others, came to be put in the apparently interminable predicament of having to toil and struggle with the world, or to be sentenced to something like labour, more or less hard, for life; you and I, we say, you and I, and our fathers and our children? Tell us that, gentle reader, whether you be good old Tory, or moderate Conservative, or slippery Peelite, or coldblooded Whig, or profligate Radical, or demoniac Chartist? Force, my good friend—*FORCE*. *SOCIAL FORCE*—a good strong hand, and a stout arm, and a heavy sword, and a brave heart, and a firm determination and no shilly-shally hesitation as to legality or illegality, no maudlin sympathy nor compunction—these were the things that did it: these carried the day; these were the moving powers of old, they raised the lever, and they settled down society into that bed in which it has been arranging itself ever since. And right good things they were, too, in their proper time and place; and so they ever will be: they are some of the mainsprings of the world; they may become concealed in their action, they may be forgotten, they may even fall into temporary inaction, but they come out again into full play ever and anon, and, when the wild storm of human passion drives over the world in a reckless tornado, they go along with the whirlwind, and they hover all around it, and they follow it, and they reassert their permanent sway over mankind. The Norman William's barons, the noble peers of Charlemagne, the princes and marshals of Napoleon, all found their estates at the

points of their swords; and, while they kept their swords bright, their estates remained intact; but, when military prowess declined, legal astuteness and commercial craft crept in, and the broad lands decreased, because the sharp point and edge were blunted. The remote origin, the first title of every crowned head and noble family of Europe, is to be traced to the sword, or has been derived from it. We speak not of *parvenus*, we allude to the great families of the various realms of the ancient world: all *old* and *real* nobility is of the sword, and of the sword only. The French used to express this well, and understood the true footing on which nobility ought to stand: they always talked of *la noblesse de l'épée*, as contradistinguished from *la noblesse de la robe*: the former referred to the feudal families and their descendants, the latter to those who had become ennobled for services at the bar. As for nobility granted for any commercial or pecuniary causes, they never dreamed of such a thing: or, if a spurious ennobling took place, it was deemed a glaring and an odious violation of the fundamental laws of aristocratic society.

Now the ideas of the world have become so changed, or rather so corrupted, on this point, that the prime notion of nobility no longer is attached to military tenure or service; but, on the contrary, we find titles given, nay, bought and sold, for any the most miscellaneous services, and the meridian of nobleness, of elevation, of power, altogether eliminated from the qualifications that the nobleman ought to possess. Back-stair services, lobby services, electioneering services, counting-house services, any services as well as military services, have been deemed sufficient causes for procuring a patent of nobility to those who could allege them. Titles and causes of distinction they might have been, but surely not of nobility, not of hereditary honour and distinction, the tenure and essence of which should ever be attached to territorial power gained and held by the sword. And this lowering of the tone of nobility, this communising of what ought to be ever held up as a thing apart, as a thing originating with the first beginnings

of a nation, and remaining fixed till the nation becomes itself extinct, has done no good to society: it has not raised the tone of the commons, it has only lowered that of the nobles: it has emasculated the one without adding any strength to the other. In all nations, as long as the nobility have remained essentially a military order, holding their own by their own strength, the fortunes of that nation have advanced; but whenever the nobles have become degenerate, and therefore the commons licentious—the former holding only by prescriptive respect, and the latter subjected to them only in theory, not in practice—the fate of that nation has been pronounced, and its decline has already begun. The destruction and absorption of the good fiefs of France, in the time of Louis XI., laid the way for the razing of the châteaux, and the decapitation of their owners by the Cardinal de Richelieu, in the time of Louis XIII., and this gradual degenerating process of undermining the true strength of the nobles, led to the corruption of the nation, and to its reduction to the primary starting-point of society in the reign of Louis XVI. So, too, in England, the sapping of the strength of the nobles, in the reign of Henry VIII., added to the corrupt proceedings of the times of James I., caused the Great Rebellion in the reign of his successor. The nation has never recovered from this fatal revolution of the seventeenth century. Like France, England has shone awhile, and sustained itself both in art and arms; but the dissolving process has begun long ago with us as it did with them. One order of the state—the order of nobles—has been constantly decreasing in power and influence; and the descent towards the level of anti-social democracy seems now as easy and as broad as that to the shades of Avernus. The nobles of Russia, on the contrary, still retain their feudal power—they all draw and use the sword: their nation is on the ascendant. In Spain and Italy the nobles have descended so far as almost to have lost their claim to the title of *men*; while in most parts of Germany the result of recent movements has shown that the power of the nobles had long been a mere

shadow; and they have evaporated in empty smoke, while the nations are fast sinking to the level of a common and savage democracy.

We would propose a remedy for this state of things. We consider the profession of arms, when joined to the holding of territorial power, as the highest form of civilisation and political excellence to which man has yet been able to rise. It constitutes that union of all the highest and best feelings of human nature with the supreme possession of power and influence over material objects—over land and the produce of land—which seems to be the ultimate and the worthy object of the good and great in all ages. And, therefore, the nearer a nobleman can revert to the principles upon which his order is, or ought to be, based, the greater security in the working out both for himself and the nation, that the strength and dignity of the whole people shall be maintained inviolate. Of all men in the state, the noble is he who is most endangered by any approximation to effeminacy and inactivity: he is the representative, the *monument*, of the virility of the whole nation: he is the active principle of its force—the leader, the chief agent, in building up the fortunes of his country. Let him but once degenerate from the elevating task, and he renounces the main privileges of his order, he does wrong both to his fellow-countrymen and to himself—he diminishes his own force, and he weakens their national powers. Whenever, therefore, any such departure, more or less wide, from the ancient principles of his order has taken place, let the nobleman hasten to return to them, if he would stop the course of ruin before it become too late. We would hold it to be the duty of every nobleman in this country—and we include herein his immediate descendants—to enter the profession of arms, and to adopt no other save that of afterwards serving the state in the senate. We hold it to be his duty to avoid all approximation to the engagements of commerce—we would even say of the law, of any of the learned professions. These pursuits are intended for other orders of men, not less essential to the state than the noble, but still dif-

ferent orders. The noble is the leader, the type, the example of public military and political strength. Let him keep to that lofty function, and discharge it and no other.

Two methods of effecting this present themselves. In the first place, a regulation might be easily and advantageously made, in connexion with the army, whereby any nobleman, or son of a nobleman, or in fact any person belonging to the class which the law might define to be noble, (for some modification is wanted on this head,) might be allowed to attach himself as a volunteer officer to any regiment, and be bound to serve in it as such, without pay. He should receive his honorary promotion the same as any other officer, and should be subject to all the same duties and responsibilities; but "pay" he should not need: himself or his family should provide for all his charges. Or, in the second place, he should serve as an officer in a national force, the constitution of which we propose and advocate below. In this case, too, entirely without pay, and subject to all the articles of war. In either instance, we think it the duty of the country to give the nobleman an especial opportunity of serving her in a military manner; and we hold it to be his especial duty—one of the most essential duties of his order, without which his order degenerates and stultifies itself—to serve as a military man, and to serve with distinction.

We often hear it said that the English are not a military people; that they do not like an army; that they have a natural repugnance to the military profession, and other similar pieces of nonsense or untruth. Such libels as these on the innate courage of an Englishman, are never uttered but by those who have something of the calf in their hearts; the wish is rather to the thought in all such declarations, when seriously made; and, if alleged as matters of argument, they are used only by the morbid lovers of *la paix à tout prix* who infest our age and country. It is just the same as when you hear a man say soberly, that he does not like shooting, nor hunting, nor fishing; that he cannot ride, nor drive, nor swim; that he cannot abide the



country, and that he prefers a constant residence in town. Such a man is not only a useless, he is positively a noxious member of society—he is an excrescence, a deformity, a nuisance, and the sooner his company is avoided the better. Such men, however, do exist, and they do actually say such things; but they are tokens of the debased and degrading effects of over-civilisation, of social degeneracy, of national humiliation; and whenever their sentiments shall come to be approved of, or assented to, by any large portion of the people, then we may be sure that the decline and fall of the nation are at hand, and that our downward course is fairly commenced. No; the men and the nation that can, in cool blood, repudiate the noble profession of arms, forfeit the virility of their character, they may do very well for the offices that slaves, and the puny denizens of crowded cities, can alone perform; but they deserve to lose the last relics of their freedom, for thus daring to contradict one of the great moral laws of nature. Force and courage have been awarded to man like any other of his faculties and passions; they were intended to be exercised, otherwise they would not have been given: their exercise is both good and necessary; and, like their great development, War, they are destined by our Maker to be the causes and instruments of moral and physical purification and renovation. As long as the mind and body of man continue what they are, the Profession of Arms and the Science of War will be held in deserved honour among the great and good of mankind.

Great evils have no doubt resulted from their use, and more especially from their abuse; but not a whit greater than from the use and abuse of any other of the faculties and propensities of man: not so much as from the spirit of deceit and oppression, which is the concomitant of trading and manufacturing operations; not so much as from the spirit of religious fanaticism and superstition which haunts the human race; not so much as from the gluttony and sensuality of civilised nations. War

and Arms are analogous to the Tempest and the Thunderbolt, but they purify more than they destroy, and they elevate more than they depress. The man that does not arm in defence of his country, of his family, and of himself, deserves to die the death of a dog, or to clank about for endless years in the fetters of a slave.

It has been well shown, by one of the most philosophic of modern historians,\* that the final causes of war are indissolubly united with the moral constitution of man and human society; and that, as long as man continues to be actuated by the same passions as hitherto, the same causes of war must occur over and over again in endless cycles. Not but that the pain and misery thereby caused are undoubted evils, but that evil is permitted to form part of the moral and physical system of the world; it is what constitutes that system a state of probation and moral trial for man. When evil ceases to exist, men's evil passions shall cease also, and the world shall become another Eden; *but not till then.* The bearing of arms and the waging of war are no disgrace to a nation; they are an honour and a blessing to it if justly exercised, a disgrace and a curse, sooner or later, if undertaken unjustly. Believing, therefore, that the proper maintenance of a warlike spirit is absolutely essential to the welfare of any nation, and knowing how much the pecuniary and political embarrassments of our mighty though heterogeneous empire cripple the public means (in appearance at least) for keeping up a sufficient military force, we proceed to throw out the following hints for the formation of an improved description of a national military force. And we may at once observe, that it is one especially calculated to fall under the direction of the nobles of the land, and to revive that portion of the feudal spirit which depends on the proper constitution of the military resources of a great people.

The military strength of this country lies at present concentrated in the regular army, in the corps of veterans styled "pensioners," and, we may very fairly add, in the "police." We have nothing to

say except in praise of these three bodies of men, the two latter of which are most useful adjuncts and supporters to the former. But we not only wish that the number of the regular army were *permanently and considerably increased*, we could desire also that the number of the police were augmented, and that they had more of military training about them. We shall revert to one of these points, at least, at a future period *we* be kept up, also of opinion *we* be kept up, and regularly trained even in the intervals of war, were it for no other purpose than to maintain some faint degree of military spirit and knowledge among the common people. The question of expense and of interruption to labour does not, we confess, stop us in the least in our aspirations: we think that the country pays not a farthing too much for its military and naval forces; and, as for interruption to labour, anything that would draw off the attention of the lower orders from the grinding and degrading occupations of manufacturing slavery, we should consider one of the greatest benefits that could accrue to the country.

We wish to call attention, however, to another method—by no means a new one—of augmenting the military resources of the country, and to throw out some hints for rendering that method more efficacious than it may hitherto have been deemed. We allude to the system of volunteers. And here let not our military readers laugh: we would assure our gallant friends that we are fully aware of the thousand and one objections that will be immediately started; we know how easy it is to pool-pool a plan of this kind all to nothing. We can already hear them calling out about the Lumber Troop, and the City Light Horse: nay, we ourselves can actually remember that most astounding and heart-stirring event of the late war, the storming of Putney, and the battle of Wimbledon Common. We were present, gallant readers, not as actors but as very juvenile spectators of that memorable combat, to which Austerlitz, Borodino, and Waterloo were mere farces; so we know all that is to be said *against* the volunteers. And now just have the goodness to let us say something *for* them.

A volunteer force, if it is to be merely a parade force, a make-believe force, is a "sham," a humbug, and a gross absurdity. If it is to be a "National Guard," playing the part of armed politicians, it is a dangerous nuisance, and ought never to be formed. If it is to consist of a crowd of pot-bellied citizens, with *trân* six and spectacles, *ad* without plenty of provisions tucked under their belts, nor sleep anywhere except between clean sheets and warm blankets—why, a set of wooden posts, sculptured into the human form, and painted to look like soldiers, would be far more serviceable. We are not going to commit the absurdity of advocating the formation of any such corps of men as these: but we wish to point out how a really efficient corps of volunteers might be raised throughout the kingdom, kept on a footing of constant service and readiness, costing the country not one farthing, and constituting a really useful and valuable auxiliary force to co-operate with the regular troops.

If these qualifications are to exist in any volunteer corps, then it is quite manifest that the following kinds of persons cannot form part of it. First of all, the whole generation of pot-bellied, red-nosed, counter-thumping fellows, alluded to above, would not be admissible; next, no man who is not endowed with a good quantity of bodily activity, health, and vigour of mind, could remain in its ranks; and further, no one need apply for admission who wanted merely to "play at soldiers," or whose means and occupations would not allow of his giving up regularly a certain portion of his best time to the service, and *occasionally* of absenting himself from home for even a considerable period—say of one, two, or more months, and proceeding wherever the government might wish him. Furthermore, no such corps could have the smallest pretensions to be effective, if it were left to its own guidance and command: it must be as much under the control, and at the orders, of the commander-in-chief—for home service—for we do not contemplate the possibility of its being ordered abroad,) as

any of the regular corps in her Majesty's army.

It will be seen at once, from the above stipulations, that we do not advert to anything at all resembling the loose and extremely local organisation of the old volunteers of 1805 and the subsequent years.

Now, a volunteer corps can only be held together by the two following principles:—first, a strong sense of public and patriotic duty; and, secondly, an acute feeling of Honour, and the Pride of belonging to a really distinguished arm of the service—a *bona fide corps d'élite*. Whenever war breaks out, we know, and we feel the most hearty satisfaction in knowing, that in every corner of the land—save, perhaps, in the murky dens of misery, discontent, and degeneracy abounding in our manufacturing towns—thousands of British hearts will beat with a tenfold warmer glow than heretofore, and will burn to give forth their best blood for the services of their country. Let, but the most distant intimation of foreign invasion be given, and hundreds of thousands of brave and generous defenders of their beloved native land will instantly step forth. But we would say that, if the defence of the country from invasion be really desirable, it is not sufficient that the *will* to defend it be forthcoming at the proper moment—the *knowledge how to do it*, the *preparatory training*, the *formation of military habits*,—always a matter of slow growth,—the *previous organisation of the defenders themselves*, is much more important. In short, to keep the country safe from foreign invasion, (we do not allude to the naval strength of the country, which, after all, may prove abundantly sufficient for the purpose,) to take away from a foreign enemy even the spirit to dare an invasion, the previous formation, the constant maintenance of an efficient volunteer force must necessarily be of great value.

The expediency of this will be heightened by the consideration that it may, at any time, even of the most profound peace in Europe, be found necessary suddenly to detach a large portion of the regular army for the defence of our numerous colonial possessions, or that disturbances among our manufacturing population at home may

require a sudden augmentation of the armed force of the country. In either of these emergencies, the existence of a considerable body of armed men who, though perhaps not equalling the regulars in *precision* of discipline and evolution, might yet be in far better training than the militia, *and who should be kept so at no expense to the government*, would evidently be of great value to the whole community.

We do not expect that many persons engaged in trade and manufactures, nor indeed that many inhabitants in large towns—at least of those classes—would like to enrol themselves in a corps the service of which would be constant, and might frequently take them away for a considerable time from their homes and occupations. We should not wish to see them joining it, for, however warm their goodwill might be, we know that their pockets and stomachs would be continually rebelling, and that, far from being “volunteers,” they would more commonly be found as “deserters.” We would rather see them staying at home, and acting as good members of their municipalities, or as special constables, or forming “street associations” for the keeping of the peace—all most necessary and laudable purposes, and not a whit less useful to the country than the serving as volunteers. We would rather see the force we meditate drawn exclusively from the gentry and the farmers of the country, and in fact from the same classes as now furnish the yeomanry cavalry,—only, we would have it most especially to include *all the gentry of the nation*: and we would have it thereby made an *honour* even to belong to the corps. To see a country gentleman heading his tenants, and his sons serving in their ranks, as some of themselves, and the younger gentry from the country or provincial towns also coming forward for the permanent military service of their country—coming forward as gentlemen, and serving as gentlemen, with the name and title of gentlemen—and to see the stout farmers of England, the real pride and bulwark of the realm, thus linked with their best and natural friends and protectors in a common bond of honour and of arms, would be the most glorious sight that this nation would have witnessed for many a long year.

It would give a new stamp to society, and would infuse a vigorous energy of mind amongst us that should go far towards counteracting the dangerous and emasculating influence of the "large town system." The heart-blood of England would begin to flow back again into its old and natural channels; and that sinking of lords and tenants, which can never be loosened without the most fatal consequences, would be rendered closer and tighter than ever.

Men drawn from such classes as these, the adult sons of respectable farmers, the sons of the country gentry, the younger gentry from the towns, the farmers and the gentry themselves, (such at least as could really be spared from their numerous avocations,) would constitute, both in their physical and mental qualifications, the very best description of volunteers that could be selected in any land, for they would be the true *élite* of the whole nation, the very pride and hope of the country. It would be truly an honour to belong to such a corps, whether the applicant for admission were a yeoman or a gentleman: and, if properly organised and trained, it might be made a force of paramount efficiency.

Now what would be some of the main characteristics of the men composing such a force? for by those characteristics the nature and destination of the force should be mainly guided. First of all, a large portion would be able, at now, to serve on horseback, and this leads at once to show that the yeomanry cavalry, if more frequently exercised, and if kept out for longer periods of service, might, with an improvement which we shall by-and-by suggest, become of great value in this division of the national force.

Next, men of this kind would be more or less distinguished for bodily activity—we mean activity, as distinguished from muscular strength—though of this they would have in the old proportion of one Englishman to any two Frenchmen, we have no doubt. Hence the force would be fitter for the service of light than of heavy armed troops.

And, thirdly, from their pecuniary means they would be capable of *distant* and *rapid* motion; and therefore they

should form a corps destined for quick and desultory rather than for slow and stationary warfare.

From the very fact, however, of their forming a corps drawn from the middle classes of provincial and urban society, and from their having pecuniary means at their command, more than any other class of troops could possibly hope for, they would be especially liable to relax in discipline from the contamination of garrisons, or the seductions of large towns. They would be formed of the finest young fellows of the whole country; and therefore a residence at "Capua" would be destructive of their military efficiency. The damage they would reciprocally cause and sustain by being quartered in any large town for a lengthened period, might be great; hence they should be confined as much as possible to—where they would be most effective—operations in the open field.

Again, if there are any two points of manly exercise in which the gentry and yeomanry of this country are distinguished beyond any other European nation they are these—the being *good marksmen*, and *good horsemen*.

We are thus naturally led to the determining of the exact description of troops which should be constituted with such admirable materials—a *corps* *body of riflemen*—some mounted, the others on foot. Such a corps, or rather such an assemblage of corps, if properly organised and trained, would not have its equal in the world. It would be formed of the choicest spirits, the picked men of the nation, and it would be organised upon the very points, as bases, upon which those men would the most pride themselves, in which they would be the strongest, which they would be the most accustomed to, and would the best understand. They would have all the elements of good soldiers among them; all that would be wanting would be good organisation and training.

"This is no great discovery," some one will say; "there have been volunteer rifle corps already. Of late days they started a thing of the kind among the peaceable Glasgow bodies, and those treasonable asses, the Irish. Irishmen that wanted to be rebels, and the English Chartists that wanted to sack London, recommended their

deluded countrymen to 'club together and buy rifles.' " We acknowledge it—the idea is old enough. We only mean to say, that if a volunteer force be a desirable adjunct to our military system—and, under certain regulations, it might no doubt become so—then a rifle corps, or rather an army of volunteer riflemen, drawn from the classes specified above, would constitute a most effective branch of the service. We make no pretensions to the starting of a new idea; we merely endeavour to render that idea practicable, and to point out how it may be best realised.

The following points as to organisation we lay down as indispensable, without which we should hardly care to see the force enrolled:—

1st, The only matter in which the volunteer spirit should subsist, should be that of joining the corps in the first instance, and then of equipping and maintaining the men, each at their own cost. Once enrolled, it should no longer be at the option of the men whether they served or not—nor *when*, nor *where*, nor *how* they served: we mean the force not to be a sham one; we do not want soldiers in joke, we require them to come forward in good earnest. All matters concerning the time, place, and mode of their service should lie with the government. Once enrolled and trained, they should be at her Majesty's disposal; they should be her *bona fide* soldiers, only not drawing pay, nor, except under certain circumstances, rations.

2d, The corps should be raised by counties, hundreds, and parishes, and should be under the colonelcies of the Lords-Lieutenants or their deputies. To keep up the *esprit de corps* conjointly with the spirit of local association and public patriotism, it is essential that friends and neighbours, lords and tenants, should stand side by side, fight in the same ranks, witness each other's brave deeds, and, in every sense of the word, "put shoulder to shoulder." The several counties might each furnish a regiment, and these regiments should then be brigaded under the command of a general officer, appointed by the commander-in-chief of her Majesty's forces. In the first instance, at least, it would be desirable that a certain proportion of the officers should be drawn from the half-pay list

of the army, both for the sake of instruction and example. Afterwards they should be taken *from the ranks*, for the ranks in this corps would be, by the mere fact of their organisation, composed of gentlemen and the best description of yeomen—the latter, be it ever remembered, not unworthy to lead their friends and neighbours; and the mode of so doing might be easily arranged by the military authorities, on the combined footing of local influence and personal merit.

3d, These corps, when organised, should be primarily intended for the local defence of their several counties, or of any adjacent military districts, into which the country might, from time to time, be divided. But they should also be liable to serve, to the same extent as the militia, anywhere within the European dominions of her Majesty. We do not contemplate the eventuality of their being ordered on foreign service, though we strongly suspect that it would be very difficult to keep such a corps always at home, when stirring scenes of national arms and glory were to be met with away from their own shores. If, however, the corps should be called on to do duty away from their own military districts, then they should draw rations, clothes, equipments, and ammunition, but *not pay*, the same as the regular troops.

4th. As it should be esteemed an honour to belong to such a corps, so the members of it should not only be exempt from being drawn for the militia, but they should also be free from paying for a license to carry fire-arms and to shoot as sportsmen; and the cost of their equipment should be such as to insure a certain degree of respectability on the part of the volunteer. This preliminary expense, added to that of maintaining himself on duty at his own cost, would prevent any one but a man of a certain degree of substance from seeking admission into the corps.

5thly, The acquisition of sufficient skill in the use of that deadliest of all arms, the rifle, might be made by means of local meetings to practise, at which heavy fines for non-attendance would not only insure tolerable regularity, but would also provide a fund for prizes, and for general purposes. At these meetings, which should be held frequently, the know-

ledge of military evolutions, and the minutiae of drill might be readily communicated by the non-commissioned officers of the pensioners' corps; and, from the circumstance of the men not being mere clods from the plough tail, nor weavers from the loom, the requisite amount of instruction would be conveyed in a comparatively short time. We should suppose that, within six months from their first organisation, if the discipline was well attended to, such corps might be able to stand a field-day before their general officers. The cavalry would not learn their duties so readily as the infantry, because the men would have to teach not themselves alone, but also their horses; and, though they would form a most effective and valuable species of light cavalry, the combined practice of the rifle and the sabre would demand a considerable time for the corps to be quite at home with their duties. We would give them a year to make themselves complete. A volunteer force of cavalry should never aim at being anything else than a corps of light horse—they can never constitute effective heavy cavalry. But as light horsemen possessing rifles, and able to use them whether in the saddle or on the ground, they would become as formidable to a European enemy as the African Arabs have been to the French, and would be a match for any light cavalry that could be brought to act against them. For all purposes, too, of local service they would be admirably efficient.

6thly, The discipline of a volunteer corps is always the main difficulty to be contended against in its practical management; but we conceive that this difficulty would be lessened, in the present instance, from the peculiarly good composition of the rank and file of such a body of men. Several large classes of military offences could not possibly prevail among them; and, for those that remained, the ordinary articles of war would be sufficiently repressive. It should be observed that we do not contemplate the granting leave to such corps to disband themselves: the engagement once formed should be binding for a certain moderate number of years, and the volunteer should not have the faculty of re-

leasing himself from his duties except by becoming invalided. We imagine that the possibility of being ultimately dismissed from such an honourable body of men, for ungentlemanlike conduct, would constitute the most effectual check that could be devised for the instances of breach of discipline likely to occur.

It should not be lost sight of that we advocate the formation of such a force as a *corps d'élite*, as one elevated above the militia, and even above the regular army, in the *morale* of the men composing it, if not in their *physique*; and therefore it may be very fairly inferred that the members of it, feeling the *prestige* attached to their name, would act up to the dignity and honour of their station; that they would not only behave as valiant soldiers in the field, but that they would act as gentlemen in quarters. Drinking and gambling would be the two main offences to provide against; but these, if discouraged, and not practised by the officers, might be checked among the men. For all quarrels and disputes likely to end in personal encounter, a special tribunal of arbiters should be constituted among men and officers of corresponding rank in the corps; and all duelling should be totally prevented. The mere fact of sending or accepting a challenge should involve, *ipso facto*, expulsion from the corps. The running into debt, too, on the part of the members, should be most rigorously prevented, and should incur the penalty of expulsion. By these and similar regulations, combined with the judicious management of the superior officers, we have no doubt that the discipline of such a body, (which should be strict rather than lenient,) might be effectually maintained.

7thly, The arming and equipping of such a corps of men is a point of importance, but by no means of difficulty. We may here disappoint some of our pseudo-military readers; but we anticipate that the real soldiers will agree with us, when we declare our conviction that a military costume—we do not say a *uniform* costume—but a *military* one, would be altogether out of character and needless in such a case. No: we would not have any of the smart shakos, and tight little green jackets

of the rifle brigade; no plumes nor feathers; no trailing sabres for the officers; no cartouche boxes for the men—nothing at all of the kind. We would put them all in uniform, but not in a uniform of that nature—it should be one suited to the wearers, and to the nature of their service.

Now the original intent and object of all uniform costume is, not the ornamenting of the person; it is not the dressing of a young fellow, until he becomes so handsome that the first woman he meets is ready to surrender at discretion to him. It is not the uniform that makes the soldier; it should be the soldier that should make the uniform; that is to say, the kind of dress should be dictated both by the usual habits and rank of the wearer, and by the service he is called on to perform. Add to this that, provided the men all wear the same costume, no matter what it may be, the great end of military costume, the holding the men in distinct and united corps, is attained. The uniform does not make a man fight a bit the better or worse: it is only for the sake of evolutions and discipline that any uniform at all is needed.

We would therefore recommend the keeping in view of two principles, in selecting the uniform of such corps; viz., utility and simplicity. What are the duties a rifleman has to perform? Any man who ever went deerstalking, any one who is accustomed to beat up the woods and covers for cocks or pheasants, knows nine-tenths of a rifeman's duties. His game is the enemy: whether he be a tall stag or a Frenchman, it is all the same; a steady aim and a quick finger will do the job for him. And now, dear reader, or gallant volunteer, or old fellow-shot, if you were invited to go a-gunning, whether after stags, cocks, or men, how would you like, if left to your own free choice, apart from all military nonsense—how would you like to equip yourself? We know how we used to go together over the Inverness-shire hills, and we know how we now go through the Herefordshire preserves, and how we sometimes wander over the Yorkshire moors; and it is just so that we should like to turn out. You know the dress; we need hardly describe

it: everybody knows it; everybody has worn it. Just such a dress, then, as the volunteers would wear at home in their field-sports and occupations, the very same, or one of the same kind, would we recommend for their service as volunteer riflemen.

A shooting-coat, made either of cloth or velveteen, differing in colour, perhaps, for the different districts, or else one and the same throughout the whole service—black, or dark brown, or dark green, or any other colour that would suit the woodland and the moor; a waistcoat to match, with those abundant pockets that the true shooter knows how to make use of, trousers and stout boots, or else knee-breeches, leathern leggings, and high-lows; in fact, whatever shooting costume might be decided on by the gentry and authorities of the county for their respective regiments. As for hats, either a plain round hat, or else one of the soft felt ones, those most delightful friends to the heated and exhausted sportsman. The only thing would be to have everything cut after the same fashion, and the effect of uniformity would be immediately attained, without running into any of those excesses of paraphernalia which in former days brought down such deserved ridicule on the corps of loyal volunteers. Every man should wear round his waist a black leathern belt containing his bullets and leathers, his caps would be stowed away in one of his pockets; and his powder would travel well and dry in a horn or flask hung by a strap over his shoulder. His rifle—we need hardly describe it—should be rather longer and heavier than for sporting purposes, inasmuch as it may have to be used against cavalry; and it should admit of having a sword-bayonet fastened on at the muzzle. This bayonet might be worn suspended, as a sword in its sheath, from the belt round the waist. A black leathern knapsack, and a pilot-coat of warm stuff rolled up on the top of it, would complete the costume of our volunteer; and he would look more truly martial and serviceable, when thus equipped, than if decked out with all kinds of lace and trimmings, and clad in a jacket cut in the most *recherche* style of military tailoring.

The officers should wear a precisely

similar dress, but they might be distinguished by gold or crimson sashes, according to rank, and might wear round their breast, or on their hats, some further distinguishing marks of their offices. The whole should be based on the idea of equipping the corps as plain country gentlemen and yeomen going out to do a day's serious business in the field; and if the business is not to be serious, it is better to leave it alone than to attempt it.

Regard should be paid to the various inclinations and habits of the districts from whence the regiments should be drawn, and, in particular, those from Scotland should by all means retain some strongly distinctive marks of their national costume: the plaid could never be misapplied on their brawny shoulders.

We should suppose that it would cost each member of the corps at least £10 or £15 to equip himself completely, and this would be by no means too large a sum for the purposes required.

The costume of the mounted rifle-men need not differ much from that of the men on foot. The shooting-coat is as good on horseback as off; and the only alteration we would recommend would be in the use of the stout but supple black-jack hunting boots now coming so much into fashion. These admit of exercise on foot as well as in the saddle, and being plain, quiet things, would be peculiarly suitable for the purpose intended.

8thly. We are firmly persuaded that, if this experiment were tried in any one county or district, it would be found to answer so well that others would adopt and imitate it. The service it would render to government might be most important in stirring times; and being a *bona fide* and really effective corps, it would revive the martial and manly feelings of the people, now somewhat blunted by the long duration of peace, and would diffuse a most wholesome spirit throughout the land. From the sentiments of honour, and loyalty too, with which such a corps would be animated, (for it would be composed of the very flower and hope of the land,) it would, by its moral weight alone, keep in check that crowd

of discontented persons who always exist in our empire. The loyal and honourable sentiments possessed by this corps would spread themselves abroad among the people; the good example set would be followed by the most respectable part of the nation, and a healthier tone would be thereby given to society in general.

9thly, Taking into consideration the number of parishes, and the population of Great Britain, (for we could not admit the Irish into our loyal ranks) we should estimate the probable force that could thus be raised and maintained at its own expense, at not less than 50,000 men, of whom 10,000 would be effective light cavalry; and we should suppose that at least 40,000 of this total number might be counted on for active service, in any emergency.

The mere fact, if this calculation be not overrated, of our being thereby able to add such a degree of strength to our regular army—or that of our being able to replace such a number of our regular troops, if called abroad suddenly for distant duty—or else, the knowledge that there would always be such a numerous body of men in the country, armed and arrayed in the support of the monarchy and the constitution: either of these facts, taken separately, might justify the formation of such a corps, but, taken conjointly, they seem to carry with them no small weight.

An anomaly in the present constitution of noble society which requires remedying, is the frequent inadequacy of the territorial means possessed by noble families for the maintenance of their power and dignity. This has reached to such a pitch, of late days, that we have seen the ladies of two peers of the realm claiming public support *in forma pauperum*, and we have witnessed the breaking-up and sale of such a princely establishment as that of Stowe. Many noble families are forced to depend on public offices, and other indirect sources, for the support of their members. Many noble families of high distinction and renown are poorer than ordinary commoners. There are very few estates of nobles (we say nothing of those of commoners) which are not oppressed by mortgages, and which, in reality, confer much less power than they



nominally represent. From whatever causes these circumstances may have arisen,—whether from the folly and extravagance of the nobles themselves as a main cause, or from the imprudence of the crown in making unworthy creations, as a subsidiary cause—they have produced the most injurious effects upon the order, and have even justified the boast of the first commoner who thought himself superior to the last of the nobles. By few things has the order been more injured in public opinion than by the inequality and inadequacy of its territorial resources. This, too, becomes the more painfully evident in a nation where commerce has been allowed to assume an undue preponderance in the public mind, and where the means of gaining money are so various and so many, that the rapid acquisition of handsome fortunes is a very common occurrence. It is an evil, a negation of the ends of life, and a main cause of the decline and fall of a nation, that such a state of things should exist; but, seeing that it does exist, it is doubly the duty and the interest of all who have the honour and the permanency of national prosperity at heart, to favour the establishment and the maintenance of the strongest possible antagonistic principle—the forming and preserving of large territorial possessions in favour of the order of nobles. Believing that the law of primogeniture is the basis of all political freedom, we would urge the expediency of modifying the law, so that certain great estates, like the fiefs of old, should become inalienable by any person, unattachable for any liabilities, and indivisible under any circumstances, in favour of the order of nobles: and that the holders of such estates should be nobles, and nobles only. In the same spirit we would say, that the extent of territory should determine the rank of the noble, taking, as the starting-point, the estates as they might exist at any period of time; that to each title a certain territory should be inalienably attached, and that the title itself should derive its name from that territory—the holder of the territory, whoever he might be, always taking the title. It would be productive of great good if facilities were given as much as possible for massing together the pro-

perties of the noble; and if estates widely spread over the kingdom could be exchanged for others lying close together, and forming a compact territory. The powers of the nobles are now greatly frittered away and lost by the dispersion of their properties: he who holds nearly a whole county continuously, like the Duke of Sutherland, is of much more weight in the state than another, like the Duke of Devonshire, whose estates, though of very great value, lie more widely scattered.

It may appear an innovation, but we are persuaded that it would be only a return to the fundamental and ancient principles of the constitution, to make the possession of a real estate of a certain value, for a certain time, a legal title to claim the right to nobility. Thus the possession of an estate of £10,000 per annum clear rental, or of 5000 acres, by the same family, in direct descent for four generations, should of itself constitute a right for its owner to be ranked in the lowest order of nobility,—that of barons,—and the barony should give its name to its possessor; while the possession of land of greater extent and value should modify the superior titles of those who held them, until the highest rank in the peerage were attained. All nobles holding not less than £100,000 per annum of clear rental, or 50,000 acres, should *ipso facto* and *de jure* become dukes, and so on in proportion between these two extremes of the peerage. Baronets should rank, in virtue of their estates, immediately after the barons; and in their turn, too, the possession of a certain income from landed property, such as £5000 a-year clear for four generations, in the same family, should immediately entitle its owner to rank among the baronets, and to have the style and privileges of that order.

It will be urged, on the other hand, that the crown would thereby be deprived of the power of rewarding meritorious public servants, by calling them up to the House of Peers, if the possession of a certain large amount of landed property were made a *sine quâ non* for every creation. To this it may be replied that, though the prerogatives of the crown require extension rather than contraction, yet that a sufficient power of reward would be

possessed, if men of eminence in the public service, whether great commanders or distinguished lawyers, were summoned to the Upper House for their lives only, without their titles being made hereditary; and further, that other distinctions might be given which would be fully sufficient rewards in themselves without any encroachment being made on the privileges of the order of nobles. Thus, in former times, when the honour of knighthood was not so common as it has now become, a great general and a great judge considered themselves rewarded enough if knighted: they never thought of being created peers. And the fact is, that though personal nobility—the nobility acquired by the performance of great actions—is in itself of the highest value to the state, as well as to the individual, it is not sufficiently valuable to entitle the heirs of a great man to take perpetual rank among the great landed proprietors of the realm. The duties and responsibilities of nobility depend more upon the trust reposed in each member than upon that member's personal qualifications. The noble cannot be separated from his lands nor from his tenants, nor from the multifarious heavy responsibilities thereby incurred; he is the representative of a great interest in the state, he is the representative of his land, and of all connected with it; he is the representative of a great class and gathering: his duties are not merely personal; he cannot found his right to nobility upon personal merit alone. Personal qualifications can give no valid right to hereditary privileges, whereas land is perpetual—*terra manebunt*—and the privileges as well as the duties attached to it should be perpetual also.

It would, therefore, be another step towards constituting the aristocracy of the state on a more solid and reasonable basis, if the orders of baronets, and of knights of various descriptions, were purified of their anomalies, and rendered attainable only under rules of a more general and fixed nature than at present prevail. Both these classes of nobles—for so they may be called—require considerable purification; the former, that of baronet, should be made the intermediate class between the nobles by personal merit, or knights, and those who are

nobles by their lands, the peers. As was observed before, no baronetcy should be conferred unless a real estate of a certain value could be shown to be possessed, *clear* of all mortgage and debt; and the retention of such an estate for a certain number of generations should establish a legal claim to the title of baronet; while the subsequent increase of the same estate, and a similar retention of it for a certain number of descents, should establish a further claim to the honour of the peerage. If the orders of knighthood were made more difficult of entry, and if they were specially reserved only for public personal services, they would rise again in public estimation, and would be suitable for all purposes of reward required by the sovereign.

At the same time, and as a consequence of this, peers and baronets should not be admitted into the orders of knighthood—they should be satisfied with their own dignities. The garter, the thistle, and the shaurock should be reserved especially for the great military and naval commanders of the realm: the bath, and perhaps one or two other new orders, should be destined for men of eminence in whatever line of life they might be able to render service to their country.

It is an opinion controverted by some, but it seems founded in reason, that the twelve judges, who are at the head of their most honourable profession, should not merely be allowed to sit on the benches of the House of Lords, but that they should have the right of voting therein, and, in fact, be summoned as peers for life upon their elevation to the bench. No order of men in the whole state would exercise power more conscientiously, and from no other source could the Upper House derive at once such an immense increase of deliberative strength in the revision and framing of the laws. The bench of spiritual lords, and the bench of legal lords, ought to form two of the purest ornaments in the bright galaxy of the peers of the realm.

We shall content ourselves for the present with indicating two other points, recognised and admitted by the constitutional forms of the government, but at present much lost sight of; and they may be considered as affecting the lowest order—the

very root of the whole nobility of the land.

Members of the Lower House for counties are always called *knights* of the shires they represent; and so they ought to be. No person should be eligible to represent a county unless previously adorned with the honour either of knighthood or of the baronetage, or unless the younger son of a peer of the realm; and indeed the attaching of titles of nobility to the possession of estates of a certain value and fixity of tenure, and the annexing of baronetcies to similar properties, would put all the principal country gentlemen in a position suited to the duties of a knight of the shire. We should not then see the absurd and mischievous anomaly of an ambitious theorist of no landed property in his own possession, but backed by the democrats of a manufacturing district, thrust upon the legislature as the representative of a large agricultural county. We should rather find the knights of the shires forming a compact and most influential body in the imperial parliament, the real representatives of the interests of their constituents, and the main conservative element in the Lower House of the legislature.

The bearing of arms, and the gratuitous assumption of the title of esquire, now so universally adopted, require to be more strictly limited, unless it is desired that the whole system should fall from inevitable ridicule into ultimate disuse. It is a kind of morbid feeling that has thus been produced by national vanity, and will some day or other work out its opposite extreme, unless restrained in due time. For the undue granting of arms the Herald's College is greatly responsible; but for the universal assumption of the correlative title, society at large is to be blamed. It is one of the weaknesses of the day, that men and things are no longer called by their true names, and it indicates a downward progress in the national fortunes rather than the contrary. The evil might be checked by the confining of the right to wear *coats of arms* or *shields* to the orders of knighthood only—as it used to be at the first institution of the custom; while for all persons under that stand-

ing in society, some distinctive badge or family token might be adopted, sufficient to identify their lineage, yet showing a difference of grade. It is more difficult to say how the appellations of the various classes of commoners shall be settled; but there can be no doubt that the common herding of all men together—whether under the names of esquires, gentlemen, or even of “*gents*”—is an absurdity: mischievous, inasmuch as it tends to level what ought to be unequal, and as it renders ridiculous what ought to be respected.

We readily allow that the ideas propounded above are more or less Utopian; so, however, are all ideas of change. With this excuse, however, we content ourselves for the present. If we have advocated any amendments, they are not in the direction of what is called, falsely enough—*Progress*, but in that of what is really and truly improvement, because it implies a reverting to the fundamental and unalterable basis of the modern European social system. “*Progress*” now means advancement in the cause of democracy—that is, in the path which marks the decline and fall, and ultimate destruction of any old nation. Far be it from us to lend a hand to aught that can assist this fatal and destructive process. We would preserve, and restore, and improve, rather than destroy. And it is because we believe this ancient spirit of feudalism to be that which contains the great elements of national prosperity, that we therefore advocate a return towards some of its first principles. A further development of this we reserve for a future occasion. But this we will maintain, that in the great cycle of years which constitute the life of a people, the upward rising of the nation is characterised by the active vitality of what we will call feudalism, its downward sinking by the existence of democratic license and opulent enervation, following upon the decline of warlike and chivalrous pursuits. The process of corruption and of disintegration may be slow, but it is not the less certain. It overtakes even the most prosperous nations at last. Would that we could check and avert that evil from our own country!

## CIVIL REVOLUTION IN THE CANADAS.

STRANGE though it sound to speak of a revolution in these provinces, where the representative of the crown is notoriously supported by a large majority in the provincial parliament, and where, for years past, there has scarcely been an inquiry made as to when a regiment either came or went, or even how many troops were in the whole American colonies; yet it is nevertheless a fact, that a more important and effective revolution is now going on in the Canadas, than if half their population were in open arms against the mother country.

Before attempting either to describe or to account—which we trust in the course of this paper to be able to do—for this extraordinary state of things, it will be necessary to touch upon a few leading events in the history of both provinces, and, incidentally, upon the character and intentions of the parties engaged in them.

It is well known to all English readers, that the French of Lower Canada, forming a population of some four hundred thousand people, after a long course of factious and embarrassing legislation; after a species of civil, social, and parliamentary strife for nearly half a century, which was far more withering in its effects upon the prosperity of the country than a good fight in the beginning would have been, finally, in 1837, took up arms against the British government. Shortly afterwards they were joined by the party in Upper Canada which had long made common cause with them, though without common principles, aims, or hopes—the one's pride being indissolubly wedded to institutions which were pregnant with retrogression and decay, the other's chief merit consisting in pretension to raise men from beneath old ruins, instead of bringing old ruins down upon them. Yet both agreed in hating England, and in taking up arms, jointly and severally, to overthrow her institutions. Whatever other lesson England might have learned from the fact, she should at least have learned this—that it was no ordinary feelings of desperation or of difference that

made them forego so much to each other, in order to strike an effectual blow at her: and that it could be no ordinary circumstance, if it was even in the nature of things, after they had become partners in the same defeats and humiliations—after they had been made bed-fellows by the same misfortunes—that could disunite them in favour of their common enemy; and not only turn the tide of their hatred against each other, but make the party that became loyal to England kiss the rod that had so severely scourged it.

Probably this might have been thought difficult. But where the hostility to England might have been regarded as accidental, rather than of settled and determined principle, it might be urged that the reconciling one or both these parties to the British government, might not have been impossible; or the bringing the one back to loyalty, even at the expense of its having to oppose the other, might still be in the power of wise legislation.

This brings us to consider the character and the principles, the prejudices and the predilections, of the two parties. And if the reader will follow us over a little scrap of history, possibly new to him, if we do not happen to differ on the road, we apprehend we shall agree in summing up the general results.

For many parliaments previous to the rebellion in Lower Canada, the majority in favour of the French was on an average equal to four-fifths of each house. And, instead of this majority being diminished by the agency of immigration, or by reason of the detachment of almost every Englishman and American in the province from their cause—who at first sided with them for the purpose of procuring the redress of all real abuses, most, if not all, of which, arose from the nature of their own institutions,—it continued to increase, until at last every county in the province which had a preponderance of French influence, sent a member to parliament to carry on a kind of civil war with the govern-

ment. Men of the first talents in the country, who had freely spent the best of their lives and their efforts in its service, when they were compelled to leave this faction, or take leave of their loyalty to the crown, found that the breadth of their own intellects was all they were ever able to detach from its ranks. Every concession the imperial government could make, every effort to conciliate them, was met only by fresh demands—demands conceived in a spirit of hostility, and wilfully and knowingly of such a character as could not be conceded. Yet their majorities continued, and even increased, in parliament. In 1832, they carried their measures of hostility to the British, and even the Irish population so far, as to refuse to employ them for any purposes whatever, and, in some cases, those employed were dismissed. It is matter of Lower Canadian history, that one of their greatest grievances was, that they had not the control of the appointments of judges and other public officers, and the apportioning of their salaries; yet it is well known—it was publicly avowed by them in parliament—that their object was, to starve out the British government, by starving out its officers. Still the French leaders who mooted these measures gained in popularity, and the English members for French counties continued to lessen. British manufactures were solemnly denounced in their parliament, and the use of them declared a disgrace to every Frenchman; and a tax, which they intended as a prohibition, was attempted to be placed upon British emigrants: yet withal, Mr Papineau, the great French leader, rose the higher, and his party grew the stronger. The more, in short, the French leaders could embarrass the government, and the more they could throw obstacles in the way of the improvements incident to the activity and enterprise of the English race, the more they rose in the estimation of the French constituencies. They claimed, in truth, for these very acts, their confidence, and they received what they claimed to the fullest extent. In a well-written, and, considering all the circumstances, a temperate address of the Constitutional Association of

Montreal in 1832—an association got up with the view of making the situation of the British population known to the imperial government, and an association that afterwards greatly contributed to save the province during the rebellion—we find the following among other passages to the same effect, upon this subject:—

“For half a century has the population of English and Irish descent in Lower Canada been subjected to the domination of a party whose policy has been to retain the distinguishing attributes of a foreign race, and to crush in others that spirit of enterprise which they are unable or unwilling to emulate. During this period, a population, descended from the same stock with ourselves, have covered a continent with the monuments of their agricultural industry. Upper Canada and the United States bear ample testimony of the flood-tide of prosperity—the result of unrestricted enterprise, and of equitable laws. Lower Canada, where another race predominates, presents a solitary exception to this march of improvement. There, surrounded by forests inviting industry, and offering a rich reward to labour, an illiterate people, opposed to improvements, have compressed their growing numbers almost within the boundaries of their original settlements, and present, in their mode of laws, in their mode of agriculture, and peculiar customs, a not unfavourable picture of France in the seventeenth century. There also may be witnessed the humiliating spectacle of a rural population not unfrequently necessitated to implore eleemosynary relief from the legislature of the country.”

But it is no new lesson to learn, that an inert and unprogressive race, with pride clinging to decay, and customs which ring to enterprise, cannot harmonise, in legislative provisions, with men who want laws to assist the steps of advancing civilisation, rather than ways and means of keeping up old ruins; who prefer to gather the fruits of a thousand trees, for the planting of which enterprise has explored, and industry has employed, new and rich domains, to tying up the decaying branches of a few old ones, to which possibly memory may love to cling, but under which plain human nature might starve. To expect, in fact, that men with such opposite characteristics, apart even from their other elements of

discord, should harmonise, when the party weaker in legislation was the stronger in civilisation, when the party that stood still had the power of making the other stand still also, was to expect an impossibility. And this was exactly the nature of the contest so long carried on in Lower Canada. An ox and a race-horse had been yoked together in the same legislative harness. But the misfortune was increased by the race-horse's being subject—however much he might struggle, and rear, and foam—to the motions of his dogged companion, and to the necessity of not moving at all, whenever it pleased his venerable mate to stand still. It is clear, therefore, that any legislative provision, after the rebellion, which would restore to the French this ascendancy, would be but causing confusion worse confused—would be but entailing upon both parties constant contentions, with the probability, if not the certainty, of a final appeal to arms; in which case England would be left without a friend in either party—the one looking upon her as their natural enemy—the other as a power which had always sacrificed its friends when it had the means of benefiting them—had perpetually raised its defenders very high, to see how very far it could let them fall.

The party in Upper Canada which had opposed the government step by step, until it ended with rebellion in conjunction with the French, was composed of vastly different materials from these its allies. And it is somewhat singular, but it is nevertheless a fact, that this party, both as to its strength, and the true causes of its hostility to England, has never been very thoroughly understood even in the Canadas. The principle of under-rating enemies was always applied to it by its opponents in the province. The pernicious habit of looking upon men with too much contempt to take the measure of their strength, is as bad in politics as it is in a physical struggle. But the party known as the government party in Upper Canada, was generally far too self-important and too great to calculate how many dark-looking clouds it takes to make a storm.

The government of England too, never very clear-sighted in colonial affairs, and with its Argus eye as directed to Canadian prospects always suffering from some defect of vision, or looking through very distorting media, was not very likely to catch the height and cut of each individual in a colonial multitude, which it scarcely ever saw even in gross: while the Governors who "did the monarch" in the province, did not generally betray much taste for sitting down by the farmer's fireside, and eating apple-sauce and sauerkraut at his table, where there neither was, nor could have been, recognised a distinction between the master and the man,—between the lord of the castle and the cook in the kitchen. Yet such were the places where governors and rulers might have seen at work the elements of democracy; might have witnessed the process of education to the levelling system. An education which, with the vast facilities for independence in America, irrespective of situation or institutions—men never get over; and in which they might have traced the natural growth of feelings and principles, that must, in the very nature of things, be in a state of continual warfare with the customs, the pride, and the love of distinction, which are the inalienable offspring of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the social system of England. Yet here they never penetrated either to count the voters or the children. They felt—they were obliged to feel—that the great wheel of the government, which was the majority in parliament, often performed extraordinary revolutions the wrong way. But they knew not how or wherefore. They never went where they might have studied, and could have understood, the difficulty; where, to make a long story short, in order to get at what they missed, and to understand what they did not, the reader has possibly anticipated the necessity of accompanying us.

From the circumstances attending the early settlement of Upper Canada, and from the character of the early settlers themselves, the preachers of the Methodist denomination were not merely almost the only preachers they had for many years an oppor-

tunity of hearing, but were, of all others, those they most desired to hear. The clergymen of the Church of England were few, and stationed in the larger towns. But it is one of the peculiarities of Methodism, that however numerous or scattered the settlers might have been, the preacher could always manage to live among them; for he received with his circuit a sort of universal billeting-ticket, and the houses of all his flock, and all his flock's friends, thereupon became one vast home to him: and wherever he happened to take up his temporary abode, he conferred a sort of honour instead of receiving a favour. The system had another peculiarity too—at all events, at the early period we are speaking of—it had no standard of fitness in the way of education for its ministry. Yet where men of education could never think of penetrating or existing, these men were willing to go. Where no bishop could dream of sending a pastor, it is the principle of Methodism to believe the Lord will raise up or send one. If his talents are none of the brightest, they are willing to trust to Heaven to make up the deficiency: and certainly, in some instances, there is much need of it.

It is not difficult to perceive how great must have been the influence of these preachers over a people so circumstanced: how eagerly—in the absence of newspapers, and of nearly every means of learning what was going on in the province, much less in the affairs of the world—the leading characters of the neighbourhoods gathered round the preacher, after the meeting was over, at the fireside of some brother of the Church, to hear the latest news, to get the last newspaper or pamphlet, and to receive his oracular opinions upon the measures and the men agitating the country. And in two-thirds of the districts in the province, these preachers had for years, unopposed and unquestioned, those opportunities of instilling a political education—which, if they chose to make use of them, would enable them to plant a crop, whether of good or of evil, for or against the institutions of England, wholly unradicable.—were there even the same opportunities afforded

of eradicating it that there were of sowing it.

For five successive parliaments in Upper Canada, previous to the rebellion, each party had alternately the majority in the house—the one party being known as the Tory or Family Compact; the other as the Radical or the Saddle-bag faction—a name more truthfully than elegantly applied to it, on account of its owing its majority to the exertions of these same Methodist preachers in its favour; and from their mode of travelling through the country being on horseback, with large saddle-bags swung on each side of the nag, and, by way of adding to the picturesque, with a leathern valise strapped on immediately over his tail. These bags and valise, it was alleged by their opponents, were always filled with, we suppose, the necessary exception of stowage for hymn-books, and the other paraphernalia of their craft—with papers and pamphlets against the monarchy, the Church, and the institutions of England, and in favour of the democracy of the States. But whether the bags and valise were so filled or not; or whether, indeed, these preachers, at this early period, had it in their power to treat their friends to as many pamphlets, and papers, and almanacs—for the last was and is a method of disseminating political opinions much resorted to in America—as they were accused of, we shall not undertake to determine. This, however, we certainly can assert—that if we had out of the whole world to select the most perfect embodiment of the spirit of hostility to all the pomp and pride, and distinction, and deference to rank, incident to monarchy, wherever it may exist, we should select these same Methodist preachers. Educated, for the most part, in the United States, or in Canada by American schoolmasters; with their conferences held in the States; the seat of their church in the States; their ministers ordained in the States; their bishops sent from there—for they were all, at this time, Episcopal Methodists—and the great body of their church flourishing there,—they imbibed, from the very beginning, American feelings of hostility to the established Church of England, and to the pride and love

of distinction to all the characteristics which must exhibit themselves wherever English society has a footing, and England's monarchy a representative. Hostility to these was, in truth, the very genius of their religion. Looked upon with contempt by Episcopal clergymen, they took a pious revenge in wildly declaiming against the pride and arrogance of those who derided them, and incidentally pointed to the luxurious grandeur and sumptuous living of the great dignitaries of the church, while its poor hard-working curates had scarcely the means of living. Treated with contumely by the few educated English who, from time to time, settled among their hearers, they pointed in their indignation to that country, and to those institutions, where one man was held no better than another, and where the many could soon level the pride and bring down the pretensions of the few. Deprived by law, as they were at this time, of nearly all the rights of Christian ministers—of the right to marry, and all similar ones, (for both the government and the church had long contended against men whom they regarded and believed, in point of education and character, to be wholly unfit to exercise these sacred functions,) they declaimed from the very bottom of their hearts against the illiberality and exclusiveness of English institutions, of English feelings, and of English pride, in depriving them of these rights; and they applauded, with equal earnestness, that government under which their church flourished, in the fullest exercise of the widest privileges of a Christian denomination. There is no exaggeration on the one side or on the other in this. It would be offensive to the church and to its adherents to say, that they regarded these preachers otherwise than we have described. It would be unjust to the Methodists to say, that they did not feel, and that they did not act, as we have given them credit for doing.

But in addition to the effect, political and national, produced by these preachers, the peculiarity of the Methodist church-government spread the same influences by many minor, but not less effectual ramifications. Every

little society, in every neighbourhood, had what is called a class-leader, or local preacher, whose duty it was to exercise a sort of half-religious and half-civil domination over the part of the church immediately surrounding him, to give them advice, settle their differences, and practise the arts of small oratory and miniature government.

It is not difficult to perceive how this system must have furnished a leader to every little neighbourhood; how the ambition first formed by a class-meeting must have wished the larger sphere of a political one; and how the consciousness of ability to govern a congregation naturally led to the conviction that the same abilities might be usefully employed in the magistracy, or even in parliament. And it is a significant fact, that since the friends of these class-leaders have been in power, in every neighbourhood where the Methodists have had a footing, two-thirds of the magistrates appointed by the government were, and are, these very class-leaders themselves. But, at the time we are speaking of, the idea of appointing a person a magistrate, whose only qualification consisted in his exhibiting a stentorian voice at Methodist meetings, or being an influential member of "his society," was utterly repugnant to the feelings of men educated to dislike such persons, even when they are unpretending, much less when they aspire to offices of honour and distinction. No class-leaders, therefore, in neighbourhoods where every man was alike a lord of the soil, saw themselves looked up to as leaders by the many, at the same time that they were looked down upon as boorish pretenders by the few. But what galled them yet more was, that they constantly saw the few placed in offices of honour and emolument over them, and thus "rubbing in," as they termed it, the insult and the injustice of their own exclusion. Like the preachers, too, they pointed, in their indignation and revenge, to that country and those institutions where the people could raise the man, and not the crown—where they could not only attain what they aimed at, but crush what they abhorred.

Partly from this system of religious and political education, and partly



from the great number of Americans who settled in the province immediately after the revolutionary war, and who came in with, and at the suggestion of Governor Simcoe, as well as the many who came in without him—but mainly from the tinge of nationality that all large communities impart to small ones adjacent to them—the manners, the customs, the accent, and even the prejudices, of the rural native population in Upper Canada, are scarcely distinguishable from the American. Their very slang words are the same, and their dislike of what they term “blooded critters,”—namely, Englishmen, who cannot help evincing their inveterate dislike of either associating themselves, or allowing their families to associate, with persons whose education and habits they consider beneath them. Every feature, indeed, by which an Englishman can detect the influence of the levelling system in the States, particularly among the farming and lower classes, he can also detect, and fully to the same extent, among all the American, the Dutch, and most of the rural native Canadian population in Upper Canada. It would be digressing too far from the main object of this paper to bring forward examples—and we know hundreds—where English gentlemen have been subjected to innumerable petty annoyances, (such as cutting down their fences, and letting the cattle into their corn-fields,) merely because it became hinted about the neighbourhoods where they had settled that they were “blooded critters,” and refused to eat at the same table with their labourers, and associate upon an equal footing with their neighbours, irrespective of their habits, character, and education; where men have left the harvest-fields as soon as they discovered that two tables were set in the house; and where families have been obliged, to avoid inconveniences that could not be endured, to conform, if not altogether, at least for a time, to the general usage of admitting no distinction between master and man. It must suffice for our purpose now, to say that these things exist—that they exist to the extent that we have described them; and without going into the question of the policy or the impolicy of Englishmen not conforming

to the general and prevailing customs of the country in which they settle, or of the merit or demerit of these customs themselves, all we wish to say here is, that these customs are, in our humble opinion, inimical to all monarchical education—to that state of society where rank must be recognised, respectability distinguished, and refinement preserved, or monarchy cease to exist, or become a mockery.

But what was the strength of all these natural and unmistakable elements of hostility to monarchy under any form, and to a people bred under monarchical institutions in any circumstances? What was the power of the Methodists, in so far as that was used against the government, over the constituencies of the province? What was the power of those who were not Methodists, but who united with them in opposing the government? And what was the power of the really honest Yankees in the province, who never hesitated to avow that they hated the British government, root, branches, and all? And in what way did their united feelings and intentions develop themselves?

For upwards of a quarter of a century they maintained,—with all the power and patronage of the government against them; with most of the talent born in the province, and the whole, or very nearly so, of that imported into it, against them; and with seven-eighths, yes, nine-tenths, of the emigrants who were able to purchase property when they came, or who subsequently became voters, against them,—alternate, and more than alternate, majorities in parliament. It can answer no good purpose now, it never answered any, to deny or to disguise this fact. This class of men formed, as what we have already stated must have satisfied the reader, fully two-thirds of the electors in the counties. In the Home District, where M<sup>r</sup> Kenzie, who headed the rebellion in 1837, had absolute control over the elections; in the Midland District, where Mr Bidwell, an American by birth, by education, and from principle, exercised a similar influence; in the London District, where Duncombe, who also headed the rebels, could carry any man into parliament he pleased; what was

the character of the voters in the townships and counties which gave them this power? They were the Methodists, educated as we have described; they were the Americans and Dutch, with strong predilections in favour of democracy, and still stronger dislike of the natural and inevitable characteristics of society which arise from monarchy itself. In the Gore district, in the Niagara district, and in the Newcastle district, what do the poll-books exhibit for the counties which sent member after member, with hardly an exception, to support McKenzie in the parliament, and some of them to support him in the rebellion? The number of Hezekiahs, and Jedediahs, and Jonathans, of Eliacums, and Ezekiels, shows pretty clearly what was their origin, and what were their political predilections. But these democratic leanings were by no means arbitrarily confined to names, for there was both a Duke of Wellington and a Horatio Nelson in the Gore District gaol for treason in 1838. The Duke was a preacher, and regularly held forth to his fellow prisoners, until the scamp at last—we suppose to acquire a practical idea of the nature of sin—stole a watch from one of his companions, and was thereupon regularly deposed from his high calling; and the scene of his labours changed from among the political offenders down to the petty larceny fraternity. All of which may be found duly chronicled in the records of the sheriff's office of the Gore District for the period.

But there is no circumstance, perhaps, that we could mention, that could convey a better idea of the relative regard for England and the United States, of the class of people we have been describing, than the fact—well known to every person who has lived among them—that a Yankee school-master, without either education or intelligence—with nothing on earth to recommend him, save an inveterate propensity for vapouring and meddling in the affairs, religious and political, of every sect and class wherever he goes—can, and ever has, exercised more influence among them in a few months, than a whole neighbourhood of English gentlemen could in years. And we speak

neither from hearsay nor conjecture: we speak from what we have seen and know, and what is susceptible of full proof.

The political measures of this party, like all others, soon shaped themselves into an embodiment of their motives and principles, and into a means, the most natural and the most certain, of gaining and keeping power. Ambition, mounted between two saddle-bags, upon a jog-trot pony, was not likely to shine in the character of a courtier. A strong nasal accent, and a love of the levelling system, were but poor recommendations to English gentlemen, and English governors for offices of distinction and the command of her Majesty's militia forces. But both were powerful at the hustings. What they could not win from the crown they could gain from the electors. What monarchical feelings and a monarchical education could not brook, democratic voters would assuredly elevate. The consequences were such as may be conceived. Their measures became, to all intents and purposes, democratic. They began by requiring, as indispensable to the proper "image and transcript," as they called it, of the British constitution, that the legislative council—analogous to the House of Lords—should be rendered elective; that the magistracy should be made elective; that voting by ballot, as it is practised in the States, should be introduced; and that every officer in the country, from a colonel to a constable, should be chosen by the people. How much of monarchy would have been left after all this—how many of the distinguishing characteristics that the English government imparts to a British people, would have been discernible, after all these measures were in full operation, it would not have been very difficult to foresee.

Lord Durham, in speaking of this party, and of that which opposed it, observes:—

"At first sight it appears much more difficult to form an accurate idea of the state of Upper than of Lower Canada. The visible and broad line of demarcation which separates parties, by the distinctive characters of race, happily has no existence in Upper Canada. The quarrel is one of an entirely English, if not British,

population. Like all such quarrels, it has, in fact, created not two but several parties, each of which has some objects in common with some one of those to which it is opposed. They differ on one point and agree on another; the sections which unite together one day are strongly opposed the next; and the very party which acts as one against a common opponent, is in truth composed of divisions seeking utterly different or incompatible objects. It is very difficult to make out, from the avowals of parties, the real objects of their struggles; and still less easy is it to discover any cause of such importance as would account for its uniting any large mass of the people in an attempt to overthrow, by forcible means, the existing form of government."

"There could not have been anything more mischievously incorrect, or more likely to lead to unfortunate conclusions than these statements. We can safely challenge the whole parliamentary history of the province, the character of the leading measures and of the leading men, and the result of every election, for twenty-five years, to find even a reasonable pretext for them, although we believe they were made in full conviction of their truth by the nobleman who made them. Of course, he could not have properly understood what he was writing about. For six successive elections previous to the rebellion, the whole history of England does not afford an example of such party-going to the hustings with so little change in men, measures, principles, or feelings, as in every one of these. In every new House of Assembly the same identical leaders, and the same followers, singled out the same men four years after four years; and neither accidents nor changes, the reproaches of treason on the one side, or the accusations of corruption on the other, caused the loss of a man to one party or the gain of one to the other. The whole heart, soul, and hopes of the two parties were as distinct and opposite as those of any two parties that ever had an existence. Nor could it have been otherwise, when the tendencies of the one were so manifestly against the existence of a fabric, which every feeling of the other urged them to preserve at all hazards and under all circumstances.

At last an important event in the history of the province brought the

contest between these parties to an issue. When Sir Francis Head assumed the government in 1836, he found the party which had opposed it for so many years with a large majority in Parliament. With the view, if possible, of reconciling the two parties, and of getting both to unite with him in furthering the real interests of the province, he formed an executive council of the leaders of both. But the council had scarcely been formed, before the leaders of the party which had been so perpetually in opposition declined remaining in it, unless Sir Francis would surrender up to them, practically, the same powers that are enjoyed by the ministry in England. This he neither could nor would do. An angry correspondence ensued. They significantly pointed, in the event of the character of the struggle being changed, to and from the great democracy of America. He asserted that the great right arm of England should be wielded, if necessary, to support the crown. They finally concluded by stopping the supplies. He dissolved the house.

In the election contest which ensued, it was distinctly and emphatically declared by the government, that the contest was no longer between party and party in a colony, but between monarchy and democracy in America. Monarchy was, in fact and in truth, the candidate at the election. And whether the whole of the party engaged in this desperate opposition participated in the declaration made to Sir Francis, that they would look for aid to the States, and which elicited from him in the reply, "Let them come if they dare," is not a matter that they have ever enlightened the public upon. But that he was forced and obliged to make monarchy the candidate in this election, or let democracy threaten and bully him out of the country, is a historical fact, and incontrovertible in the Canadas, but most grossly and most unfortunately misunderstood in England.

The government party gained the election. But after the contest, the opposition, seeing their hopes of success—which were founded upon the plan of embarrassing the government into their measures, by gaining majorities in parliament and stopping the

supplies—all destroyed by the result of this election; and knowing that immigration was every year adding to the strength of their opponents, finally determined to change the struggle from the hustings and the parliament, to the camp and the battle-field—to risk all in a bold attempt to strike down the oak at a blow, instead of attempting to destroy it, branch by branch, by democratic measures and factious legislation. That there were men of this party who did not approve of this desperate step, and that there were others who thought it premature, we believe and know; but that the great body of the party itself sympathised with the leaders in it, and would have gloomed in, and contributed by all the means in their power to their success, had it been attainable, we are not only sure of, but could prove by the history of the whole affair, given by those who had the best means of understanding it.

When Lord Durham arrived in Canada, he found this party in the situation of masses of the evening, but scattered clouds. Some had voluntarily withdrawn to the States, where were they, either to escape arrest, or from consciousness of their guilt in the rebellion. The great body of the party remained in the provinces, with all those feelings towards England and her loyalists, that mingled pride, many sufferings, a contemptible struggle, and a mortifying defeat, were likely to engender. But though the storm had passed over, the clouds were nearly all left. The party had, in reality, gained by experience much more than it had lost in numbers. It had come to the understanding that England's great right arm could not be so easily broken. It had learned, and its friends in the States had learned—what was most useful to both under the circumstances—that if England's institutions were to be destroyed in America, it must be done by some other means than by blows and bayonets.

And it was with this party, thus situated, and composed of the materials, and influenced by the considerations, we have mentioned, that Lord Durham proposed, by a union of the provinces, to neutralise the legislative influence of the French of Lower

Canada—to destroy their supremacy, which was pregnant with rebellion, and to subvert their power, which had been synonymous with decay. For without the aid of this party, or a great portion of it, the loyalists could not accomplish this; much less could it ever be accomplished if this party should happen to unite with the French. A vast power, too, whether for good or for evil, and hitherto unknown in a colony, was thrown among them all to be scrambled for. We mean a power analogous to that of the ministry in England, and known by the name of a Responsible Government in Canada. This power, always held in England by the heads of great parties—by men of lofty intellects and great characters—by men who were literally invested with the moral worth, the intelligence, the rank, and the honour of millions—this mighty power was tossed up in the Canadas like a cap in a crowd, to fall upon the head of whomsoever it might chance. It mattered not whether it was a Frenchman, the dearest object of whose existence was the destruction of England's power, that gained the majority. The cap must be his. It mattered not whether it was a democrat, whose secret but highest aim was the annihilation of England's monarchy, that succeeded at the elections; the mantle of England's honour, and of upholding England's crown in America, must fall upon him. We should be sorry to propose the curtailment of a single privilege of a single Briton, in any part of the world where the flag of his country waves over him. In what we shall have to say hereafter as to the government of the colonies, we do not intend doing so. But what we mean to say of this vast power, which was thrown among the people to be scrambled for at this time in the Canadas, is, that what in England must have been, from the very nature of things, a guarantee for all orders in the state being preserved and protected under it, was in the Canadas, equally from the nature of things, precisely the reverse. No ministry in England could be formed without the nobility, the gentry, the wealth—all that owed its all to the preservation of the institutions of the country—being represented in it. In the Canadas a ministry

could be—yes, from the very nature of things, a ministry must be—formed, where Frenchmen, who hated England—where democrats, who hated monarchy, must control the destinies of England's subjects—the existence of England's empire in the west. We would not be understood, therefore, as desiring to curtail a single privilege; but we would, nevertheless, keep edge-tools out of the hands of madmen and enemies. We would not remove the rope from the neck of another to put it round our own.

Extraordinary though it seem that human credulity could go so far—if the character of the parties, if the character even of the measures of the parties, in Upper Canada was understood—as to expect that the giving to the one which had opposed the government, as it were by nature, the power, by uniting with the French, of crushing its enemies for ever, that it would not do so; that it would not join with its old allies in dividing the spoils of prosperity, as it had already done in sharing the mortifications of defeat; that it would not join them, even for the purpose of having revenge, each of its own enemy in its own province;—yet such was the hope, such the infatuation of Lord Durham. He let a little stream of abstract right fall into a whole sea of French prejudices and democratic infatuations, and he expected that it would change the great face of the water. And what has been the result?—that the little stream has been lost in the great sea; that, instead of its changing the sea, it has but added to its weight; that all the prejudices, all the infatuations are left; and the power that was expected to change them has been converted into tools for them to work with.

Up to the last election, the French had never fairly recovered their former influence or rather had not the opportunity of fully exerting their powers in the elections. Up to the same period, the reform party, as they styled themselves in Upper Canada, had laboured under a similar disadvantage. The latter had suffered for the want of its leaders, three of whom were outlaws in the States, as well as from other causes. But at the last election—a fair one for all parties—the French recovered all their for-

mer power, and the Upper Canadian party all its former counties. The French, therefore, were making all the strides they could towards the domination that, according to Lord Durham, was pregnant with rebellion; the reform party had just the opportunity that he fondly wished for them, of checking the evil, and of establishing an enlightened and moderate British party between the two extremes. And what did they do? The measures and the facts must speak for themselves.

The following resolution, moved by Mr Lafontaine, attorney-general for Lower Canada, taken in the abstract, would seem harmless and fair enough :—

“Resolved, that this house do now resolve itself into a committee to take into consideration the necessity of establishing the amount of losses incurred by certain inhabitants of Lower Canada during the *political troubles* of 1837 and 1838 and of providing for the payment thereof.”

But when the following commentary of items, intended to be paid under it, is added to it, the nature of the *political troubles* of 1837 and 1838, and the intention of the resolution, will be better understood :—

*Items selected from the Report of the Commissioners appointed to ascertain the Amount of Rebellion Losses in Lower Canada, and their observations thereon.*

“No. 1169. Wolfred Nelson, Montreal. Property destroyed, £23,109, 10s. 3d; but Dr Nelson deducts the amount of his liabilities (*for which his creditors have claimed, or may claim*) and claims the balance only, say £12,379, 12s. 7d.

“1089. Pierre Beauchere, St Ours. £69, 10s., quartering insurgents under the command of ‘General Mathiot,’ and £131, 6s. 3d. for imprisonment five months and nine days.

“1107. Jos. Guimond, Chateauguay, conviction recorded. The wife claims £8, 19s. for the purchase of the confiscated estate bought by her.

“P. N. Pacaud, Three Rivers. Claims £100 for false imprisonment, and £25 for expenses there, and £500 for absence from the Province, to avoid arrest, &c.

“27. J. Dorion, M.D., St Ours. Claims £300 as due from Dr Nelson's estate; £175 for three months imprisonment, &c.

“32. Theophile Robert, Montreal. Conviction recorded. Claims £215 for loss of time whilst in exile.

" 34. Cyrille Beaudriault, Sault au Recollet. Claims £263, 16s. for interest, and £200 profit, on the goods destroyed and pillaged.

" 277. Church of St Cyprien, Napierville. The sum of £327, 12s. 6d. was taken from the treasury of the Church, forcibly, by Dr Cote, against the will and remonstrance of the churchwardens.

" 393. Jos. Dumouchel, Ste. Martine. Conviction recorded. Claims £1673, 13s. 9d., including £525 for compensation for seven years' imprisonment and exile.

" 564. Etienne Langlois, Blainville. Conviction recorded. Claims £345 for loss of time while in exile, and £34 passage from Sidney to Canada.

" 565. Louis Proulx, St. Remi. Conviction recorded. Claims £2275, 10s. 9d., including £855, 15s. for imprisonment and exile.

" 634. David Blanchette, St. Cyprien. Conviction recorded. Claims £520, 1s. 7d. for imprisonment and exile.

" 651. Pierre Lavoie, St. Cyprien. Conviction recorded. Claims £390 for being exiled six years, at £50 per annum.

" 656. Louis Laurehin, St. Cyprien, claims £50 for imprisonment and expenses, having been acquitted.

" 789. Luc H. Masson, St. Benoit, claims £450 for the interruption of his business during three years.

" Euph. Lamard, St. Remi. Conviction recorded. Claims £519, including £150, six years' rent of property destroyed.

" 833. Archelais Welch, West Farnham, claims £30, 7s. 6d. loss on sale of timber, on account of the troubles in 1837.

" 850. Theodore Bechar, Blainville. Conviction recorded. Claims £670, 6s. 8d., value of his estate confiscated and parcelled by his wife.

" 931. Edouard Major, Ste. Scholastique, claims £921, 4s. 7d., including £250 for interest, and £150 for the loss of profit, in discontinuing business.

" 992. Léandre Ducharme, Montreal. Conviction recorded. Claims for imprisonment and transportation, living in exile, and passage home, £262, 5s.

" 1327. B. Viger, Boucherville, claims £2000. Exile to Bermuda.

" 1651. C. Baiseune, St. Benoit, claims £150 for three years' exclusion from his profession as a notary, owing to the loss of his books, when prepared to pass his examination as notary.

" 1812. J. B. Archambeault, and 216 others, of St. Eustache, claim £489, 13s. for guns taken and not returned to the owners.

" 1916. Ninety persons of St. Eustache, for guns taken and not returned, £205, 0s. 10d.

" 1951. F. Dionne, St. Césaire, claims

£12 per annum, or £200 for his brother, who lost his senses from imprisonment and ill usage.

" 2215. H. D'Echambault, Boucherville, claims the sum of £12,000, as partner of Dr Nelson, for the creditors of the joint estate; but as the separate creditors have filed, or will file, their separate claims, this claim is not inserted. Dr Nelson also deducted this amount from his claim, as still due to the creditors of the firm.

" 2474. L. Perrault, Montreal, claim. £500, absence in the United States, and £1105, loss of business."

That this flagitious calendar of charges was deliberately intended to be paid by her Majesty's Canadian ministry, it may probably be more satisfactory to the reader to establish by the testimony of that ministry itself, than by any statement of our own.

Mr Merritt, the president of the council, and occupying a similar position in the government of Canada that Lord John Russell does in the government of England, thus writes to his constituents, who had addressed him on the subject, and remonstrated against paying these charges:—"On becoming a member of the government (he was appointed president of the council upon Mr Sullivan's being raised to the bench, a short time before the meeting of parliament) *I found their payment determined on by the administration.*" The reader will observe, that it was against the payment of the items above quoted, that Mr Merritt's constituents remonstrated. He answered, that their payment was decided upon before he took office. But he continues:—"My first impression was, I confess, against it; but I soon became convinced that they had no alternative. I neither wish to be misunderstood, nor relieved from responsibility. Although the government approved of Mr Boulton's amendment, [which was an amendment of its own resolution.] which excludes those who were sent to Bermuda, I was prepared to vote for excluding none." That is to say,—Mr Merritt had the manliness to risk his character, by voting for what his fellow-ministers had convinced him was necessary. They wanted the manliness to do what they had previously convinced him, according to their ideas, would be ~~but~~ an act of justice.

But the fact was, her Majesty's Canadian Executive Council had calculated too highly upon their own strength, or, having provoked the storm, they shrunk back in terror at its violence and its consequences. They were, therefore, obliged to resort to the skin of the fox, to make up what they found they wanted of that of the lion. And the substitution was managed after the following manner:

The amendment alluded to by Mr Morrill, or the operative part of it, was in these words:

"That the losses, so far only as they have arisen from the total, or *partially* *against*, *unprocession*, or wanton destruction of the dwellings, buildings, property, and effects of the said inhabitant (of Lower Canada), and by the seizure, taking, or carrying away of their property and effects, should be satisfied: provided that none of the persons who have been convicted of high treason, alleged to have been committed in that part of this province formerly called Lower Canada, since the first day of November 1847, or who, having been charged with high treason, or other offences of a treasonable nature, and having been committed to the custody of the sheriff in the jail of Montreal, submitted themselves to the will and pleasure of her Majesty, and were thereupon transported to her Majesty's island of Bermuda, shall be entitled to any indemnity for loss sustained during or after the said rebellion, or in consequence thereof."

This amendment is worded carefully enough, and, like Mr Lafontaine's resolution, is apparently just and harmless in its abstract signification; but it proves, like the former, a vastly different matter when its intentions come to be discovered by its practical application.

It is necessary that the reader should understand that there were a great number of the French rebels, particularly the leading characters, who fled the country immediately after the first few contests were over—and some of them were brave enough not even to wait so long—who came back under the amnesty, and consequently neither submitted themselves to the custody of the sheriff of Montreal, nor were prosecuted in any way. These are, therefore, no matter how high, or how notorious their treason, exempted from disability, under this amendment,

to claim rebellion losses. Among these was a Doctor Wolfred Nelson, who was commander-in-chief of the rebels at the battles of St Denis and St Charles; who fought with them as well as he could; who published the declaration of independence for the Canadas; who, after he had made his escape to the States, hovered round the borders as the leader of the piratical gangs that devastated the country; and whom General Wood was finally despatched by the United States government to put down. This individual is now a member of the Canadian parliament for a French county, and is an *admitted* claimant, under Mr Boulton's amendment, for twenty-three millions and pounds, for his rebellion losses. His own words in the debate upon the question are these: "As to the claims made for my property, I had sent in a detailed account of the losses which had occurred, and which amounted to £25,000, of which £17,000 did not belong to me, but to my creditors—I mentioned their names, and as far as my memory would serve, that was the amount." Now, setting aside the doctrine, subversive even of all rulers' honour, and of all security under any government, that men may first half-destroy a country by rebellion, and afterwards make up the other half of its destruction by claiming indemnity for incidental loss: setting aside this question, and viewing the matter in the abstract light, that all claims for injuries should be paid, we should like to know who is to pay the creditors of the poor widows of the soldier, and the royalists whose blood stained the snows of Canada in suppressing Dr Wolfred Nelson's rebellion? Who is to feed their children, who are at this moment—we can vouch for the fact in at least one instance—homeless and homeless, wandering upon the world? Yet Dr Nelson's creditors, on account of Dr Nelson's crime, must be paid. Who is to pay the creditors of the merchants, of the millers, of the lumberers, who were ruined by the general devastation that Dr Nelson's rebellion brought upon Lower Canada? Still Dr Nelson's creditors must be paid, although he spent the very money in bringing about other people's ruin. Who is to indem-

nify the people of England for two millions sterling spent in putting down Dr Nelson's rebellion? Yet Dr Nelson's property must be made good, and Dr Nelson's creditors must be paid, because England was under the necessity of putting down Dr Nelson's insurrection. And will—can England look on with indifference while Upper Canada—whose loyalists, when she was without a soldier to hoist her flag, did it for her—whose people freely and gladly sacrificed their lives, as well in the hard ships as in the struggle with the traitor and the assassin, and whose trade and property were wellnigh ruined by this Dr Nelson's rebellion—is now called upon to make good to him money he spent in carrying it on, and property that shared but the common ruin he brought upon the whole country? Yet Dr Nelson's payment is now decided upon by the parliament of Canada; and as the clause of such unheard-of legislation, he voted for it himself.

When such a course and action as this can walk through Mr Beaton's amendment, it is needless to spend time upon smiling. The loyalists of Canada have now, or will have, if the government, or the British government, are sent to the measure, to pay for the very torch that was employed to set fire to their homes; for the coats that were used to shod them down by the way-side; for the shoes that an enemy who challenged them to fight, wore out in running away; for the time that men who, assassin-like, established hunters' lodges in the States, for the purpose of cutting down the defenceless, and burning up the unprotected, were engaged in the conception and execution of their diabolical designs. These may be strong statements, but they are facts. We need go no farther than Dr Nelson's case, who claims indemnity for the very money he spent in buying powder and balls to destroy her Majesty's subjects, and who claims £12,000 for injury to his property, while he himself was at the head of gangs of desperadoes laying waste the whole southern frontier of the province to sustain them.

But, to convey an idea to the English reader of the full extent to which

payment may be, and is contemplated to be, made to parties engaged in the rebellion, under this amendment, we need but quote the questions that were put to Mr Lafontaine, before the final vote was taken on the question, and the manner in which he treated them.

"In committee last night, Colonel Prince stated that a great deal of uncertainty existed as to the class of persons whom it was intended by the ministry to pay, under the measure introduced by them, and he begged Mr Attorney General Lafontaine to settle the matter expressly by replying to certain questions which he would put to him. Colonel Prince began on his part, by reading the replies as first, and after receiving them, he would include no farther in the rebellion column.

"He then put the following questions in a deliberate, slow manner, putting between each two an answer.

"Do you propose to exclude, in your instructions to the commission, to be appointed under this act, all who aided and abetted in the rebellion of 1837-8?"

"No REPLY."

"Do you propose to exclude those who, by their actions and connivances, advanced their participation in the rebellion?"

"No REPLY."

"Do you mean to exclude those whose criminal conduct at this very moment is the possession of the government, or of the courts of law, unless these admissions have been destroyed with the connivance of honorable gentlemen opposite?"

"No REPLY."

"Do you mean to exclude any of those men who were imprisoned in the jail of Montreal, for their participation in the rebellion, and who were subsequently discharged from custody through the clemency of the government, and whose claims I understand to exceed some £75,000?"

"No REPLY."

"Do you not mean to pay every one, let his participation in the rebellion have been what it may, except the very few who were convicted by the courts-martial, and some six or seven who admitted their guilt and were sent to Bermuda?"

"No REPLY."

*Montreal Gazette.*

But what course did the enlightened reformers of Upper Canada take in this business—did that party which Lord Durham expressly stated was made up, for the most part, of men of



strong British feelings, and by whose aid the French domination was to be crushed? Out of the strongest majority—out of the most united and effective representation of the whole party that has ever been had since Sir Francis Head assumed the government of the province, one only voted against the French: seventeen voted with them, and five found it convenient to be absent.

But, bad as this measure is, and plainly as it shows that England's friends have been rendered politically powerless in the provinces, it is even better than the representation scheme, which these two parties have still more unitedly, and, if anything, more determinedly endeavoured to push through parliament. The following extracts from the leading journals of both provinces, will convey an idea of the intention of this measure, and what it is likely to lead to:—

"The rebellion claims which have roused, in every English breast, a feeling of strong antipathy against the French Canadian race, is but an affair of skirmishing, preparatory to the great battle for perpetual domination in Canada by the French Canadian race over those whom Mr Lafontaine has styled their 'natural enemies.' It is the Representation scheme that is to raise over us, for ever, our 'French Masters.' As an affair of money, that of the Rebellion Losses is an injury and insult to every man who obeyed the order of the government in its time of need. It has planted deeply the seed of a never-dying irritation, but it involves not our national existence. The Representation scheme is a triple iniquity, and will cement, if the madness of party be strong enough to carry it, all the little differences of parties among Englishmen, into one settled, determined hatred of the French race. It is a triple iniquity, an injury, an insult, and slavery to our children." — *Montreal Gazette*.

"By the Ministerial scheme, then, it is proposed to give the British Canadian population, say 13 members—as follows:

Ottawa 2, Argenteuil 1, Drummond (doubtful) 1, Sherbrooke 2, Shefford 1, Huntingdon 1, Megantic 1, Missisquoi 1, Gaspé 1, Stanstead 1, Sherbrooke Town 1. Thus leaving 62 members for the Franco-Canadians—giving the former an increase on their present number of 3 and the latter of 30! Can this be called a just proportion? It cannot." — *Montreal Herald*.

"That measure extends over the whole

of the province—*Lower* as well as *Upper* Canada; and one of its leading features being, according to the testimony of Mr Hincks, to insure to the French Canadians the perpetuation of their ascendancy in the legislature, as a distinct race, we may look forward in future to the infliction of the most oppressive measures, upon the colonists of British origin, which the masters of the Union may choose to dictate. These are the fruits of radical ascendancy in the executive and the legislature, from Upper Canada, and the prostration of those of British origin in Lower Canada." — *British Colonist, Toronto*.

Fortunately, however, fortunately even for those it was intended to invest with so great a power, this measure did not pass. For to give a naturally unprogressive race legislative superiority over an inevitably progressive one, is but to prolong a contest, or make more desperate an immediate struggle. The race that advances will not perpetually strive with a rope round its neck, or a chain round its leg. If it cannot loose itself, it will turn round and fight its holders. The French might have bound the English, but they would have had to fight them. A miss, however, is as good as a mile. It required a vote of two-thirds of the whole house to make such a change in the representation. Fifty-six voters would have done it; they had but fifty-five; so that this part of the storm at all events has passed over.

But how did the enlightened reformers of Upper Canada act, upon a measure avowedly and undisguisedly intended to perpetuate French domination? *Every man of them voted for it.* What a melancholy comment this is upon the following—the closing reflection of Lord Durham, upon the government of Canada. What a comment it is upon the attempt to change a people by a measure; to purge out of Frenchmen errors as strong as their nature—out of democrats feelings as large as their souls, by a single pill of abstract right in the shape of responsible government.

"In the state of mind in which I have described the French Canadian population, as not only now being, but as likely for a long while to remain, the trusting them with an entire control over this

province would be, in fact, only facilitating a rebellion. Lower Canada must be governed now, as it must be hereafter, by an English population; and thus the policy which the necessities of the moment force on us, is in accordance with that suggested by a comprehensive view of the future and permanent improvement of the province."—*Report Can. E.*, p. 127.

But it is not alone that British prosperity is now crushed by the domination of a retrogressive race, but it is that a British people are obliged to feel the galling and unnatural fact, that the power of the government of England is wielded to keep up institutions in America, to the destruction of which, in Europe, it owes its freedom and its greatness. It is not alone that loyalty is sickened to the very death in Upper Canada, at seeing the best gifts of the crown handed over to political pickpockets:—for we hold every man, and we can call upon all America to second us in it, as no better than a political pickpocket, who is a democrat in his heart and soul, and whines out "God save the Queen," to pillage her Majesty's treasury: it is not alone that

loyalty is galled to madness at this, but it is that loyalty is obliged to see that, however much it may beat these men at the hustings, and by virtue of the constitution, they can still laugh at all its efforts as long as they can play the part of French tools. In all history, in short, there is not a parallel to the state of things at present existing in the Canadas. To men whose very accents, whose very faces are a living libel upon all loyalty to England, England has by her legislation given power to trample under their feet the only friends she had in the hour of her need. To men who are contending for the perpetuation of institutions which all Europe was obliged to throw off before it could breathe a free breath, or extend a free arm, England has by her legislation given the power, not only to drive her children into the slough of despond, but to mount upon their shoulders there, and sink them irretrievably. England has literally in the Canadas made her loyalists political slaves; her enemies their political task-masters.

HAMILTON, CANADA WEST,  
23<sup>d</sup> April, 1849.

## Dies Boreales.

No. I.

### CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

SCENE—*Chidub. Louhouch-side.*

TIME—*Sunrise.*

NORTH—BULLER—SEWARD.

NORTH.

"Under the opening eyelids of the Morn!" Me feels, Amick, at this moment, the charm of that Impersonation. Slowly awaking from sleep—suddenly conscious of her whereabouts—bewildered by the beauty of the revelation, not recognising her beloved lochs and mountains—visionary and nameless all as if an uncertain prolongation of her Summer's Night's Dream.

SEWARD.

I was not going to speak, my dear sir.

NORTH.

And now she is broad awake. She sees the heaven and the earth, nor thanks God bless her, that "in her" it that beautifies them!

SEWARD.

Twenty years since I stood on this knoll, honoured sir, by your side—twenty years to a day—and now the same perfect peace possesses me—my glorious return—as if all the intervening time slid away—and this were not a renewed but a continuous happiness.

NORTH.

And let it slide away into the still recesses of Memory—the Present has its privileges—and they may be blanketed by, wisely, virtuously enjoyed—and without reverence to the anxiety of the Past. Let it slide away—but not into oblivion—no danger, no fear of oblivion—even joys will return on their wings of gossamer—sorrows may be buried, but they are immortal.

SEWARD.

I see not the slightest change on this Grove of Sycamores. Twenty years tell not on boles that have, for centuries, been in their prime. Yes—that one a little way down—and that one still further off—*have* grown—and those saplings, then but saplings, may now be called Trees.

BULLER.

I never heard such a noise.

NORTH.

A cigar in your mouth at four o'clock in the morning! Well—well.

BULLER.

There, my dear sir, keep me in countenance with a Manilla.

NORTH.

The Herb! You have high authority—Spenser's—for "noise."

BULLER.

I said Noise—because it is Noise. Why, the hum of bees overhead is absolutely like soft sustained thunder—and yet no bees visible in the umbrage.

The sound is like that of one single bee, and he must be a giant. Ay—there I see a few working like mad—and I guess there must be myriads. The Grove must be full of bees' nests.

NORTH.

Not one. Hundreds of smokes are stealing up from hidden or apparent cottages—for the region is not unpopulous, and not a garden without its hives—and early risers though we be, the *mutulina apes* are still before us, and so are the birds.

BULLER.

They, too, are making a noise. Who says a shufra cannot sing? Or the ditty now—'pouring his throat,' as the poet says—I defy you to tell which sings best. That splendid fellow on the birch-tree top—so yonder gorgeous tyke on the yellow oak—on—

NORTH.

'The shadiest covert hid' the leader of the choruses that thrills the many-voiced underwood with committal bliss.

SEWARD.

Not till this moment heard I the waterfall.

BULLER.

You did, though, all along—a felt accompaniment.

NORTH.

I know few dens more beautiful than Cradich-Crugh's.

BULLER.

Verdon me, sir, if I do not attempt that name.

NORTH.

How mellifluous!—Cradich-Crugh!

BULLER.

Great is the power of gutturals.

NORTH.

It is not inaccessible. But you must skiff till you reach the midway where the cattle are beginning to browse. And then thread all your way through a coppice where you are almost sure to see a roe. You come down upon a series of little pools in such weather as this so clear that you can count the trout—and then the verdurous walls begin to rise on either side and right before you, and you begin to feel that the scenery is becoming magnificent, for the pools are now black, and the stems are old, and the cliffs intercept the sky, and there are caves, and that waterfall has dominion in the gloom, and there is sublimity in the sounding solitude.

BULLER.

Cradich-Crugh.

NORTH.

A miserable failure.

BULLER.

Cradich-Crugh.

NORTH.

Worse and worse!

SEWARD.

Any footpath, sir?

NORTH.

Yes—for the roe and the goat.

BULLER.

And the Man of the Crutch.

NORTH.

Good. But I speak of days when the Crutch was in its tree-hole——

BULLER.

As the Apollo was in its marble block.

NORTH.

Not so good. But, believe me, gentlemen, I have done it with the Crutch.

SEWARD.

Ay, sir, and could do it again.

NORTH.

No. But you two are yet boys—on the sunny side of fifty—and I leave you, Seward, to act the guide to Buller up Cladich-Cleugh.

BULLER.

Pray, Mr North, what may be the name of that sheet of water?

NORTH.

In Scotland we call it Loch-Owe.

BULLER.

I am so happy—sir—that I talk nonsense.

NORTH.

Much nonsense may you talk.

BULLER.

'Twas a foolish question—but you know, sir, that by some strange fatality or another I have been three times called away from Scotland without having seen *Loch-Owe*.

NORTH.

Make good use of your eyes now, sirrah, and you will remember it all the days of your life. That is Cruachan—no usurper he—by divine right a king. The sun is up, and there is motion in the clouds. Saw you ever such shadows? How majestically they stalk! And now how beautifully they glide! And now see you that broad black forest, half-way up the mountain?

BULLER.

I do.

NORTH.

You are sure you do.

BULLER.

I am.

NORTH.

You are mistaken. It is no broad black forest—it is mere gloom—shadow that in a minute will pass away, though now seeming steadfast as the woods.

BULLER.

I could swear it is a forest.

NORTH.

Swear not at all. Shut your eyes. Open them. Where now your wood?

BULLER.

Most extraordinary ocular deception.

NORTH.

Quite common. Yet no poet has described it. See again. The same forest a mile off. No need of trees—sun and cloud make our visionary mountains sylvan: and the grandest visions are ever those that are transitory—ask your soul.

BULLER.

Your Manilla is out, my dear sir. There is the case.

NORTH.

Caught like a cricketer. You must ascend Cruachan. "This morning gives us promise of a glorious day:" you cannot do better than take time by the forelock, and be off now. Say the word—and I will myself row you over the Loch. No need of a guide: inclining to the left for an hour or two after you have cleared yonder real timber and sap wood—and then for an hour or two to the right—and then for another hour or two straight forwards—and then you will see the highest of the three peaks within an hour or two's walk of you—and thus, by mid-day, find yourself seated on the summit.

BULLER.

Seated on the summit!

NORTH.

Not too long, for the air is often very sharp at that altitude—and so rare, that I have heard tell of people fainting.

BULLER.

I am occasionally troubled with a palpitation of the heart—

NORTH.

Pooh, nonsense. Only the stomach.

BULLER.

And occasionally with a determination of blood to the head—

NORTH.

Pooh, nonsense. Only the stomach. Take a calker every two hours on your way up—and I warrant both heart and head—

BULLER.

Not to-day. It looks cloudy.

NORTH.

Why, I don't much care though I should accompany you—

BULLER.

I knew you would offer to do so, and I feel the delicacy of putting a decided negative on the proposal. Let us defer it till to-morrow. For my sake, my dear sir, if not for your own, do not think of it; it will be no disappointment to me to remain with you here—and I shudder at the thought of your fainting on the summit. Be advised, my dear sir, be advised—

NORTH.

Well then, be it so—I am not obstinate: but such another day for the ascent there may not be during the summer. On just such a day I made the ascent some half-century ago. I took it from Tyannilt—having walked that morning from Dalnally, some dozen miles, for a breathing on level ground, before facing the steepish shoulder that roughens into Loch Etive. The fox-hunter from Gleno gave me his company with his hounds and terriers nearly half-way up, and after killing some cubs we parted—not without a tinfal of the creature at the Fairies' Well.

BULLER.

A tinfal of the creature at the Fairies' Well?

NORTH.

Yea—a tinfal of the creature at the Fairies' Well. Now I am a total-ab-tinent—

BULLER.

A total-ab-tinent?

NORTH.

By heavens! he echoes me. Pleasant, but mournful to the soul is the memory of joys that are past! A tinfal of the unchristened creature to the health of the Silent People. Oh! Buller, there are no Silent People now.

BULLER.

In your company, sir, I am always willing to be a listener.

NORTH.

Well, on I flew as on wings.

BULLER.

What? Up Cruackan?

NORTH.

On feet, then, if you will; but the feet of a deer.

BULLER.

On all-fours?

NORTH.

Yes—sometimes on all-fours. On all-fours, like a frog in his prime, clearing tiny obstructions with a spang. On all-fours, like an ourang-outang, who, in difficult places, brings his arms into play. On all-fours, like the—

BULLER.

I cry you mercy.

NORTH.

Without palpitation of the heart; without determination of blood to the head; without panting; without dizziness; with merely a slight acceleration of the breath, and now and then something like a gasp after a run to a knowe which we foresaw as a momentary resting-place—we felt that we were conquering Cruackan! Lovely level places, like platforms—level as if water had formed them, flowing up just so far continually, and then ebbing back to some

unimaginable sea—awaited our arrival, that on them we might lie down, and from beds of state survey our empire, for our empire it was felt to be, far away into the lowlands, with many a hill between—many a hill, that, in its own neighbourhood, is believed to be a mountain—just as many a man of moderate mental dimensions is believed by those who live beneath his shade to be of the first order of magnitude, and with funeral honours is interred.

BULLER.

Well for him that he is a hill at all—eminent on a flat, or among humbler undulations. All is comparative.

NORTH.

Just so. From a site on a mountain's side—far from the summit—the ascender hath sometimes a sublimer—often a lovelier vision—than from its most commanding peak. Yet still he has the feeling of ascension—stille that, and the discontent of insufficiency dwarfs and darkens all that lies below.

BULLER.

Words to the wise.

NORTH.

We fear to ascend higher lest we should lose what we comprehend: yet we will ascend higher, though we know the clouds are gathering, and we are already enveloped in mist. But there were no clouds—no mist on that day—and the secret top of Cruachan was clear as a good man's conscience, and the whole world below like the promised land.

BULLER.

Let us go—let us go—let us go.

NORTH.

All knowledge, my dear boy, may be likened to stupendous ranges of mountains—clear and clouded, smooth and precipitous; and you or I in youth assail them in joy and pride of soul, not blind but blindfolded often, and ignorant of their inclination; so that we often are met by a beetling cliff with its cataract, and must keep ascending and descending ignorant of our whereabouts, and summit-seeking in vain. Yet all the while are we glorified. In maturer mind, when experience is like an instinct we ascertain levels without a theodolite, and know assuredly where dwell the peaks. We know how to ascend—sideways or right on; we know which are midway heights—we can walk in mist and cloud as surely as in light, and we learn to know the Inaccessible.

BULLER.

I fear you will fatigue yourself—

NORTH.

Or another image. You sail down a stream, my good Buller, which widens as it flows, and will lead through inland seas—or lochs—down to the mighty ocean: what that is I need not say: you sail down it, sometimes with hoisted sail—sometimes with oars—on a quest or mission all undefined; but often anchoring where no need is, and leaping ashore, and engaging in pursuits or pastimes forbidden or vain—with the natives—

BULLER.

The natives!

NORTH.

Nay, adopting their dress—though dress it be none at all—and becoming one of themselves—naturalised: forgetting your mission clean out of mind! Fishing and hunting with the natives—

BULLER.

Whom?

NORTH.

The natives—when you ought to have been pursuing your voyage on—on—on. Such are youth's pastimes all. But you had not deserted—not you: and you return of your own accord to the ship.

BULLER.

What ship?

NORTH.

The ship of life—leaving some to lament you, who knew you only as a jolly mariner, who was bound afar! They believed that you had drawn up your pinnace for ever on that shore, in that lovely little haven, among reeds and palms—unknowing that you would relaunch her some day soon, and, bounding in her over the billows, rejoin your ship, waiting for you in the offing, and revisit the simple natives no more!

BULLER.

Methinks I understand now your my-sterious meaning.

NORTH.

You do. But where was I?

BULLER.

Ascending Cratakan, and near the summit.

NORTH.

On the summit. Not a whit tired—not a bit fatigued: strong as ten—active as twenty own-selves on the flat—divinely drunk on draughts of ether—happier a thousand times, greater and more glorious, than Jupiter, with all his gods enthroned on Olympus.

BULLER.

Moderately speaking.

NORTH.

In imagination I hear him barking now as he barked then—a sharp, short, cease, angry and hungry bark—

BULLER.

What? A dog? A Fox?

NORTH.

No—no—no. An Eagle—the Golden Eagle from Ben-Slarive, known—and still taking him—to generation—of Shepherds for a hundred years.

BULLER.

Do you see him?

NORTH.

Now I do. I see his eyes—for he came—he comes sighing close by me—and there he shoot up in terror a thousand feet into the sky.

BULLER.

I did not know the Bird was so timid—

NORTH.

He is not timid—he is odd: but an Eagle does not like to come all at once within ten yards of an unexpected man—any more than you would like suddenly to face a ghost.

BULLER.

What brought him there?

NORTH.

Wings nine feet wide.

BULLER.

Has he no sense of smell?

NORTH.

What do you mean, sir?

BULLER.

No offence.

NORTH.

He has. But we have not always all our senses about us, Buller, nor our wits either—he had been somewhat scared, a league up Glen Etive, by the Huntsman of Gleno—the scent of powder was in his nostrils; but fury follows fear, and in a minute I heard his bark again—as now I hear it—on the highway to Benlura.

BULLER.

He must have had enormous talons.

NORTH.

My hand is none of the smallest—

BULLER.

God bless you, my dear sir,—give me a grasp.



There.

NORTH.

Oh! thambikins!

BULLER.

NORTH.

And one of his son's talons—whom I shot—was twice the length of mine; his yellow knobby loof at least as broad—and his leg like my wrist. He killed a man. Kuoocked him down a precipice, like a cannon-ball. He had the credit of it all over the country—but I believe his wife did the business, for she was half-again as big as himself; and no devil like a she-devil fighting for her imp.

BULLER.

Did you ever rob an Eyrie, sir?

NORTH.

Did you ever rob a Lion's den? No, no, Buller. I never—except on duty—placed my life in danger. I have been in many dangerous-looking places among the Mountains, but a cautious activity ruled all my movements—I scanned my cliff before I scaled him—and as for jumping chasms—though I had a spring in me—I looked imaginatively down the abyss, and then sensibly turned its flank where it leaned on the greensward, and the liberated streamlet might be forded, without swimming, by the silly sheep.

BULLER.

And are all those stories lies?

NORTH.

All. I have sometimes swam a loch or a river in my clothes—but never except when they lay in my way, or when I was on an angling excursion—and what danger could there possibly be in doing that?

BULLER.

You might have taken the Cramp, Sir.

NORTH.

And the Cramp might have taken me—but neither of us ever did—and a man, with a short neck or a long one, might as well shun the streets in perpetual fear of apoplexy, as a good swimmer evade water in dread of being drowned. As for swimming in my clothes—had I left them on the hither, how should I have looked on the thither side?

BULLER.

No man, in such circumstances, could, with any satisfaction to himself, have pursued his journey, even through the most lonesome places.

BULLER.

Describe the view from the summit.

NORTH.

I have no descriptive power—but, even though I had, I know better than that. Why, between Cruachan and Buchail-Etive lie hundreds on hundreds of mountains of the first, second, and third order—and, for a while at first, your eyes are so bewildered that you cannot see any one in particular; yet, in your astonishment, have a strange vision of them all—and might think they were interchanging places, shouldering one another off into altering shapes in the uncertain region, did not the awful stillness assure you that there they had all stood in their places since the Creation, and would stand till the day of doom.

BULLER.

You have no descriptive power!

NORTH.

All at once dominion is given you over the Whole. You gradually see Order in what seemed a Chaos—you understand the character of the Region—its Formation—for you are a Geologist, else you have no business—no right there; and you know where the valleys are singing for joy, though you hear them not—where there is provision for the cattle on a hundred hills—where are the cottages of Christian men on the green braes sheltered by the mountains—and where may stand, beneath the granite rocks out of which it was built, the not unfrequent House of God.

BULLER.

To-morrow we shall attend Divine Service—

NORTH.

At Dalmally.

BULLER.

I long ago learned to like the ritual of the Kirk. I should like to believe in a high-minded purified Calvinist, who could embrace, in his brotherly heart, a high-minded purified English Bishop, with all his Episcopacy.

NORTH.

And why should he not, if he can recognise the Divine Spirit flowing through the two sets of sensible demonstrations? He can; unless the constitution of the Anglican Christian Religion wars, either by its dogmas or by its ecclesiastical ordinances, against his essential intelligence of Christianity.

BULLER.

And who shall say it does?

NORTH.

Many say it—not I.

BULLER.

And you are wise and good.

NORTH.

Many thousands—and hundreds of thousands, wiser and better. I can easily suppose a Mind—strong in thought, warm in feeling, of an imagination susceptible and creative—by magnanimity, study, and experience of the world, disengaged from all sectarian tenets—yet holding the absolute conviction of religion—and contemplating, with reverence and tenderness, many different ways of expression which this inmost spiritual disposition has produced or put on—having a firmest holding on to Christianity as pure, holy, august, divine, true, beyond all other modes of religion upon the Earth—partly from intuition of its essential fitness to our nature—partly from intense gratitude—partly, perhaps, from the original entwining of it with his own faculties, thoughts, feelings, history, being. Well, he looks with affectionate admiration upon the Scottish, with affectionate admiration on the English Church—old affection agreeing with new affection—and I can imagine in *him* as much generosity required to love his own Church—the Presbyterian—as yours the Episcopalian—and that, Latitudinarian as he may be called, he loves them both. For myself, you know how I love England—all that belongs to her—all that makes her what she is—scarcely more—surely not less—Scotland. The ground of the Scottish Form is the overbearing consciousness, that religion is immediately between man and his Maker. All hallowing of things outward is to that consciousness a placing of such earthly things as interpositions and separating intermediates in that interval unavoidable between the Finite and the Infinite, but which should remain blank and clear for the immediate communications of the Worshipper and the Worshipped.

BULLER.

I believe, sir, you are a Presbyterian?

NORTH.

He that worships in spirit and in truth cannot endure—cannot imagine, that anything but his own sin shall stand betwixt him and God.

BULLER.

*That*, until it be in some way or another extinguished, shall and must.

NORTH.

True as Holy Writ. But intervening saints, images, and elaborate rituals—the contrivance of human wit—all these the fire of the Spirit has consumed, and consumes.

BULLER.

The fire of the Presbyterian spirit?

NORTH.

Add history. War and persecution have afforded an element of human hate for strengthening the sternness—

BULLER.

Of Presbyterian Scotland.

NORTH.

Drop that word—for I more than doubt if you understand it

BULLER.

I beg pardon, sir.

NORTH.

The Scottish service, Mr Buller, comprehends Prayer, Praise, Doctrine—all three necessary verbal acts amongst Christians met, but each in utmost simplicity.

BULLER.

Episcopalian as I am, that simplicity I have felt to be most affecting.

NORTH.

The Praise, which unites the voices of the congregation, must be written. The Prayer, which is the burning towards God of the soul of the Shepherd upon the behalf of the Flock, and upon his own, must be unwritten—impremeditated—else it is not Prayer. Can the heart ever want fitting words? The Teaching must be to the utmost, forethought, at some time or at another, as to the Matter. The Teacher must have secured his intelligence of the Matter ere he opens his mouth. But the Form, which is of expediency only, he may very loosely have considered. That is the Theory.

BULLER.

Often liable in practice, I should fear, to sad abuse.

NORTH.

May be so. But it presumes that capable men, full of zeal, and sincerity, and love—fervent servants and careful shepherds—have been chosen, under higher guidance. It supposes the holy fire of the new-born Reformation of the newly-regenerated Church——

BULLER.

Kirk

NORTH.

Of the newly-regenerated Church, to continue undamped, inextinguishable

BULLER.

And is it so?

NORTH.

The Fact answers to the Theory more or less. The original Thought—simplicity of worship—is to the utmost expressed, when the chased Covenanters are met on the greenward, between the hill-side and the brawling brook, under the coloured or uncoloured sky. Understand that, when their descendants meet within walls and beneath roofs, they *would* worship after the manner of their hunted ancestors.

BULLER.

I wish I were better read than I am in the history of Scotland, civil and ecclesiastical.

NORTH.

I wish you were. I say, then, my excellent friend, that the Ritual and whole Ordering of the Scottish Church is moulded upon, or issues out of, the human spirit kindling in conscious communication of the Divine Spirit. The power of the Infinite—that is, the Sense of Infinitude, of Eternity—reigns there; and the Sense in the inmost soul of the sustaining contact with Omnipotence, and self-consciousness intense, and elation of Divine favour personally vouchsafed, and joy of anticipated everlasting bliss, and triumph over Satan, death, and hell, and immeasurable desire to win souls to the King of the Worlds.

BULLER.

In England we are, I am ashamed to say it, ill informed on——

NORTH.

In Scotland we are, I am ashamed to say it, ill informed on——

BULLER.

But go on, sir.

NORTH.

What place is there for Forms of any kind in the presence of these immense overpowering Realities? For Forms, Buller, are of the Imagination: the Faculty that inhales and lives by the Unreal. But some concession to the humanity of our nature intrudes. Imagination may be subordinated, subjugated, but will not, may not, forego all its rights. Therefore, Forms and hallowing associations enter.

BULLER.

Into all Worship.

NORTH.

Form, too, is, in part. Necessary Order.

BULLER.

Perhaps, sir, you may be not unwilling to say a few words of our Ritual.

NORTH.

I tremble to speak of your Ritual: for it appears to me as bearing on its front an excellence which might be found incompatible with religious truth and sincerity.

BULLER.

I confess that I hardly understand you, sir.

NORTH.

The Liturgy looks to be that which the old Churches are, the Work of a fine Art.

BULLER.

You do not urge that as an objection to it, I trust, sir?

NORTH.

A Poetical sensibility, a wakeful, just, delicate, simple Taste, seems to have ruled over the composition of each Prayer, and the ordering of the whole Service.

BULLER.

You do not urge that as an objection to it, I trust, sir?

NORTH.

I am not urging objections, sir. I seldom—never, indeed—urge objections on anything. I desire only to place all things in their true light.

BULLER.

Don't frown, sir—nile. Enough.

NORTH.

The whole composition of the Service is copious and various. Human Supplication, the lifting up of the hands of the creature knowing his own weakness, dependence, lapses, and liability to slip—man's own part, dictated by his own experience of himself, is the basis. Readings from the Old and New Volume of the Written Word are ingrafted, as in God audibly spoke in his own House—the Authoritative added to the Supplicatory.

BULLER.

Finely true. We Church of England men love you, Mr North—we do indeed.

NORTH.

The hymns of the sweet Singer of Israel, in literal translation, adopted as a holier inspired language of the heart.

BULLER.

These, sir, are surely three powerful elements of a Ritual Service.

NORTH.

Throughout, the People divide the service with the Minister. They have in it their own personal function.

BULLER.

Then the Homily, sir.

NORTH.

Ay, the Homily, which, one might say, interprets between Sunday and the Week—fixes the holiness of the Day in precepts, doctrines, reflections, which may be carried home to guide and nourish.

BULLER.

Altogether, sir, it seems a meet work of worshippers met in their Christian

Land, upon the day of rest and aspiration. The Scottish worship might seem to remember the flame and the sword. The persecuted Iconoclasts of two centuries ago, live in their descendants.

NORTH.

But the Ritual of England breathes a divine calm. You think of the People walking through ripening fields on a mild day to their Church door. It is the work of a nation sitting in peace, possessing their land. It is the work of a wealthy nation, that, by dedicating a part of its wealth, consecrates the remainder—that acknowledges the Fountain from which all flows. The prayers are devout, humble, fervent. They are not impassioned. A wonderful temperance and sobriety of discretion; that which, in worldly things, would be called good sense, prevails in them; but you must name it better in things spiritual. The framers evidently bore in mind the continual consciousness of writing for ALL. That is the guiding, tempering, calming spirit that keeps in the Whole one tone—that, and the hallowing, chastening awe which subdues vehemence, even in the asking for the Infinite, by those who have nothing but that which they earnestly ask, and who know that unless they ask infinitely, they ask nothing. In every word, the whole Congregation, the whole Nation prays—not the Individual Minister; the officiating Divine Functionary, not the Man. Nor must it be forgotten that the received Version and the Book of Common Prayer—observe the word COMMON, expressing exactly what I affirm—are beautiful by the words—that there is no other such English—simple, touching, apt, venerable—hued as the thoughts are—musical—the most English English that is known—of a Hebraic strength and antiquity, yet lucid and gracious as if of and for to-day.

BULLER.

I trust that many Presbyterians sympathise with you in these sentiments.

NORTH.

Not many—few. Nor do I say I wish they were more.

BULLER.

Are you serious, sir?

NORTH.

I am. But cannot explain myself now. What are the Three Pillars of the Love of any Church? Innate Religion—Humanity—Imagination. The Scottish worship better satisfies the first Principle—that of England the last; the Roman Catholic still more the last—and are not your Cathedrals Roman Catholic? I think that the Scottish and English, better than the Roman Catholic, satisfy the Middle Principle—Humanity, being truer to the highest requisitions of our Nature, and nourish our faculties better, both of Will and Understanding, into their strength and beauty. Yet what divine-minded Roman Catholics there have been—and are—and will be!

BULLER.

Pause for a moment, sir,—here comes Seward.

NORTH.

Seward! Is he not with us? Surely he was, an hour or two ago—but I never missed him—your conversation has been so interesting and instructive. Seward! why you are all the world like a drowned rat?

SEWARD.

Rat I am none—but a staunch Conservative. Would I had had a Protectionist with me to keep me right on the Navigation Laws.

NORTH.

What do you mean? What's the matter?

SEWARD.

Why, your description of the Pools in Cladich-Clough inspired me with a passion for one of the Naiads.

NORTH.

And you have had a ducking!

SEWARD.

I have indeed. Plashed souse, head over heels, into one of the prettiest pools, from a slippery ledge some dozen feet above the sleeping beauty—were you both deaf that you did not hear me bawl?

NORTH.

I have a faint recollection of hearing something bray, but I suppose I thought it came from the Gipsies' Camp.

BULLER.

Are you wet?

SEWARD.

Come—come—Buller.

BULLER.

Why so dry?

NORTH.

Sair droocket.

BULLER.

Where's your Tile?

SEWARD.

I hate slang.

BULLER.

Why, you have lost a shoe—and much delightful conversation.

NORTH.

I must say, Seward, that I was hurt by your withdrawing yourself from our Colloquy.

SEWARD.

Sir, you were beginning to get so prosy—

BULLER.

I insist, Seward, on your making an apology on your knees to our Father for your shocking impiety—I shudder to repeat the word—which you must swallow—P—R—O—S—Y!

SEWARD.

On my knees! Look at them.

NORTH.

My dear, dearer, dearest Mr Seward—you are bleeding—I fear a fracture. Let me—

SEWARD.

I am not bleeding—only a knap on the knee-pan, sir.

BULLER.

Not bleeding! Why you must be drenched in blood, your face is so white.

NORTH.

*A non sequitur*, Buller. But from a knap on the knee-pan I have known a man a lamiter for life.

SEWARD.

I lament the loss of my Sketch-Book.

BULLER.

It is a judgment on you for that Caricature.

NORTH.

What caricature?

BULLER.

Since you will force me to tell it, a caricature of—YOURSELF, sir. I saw him working away at it with a most wicked leer on his face, while you supposed he was taking notes. He held it up to me for a moment—clapped the boards together with the grin of a fiend—and then off to Cladick-Cloock—where he met with Nemesis.

NORTH.

Is that a true bill, Mr Seward?

SEWARD.

On my honour as a gentleman, and my skill as an artist, it is not. It is a most malignant misrepresentation—

BULLER.

It was indeed.

SEWARD.

It was no caricature. I promised to Mrs Seward to send her a sketch of the illustrious Mr North; and finding you in one of the happiest of your many-sided attitudes—

NORTH.

The act is to be judged by the intention. You are acquitted of the charge.

BULLER.

To make a caricature of YOU, sir, under any circumstances, and for any purpose, would be sufficiently shocking; but *THAT* AND *NOW*, and that he might send it to his WIFE—so transcends all previous perpetration of *crimen læsa majestas*, that I am beginning to be incredulous of what these eyes behold—nay, to disbelieve what, it told to any human being, however depraved, would seem to him impossible, even in the mystery of iniquity and an insane libel on our fallen nature.

SEWARD.

I did my best. Nor am I, sir, without hope that my Sketch-Pool may be recovered, and then you will judge for yourself, sir, if it be a caricature. A failure, sir, it assuredly was; for what artist has succeeded with you?

NORTH.

To the Inn, and put on dry clothes.

SEWARD.

No. What care I about dry or wet clothes? Here let me lie down and bask in this patch of intenser sunshining at your feet. Don't stir, sir; the Gratch is not the least in the way.

NORTH.

We must be all up and doing—the Horn and the Mus. The CAVALCADE! Hush! Hark! the Bagpipe! The Cavalcade can't be more than a mile off.

SEWARD.

Why staring thus like a Goshawk, sir?

BULLER.

I hear nothing. Seward, do you?

SEWARD.

Nothing. And what can he mean by Cavalcade? Yet I believe he hit the Second Sight. I have heard it is in the Family.

NORTH.

I hear nothing? Then both of you must be dead! But I forget—we Monks remember are Time-lens—your sense of hearing has been educated on the Fast. Not now? "The Campbells are coming," that's the march—that's the go—that's the gathering.

BULLER.

A Horn—a Drum, sure enough—and—that incomprehensible mixture of groans and yells must be the Bagpipe.

NORTH.

See yonder they come, over the hill top—the ninth mile-stone from Inverary! There's the VAS, by the Road-Surveyor lent me for the occasion, drawn by Four Horses. And there's the WAGON, once the property of the Jessee of the Swiss Giantess, a noble Unicorn. And there the SIX TEST-CARRS, Two-steeled; and there the Two BOXY-CARRIAGES—horses I know not how. But don't ye see the bonny BALLOONS aloft in the air? And Men on horseback—count them—there should be Four. You hear the Bagpipe now—surely—"The Campbells are coming." And here is the whole Concern, gentlemen, close at hand, deploying across the Bridge.

BULLER.

Has he lost his senses at last?

SEWARD.

Have we lost ours? A Cavalcade it is, with a vengeance.

NORTH.

One minute past Seven! True to their time within sixty seconds. This way, this way. Here is the Spot, the Centre of the Grove. Bagpipe—Drum and Horn—music all—silence. Silence, I cry, will nobody assist me in crying silence?

SEWARD AND BULLER.

Silence—silence—silence.

NORTH.

Give me the Speaking-Trumpet that I may call Silence.

STWARD.

Stentor may put down the Drum, the Horns, the Fife, and the Serpent, but the Bagpipe is above him—the Drone is deaf as the sea—the Piper moves in a sphere of his own.

BUTLER.

I don't hear a syllable you are saying—ah! the storm is dead, and now what a PRESSED CALM.

NORTH.

Wheel into line—Prepare to

PITCH FLINT

*Under the Field of the Squaw on Cairn on Hovselach—assisted by Archy McCalm—*  
*Harry Steward—Marmyoke Butler—Valence Volensie*  
*Nepo—Woodburn—Tae—Wagon, Carriages, and Carts, &c., form*  
*a Procession between the Head of the Cairn and the road to Dalnathly.*

Adjutant Archy McCalm! call the Roll of the Troops.

VALANCE.

Peter of the Lodge, Sewer, and Sere-schal—*Here*—Peterson ditto, Camp-tender of the Cellars—*Here*—Kil Peterson, Tiger there—*Here*—Michael Peter, Cool in that Place—*Here*—Geo Brown, Muncie—*Here*—Roderick, a Common King of the Pipes—*Here*—Pain and Stretch, Body-men to the young English—*Here, Here*—Tom Moody, Huntsman at Under cliff Road—North Devon—*Here*—The Cornwall Chipper, Head Game-keeper at Dalnathly—*Here*—Bidy Butler of Bowness, Wind-gauge, Corn-measure—*Here*.

NORTH.

Attention! Each man will be held as venial for his subordinates. The roll will be called an hour after sunrise, and an hour before sunset. Men, remember you are under martial law. Camp-master McKello—*Here*. Let the Mid Peak of Canaan be your marching post. Old Dees-side Tent in the corner, right of Front. Drunkeries to the east. To the west the Pavilion, Kitchen Range in the Rear. Donald Dhu Fire Sergeant in the Black Watch, see to the Barrade. The Ammunition you see. In three hours I command the Encampment to be complete. Admittance to the Field on the Queen's Birthday. Crowd! disperse. Gal Boys! What do you think of this? You have often called me a Wizard—Wardlock—no glamour here. No real ill, and all the Work of the Caution—Sons—your Fathers! Fathers—your Sons. Your hand, Volensie—and, Woodburn, yours.

STWARD.

Well, how are you?

BUTLER.

How are you, Marmy?

NORTH.

On the Stage—in the Theatre of Fictitious Life—such a Meeting as this would require explanation; but in the Drama of Real Life, on the Banks of Lochawe, it needs none. Friends of my soul! you will come to understand it all in two minutes' talk with your Progeny. Progeny—welcome for your Sires' sakes—and your Lady Mothers'—and your own—to Lochawe-side. I see you are two Trumps, Volensie—Woodburn—from your faces all well at home. Come, my two old Bucks—let us Three, to be out of the bustle, retire to the Inn. Did you ever see Christopher fling the Crutch? There—I knew it would clear the Sycamore Grove.



SCENE II.—*Interior of the Pavilion.*TIME—*Two P.M.*

NORTH—SEWARD—BULLER.

SEWARD.

Still at his Siesta in his Swing-Chair. Few faces bear to be looked on asleep.

BULLER.

Men's faces.

SEWARD.

His bears it well. Awake, it is sometimes too full of expression. And then, how it fluctuates! Perpetual play and interchange as Thought, Feeling, Fancy, Imagination——

BULLER.

The gay, the grave, the sad, the serious, the pathetic, the humorous, the tragic, the whimsical rules the minute——

“ ‘Tis everything by fits, and nothing long.”

SEWARD.

Don't exaggerate. An inapt quotation.

BULLER.

I was merely carrying on your eulogium of his wide-awake Face.

SEWARD.

The prevalent expression is still the Benign.

BULLER.

A singular mixture of tenderness and truculence.

SEWARD.

Asleep it is absolutely saint-like.

BULLER.

It reminds me of the faces of Chantry's Sleeping Children in Litchfield Cathedral.

SEWARD.

Composure is the word. Composure is mute Harmony.

BULLER.

It may be so—but you will not deny that his nose is just a minim too long—and his mouth, at this moment, just a minim too open—and the crow-feet——

SEWARD.

Enhance the power of those large drooping eyelids, heavy with meditation—of that high broad forehead, with the lines not the wrinkles of age.

BULLER.

He is much balder than he was on Deeside.

SEWARD.

Or fifty years before. They say that, in youth, the sight of his head of hair once silenced Mirabeau.

BULLER.

Why, Mirabeau's was black, and my grandmother told me North's was yellow—or rather green, like a star.

NORTH.

Your Grandmother, Buller, was the finest woman of her time.

BULLER.

Sleepers hear. Sometimes a single word from without, reaching the spiritual region, changes by its touch the whole current of their dreams.

NORTH.

I once told you that, Buller. At present I happen to be awake. But

surely a man may sit on a swing-chair with his eyes shut, and his mouth open, without incurring the charge of somnolency. Where have you been?

SEWARD.

You told us, sir, not to disturb you till Two——

NORTH.

But where have you been?

SEWARD.

We have written our despatches—read our London Papers—and had a pull in *Gutta Percha* to and from Port Sonachan.

NORTH.

How does she pull?

BULLER.

Like a winner. I have written to the builder—Taylor of Newcastle—to match her against any craft of her keel in the kingdom.

NORTH.

Sit down. Where are the Boys.

SEWARD.

Off hours ago to Kilchurn. They have just signalised—"Two o'clock. 1 SALMO FERON, lb. 12—20 YELLOW FINS, lb. 15—6 PIKE, lb. 36."

NORTH.

And not bad sport, either. They know the dinner hour? Seven sharp.

SEWARD.

They do—and they are not the lads to disregard orders.

NORTH.

Four finer fellows are not in Christendom.

SEWARD.

May I presume to ask, sir, what volumes these are lying open on your knees?

NORTH.

THE ILLAD—and PARADISE LOST.

SEWARD.

I fear, sir, you may not be disposed to enlighten us, at this hour.

NORTH.

But I am disposed to be enlightened. Oxonians—and Double First-Class Men—nor truants since—you will find in me a docile pupil rather than a Teacher. I am no great Grecian.

BULLER.

But you are, sir; and a fine old Trojan too, methinks! What audacious word has escaped my lips!

NORTH.

Epic Poetry! Tell but a Tale, and see Childhood—the harmless, the trustful, the wondering, listen—"all ear;" and so has the wilder and mightier Childhood of Nations, listened, trustful, wondering, "all ear," to Tales lofty, profound—*said*, or, as Art grew up, *sung*.

SEWARD.

EPIE, Say or Tell.

BULLER.

ÆELDE, Sing.

NORTH.

Yes, my lads, these were the received formulas of beseeching with which the Minstrels of Hellas invoked succour of the divine Muse, when their burning tongue would fit well to the Harp transmitted Tales, fraught with old heroic remembrance, with solemn belief, with oracular wisdom. EPIE, TELI, EPIOS, THE TALE. And when, step after step, the Harp modelling the Verse, and the Verse charming power and beauty, and splendour and pathos—like a newly-created and newly-creating soul—into its ancestral Tradition—when insensibly the benign Usurper, the Muse, had made the magnificent dream rightly and wholly her own at last.—EPIOS, THE SONG TALE. HOMER, to all following ages the chief Master of Eloquence whether in Verse or in Prose, has yet maintained the simplicity of *Telling*.

"For he came beside the swift ships of the Achæans,  
Proposing to release his daughter, and bringing immense ransom ;  
Having in his hand the fillet of the far shooting Apollo,  
On the golden rod : and he implored of the Achæans,  
And the sons of Atreus, most of all, the two Orderers of the People."

These few words of a tongue stately, resplendent, sonorous, and *numerous* more than ours— and already the near Scamandrian Field feels, and fears, and trembles. MILTON! The world has rolled round, and again round, from the day of that earlier to that of the later Mæonides. All the soul-wealth hoarded in words, which merciful Time held aloft, unsubmerged by the Gothic, by the Ottoman inundation ; all the light shined in the Second, the Intellectual Ark that, divinely built and guided, rode tilting over the tempestuous waste of waters : all the mind, bred and fostered by New Europe, down to within two hundred years of this year that runs : These have put differences between the *HEAVEN* and the *PARADISE LOST*, in matter and in style, which to state and illustrate would hold me speaking till sunset.

BULLER.

And us listening.

NORTH.

The Fall of Hector and of his Troy! The Fall of Adam and of his World!

BULLER.

What concise expression! *Multum in parvo*, indeed. Seward.

NORTH.

Men and gods mingled in glittering conflict upon the ground that spread between Ida's foot and the Hellespont! At the foot of the Omnipotent Throne, archangels and angels distracting their native Heaven with arms, and Heaven dis-burthening her lap of her self-lost sons for the peopling of Hell!

SEWARD.

Hush! Buller—hush!

NORTH.

In way of an Episode—yes, an Episode—see the Seventh Book—our Visible Universe willed into being!

SEWARD.

Hush! Buller—hush!

NORTH.

For a few risings and settings of yon since-bedimmed Sun—Love and celestial Bliss dwelling amidst the shades and flowers of Eden yet sinkless—then, from a MORAL LATENT APPLE, Discord clashing into and subverting the harmonies of Creation.

"Sin, and her shadow, Death ; and Mi—  
Death's Harbinger

The Iliad, indeed!

SEWARD.

I wish you could be persuaded, sir, to give us an Edition of Milton.

NORTH.

No. I must not take it out of the Doctor's hands. Then, as to Milton's style. If the Christian Theologian must be held bold who has dared to mix the Delivered Writings with his own Inventions—bold, too, was he, the heir of the mind that was nursed in the Aristotelian Schools, to unite, as he did, on the other hand, the gait of an understanding accomplished in logic, with the spontaneous and unstudied step of Poetry. The style of Milton, gentlemen, has been praised for simplicity ; and it is true that the style of the *Paradise Lost* has often an austere simplicity ; but one sort of it you miss—the proper Epic simplicity—that Homeric simplicity of the *Telling*.

SEWARD.

Perhaps, sir, in such a Poem such simplicity could not be.

NORTH.

Perhaps not. Homer adds thought to thought, and so builds up. Milton

involves thought with thought, and so constructs. Relation is with him argumentative also, and History both Philosophy and *Oratory*. This was unavoidable. He brought the mind of the latter age to the Form of Composition produced by the primitive time. Again, the style is fitted to the general intention of a Poem essentially didactic and argumentative. Again, the style is personal to himself. He has learnedly availed himself of all antecedent Art—minutely availed himself, yet he is no imitator. The style is like no other—it is intensely and completely original. It expresses himself. Lofty, capacious, acute, luminous, thoroughly disciplined, ratiocinative powers wonderfully blend their action with an imagination of the most delicate and profound sensibility to the beautiful, and of a sublimity that no theme can excel.

SEWARD.

Lord Bacon, sir, I believe, has defined Poetry, Feigned History—has he not?

NORTH.

He has—and no wonder that he thought much of "Feigned History"—for he had a view to *Epos* and *Tragedy*—the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—the *Attic Theatre*—the *Æneid*—*Dante*—*Ariosto*—*Tit Livius*—the *Romances of Chivalry*—moreover, the whole immense *Greek Table*, whereof part and parcel remain, but more is perished. Which *Tables*, you know, existed, and were transmitted in *Prose*.—that is, by *Oral Tradition*, in the words of the relation,—long before they came into *Homer*. *Verse*—or any *verse*. He saw, Seward, the *Memory of Mankind* possessed by two kinds of History, both once alike credited. *True History*—which remains *True History*, and *Fabulous History*, now acknowledged as *Poetry* only. It is no wonder that *whole Poetry* vanished from estimation in his estimation.

BUTLER.

I follow you, sir, with some diffidence.

NORTH.

You may with ease. *Fabulous History* holds place, side by side, with *True History*, as a rival in dignity, credence, and power, and in peopling the Earth with Persons and Events. For, of a *Country*, the *Persons* and *Events* created by *Poesy* hold place in our *Mind*—not in our *Imagination* only, but in our *Understanding*, along with *Event* and *Personages* historically remembered.

SEWARD.

An imposing Parallelism!

NORTH.

It is—but does it hold good? And if it does—with what limitations?

SEWARD.

With what limitations, sir?

NORTH.

I wish Lord Bacon were here, that I might ask him to explain. Take *Homer* and *Thucydides*—the *Iliad* and the *History* of the *Peloponnesian War*. We thus sever, at the widest, the *Telling* of *Cællipe* from the *Telling* of *Clio*—holding each at the height of honour.

BUTLER.

At the widest?

NORTH.

Yes; for how far from *Thucydides* is, at once, the *Book of the Games*? Look through the *Iliad*, and see how much and minute depicting of a *World* with which the *Historian* had nothing to do! Shall the *Historian*, in *Prose*, of the *Ten Years' War*, stop to describe the *Funeral Games* of a *Patrioclus*? Yes; if he stop to describe the *Burying* of every *Hero* who falls. But the *Historian* in *Prose* assumes that a *People* know their own *Manners*, and therefore he omits painting their *manners* to themselves. The *Historian* in *Versè* assumes the same thing, and, *therefore*, strange to say, he paints the *manners*! See, then, in the *Iliad*, how much memorising of a whole departed scheme of human existence, with which the *Prose Historian* had nothing to do, the *Historian* in regulated *Metre* has had the inspiration and the skill to inweave in the narrative of his ever-advancing *Action*.

BULLER.

Would his lordship v<sup>e</sup>re with us!

NORTH.

Give all this to—THE HEXAMETER. Remember always, my dear Seward, the shield of Achilles—itsself a world in miniature—a compendium of the world.

SEWARD.

Of the universe.

NORTH.

Even so; for Sun, and Moon, and Stars are there, Astronomy and all the learned sisterhood!

SEWARD.

Then to what species of narrative in prose—to one removed at what interval from the history of the Peloponnesian War, belongs that scene of Helen on the Walls of Troy? That scene at the Scæan gate? In the tent of Achilles, where Achilles sits, and Priam kneels?

NORTH.

Good. The general difference is obviously this—Publicity almost solely stamps the Thucydidean story—Privacy, more than in equal part, interfused with Publicity, the Homeric. You must allow Publicity and Privacy to signify, besides that which is done in public and in private, that which proceeds of the Public and of the Private will.

SEWARD.

In other words, if I apprehend you aright, the Theme given being some affair of Public moment, Prose tends to gather up the acts of the individual agents, under general aspects, into masses.

NORTH.

Just so. Verse, whenever it dare, resolves the mass of action into the individual acts, puts aside the collective doer—the Public, and puts forward individual persons. Glory, I say again, to THE HEXAMETER!

BULLER.

Glory to the HEXAMETER! The HEXAMETER, like the Queen, has done it all.

NORTH.

Or let us return to the Paradise Lost? If the mustering of the Fallen Legions in the First Book—if the Infernal Council held in the Second—if the Angelic Rebellion and Warfare in the Fifth and Sixth—resemble Public History, civil and military, as we commonly speak—if the Seventh Book, relating the Creation by describing the kinds created, be the assumption into Heroic Poetry of Natural History—to what kind of History, I earnestly ask you both, does that scene belong, of Eve's relation of her dream, in the Fifth Book, and Adam's consolation of her uneasiness under its involuntary sin? To what, in the Fourth Book, her own innocent relation of her first impressions upon awaking into Life and Consciousness?

BULLER.

Ay!—to what kind of History? More easily asked than answered.

NORTH.

And Adam's relation to the Affable Archangel of his own suddenly-dawned morning from the night of non-existence, aptly and happily crowned upon the relation made to him by Raphael in the Seventh Book of his own forming under the Omnipotent Hand?

SEWARD.

Simply, I venture to say, sir, to the most interior autobiography—to that confidence of audible words, which flows when the face of a friend sharpens the heart of a man—and Raphael was Adam's Friend.

NORTH.

Seward, you are right. You speak well—as you always do—when you choose. Behold, then, I beseech you, the comprehending power of that little magical band—*Our Accentual Iambic Pentameter*.

SEWARD.

"Glory be with them, and eternal praise,  
The Poets who on earth have made us heirs  
Of Truth and pure Delight by heavenly lays!"

NORTH.

Glory to Verse, for its power is great. Man, from the garden in Eden, to the purifying by fire of the redeemed Earth—the creation of things Visible—Angels Upright and Fallen—and Higher than Angels—all the Regions of Space—Infinitude and Eternity—the Universality of Being—this is the copious matter of the Song. And herein there is place found, proper, distinct, and large, and prominent, for that whispered call to visit, in the freshness of morning, the dropping Myrrh—to study the opening beauty of the Flowers—to watch the Bee in her sweet labour—which tenderly dissipates from the lids of Eve her ominously-troubled sleep—free room for two tears, which, falling from a woman's eyes, are wiped with her hair—and for two more, which her pitying husband kisses away ere they fall. All these things Verse disposes, and composes. in One Presentment.

BULLER.

Glory to Verse, for its power is great—glory to our *Accentual Iambic Pentameter*.

NORTH.

Let us return to the Iliad. The Iliad is a history told by a mind that is arbiter, to a certain extent only, of its own facts. For Homer takes his decennial War and its Heroes, nay, the tenor of the story too, from long-descended Tradition. To his contemporary countrymen he appears as a Historian—not feigning, but commemorating and glorifying, transmitted facts.

SEWARD.

Ottfried Muller, asking how far Homer is tied up in his Traditions, ventures to suspect that the names of the Heroes whom Achilles kills, in such or such a fight, are all traditionary.

NORTH.

Where, then, is the *Feigned History*? Lord Bacon, Ottfried Muller, and Jacob Bryant, are here not in the main unagreed. "I nothing doubt," says Bacon, "but the Fables, which Homer having received, transmits, had originally a profound and excellent sense, although I greatly doubt if Homer any longer knew that sense."

BULLER.

What right, may I ask, had Lord Bacon to doubt, and Ottfried Muller to suspect—

NORTH.

Smoke your cigar. Ottfried Muller—

BULLER.

Whew!—poo!

NORTH.

Ottfried Muller imagines that there was in Greece a pre-Homeric Age, of which the principal intellectual employment was Myth-making. And Bryant, we know, shocked the opinion of his own day by referring the War of Troy to Mythology. Now, observe, Buller, how there is feigning and feigning—Poet after Poet—and the Poem that comes to us at last is the Poem of Homer; but in truth, of successive ages, ending in Homer—

SEWARD.

Who was then a real living flesh and blood Individual of the human species.

NORTH.

That he was—

SEWARD.

And wrote the Iliad.

NORTH.

That he did—but how I have hinted rather than told. In the *Paradise Lost*, the part of Milton is, then, infinitely bolder than Homer's in the Iliad. He is far more of a Creator.

SEWARD.

Can an innermost bond of Unity, sir, be shown for the Iliad?

NORTH.

Yes. THE ILIAD IS A TALE OF A WRONG RIGHTED. Zeus, upon the secret top of Olympus, decrees this RIGHTING with his omnipotent Nod. Upon the top of Ida he conducts it. But that is done, and the Fates resume their tenor. Hector falls, and Troy shall fall. That is again the RIGHTING OF A WRONG, done amongst men. This is the broadly-written admonition: "DISCITE JUSITIAM."

SEWARD.

You are always great, sir, on Homer.

NORTH.

Agamemnon, in insolence of self-will, offends Chryses and a God. He refused Chryseis—He robs Achilles. In Agamemnon the Insolence of Human Self-will is humbled, first under the hand of Apollo—then of Jupiter—say, altogether, of Heaven. He suffers and submits. And now Achilles, who has no less interest in the Courts of Heaven than Chryses—indeed higher—in over-weening anger fashions out a redress for himself which the Father of Gods and Men grants. And what follows? Agamemnon again suffers and submits. For Achilles—Patroclus' bloody corpse! *Katai Patroklos*—that is the voice that rings! Now he accepts the proffered reconciliation of Agamemnon, before scornfully refused; and in the son of Thetis, too, the Insolence of Human Self-will is chastened under the hand of Heaven.

SEWARD.

He suffers, but submits not till Hector has transfixed—till Twelve noble youths of the Trojans and their Allies have bled on Patroclus' Pyre. And does he submit then? No. For twelve days—ever and anon he drags the insensible corpse at his horses' heels round that sepulchral earth.

BULLER.

Mad, if ever a man was.

NORTH.

The Gods murmur—and will that the unseemly Revenge cease. Jove sends Thetis to him—and what meetest messenger for minister of mercy than a mother to her son! God-bidden by that voice, he submits—he remits his Revenge. The Human Will, infuriated, bows under the Heavenly.

SEWARD.

Touched by the prayers and the sight of that kneeling gray-haired Father, he has given him back his dead son—and from the ransom a costly pall of honour, to hide the dead son from the father's eye—and of his own Will and Power Twelve Days' truce; and the days have expired, and the Funeral is performed—and the pyre is burned out—and the mound over the slayer of Patroclus is heaped—and the Iliad is done—and this Moral indelibly writes itself on the heart—the words of Apollo in that Council—

*Εὐχόμενος ὅπως Μόρφη θεοῖσιν ἴσται.*

THE FATES HAVE APPOINTED TO MORTALS A SPIRIT THAT SHALL SUFFER AND ENDURE.

NORTH.

Right and good. *Ἰαγρόν* is more than "shall suffer." It is, that shall accept suffering—that shall *bear*.

SEWARD.

Compare this one Verse and the Twenty-four Books, and you have the poetical simplicity and the poetical multiplicity side by side.

BULLER.

Right and good.

NORTH.

Yes, my friends, the Teaching of the Iliad is Piety to the Gods—

SEWARD.

Reverence for the Rights of Men—

NORTH.

A Will humbled, conformed to the Will of Heaven—

BULLER.

That the Earth is justly governed.

NORTH.

Dim foreshadowings, which Milton, I doubt not, discerned and cherished. The *Iliad* was the natural and spiritual father of the *Paradise Lost*—

SEWARD.

And the son is greater than the sire.

NORTH.

I see in the *Iliad* the love of Homer to Greece and to humankind. He was a legislator to Greece before Solon and Lycurgus—greater than either—after the manner fabled of Orpheus.

SEWARD.

Sprung from the bosom of heroic life, the *Iliad* asked heroic listeners.

NORTH.

See with what large-hearted love he draws the Men—Hector, and Priam, and Sarpedon—as well as the Woman Andromache—enemies! Can he so paint humanity and not humanise? He humanises *us*—who have literature and refined Greece and Rome—who have Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Milton—who are Christendom.

SEWARD.

He loves the inferior creatures, and the face of nature.

NORTH.

The *Iliad* has been called a Song of War. I see in it—a Song of Peace. Think of all the fiery *Iliad* ending in—Reconciled Submission!

SEWARD.

“Murder Impossibility,” and believe that there might have been an *Iliad* or a *Paradise Lost* in Prose.

NORTH.

It could never have been, by human power, *our Paradise Lost*. What would have become of the Seventh Book? This is now occupied with describing the Six Days of Creation. A few verses of the First Chapter of *Genesis* extended into so many hundred lines. The Book, as it stands, has poetical reason. First, it has a sufficient motive. It founds the existence of Adam and Eve, which is otherwise not duly led to. The revolted Angels, you know, have fallen, and the Almighty will create a new race of worshippers to supply their place—Mankind.

SEWARD.

For this race that is to be created, a Home is previously to be built—or this World is to be created.

NORTH.

I initiated you into Milton nearly thirty years ago, my dear Seward; and I rejoice to find that you still have him by heart. Between the Fall of the Angels, and that inhabiting of Paradise by our first parents, which is largely related by Raphael, there would be in the history which the poem undertakes, an unfilled gap and blank without this book. The chain of events which is unrolled would be broken—interrupted—incomplete.

SEWARD.

And, sir, when Raphael has told the Rebellion and Fall of the Angels, Adam, with a natural movement of curiosity, asks of this “Divine Interpreter” how this frame of things began?

NORTH.

And Raphael answers by declaring at large the Purpose and the Manner. The Mission of Raphael is to strengthen, if it be practicable, the Human Pair in their obedience. To this end, how apt his discourse, showing how dear they are to the Universal Maker, how eminent in his Universe!

SEWARD.

The causes, then, of the Archangelic Narrative abound. And the personal interest with which the Two Auditors must hear such a revelation of wonders from such a Speaker, and that so intimately concerns themselves, falls nothing short of what Poetry justly requires in relations put into the mouth of the poetical Persons.



NORTH.

And can the interest—not now of Raphael's, but of Milton's "fit audience"—be sustained through it? The answer is triumphant. The Book is, from beginning to end, a stream of the most beautiful descriptive Poetry that exists. Not however, mind you, Seward, of stationary description.

SEWARD.

Sir?

NORTH.

A proceeding work is described; and the Book is replete and alive with motion—with progress—with action—yes, of action—of an order unusual indeed to the Epos, but unexcelled in dignity—the Creative Action of Deity!

SEWARD.

What should hinder, then, but that this same Seventh Book should have been written in Prose?

NORTH.

Why this only—that without Verse it could not have been read! The Verse makes present. You listen with Adam and Eve, and you hear the Archangel. In Prose this illusion could not have been carried through such a subject-matter. The *conditio sine qua non* of the Book was the ineffable charm of the Description. But what would a series of botanical and zoological descriptions, for instance, have been, in Prose? The *virida vis* that is in Verse is the quickening spirit of the whole.

BULLER.

But who doubts it?

NORTH.

Lord Bacon said that Poetry—that is, Feigned History—might be worded in Prose. And it may be; but how inadequately is known to Us Three.

BULLER.

And to all the world.

NORTH.

No—nor, to the million who do know it, so well as to Us, nor the reason why. But hear me a moment longer. Wordsworth, in his famous Preface to the Lyrical Ballads, asserts that the language of Prose and the language of Verse differ but in this—that in verse there is metre—and metre he calls an adjunct. With all reverence, I say that metre is not an adjunct but vitality and essence; and that verse, in virtue thereof, so transfigures language, that it ceases to be the language of prose as spoken, out of verse, by any of the children of men.

SEWARD.

Remove the metre, and the language will not be the language of prose?

NORTH.

Not—if you remove the metre only—and leave otherwise the order of the words—the collocation unchanged—and unchanged any one of the two hundred figures of speech, one and all of which are differently presented in the language of Verse from what they are in Prose.

SEWARD.

It must be so.

NORTH.

The fountain of Law to Composition in Prose is the Understanding. The fountain of Law to Composition in Verse is the Will.

SEWARD.

?

NORTH.

A discourse in prose resembles a chain. The sentences are the successive links—all holding to one another—and holding one another. *All is bound.*

SEWARD.

Well?

NORTH.

A discourse in verse resembles a billowy sea. The verses are the waves that rise and fall—to our apprehension—each by impulse, life, will of its own. *All is free.*

SEWARD.

Ay. Now your meaning emerges.

NORTH.

*E profundis clamavi.* In eloquent prose, the feeling fits itself into the process of the thinking. In true verse, the thinking fits itself into the process of the feeling.

SEWARD.

I perpend.

NORTH.

In prose, the general distribution and composition of the matter belong to the reign of Necessity. The order of the parts, and the connexion of part with part, are obliged—logically justifiable—say, then, are demonstrable. See an Oration of Demosthenes. In verse, that distribution and composition belong to the reign of Liberty. That order and connexion are arbitrary—passionately justifiable—say, then, are delectable. See an Ode of Pindar.

SEWARD.

Publish—publish.

NORTH.

In prose the style is last—in verse first; in prose the sense controls the sound—in verse the sound the sense; in prose you speak—in verse you sing; in prose you live in the abstract—in verse in the concrete; in prose you present notions—in verse visions; in prose you expound—in verse you enchant; in prose it is much if now and then you are held in the sphere of the fascinated-senses—in verse if of the calm understanding.

BULLER.

Will you have the goodness, sir, to say all that over again?

NORTH.

I have forgot it. The lines in the countenance of Prose are austere. The look is shy, reserved, governed—like the fixed steady lineaments of mountains. The hues that suffuse the face of her sister Verse vary faster than those with which the western or the eastern sky momentarily reports the progress of the sinking, of the fallen, but not yet lost, of the coming or of the risen sun.

BULLER.

I have jotted that down, sir.

NORTH.

And I hope you will come to understand it. Candidly speaking, 'tis more than I do.

SEWARD.

I do perfectly—and it is as true as beautiful, sir.

BULLER.

Equally so.

NORTH.

I venerate Wordsworth. Wordsworth's poetry stands distinct in the world. That which to other men is an occasional pleasure, or possibly delight, and to other poets an occasional transport, THE SEEING THIS VISIBLE UNIVERSE, is to him—a Life—one Individual Human Life—namely, his Own—traveling its whole journey from the Cradle to the Grave. And that Life—for what else could he do with it?—he has versified—sung. And there is no other such Song. It is a Memorable Fact of our Civilisation—a Memorable Fact in the History of Human Kind—that one perpetual song. Perpetual but infinitely various—as a river of a thousand miles, traversing, from its birthplace in the mountains, diverse regions, wild and inhabited, to the ocean-receptacle.

BULLER.

Confoundedly prosaic at times.

NORTH.

He, more than any other true poet, approaches Verse to Prose—never, I believe, or hardly ever, quite blends them.

BULLER.

Often—often—often, my dear sir.

NORTH.

Seldom—seldom—seldom if ever, my dear sir. He tells his Life. His Poems are, of necessity, an Autobiography. The matter of them, then, is his personal reality; but Prose is, all over and properly, the language of Personal Realities. Even with him, however, so peculiarly conditioned, and, as well as I am able to understand his Proposition, against his own Theory of writing, Verse maintains, as by the laws of our insuppressible nature it always will maintain, its sacred Right and indefeasible Prerogative.

To conclude our conversation—

BULLER.

Or Monologue.

NORTH.

Epos is Human History in its magnitude in Verse. In Prose, National History offers itself in parallelism. The coincidence is broad and unquestioned; but on closer inspection, differences great and innumerable spring up and unfold themselves, until at last you might almost persuade yourself that the first striking resemblance deceived you, and that the two species lack analogy, so many other kinds does the Species in Verse embosom, and so escaping are the lines of agreement in the instant in which you attempt fixing them.

BULLER.

Would that Lord Bacon were here!

NORTH.

And thus we are led to a deeper truth. The Metrical Epos imitates History, without doubt, as Lord Bacon says—it borrows thence its mould, not rigorously, but with exceeding bold and free adaptations, as the *Iliad* unfolds the 'Ten Years' War in Seven Weeks. But for the Poet, more than another, ALL IS IN ALL.

SEWARD.

Sir?

NORTH.

What is the *Paradise Lost*, ultimately considered?

BULLER.

Oh!

NORTH.

It is, my friends, the arguing in verse of a question in Natural Theology. Whence are Wrong and Pain? Moral and Physical Evil, as we call them, in all their overwhelming extent of complexity sprung? How permitted in the Kingdom of an All-wise and Almighty Love? To this question, concerning the origin of Evil, Milton answers as a Christian Theologian, agreeably to his own understanding of his Religion,—so justifying the Universal Government of God, and, in particular, his Government of Man. The Poem is, therefore, Theological, Argumentative, Didactic, in Epic Form. Being in the constitution of his soul a Poet, mightiest of the mighty, the intention is hidden in the Form. The Verse has transformed the matter. Now, then, the *Paradise Lost* is not a history told for itself. But this One Truth, in two answering Propositions, that the Will of Man spontaneously consorting with God's Will is Man's Good, spontaneously dissenting, Man's Evil. This is created into an awful and solemn narrative of a Matter exactly adapted, and long since authoritatively told. But this Truth, springing up in the shape of narrative, will now take its own determination into Events of unsurpassed magnitude, now of the tenderest individuality and minuteness; and all is, hence, in keeping—as one power of life springs up on one spot, in oak-tree, moss, and violet, and the difference of stature, thus understood, gives a deep harmony, so deep and embracing, that none without injury to the whole could be taken away.

BULLER.

What's all this! Hang that Drone—confound that Chanter. Burst, thou most unseasonable of Bagpipes! Silence that dreadful Drum. Draw in your Horns—

SEWARD.

Musquetry! cannon! huzzas! The enemy are storming the Camp. The Delhis bear down on the Pavilion. The Life is in danger. Let us save the King.

NORTH.

See to it, gentlemen. I await the issue in my Swing-chair. Let the Barbarians but look on me and their weapons will drop.

BULLER.

All's right. A false alarm.

NORTH.

There was no alarm.

BULLER.

'Twas but a SALUTE. THE BOYS have come back from Kilchurn. They are standing in front beside the spoil.

NORTH.

Widen the Portal. Artistically disposed! The Whole like one huge Star-fish. *Salmo ferox*, centre—Pike, radii—Yellow-fins, circumference—Weight I should say the tenth of a ton. Call the Manciple. Manciple, you are responsible for the preservation of that Star-fish.

BULLER.

Sir, you forget yourself. The People must be fed. We are Seven. Twelve are on the Troop Roll—Nine Strangers have sent in their cards—the Gillies are growing upon us—the Camp-followers have doubled the population since morn—and the circumambient Natives are waxing strong. Hunger is in the Camp—but for this supply, Famine; *Hiæcos intra muros receperunt et extra*: Dods reports that the Boiler is wroth, the Furnace at a red heat, Pots and Pans a-simmer—the Culinary Spirit impatient to be at work. In such circumstances, the tenth of a ton is no great matter; but it is better than nothing. The mind of the Manciple may lie at rest, for that Star-fish will never see to-morrow's Sun; and motionless as he looks, he is hastening to the Shades.

NORTH.

Sir, you forget yourself. There is other animal matter in the world besides Fish. No penury of it in camp. I have here the Manciple's report. "One dozen plucked Earochs—one ditto ditto Ducklings—d. d. d. March Chick—one Bubblycock—one Side of Mutton—four Necks—six Sheep-heads, and their complement of Trotters—two Sheep, just slaughtered and yet in wholes—four Lambs ditto—the late Cladie's Calf—one small Stot—two lb. 10 Rounds in pickle—four Miscellaneous Pies of the First Order—six Hams—four dozen of Rein-deer Tongues—one dozen of Bears' Paws—two Barrels of——"

BULLER.

Stop. Let that suffice for the meanwhile.

NORTH.

The short shadow-hand on the face of Dial-Cruachan, to my instructed sense, stands at six. You young Oxonians, I know, always adorn for dinner, even when roughing it on service: and so, V. and W., do you. These two elderly gentlemen here are seen to most advantage in white neckcloths, and the OLD ONE is never so like himself as in a suit of black velvet. To your tents and toilets. In an hour we meet in the—DRESSING.

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